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LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

IF Mrs Oliphant had ventured to portray in one of her novels such a career as that which she has described in her *Memoir of Laurence Oliphant*, she would doubtless have had some difficulty in replying to critical objections as to probabilities overstepped, unities outraged, and ideals pushed to absurdity. And, in good sooth, nothing but the constant assurance that we have along with us the vouchers of authenticated truth, enables us to read this record as one of fact and not of imagination. To those even who knew him best, Laurence Oliphant's life presented features that were strange and inexplicable; and now that the veil which covered it has been raised, it will still appear scarcely less singular and unintelligible. In Oliphant's case the difficulty is, and was, to refer him to any recognised human standard, and to get at his gauge by comparison

therewith. We could never reduce his mind, as it seems, to its lowest terms, and thus get at the ultimate facts which formed the basis of his inner life. A puzzle and a problem while he lived, a mystery scarcely less intense, even when his life has passed through the ordeal of strict scrutiny and study, must yet continue to envelop his memory.

It is no blame to Mrs Oliphant that she has not solved the insoluble. She has brought qualifications to bear upon her work which no contemporary writer is possessed of. Her '*Life of Edward Irving*' proved how adapted she was to trace with sympathetic skill eccentric genius in all its phases of health and disease; and to some extent the life of Laurence Oliphant suggests parallel lines of inquiry. Of her knowledge of human nature and firm grasp of the human mind, the number and

Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife. By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. Fourth Edition. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1891.

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diversity of additions to the enviroing world of fiction, its most living and life-like inhabitants, which out of these resources have been fashioned by her genius, are sufficient attestation. She had also the advantages of personal acquaintance; of a sympathy which could readily appreciate Oliphant's remarkable powers, and accompany him a certain length in his aspirations; and of confidential intercourse which brought Oliphant's mind under the analysis of a shrewd and friendly investigator. And yet when she has done her best—when she has probed Oliphant's nature as deep as human penetration can go, when she has examined all the circumstances and influences amid which his life was spent—his biographer will not scruple to admit that there are occult impulses in his conduct which baffle explanation, and latent forces in his personality indescribable by her, as they are incomprehensible to us.

When Laurence Oliphant's singular career was under discussion, there were always two explanations of his conduct ready enough to hand, but neither of these could for one moment be entertained by any one who had come within the circle of his acquaintance. One theory was that Oliphant's desire for notoriety was so strong as to lead him to make the most costly sacrifices for its gratification; that he was posing before the public when he took the decisive step which changed the whole tenor of his life; and that in his retirement at Brocton he was simply preparing himself for the lionising which would await him on his re-entry into society. To those who knew only the outer Laurence Oliphant—brilliant, unsettled, eccentric, and not without a dash of frivolity, such as he appeared to be during his parliamentary life—this was a plausible

enough supposition; but no one could come into intimate contact with him without being aware that there was a deep earnestness of purpose underlying his life which directly negatived such an idea. Nothing is more apparent in the Memoirs here set before us than that Laurence Oliphant was a man by whom the opinion of the world was rated at its least possible value, and that he wholly disliked and distrusted the spirit which quickened its judgments. And his whole bearing and demeanour, when he again appeared in his old world, quite forbade the idea that he had any self-consciousness of having done anything to be talked about. And with all its idealism, Laurence Oliphant's was a very practical mind. He had made very heavy material sacrifices, which could result in no possible material compensations; we may be sure, therefore, that he thought he saw his way very clearly to an adequate spiritual equivalent.

Another theory has been more frequently put in the form of a question than directly hazarded—Was there a twist in Oliphant's mental organisation, a disordered intuition which drove him to views and courses ridiculed by the aggregate common-sense of his fellows?—in short, had he what his own countrymen call “a bee in his bonnet”? The doubt is more easily raised than answered, for its solution would open up distinctions that must reduce the number of sane men among us to an illustrious minimum. The soundness of Laurence Oliphant's judgment was proved by the reliance which many eminent men placed upon it in very difficult conjunctures of affairs, by the accuracy and ability of his views on public questions, and by the judicious advice which he always had

at the service of those friends that required it. And even in the case of those intellectual convictions of his which strike us most strangely, and in connection with which any mental weakness must have assuredly asserted itself, he was wont to discuss his views with scientific calmness and in the most dispassionate fashion, and almost without any recognition that there was aught in them calculated to startle an ordinary mind.

From Laurence Oliphant's life, more than from his works, we may gather some hints that, for want of better lights, may afford more or less satisfactory explanations of his remarkable mental development. Almost from the very beginning the conditions of his training were singular; his education was as wide as it was vague—"one of the pupils of the school of Life," as Mrs Oliphant says, "educated mainly by what his keen eyes saw and his quick ears heard, and his clear understanding and lively wit picked up, amid human intercourse of all kinds;" his experiences were from the first of an adventurous and unusual description, though coming to him in a natural enough fashion. He was shunted at the outset off the beaten track of life; he never had to tug at the collar of conventionality; and circumstances seemed continually conspiring to draft him off into some strange and unusual field of action. Yet this educational scope was not without its drawbacks. Oliphant was never made to realise the conditions that properly limit our judgments. His imagination, keen and brilliant, outpaced his reason, and eventually dragged the latter captive at its heels, until he became incapable of realising the boundaries between the real and the

ideal. His education, or rather want of education, together with his experiences while his mind was still in a plastic state, suggests, however, more than it explains, the peculiar workings of Laurence Oliphant's mind.

We have said enough at present to indicate the special problem which Laurence Oliphant's life offers to students of mind, but it is far from being the only interest yielded by this Memoir. In fact, it would be hard to name any special interest that does not find something to whet its appetite in a career that includes within it the rôles of traveller, barrister, hunter, philanthropist, diplomatist, warrior, filibuster, conspirator, legislator, author, ploughman and teamster, war correspondent, man about town, mystic, and heresiarch—a many-sided life truly; and the most curious thing about it is, that each side as it comes uppermost seems to fit him to the skin—a wonderful man and a wonderful life, an impossible conception in fiction, and difficult of realisation in the still stranger truth.

And yet all this romance starts with a very sober foundation. The father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, a man of sound, homely, prosaic virtues, cast in an austere Scotch mould; the mother a more imaginative character, but chastened with pietism, and with a propensity for running riot in religious speculation. The mother exercises a marked influence throughout Laurence Oliphant's career, and she must have been a woman of singular influence to have carried with her the sober sense of her husband and the genius of her gifted son. If we could completely recover her, we might find the ultimate explanation of Laurence's mental idiosyncrasies; but, unfortunately,

most of her letters that have been recovered chiefly illustrate the domestic love of a beautiful and pious soul.

Born at Cape Town, where his father was a judge, in 1829, Laurence Oliphant was sent to England as a child, and in due course went to school at Durnford Manor, near Salisbury, and afterwards at Preston, where he remained until he was twelve or thirteen years old. Then at an age when most boys are beginning to settle down to their books, he entered upon his pilgrimage. His devoted parents sent for him to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony was now Chief-Justice; and accompanied by a tutor, he set out upon the then formidable journey in the winter of 1841, travelling through France to Marseilles, where they embarked. Egypt had to be traversed, and accident opened up to him a visit to Mocha, a pleasure which, even to this day, is rarely available for the overland traveller; and in three months' time Laurence reached Ceylon, not then, as now, an Anglicised colony, but still an integral part of the old East, with the religion and manners of the Singhalese still flourishing in all their pristine purity. In Colombo, and at Sir Anthony's farm on the Kandyan hills, Laurence Oliphant's education was carried on by his tutor, under his parents' supervision; but it must have lacked the method, the restraint, and, above all, the discipline of a scholastic training.

"He was in no way the creation of school or college. When, as happens now and then, an education so desultory, so little consecutive or steady as his, produces a brilliant man or woman, we are apt to think that the accidental system must be on the whole the best, and education a delusion, like so many other cherished things; but the conclusion is a rash one, and it is

perhaps safest in this, as in so many other directions, to follow the beaten way."

So it would have been in the case of Laurence Oliphant, for his irregular training and youthful wanderings must have been answerable to no small extent for the errant habits of mind and body that characterised his after-life. He had again a short period of study at home under a private tutor; but Sir Anthony's arrival in England on a two years' furlough put an end to his education, as well as to his prospects of a university training. The Oliphants were going to travel on the Continent, and "I represented," says Laurence, "so strongly the superior advantages, from an educational point of view, of European travel over ordinary scholastic training, and my arguments were so urgently backed by my mother, that I found myself, to my great delight, transferred from the quiet of a Warwickshire vicarage to the Champs Elysées in Paris." Germany, Italy, and Switzerland were visited by the party. Among the superior advantages of this educational course appears to have been an opportunity of participating in a political *émeute* in the Piazza del Popolo, under the auspices of a demagogic wood merchant, which ended in burning the Austrian arms, and compelling the Princess Pamphili Doria to set fire to the pile,—“in all of which I took an active part, feeling that somehow or other I had deserved well of my country.” This was in 1847, the beginning of the era of revolutions, and scenes of political excitement were rife. Young Oliphant dashed into the midst of them with boyish delight, rather than with definite enthusiasm, when he could get the chance. He joined a mob that broke into the Pro-

paganda, and was present on the steps of St Peter's when Pio Nono blessed the volunteers departing to encounter the Austrians. These stirring experiences must have been more to the relish of Laurence than of his anxious parents. As for the staid and sober Sir Anthony, his situation must have resembled that of the proverbial hen who sees the duckling she has unconsciously hatched take to water.

Next year they were all back in Ceylon; Laurence was admitted to the local Bar, and became his father's private secretary. His legal attainments must have been of the slightest description; and when we read that he had been engaged in "twenty-three murder cases," one wonders what proportion, if any, of them escaped the gallows. There can be little doubt that Laurence Oliphant's own hand is recognisable in this selection of his career; for no youth of parts, and least of all the son of a Chief-Justice, would have seriously settled down to the prospect of practising in Colombo, with its petty business and small pecuniary temptations. But it was a pleasant life in passing. Colombo was not then the dull trading port that it has since become in its struggle against odds for a mercantile existence. The European community, if smaller, was less mixed, and could count as one family. The defunct Ceylon Rifles, with its convivial mess at Slave Island, was still a hospitable power in Laurence Oliphant's days. Adventurous spirits like himself were coming out to Colombo, attracted by the prospects of sport and coffee-planting which were then beginning to be talked of at home. Among these were the Bakers, Samuel and Valentine, who were frequently about Colombo in these years; and the small society was lessened

by easy and unaffected gaiety. "Lowry was everywhere, in the centre of everything, affectionately contemptuous of papa's powers of taking care of himself, and laying down the law, in delightful ease of love and unquestioned supremacy, to his mother." With our fuller knowledge of Lawrence Oliphant, we know that Ceylon was too small an island to contain him; but as we look at the pleasant picture of his Eastern life as Mrs Oliphant has sketched it, we feel thankful for his escape from this Armida's Garden. Could there ever have been a risk of Laurence Oliphant's going down to posterity as Queen's Advocate or Junior Puisne, or even as successor to the respected wig of Sir Anthony himself?

An escape, however, was soon provided. Jung Bahadur, after his notable visit to England, put in at Colombo on his way home, and interested, and was interested by, the young advocate. An invitation to accompany the Minister home to Nepaul was offered and eagerly accepted, although friends of the Oliphants shook their heads over an expedition which did not seem likely to promote Laurence's professional prospects. But he went all the same, and shared the triumphal progress of Jung Bahadur through Bengal and Northern India back to Nepaul, taking part in an almost unexampled succession, for those days before the visits of British royalty, of elephant-drives and tiger-hunts. The result was, that he came back with the material and the ambition to write a book which was destined to launch him on a still wider world of adventures.

His book and his letters belonging to this period reveal Oliphant as a young man thoroughly enjoying himself amid the novelties and surprises of life, fond of hunting, flirt-

ing, and fun generally, but tempering his pleasure by a dash of good-humoured cynicism from which he did not exempt even himself. That he had a deeper nature, which was the dominating one, he scarcely as yet appears to be conscious. In a religiously constituted family like the Oliphants, exchange of spiritual confidence is the rule—a practice not always conducive to either edification or honesty; and Lady Oliphant very speedily took alarm if Laurence in his absence omitted for long to open his inner mind to her. Lady Oliphant's queries, however, extract some illustrations of her son's more serious moments during their Indian tour.

"It is difficult," he says, "to practise habits of self-examination riding upon an elephant, with a companion who is always talking or singing within a few feet; but it is otherwise in a palkee, which is certainly a dull means of conveyance, but forces one into one's self more than anything."

In the cramped recesses of this vehicle he discerns his chief shortcomings to be "flexibility of conscience, joined to the power of adapting myself to the society into which I may happen to be thrown;" and as a result, "the more I see of my own character, the more despicable it appears, a being so deeply hypocritical that I can hardly trust myself." But he winds up by the frank admission that this confession "is honest as far as I know, but *I don't believe in it implicitly*." Oliphant evidently had as little implicit belief in himself as he had in the world on this his earliest introduction to it, and he is moved by a sort of genial scorn for both. He is quite sure that the world is a humbug; he more than half doubts whether he is not one himself.

After such an experience, it was scarcely to be expected that Oliphant would have long settled down

to his legal duties in Colombo. After the boundless elbow-room of the Indian empire, with its great cities, its Maharajahs and Sultans, and its barbaric pearl and gold, Ceylon is a very small microcosm indeed, and Oliphant and his mother were soon on the way to England. Here he brought out his book, settled himself down to a fashion of legal studies, now aiming at the Scots Bar, now at the English one—sometimes plunging into the pleasures of society, at others taking a turn at "slumming," and reading John Foster the Baptist essayist, a writer much affected by the intellectually spiritual of the day. He got much enjoyment—he always contrived to get enjoyment wherever he was, and under whatever circumstances—and may have done some good, but he was doing nothing to lay the foundations of a solid professional career. His book was a very clever one, and thought highly of by all Anglo-Indians, among whom it excited an interest in Laurence Oliphant which lasted throughout his whole career, and served to crystallise many recollections of the brilliant young man who had flitted across the orbit of Anglo-Indian society for a brief season.

Oliphant's next expedition was one which, though commonplace enough in our days, deserved to be regarded as an adventurous undertaking in the 'Fifties. Accompanied by a friend—Mr Oswald Smith—he set out for Russia, and after visiting the capital and the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod, formed the plan—wild enough it must have seemed to those to whom he communicated it—of making his way southward to the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea. They travelled by water down the Volga and the Don, and after getting constantly grounded on *pericartes*

or sand-banks, they reached Taganrog, "having accomplished in five days and nights one of the most wild, uncouth, and unfrequented journeys that even Russia can boast of." They visited the Crimea and Sebastopol, the fortifications of which were even then attracting European attention, and thus became possessed of information which in a short time was destined to make Oliphant the confidential adviser of Ministers and commanders-in-chief, and to open up to him, had he been so disposed, prospects of a high career in the service of the State. His "Journey to Khatmandhu" had made Oliphant's name familiar to publishers; and during his stay in Edinburgh for the purpose of studying Scots law, he had made the acquaintance of the editor of 'Maga,' Mr John Blackwood, who promptly recognised the possibilities of a valuable contributor in the remarkable young man; and a connection, valued by both sides, was then formed, which remained unbroken through the varying changes of Oliphant's future career. About a year after his return from Russia, he put into Mr Blackwood's hands 'The Russian Shores of the Black Sea,' which, immediately meeting the desire that existed for information upon the Eastern question, quickly ran through a number of editions. Nor was it merely literary distinction that was brought by the journey and the book. Soon after a mounted orderly startled Half-Moon Street by riding up to the door of Oliphant's lodgings, and summoning him to an immediate interview with Lord Raglan.

"I accordingly proceeded to the Ordnance, where I found not Lord Raglan, but Lord de Ros, who questioned me minutely about Sebastopol. I gave him all the information I could, and sent him my sketches, extracts

from my journal, and everything I could think useful. There were a couple of old Engineer Colonels (one of them afterwards identified as Sir John Burgoyne), all three poring over a chart of the Crimea. They are evidently going to try and take Sebastopol, and I recommended their landing at Balaclava and marching across, which I think they will do. Lord de Ros was immensely civil. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his private secretary. It would be great fun. I met Lord de Ros again this morning, and had a long talk with him. I did not mention my anxiety to get out. It is very ticklish saying anything about one's self on such occasions, and I must just bide my time and qualify myself—be able to answer the lash, as you always say."

It is difficult to see how, in a military expedition, this ambition could have been gratified, and nothing came of these interviews with the army authorities, although Oliphant was able to turn his special information to good account in writing for the press. It was in a sphere very different from the Crimea that Oliphant first found official employment. Lord Elgin, with whose family Oliphant's had some friendship, invited Laurence to accompany him as secretary on his special mission to Washington; and throwing over an offer of Mr Delane to go to the seat of war as 'Times' correspondent, and dismissing illusory promises of Lord Clarendon to do something for him in the East, he started on the first of many subsequent journeys to America. Lord Elgin's object was to make a commercial arrangement with the United States in the interests of Canada, of which he was then Governor-General; and a treaty was "floated through on champagne," as was not unjustly said at the time, which served in the future as the basis for a good deal of diplomatic difficulties.

In the festivities of Washington Laurence Oliphant was in his element, making friends everywhere, and revelling in the racy society which gathered together in the Capitol in those days. The treaty effected, he accompanied his chief back to Canada. He was appointed Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, "having as my subordinates two colonels, two captains (all of militia), and some English gentlemen who have been long in the service, and who must look rather suspiciously at the Oriental Traveller's interposition." It is not so long ago since he himself gave an account of his Western adventures while occupying this post in the *Magazine*, that we need dwell upon them here again; and indeed his real work seems to have lain in the immediate vicinity of the Governor-General. A picture of his life in his letters at this time is however so lively, that we must give a brief quotation from it:—

"My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours, taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), &c., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. . . . I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossips to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interviews. Then he walks out with an A.D.C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly
11) come and tell me the news, and I on chaffing terms with the Op-

position, and on confidential terms with the Ministerialists. If I see pretty girls in the galleries who are friends of mine (the galleries are always full), I go up there and criticise members and draw caricatures of them, which they throw down into members' laps neatly folded, who pass them to the original,—by which time I have regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected. I find nothing so difficult as keeping up my dignity, and when a Bishop or a Cabinet Minister calls, I take their apologies for intruding as if I was doing them a favour. I am afraid of hazarding a joke unless I am quite sure it is a good one. I suppose the dignity of the office was so well sustained by Bruce, that they are scandalised by a larky young cove like me."

No one who has met the writer will have any difficulty in appreciating the fidelity of this portrait which the young secretary has drawn of himself. It is Laurence Oliphant down to the heels. It was characteristic of the man that he took in situations of life, which to most people would have presented grave and formal aspects, with a light-hearted volatility; while others, which to the majority of us would be fraught with supreme absurdity, were treated as of the utmost moment and seriousness. With all the *nonchalance* and frivolity with which he credits himself, Oliphant, however, must have done useful work to secure the continuance of Lord Elgin's favour in other scenes of statesmanship. It is not one of the least puzzling enigmas in this perplexing career how a chief of the "can't-you-let-it-alone" Melbourne school of statesmen, and an impulsive secretary who was always brimming over with energy, should have rowed so long and so well together.

The official career in Canada which lay open before him was not

for Laurence Oliphant. He was offered to have his secretaryship continued by Sir Edmund Head, who was Lord Elgin's successor, and he still had his native superintendentship in his hands, but all these were thrown over, and he was back again in England in 1855. It was then he published 'Minnesota and the Far West'; and while he was bringing out the book, he was also doing his best to induce Lord Clarendon to send him as an envoy to Schamyl to concert a general rising of Circassia and the Caucasus against Russia. Lord Clarendon was unable to comply, or perhaps feared to commit himself to a spirit so forward and adventurous, but he referred him to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; and Oliphant, with his father Sir Anthony, who had now retired from the Colonial Bench, was soon on his way to the East. But the Great Elchi was not more amenable than the Foreign Office, and nothing came of Oliphant's recommendations. Oliphant, however, was allowed to accompany Mr Alison of the Constantinople embassy on a mission to gather information along the Circassian coast, and he spent some time with Omar Pasha's force, and joined in the action on the Ingour, and some other engagements of the campaign. In the Magazine, Oliphant, after his return, gave a very graphic account of his Circassian travels; but from a letter which Mrs Oliphant gives we may take the following characteristic anecdote:—

"By the by, I never told you I had made a battery. Skender Pasha, the officer in command, thought I was an officer from my having a regimental Turkish fez cap on, and asked me if I knew where a battery was to be made about which he had orders. It so happened that I did, because I had been walking over the ground with

Simmons [now General Sir Lintorn Simmons] in the morning; so Skender told off a working party of two hundred men, with two companies of infantry and two field-pieces, put them under my command, and sent me off to make the battery. It was about the middle of a pitch-dark night, slap under the Russian guns, about two hundred yards from them. Luckily they never found us out, we worked so quietly. I had to do everything,—line the wood with sharpshooters, put the field-pieces in position, and place the gabions. Everybody came to me for orders in the humblest way. In about three hours I had run up no end of a battery, without having a shot fired at me, while Simmons, who was throwing up a battery a few hundred yards lower down, had a man killed. Both these batteries did good service two days after. The difficulty was, none of the officers with me could speak anything but Turkish. Afterwards Skender Pasha was speaking to Simmons about it, complaining of the want of interpreters, and instancing the English officer who made the battery not having an interpreter; so Simmons said, 'Ce n'est pas un officier, ce n'est qu'un simple gentleman qui voyage,' which rather astonished old Skender. I think Simmons looks on the 'Times' correspondent with a more favourable eye since that experience."

In addition to his communications to the 'Times,' and his contributions to 'Blackwood,' Oliphant described his Circassian experiences in the 'Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army,' which was published soon after his return to England. The next adventure in which he signalised himself was a still more singular one. He accompanied Mr Delane of the 'Times' to America upon some journalistic enterprise, the object of which can only be guessed. While in the Southern States, he chanced to hear of the expedition which Walker, "the filibuster," was fitting out for Nicaragua. The temptation was too strong for Oliphant, and he

at once enrolled himself in the number of Walker's followers. We cannot suppose that he had any enthusiasm in the enterprise, or set any store by the prospects held out to the adventurers; but the expedition was risky, daring, and novel; it would supply an excellent subject to write about; and that was enough for Laurence Oliphant. The expedition was a failure so far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, and it would have been well for his chief in the end had it proved equally abortive for himself. A British squadron lay across the mouth of the San Juan river; and when the filibustering vessels were boarded in search of Englishmen, Oliphant was readily detected and carried on board the flag-ship, where he found a "Scotch cousin" in command of the squadron, who took good care that he should not be again allowed to associate himself with the Nicaraguan enterprise.

We next find Oliphant again occupying a position on Lord Elgin's staff, this time on the war-like mission to China, which was intended to bring the Celestials to their senses. As he himself not so long ago has described to our readers his experiences on that expedition, as well as the narrow escape which he had from assassination in Japan, we shall merely refer the reader to Mrs Oliphant's volume for this period of his life, and to the numerous fresh letters by which she illustrates it; for we must press on to more important phases of his career. We must give, however, the following story, on Mrs Oliphant's authority, indicating as it does the mystic tendencies which were already beginning to manifest themselves in his nature:—

"Sir Anthony's death was entirely unexpected, and occurred, I believe, at a dinner-party to which he had

gone in his usual health. I have been told that, being at sea at the time, Laurence came on deck one morning and informed his comrades that he had seen his father in the night, and that he was dead—that they endeavoured to laugh him out of the impression, but in vain. The date was taken down, and on their arrival in England it was found that Sir Anthony Oliphant had indeed died on that night—which," Mrs Oliphant drily adds, "would be a remarkable addition, if sufficiently confirmed, to many stories of a similar kind which are well known."

Even so, but how rarely does the confirmation prove sufficient! In Oliphant's case, however, the story has its significance.

Then followed three years of restless activity, much literary work, and many Continental excursions. He made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales as his Royal Highness was passing through Vienna on his tour to the East, and the interest with which he then inspired his Royal Highness remained unimpaired until the end. Henceforth, from whatever scenes or from whatever quarter of the globe he had come to "look in" for a moment upon English society—perhaps to have a laugh over it—he received the Prince's commands to visit him and relate his adventures. One of his most remarkable expeditions during these years was that made to the camp of the insurgent Poles, in which he ran no small risk of being shot had had he fallen into the hands of the Cossacks, who were on all sides hemming in the patriots; but with Laurence Oliphant danger only lent a novel and additional zest to the adventure. His wanderings of these days were duly recorded in the pages of 'Maga,' with which his connection was becoming more close and frequent.

A seat in Parliament had naturally been one of the objects of

Oliphant's ambition, and he had felt his way with several burghs in Scotland, keeping his eye, however, steadily upon the Stirling group, which his father during his lifetime had canvassed for him, and which accordingly returned him in 1865. But before we say anything about his parliamentary career, and about the position which he occupied in society at this time, we must go back for a moment to trace Oliphant's inner history. We have seen him during his earlier youth encouraged, even ordered, to lay open his soul to his mother; and whatever disadvantages may be inseparable from this system of confession, it necessarily enforced habits of introspection. His letters down to the time of his voyage to China suggest a mind accustomed to dwell much upon religion, without being to any notable degree penetrated by its influences. Having been brought up in none of the definite Christian creeds, he disliked them all, followed a system of "free selection," and sought for views to supply the place of dogma. As is commonly the case with men who pursue this course of religious speculation, the notorious fact that the practice of Christianity never has squared, and never will square with its precepts in an imperfect world, made a great impression upon Oliphant's mind, leading him ultimately first to seek for, and then to construct, a system which might reconcile the two. But down to this time we find nothing in his letters that would not justify us in classing him as a broad, if erratic, Christian. But by the time he accompanied Lord Elgin to China a change was evidently working. He astonished his fellow-members of the Embassy, when they first met him on board ship, by talking of "~~matters~~ spiritual and mystical,

singularly different from the themes that usually occupy such groups." There can be little doubt that Oliphant had been attracted during his stay in the States by the "spiritualist" movement; and though he does not appear to have had any sympathy with it in its better known and more vulgar aspects, there can be little question that it gave his mind a propulsion in search of the mystic and supernatural. He was beginning to seek for a sign.

"I would willingly," he writes to his mother during the China period—"I would willingly go into a dungeon for the rest of my days if I was vouchsafed a supernatural revelation of a faith; but I should consider myself positively wicked if upon so momentous a subject I was content with any assumptions of my erring and imperfect fellow-creatures, when against the light of my own conscience."

As yet all was mere inquiry, mere speculation, with little result upon conduct or action. Laurence Oliphant, outside himself, was the brilliant man of the world, amusing himself as much as he amused others, and none the less that he had a keen eye for the foibles, the shams, and the hollowness of the society amid which he moved. He was everywhere, saw everything, and laughed, not ungenially, in his sleeve at most things. Yet those who knew him at his gayest, knew also that there was a serious side to his character. One night a little group of members were wrangling in the lobby of the Commons about a Scriptural quotation. "Here is Oliphant," said one, as Laurence came out—"he always carries a New Testament in his pocket;" and the little volume was forthcoming, and the accuracy of the text settled there and then. But with all this he was no precisian, as witness the

nest from which the 'Owl' first winged that flight which was to astonish the world for a season. He contrived to extract his full share of enjoyment out of the world and the world's pleasures, and whatever deeper feelings were simmering within him, did not obtrude themselves upon the attention of his friends, or, for aught one could see, dictate to him any special and unusual line of conduct.

And yet at the time when he had a seat in Parliament, and was comporting himself more or less after the fashion of a man of the world, he had already come under an influence which was destined to change the whole course of his life and conduct. It cannot be positively ascertained when Oliphant first encountered Harris, the American mystic and seer, who cast so unfortunate a spell upon the best period of his life. Amid the conflicting accounts which we have of this person, the statements of hostile critics and the still more untrustworthy laudations of his own devotees, it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of Harris's character; but such records as we have of his life do not prepossess us in his favour.¹ So far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, we are forced to the conclusion that Harris was his evil genius. Harris appears to have been in England in 1858, and on several other occasions during subsequent years, when Oliphant was probably attracted towards him, if he had not already fallen in with him in America. In 1860 Oliphant refers to him with interest in one of his letters, and it seems probable that in the interval between that time and his return for the Stirling Burghs, the foundation of their future con-

nection had been laid, if it was the case, as there is reason to believe, that Laurence Oliphant's failure in Parliament was due to a command from Harris to refrain from speaking.

We must quote the description which Mrs Oliphant, with notable leniency and charity, gives of this man's teaching:—

"Very little, if anything, is said that is inconsistent with the most orthodox Christianity, slightly tempered by the Swedenborgian theory, which replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a twofold instead of a threefold Unity—though even that is so little dwelt upon that it might easily be overlooked, even by a critical hearer; but not even the most careless could, I think, be unimpressed by the fervent and living nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrong-doing and against all that detracts from the divine essence and spirit of Christianity, with which the dingy pages, badly printed upon bad paper and in the meanest form, still burn and glow. The effect, no doubt, must have been greatly heightened when they were spoken by a man possessing so much sympathetic power as Mr Harris evidently had, to an audience already prepared, as the hearers in whom we are most interested certainly were, for the communication of this sacred fire. The very points that had most occupied the mind of Laurence Oliphant, as the reader has already seen—the hollowness and unreality of what was called religion, the difference between the divine creed and precepts, and the everyday existence of those who were their exponents and professed believers—were the object of Harris's crusade. He taught no novelty, but only—the greatest novelty of all—that men should put what they believed into practice, not playing with the possibilities of a divided allegiance between God and mammon, but giving an absolute—nay, remorseless—obedience, at the cost of any or every

¹ See Oxley's 'Modern Messiahs' for a full and apparently reliable account of Harris's checkered career.

sacrifice, to the principles of a perfect life. I presume confidently that, so far as the disciples could be aware, the prophet himself at this period was without blame, and maintained his own high standard. Perhaps, it may be suggested by profane criticism, the mystery in which he wrapped himself would be beneficial to the maintenance of this impression upon their minds. The great novelty in him was that he required no adhesion to any doctrine, and did not demand of his converts that they should agree with him upon anything but the necessity of living a Christ-like life."

The last indication of Laurence Oliphant's views, before he suddenly exiled himself from public life and society, is to be found in his novel of 'Piccadilly.' In this, the most brilliant of his works, marked by his sparkling wit, his incisive penetration into shams and humbugs, his shrewd yet genial faculty of unmasking all that was hollow and untrue, we fail to discover any traces of a serious quarrel with the world and society, in spite of the imperfections with which he charged them. Indeed, the circumstances under which 'Piccadilly' began in the Magazine lead directly to the supposition that the *dénouement* was other than that originally intended. It is possible, perhaps, that the severe tests which he applied to social and religious institutions in analysing them for this work, may have shown them to him in a more severe and serious light than before, and thus precipitated his resolution to shake himself rid of their trammels. There is some significance in the episode of the mysterious stranger in 'Piccadilly,' with his revelations of a better life, and we may safely presume that Harris and his doctrines are indicated, as well as that in the course of his work his mind had been led to contrast the artificial world he was dealing with

which had been represented to him as to be found beyond the Atlantic. This mental evolution which went on concurrently with the progress of 'Piccadilly' is further confirmed by what Oliphant wrote to Mr John Blackwood: "I daresay you will be surprised at the half-serious, half-mysterious tone of the last parts; but after having attacked the religious world so sharply, it is necessary to show that one does not despise religion of a right kind."

It was not, however, until two years after the conclusion of 'Piccadilly' that Laurence Oliphant disappeared from England, and took up his residence in the Harris colony at Brocton. Did he take this step of his own free-will, or was he acting under Harris's orders? We have no means of knowing; but the question, at least, deserves to be mooted. He had already put himself in Harris's hands, and this second Mokanna had not scrupled to exercise his power even in so serious a matter as closing Oliphant's mouth in the House of Commons. It is but fair, however, to say that Oliphant always represented himself as being "rather held at arm's-length than cajoled into the tremendous step which severed him from all his past life." It may have been honestly so, but no one can read these volumes without being forced to the conclusion that he was as wax in the hands of Harris. And whence did Harris derive this superiority? From an intellectual point of view he was unquestionably Laurence Oliphant's inferior. So far as we can see, there was nothing in his character to overawe and impress a man who had mixed with the most talented and cultivated society of the Old World. On whatever grounds and by whatever means, at least certain, that

Harris obtained the mastery of Laurence Oliphant's will, and that his position of a disciple became practically that of a serf.¹

It is a pitiable story to tell of the senseless drudgery to which such an intellect as Oliphant's was condemned in the Brocton community. Mrs Oliphant records the facts with remarkable moderation and keen sympathy; and her chapters relating to the Brocton life are the most interesting part of the second volume. We shall not linger over them. The spectacle

of one of the cleverest and most brilliant men of the age set to "live the life" by cadging strawberries at railway stations, working as a farm teamster, sleeping in a straw bed over a stable, and eating his meals off a deal box, is both painful and irritating. And all this with a view to be more Christ-like! It would be difficult to find a greater insult to common-sense in the grossest extravagances of medieval Roman Catholic asceticism. And poor Lady Oliphant, too, a woman refined and

¹ Amid the mass of newspaper correspondence which this Memoir has called forth, there is no more valuable light thrown upon the connection with Harris than in a communication from Mrs Rosamond Oliphant (now Templeton), in the 'Times' of the 6th June:—

"At this time he met Thomas Lake Harris, and was deeply impressed by his magnetic eloquence; yet it was not the power of the man which held him in thrall, but rather his own great need of help. He believed in Mr Harris, and loved him with that self-giving sweetness of devotion which was one of the traits of his singular nature, holding within itself the gentlest attributes of femininity with the manliest courage of masculinity; and this love continued for some years. But, so my husband told me, even during these years his faith had a number of slight shocks, of which he gave me an instance. Harris said to Laurence that he had received the message spiritually that one of his (Laurence's) most dangerous characteristics was that of personal vanity, and that he must do all that lay in his power to subdue his love of dress, &c. As a matter of fact, Mr Oliphant had scarcely enough regard for his personal appearance to take the necessary pains with his toilet, although possibly appearing well dressed in a country village. And as he was aware that Harris could scarcely have made a greater mistake, this naturally somewhat shook his belief in the keenness of the prophet's judgment, and in the general trustworthiness of his unseen guidance. Mr Oliphant, however, did not swerve in his allegiance, he only readjusted it gradually on a little different plane, as he found him to be a more fallible man than he had at first imagined. Nevertheless, so Mr Oliphant stated to me, Mr Harris was at this time a noble aspirational soul, far above the average in his ideals; and he (Laurence) continued to revere and to love him for many years.

"Perhaps among all the gifts intrusted to man or woman, the most dangerously tempting is that of a strong magnetic personality; and this temptation Mr Harris had. For he undoubtedly possessed a singular power over those who surrounded him, and, like many another, this temptation proved by degrees too strong for him. His success finally intoxicated him. When he found himself the master of such individualities as Laurence and Alice, Lady Oliphant, and others equally aspiring and almost as talented, he who had been originally an obscure man of the people had not the equilibrium of soul to maintain his balance. And this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at when we reflect how easily the heads of the most of us are turned. At the time of his death Mr Oliphant believed that the teachings of Harris in latter years had worked grievous mischief. Nevertheless, he was willing to give every man his due, even though he may have suffered by his errors; and to the last Mr Oliphant always spoke of Mr Harris with the gentlest Christian charity. He said to me, that although he had suffered seriously, both spiritually and in the loss of fortune, through Mr Harris, yet he could not fail to see that such unbounded power as was relegated to him (Mr Harris) was an unusually severe test for any man."

gentle, and well stricken in years, was sent to work out her salvation in the wash-tub! "Live the life," indeed! It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that on joining the community, Laurence Oliphant had to make over his property to its common fund as administered by Mr Harris, subject, however, to a right of withdrawal should he cease to become a member of it.

As an illustration of Harris's power and methods, we must quote the following account of his administration of the interests, human and material, which lay under his sway:—

"He arranged them in groups of three or four persons to assimilate; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious.' In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until 'the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love,' to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and 'breaking the sphere.'

"And not only did the head of the community keep incessant watch over all these occult manifestations, but he was at once the director of the domestic life within, where the members of the community worked together at agriculture—and also the head of every operation without, many of his disciples being sent out into business affairs, to conduct commercial operations or other kinds of profitable work, in order that they might bring in money for the community. 'All the schemes connected with it, mercantile or agricultural, were in his hands; and he would constantly change the heads of departments if he thought their minds were becoming too much

engrossed in business, recall and replace them with others who often knew nothing of their management, and had to learn through mistakes.'"

Oliphant went through the trying ordeal of the menial drudgery of Brocton with his usual brave indifference to circumstances, and without losing much of his light-heartedness. That he imagined he had benefited from the discipline and from Harris's teaching, is evident from the fact, that when after three years he returned to England, he was still loyally devoted to the prophet and the interests of the Brocton community. His association with the Harrisites had produced little external change in Laurence Oliphant that his friends upon his return could detect. He may have been "more assured in his faith than ever"; but to the world he was, as Mrs Oliphant says, "as serious, as humorous, as entertaining, as delightful a companion, and as much disposed to social enjoyment, as when he had been one of the most popular men in London." It was about this time, shortly before his return, that he sent home to 'Blackwood' that daring outburst of humour, "Dollie and the Two Smiths," the first of a brilliant series of 'Traits and Travesties' which he continued to contribute to the Magazine in subsequent years. Whatever the effects of "living the life" may have been on Laurence Oliphant, they did not obtrude themselves on the surface—although he was perfectly frank when questioned about his religious experiences—and he still appeared as the brilliant, humorous, and sarcastic man of the world, with an infinite capacity for enjoying everything that was enjoyable, whether it took the shape of pleasure or adventure.

Oliphant, on his return, again threw himself into literary and

journalistic work. He served for some time as special correspondent of the 'Times' during the Franco-Prussian war, and afterwards settled down in Paris as representative of that journal. But he was still under Harris's domination, and was soon to be made painfully sensible of the arbitrary way in which the prophet was disposed to use his power. It was in Paris that Laurence Oliphant, who might have been thought to have already exhausted all the experiences of life, filled up the romance of his career by falling under the influence of a strong, pure, and tender passion. The loves of Laurence Oliphant and Alice le Strange are so charmingly recorded by Mrs Oliphant, that we scruple to abridge her narrative, and would rather refer our readers to her book itself. A few words, however, must be said to make what we have still to relate about Oliphant's life intelligible. Alice le Strange was characterised as "not a woman, but an angel," by one who knew and admired her in later life.

"One of the most perfect flowers of humankind," says Mrs Oliphant, who knew her well, "a young woman of an ancient and long-established race, with all the advantages of fine and careful training, and that knowledge from her cradle of good society, good manners, and notable persons, which is an advantage beyond all estimation to the mind qualified to profit by it. . . . One of the most attractive and charming of God's creatures, with considerable beauty and much talent, full of brightness and originality, sympathetic, clear-headed, yet an enthusiast, and with that gift of beautiful diction and melodious speech which is one of the most perfect ever given to man. . . . She was so full of 'charm,' that inexplicable fascination which is more than beauty, that it was possible her actual gifts might have been overlooked in the pleasure of encountering

herself, the combination of them all; so that the beauty, the wit, the sweet vivacity, the pure and brilliant intelligence, became so many delightful discoveries after the first and greatest, of finding one's self face to face with a being so gracious and delightful."

In this love it might have been hoped that Laurence Oliphant's troubled career would have found a haven of rest, and that in a settled life of domestic happiness, abounding with possibilities of useful work, he might have "lived a life" more beneficial to himself and advantageous to the world than the senseless rule of Brocton could prescribe. But it was not to be. He was still under the spell of Harris, and could no more shake the prophet off his shoulders than Sindbad could get rid of the Old Man of the Sea. Even his engagement with Miss le Strange had to receive Harris's sanction, which was withheld, and the lovers were kept upon tenter-hooks, until it was quite clear that the lady was to come as completely under Harris's domination as her intended husband already was. The marriage had to be postponed in deference to an edict from Brocton, and it was not without a considerable amount of *finessing* on Oliphant's part that the prophet's sanction was finally obtained. It is a beautiful and touching evidence of Alice le Strange's complete love and faith in Oliphant that she humbles herself before Harris—a man whom she had never seen, and whom she knew of only as an enemy to her happiness—and pours out the whole feelings of her inmost soul in a letter to him, and puts herself under his "direction in all matters." Without any wish to be unjust, we must express our conviction that a passage in this letter, in which Miss le Strange, speaking of her property, offers to make it

"easily payable to you for any purpose to which you might see fit to apply it," had quite as much weight with the prophet as Miss le Strange's cry for light and guidance.

The marriage at length took place in June 1872, and after a year's residence in Paris, where Oliphant continued to represent the 'Times,' a sudden summons from Brocton broke up their household, and Oliphant with his wife and mother set out for America. A greater trial of his faith could scarcely have been made than to ask him to bring the young wife of a year to the life which he knew awaited her at Brocton—and such a life!—but Oliphant must have been still firm in his trust in Harris. At first Harris seems to have dealt rather leniently with the newcomers. Oliphant, for the good of his soul and the benefit of the community, was sent to Wall Street to wrestle with the bulls and bears of New York finance, and had the honour of crossing swords, "non sine gloria," with the great Jay Gould himself. The best outcome of this experience was the "Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company," the memory of which must still remain green in the minds of readers of 'Maga.' Another American contribution in a similar vein of sarcasm was "Irene Macgillicuddy," which produced a scarcely less powerful sensation on the other side of the Atlantic than 'Piccadilly' had done in England. There is a buoyancy about Oliphant's writings during his Brocton life which we are tempted to ascribe to a reaction against his environments: they afforded a safety-valve for the feelings of disillusionment which, we think, must have speedily followed upon his second arrival at Brocton.

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While he was in Wall Street, his wife and mother were washing the pocket-handkerchiefs of the community or working in their cottage garden. Mrs Laurence Oliphant, however, appears to have been occasionally allowed to join her husband in New York, and even to accompany him on a visit to Lord and Lady Dufferin in Canada. But this happiness was too great to last. The prophet's fiat went forth, and husband and wife were separated. Mrs Oliphant makes a very shrewd guess at the reasons:—

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so were these two likely to act upon each other, perhaps to a consciousness of the wonderful character of their subjection, perhaps to independent plans of their own, both of which would have weakened the master's hold upon them, and made their emancipation merely a question of time."

Harris had meanwhile opened up a new settlement in California, "where he cultivated vines and swayed the souls who had committed themselves into his hands;" and thither Mrs Laurence Oliphant was ordered to repair, while her husband was to stand fast in New York. Mrs Laurence Oliphant did not remain long in the Santa Rosa establishment. When Laurence went to California to visit his wife, he was positively refused permission to see her, and promptly ordered back to Brocton; and his wife soon after quitted Santa Rosa, and endeavoured to earn her living as a teacher. Though aided by kind friends of her husband's, her life for some years was one of hard toil and of considerable privation. Although away from Harris, she was still under his influence, and very probably working under his commands.

In 1878, Oliphant was back in England alone. By this time

his eyes appear to have been opened, and though he had not yet directly revolted, he was looking about him for an independent sphere of action. Events at that time were directing prominent attention to the Turkish empire and to Palestine, and Oliphant conceived the project of carrying out a colonisation of the Holy Land by Jews from the countries where the oppression of the race was most prevalent. With his usual energy he at once set out for Palestine, and the interest in the country which this visit inspired led him ultimately to select it as his future home. The literary results of this journey took the form of the 'Land of Gilead,' a considerable portion of which appeared in the Magazine, and in which Laurence Oliphant's wonderful descriptive powers are seen at their best. But his project, like all others that depend upon the concurrence of the Sublime Porte, ended in failure.

On his return to England he was joined by Mrs Laurence Oliphant, who had seen the necessity of shielding her husband from the aspersions to which their separation and her condition in California had exposed him in society. She must have taken this step in despite of Harris, and from their union in London the date of their emancipation from his despotism may be calculated. But when the final quarrel came, when Oliphant was obliged to assert his independence, and claim his rights in defiance of the prophet, it was a sore trial to his feelings. He had gone out to America to see his mother, who was dying of a painful malady, aggravated by the mortifying discovery that her faith had been misplaced, and that her idol was after all but clay, for rumours had reached Brocton regarding the Santa Rosa settlement sufficient to

disenchant the deluded devotees who had been left in the former community. Oliphant took his mother with him to Santa Rosa in hopes of benefit to her health, and they visited Harris, but were far from graciously received. Mrs Oliphant mentions a significant incident, characteristic of the Harrisian system, which occurred during this visit:—

"The sight of a valuable ring belonging to Lady Oliphant, which had been given over with all other treasured things into the keeping of the prophet, upon the finger of a member of his household, brought a keen gleam of conviction, both to the one who doubted already and the other who did not know whether to doubt, or, as on former occasions, to gulp down every indignity and obey."

Lady Oliphant died soon after this visit, and Harris seems to have taken the initiative of declaring war, and to have telegraphed to Mrs Laurence Oliphant requesting her permission to have her husband placed in a lunatic asylum. No such sanction was of course given, and Oliphant set about to recover his property in Harris's hands, a portion of which it is satisfactory to know the prophet was compelled piecemeal to disgorge. In a letter to the 'Standard' of June 8, Mr J. D. Walker, a Californian friend of Laurence Oliphant, who was of great assistance in disentangling his pecuniary relations with Harris, writes:—

"On the plea that the money placed by the Oliphants with Mr Harris was placed subject to withdrawal by them, should they at any time sever their connection with him, I insisted on Mr Harris making restitution. After considerable correspondence, a personal visit from my lawyer, and threats of legal proceedings, Mr Harris deeded to Oliphant the Brocton property; this, Oliphant informed me, represented some fifteen thou-

sand pounds, placed with Mr Harris by him and his wife. The property has been sold within the past few months for some eight thousand pounds, and the proceeds distributed in terms of Oliphant's will, so that they are still large contributors to the Harris community."

In spite of all they had suffered at the hands of Harris, and of the active hostility which they had good reason to believe their revolt had brought upon them, it is remarkable that the Oliphants ever afterwards continued to speak of him with respect, and to extenuate any charges that were brought against him and his system. Even in discussing matters which had directly affected themselves, and regarding which an expression of resentment would have been both justifiable and expected, Laurence Oliphant was wont, if he did not take the blame wholly to himself, at least to find plausible excuses for the prophet's share of the transaction. Harris unquestionably did supply some traits for the character of Masollam, but we have good reason to believe that Laurence Oliphant did not intend Masollam to be received as either a caricature or a likeness of the Brocton prophet.

Before finally quitting the Brocton episode, we must congratulate Mrs Oliphant upon the skill with which she has traversed this delicate and complicated episode of Laurence Oliphant's life. She has preserved a rare moderation when dealing with passages which must have prompted the indignation of any author; she has spared no pains to get at the truth, and has had scruples in telling it; and she has applied her unrivalled power of mental analysis to lay bare the aims and motives on both sides with an impartiality that it must have been very difficult to preserve. *We shall prob-*

ably never know the exact truth regarding the relations of Harris with Laurence Oliphant; but should it ever come out, it will, we believe, be found that Mrs Oliphant has penetrated into its essence, and done substantial justice to all parties.

In 1882, Laurence Oliphant settled at the little town of Haifa on the Bay of Acre, and there and in his mountain home on Carmel, at the Druse village of Dalieh, the remainder of his life was spent, varied with occasional trips to England. There can be no doubt that these years in Palestine were the best and happiest of his life. They were full of literary activity. Contributions came steadily pouring into 'Maga' upon all sorts of topics, and all characterised by Oliphant's peculiar vivacity and power. It was there that 'Altiora Peto' and 'Masollam' were written, and later on the two works 'Sympneumata' and 'Scientific Religion,' which embodied the peculiar views of his mature years. The life which was lived at Haifa was at least free from the degrading and objectionable features of the Brocton usage; and, as far as Oliphant and his wife were concerned, it seems to have been one of active benevolence and practical philanthropy. Into the religious principles which regulated the little family at Haifa, whither some few of the remaining members of the Brocton community were soon attracted, we do not choose to enter. England too contributed a small band of inquirers, the most distinguished of whom was Mr Haskett Smith, an author and clergyman of the Church of England, who became Oliphant's right-hand man in his work. The Haifa community never got beyond the experimental stage, and Laurence Oliphant was still obviously feeling his way towards a

faith when his career was cut short: whether or not, had he been spared to perfect his views, they would have made a wider impression upon thinkers, it is impossible to say. To us both 'Sympleumata' and 'Scientific Religion' are as unintelligible in their teaching as they are mysterious in their ascribed origin; and it would be of little profit to discuss speculations which had no better foundation than an individual imagination, and which never got farther than the rudimentary stage. The death of his wife undoubtedly affected Laurence Oliphant's view of things spiritual in a very marked manner, and induced him to translate dreams into actual experiences; but it also deepened the seriousness of his views of life, as well as led him to indulge in wilder conjectures regarding futurity and the unseen. Yet the old fire of genius burned brightly, and Oliphant was probably never more his natural self than when penning those records of his eventful career which appeared in the Magazine under the title of "Moss from a Rolling Stone."

He paid a final visit to America in the spring of 1888, and, to the astonishment of his friends, returned to be married to Miss Rosamond Dale Owen. But the hand of death was upon him. The "loss of spiritual influx," of which he had for some time complained since the death of his first wife, was really the loss of vital power under an internal malady. A few days after his marriage he was struck down with illness, and though he rallied repeatedly, he was never able to shake off his mortal disorder. "His last conscious moment on Sunday," says his wife, "was one of hope and effort lifewards. . . . He passed

away as into a tranquil sleep, and woke four hours after in another world, or rather under another form, without having tasted death either physically or spiritually."

Was Laurence Oliphant's a wasted life? The answer to that question will depend upon the view we take of the work to which he specially devoted himself, and which he had little more than begun when he was called away. If literary fame be a legitimate aim in life, he certainly earned a fair share of it. If active goodness within one's own sphere and possibilities be a duty to the world, then Oliphant duly discharged his part. If social distinction be an honour worth striving for, then Oliphant with slender advantages outstripped most of his equals in the race. If self-sacrifice confers a title to public respect, then comparatively few can boast of having surrendered more than Laurence Oliphant did. And if we believe that his views were mistaken, that he himself was the victim of a delusion, it detracts nothing from the generous nobility of his character. He was a man who well deserved so admirable a memorial as these volumes supply; and there is no one who ever met him who will not heartily endorse the eloquent words with which Mrs Oliphant lays down her pen:—

"The generation, not only of his contemporaries but of their children, must be exhausted, indeed, before the name of Laurence Oliphant will cease to conjure up memories of all that was most brilliant in intellect, most tender in heart, most trenchant in attack, most eager to succour in life. There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian age, now beginning to round towards its end, and which holds in its brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name."

THE EVE OF ST JOHN IN A DESERTED CHÂLET.

It was a beautiful day. A grey mist curled up from the lake and clung to the dark ravines of the mountains. As the sun grew warmer, a gentle breeze fanned the still water, and the mists rolled up to the mountain-tops. A few lazy patches lingered behind, lost in the deep gorges of the hills, where, blindly rubbing against the dark pines, they gradually melted before the mid-day heat, as luckless jelly-fish stranded on a sandy beach slowly evaporate under the fierce sun.

The steamer was crowded with tourists,—girl-schools, spectacled Germans, smart young Frenchmen, the usual sprinkling of English, the inevitable curate or country rector, two friars, and one Swiss *pasteur*. This latter was a curious fossil. He was short, wizened, and decrepit. He wore a tall hat on the back of his head like the hatter in 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'; his coat was long, his waistcoat low, and his neck-tie meagre and not clean. It was difficult to look at him and then at the friars without thinking of history. I never can see a friar, with his corded frock, sandalled feet, and bare head, without seeming to see romantic pictures of the past. All other costumes change. If I were intimately acquainted with the cut of the friar's dress in past ages, perhaps I should notice slight differences; but in the main the clothes they wore when the monks tore Hypatia to pieces, when Peter the Hermit preached, when Bernard and Abelard ruled their monasteries, when Chaucer wrote, when the fires of Smithfield blazed and the Inquisition terrified, are much the same

clothes they wear now. The colour may be different; but black, brown, or grey, a friar centuries ago would be a friar now.

They are no anachronism but a reality. I could not help being struck at the contrast they afforded, those men apart, with their bleared eyes, sensual lips, dirty beards, as they came on board amid a crowd of simple school-girls and startled English matrons. Living assertors of eighteen centuries of celibacy, they moved about amid that ship-load of nineteenth-century frivolity. Their power was gone, but their picturesqueness remained.

And that insignificant comic little figure was the representative of the power that had supplanted them. How well he seemed to typify the dry syllogisms of that dreary controversy of Predestination and Free-will! Could any spark of poetic fire come from so wizened and matter-of-fact a being? Vates and Sacerdos are near akin, and those poetic souls who like mystery in their religion will always prefer a priesthood whose garb is poetic. And those who think a religion cannot be typified by a garb will prefer the dull prose of common dress.

At the end of the lake I left the steamer. I intended to walk over the mountains by a little path marked in the Swiss Ordnance Survey, and which would lead me across the frontier into Savoy. The girl-school landed also. It is curious the way mothers dress their fair daughters abroad. Many of these girls were undoubtedly English. Fortunately they disguised the fact very well.

What shapeless frocks, what

marvellous colours, these nymphs were clothed in ! Were there girl-schools at Lausanne, I wonder, when Byron moped away his time at Meillerie opposite ; and did he write that "they always smelt of bread-and-butter"—the fair, innocent ones !—in bitter disappointment because they offered no other attractions ? However, in spite of their chaotic clothes, these simple maidens seemed to enjoy themselves. They trooped up the road, under the chestnut and walnut trees, and laughed and chattered, and picked flowers, and ate biscuits and sandwiches, as healthy wholesome girls should. There were two girls who were really pretty, and with a flush of pride I was glad to recognise they were English. And not only were they pretty, but they were well dressed : and, if the dress be an index of the mind, then these young ladies were indeed perfect ; but perhaps their mother dressed them. However, I soon left these fair sirens behind, and, like the hero of "Excelsior," I steeled my heart against all softer feelings. I don't know how it would have been, however, had these young ladies gone so far as the strange young person in that incoherent poem. They didn't. Instead of any tender invitation, expressed verbally or ocularly, they only ate wild strawberries, and made remarks *sotto voce*, which, as laughter was the result, caused me, with that self-consciousness of a true Briton, to feel a twitching in the back as I walked on.

It was hot. The mountain road wound up and up. No breath of air seemed able to penetrate those thick chestnut-woods. The grass under the trees was a perfect carpet of wild loveliness. Flowers of every kind grew thick all round—the stately mountain-lily, blue-bells, and yellow cowslips. Red,

white, purple, and blue ; yellow, green, mauve, and carmine : all the colours and blendings possible were spread everywhere. Delicate, dainty, mossy lawns, where the grass had just been cut, alternated with the rich wealth of unkempt pasture. The sunlight fell in brilliant patches across the twisting chestnut-boles, and on the cut and uncut grass. Bees hummed and flies persecuted, and all the while I trudged over ruthless stones upward and ever upward. It was hot !

I could hear down below the merry laughter of the girls. A church clock struck the hour, and the thud, thud, thud of a distant steamer palpitated on the drowsy silence. The air quivered in the heat, a grey-green gloom shimmered under the fantastic chestnut-trees, velvety moss spread temptingly over shady banks. What a home for fairies ! I sat down.

But it would never do to waste time in dull sloth. I had many miles to go, and some fairly stiff climbing before me. There were awkward precipices to be faced, and Swiss weather is never certain.

Up and up I trudged. The stony road had changed to a still more stony path. The chestnut-trees had given place to brushwood, where the hornbeam and mountain-ash reigned instead of the chestnut and walnut ; a gentle breeze stirred the ferns, and the grey weather-worn sides of a few snow-streaked peaks rose above the foliage. How scarred and furrowed those solemn rocks looked ! Snow still lay in the crevices, and little silver streaks trickled down their rugged faces. My object was to find the path which led up over these cliffs, across the neck which united them to the highest point, and so down into a deep valley where France and Switzerland joined hands across a foaming torrent.

I had been warned the path was dangerous. Only a week ago a hapless professor from Vevey had fallen over a precipice and been killed. His body was brought over the day before I started. He was actually in the right path, and his death had been the result of a slip. A mountaineer whom I met told me it was because he wore Oxford shoes, and had no nails in them. I thanked Providence I had a heavy pair of stout boots, and, what appeared to me as I walked, a ton of nails in the soles.

Up and up I clambered. The stony path had changed to a vague rut in the close herbage. The brushwood had yielded to a few straggling bushes, with here and there a clump of fir. Their sombre foliage and fragrant odour invited me to rest. The dry red cones lay all about under the solemn shade. No sound reached me now. The breeze fitfully whispered among the pine-plumes, but the stately trees disdained to break the brooding stillness. Far, far down below lay the blue lake. The basement of the peak whereon I sat was entirely hidden. The flowers and lower pine-trees seemed to spring at once from the small blue patch below. On the other side rose tier upon tier of jagged rocks. Range on range of precipitous peaks tossed themselves aloft, while above all, against the blue sky, soared the white billows of the Oberland of Berne, where the everlasting snows piled themselves along the horizon. How strange the contrast seems from the busy everyday life of that blue lake, with its fashionable hotels, tennis-lawns, and artificial society, to the unknown solitude of that arctic region! In that white mystery before me, so near and yet so far, lay spots as untrodden by man as

any solitudes in Spitzbergen or Enderby land. There is no spot in the world which brings into such striking proximity the primeval and the ephemeral as Switzerland.

Up and up I trudged. It was no longer sultry. The sun scorched, but the air was keen. I had passed all shade, except where the precipitous cliff flung its cool shadow over the deep ravine. The track was becoming difficult to find. I was climbing a steep slope of coarse grass littered with huge boulders. The path had dwindled to countless holes made by the hoofs of the goats who alone could browse up here. It was impossible to find any real track.

And now my difficulties began. I was a novice in Alpine climbing. Counting on being what is usually called a good cragsman where crags are not frequent, I had anticipated little difficulty in surmounting the rugged cliffs which towered up opposite Montreux. I knew the snow would present obstacles which might be very dangerous; but I calculated that a cliff in Switzerland must be very like a cliff in England. There was little or no snow here. There were only cliffs. But when I looked at them I could not help thinking, "But what cliffs!"

The track I had been doubtfully following led to the very base of an overhanging precipice, and there ended. I looked up at the grey height above me. Sheer walls of rock looked down at me. There was a sinister expression about the sharp lines which furrowed the face of the cliff. They went zig-zag down the surface like the grim sneer on the face of some coldly sarcastic man. The silent gloom of the overshadowing rock chilled me. A little jet of water spouted over a black ledge above, and

splashed into an old patch of snow below—so dirty and stone-covered a patch that at first I took it only for the brown soil of the mountain. It was tough and hard to tread on. I could hardly realise such a substance could melt.

Clearly I had missed the path. Not even a goat could climb up there. However, climbing had to be done; it was getting late in the afternoon, and I had yet far to go. Without wasting time in going back to look for the path, I determined to get up this wall somehow. To my left was a dark gully, black and forbidding. I instinctively felt I could never get up that. To my right a few pines grew, stunted and wind-torn, and above them was a ledge which I felt I might reach. After a difficult climb, and several narrow slips, I reached the ledge. How magnificent was the view! But I felt if I looked long I should grow giddy. I could no longer see any grass slope below. Not even the top of the last pine-tree was visible, although only a few feet beneath. There seemed nothing between me and that small blue patch, some five thousand feet below. I turned to look at the wall behind.

It was not encouraging. By clinging to my ledge I hoped I might reach a rift in the rock which seemed to present an easier foothold, as seen from below. But I could not disguise from myself the difficulty of the attempt. I had begun to realise that what looks only a little way *up*, seems a horrible distance *down*. It was no longer warm. The sun was behind the towering precipice overhead. Its rich light flooded the downward slope of a grass patch to the right. There must be a gully there, down which the light can penetrate. The keen mountain air against the cold face of

this never-warmed rock chilled me. That rock had never seen the sun. I buttoned up my coat, and altered my course for the gully.

After great exertions, I managed to reach a fairly easy place. The narrow escapes I had gone through caused me to appreciate the change from the position of a fly when clinging to the ceiling to the less sustained effort of resting on a ledge of the cornice. At last I could sit down.

There was the same view before me. A few more peaks of the Bernese Oberland rose up. The blue lake looked smaller and farther down. That was all. I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. I must get on. I had taken an hour in climbing about two hundred feet. This would never do. After a little refreshment I buckled to my work. The gully was reached, the course became less hazardous, although rather more fatiguing. At last I was within sight of the top. A few more scrapings, a little more back-wrenching, knee-twisting struggles, and I should be there. I endured them all, and—I was not there! I was on my ledge again, and very nearly in another world. My foot had slipped, as I tried for the thousandth time to bump my mouth with my knees, and, to the great destruction of my garments, I alighted on my feet and the ledge at the same moment—What anguish I suffered! I had come down in a second as many feet as it had taken me minutes to get up. But time is no measure of such effort. And then my garments—! Luckily, at the rate I was progressing, it would be midnight before I reached the haunts of men. But what distressed me most was that I had broken my flask and dropped my match-box. After a little rest I set to work again, and this time I

succeeded—that is, I climbed to within twenty feet of the top, and there found a perpendicular wall of sheer rock, utterly impossible to get up. I have since admired Alpine climbers much more. I thought they overrated themselves before; now I don't think they can estimate themselves enough. I am an Alpine climber.

And so I had to come down half-way again. I did this less rapidly than before, but with more comfort. I began to realise that speed is not everything among the Alps. I was much too hurried before. But it was getting late. The shadows behind were growing longer, even a purple shade seemed to have reached the blue lake below. And, worst of all, a mist was creeping over the top of the cliff. Vague shreds, as if of cotton-wool, were spreading overhead. I should be in a cheerful position if a thick fog came on. I couldn't go down, I knew. It had taken me all I was capable of to get along that ledge when going up. It would be death to attempt it going down. A way must be found past that twenty feet of cliff between me and dinner.

By warily hooking on to slight roughnesses in the sides of the gully, I managed to work my way so far to the right that I could see round the edge. There was a ledge beyond, which seemed to extend up to the top. Could I reach it? It was very ticklish work, but, thanks to my nails—I mean on my boots—I managed it. In another quarter of an hour I was a victor. I had gained the summit, but I was utterly ignorant of where I was. Almost at the same moment that I set foot on the edge of the cliff, drops of rain began to fall, and in an instant, as it were, I was in a shroud of mist.

"This is what I expected," I said; "it won't last long. I've observed these fogs seldom do. Only I must be careful how I go." And so I warily stepped out into the unknown. Somehow I felt like a sort of Jack who had climbed his Beanstalk and was setting out for the ogre's castle. Presently I observed I was going down-hill. The descent became steeper. Once I nearly slipped. This would not do. I could see nothing ahead of me, and I knew that steep grass slopes like this often end in terrible precipices. I must be careful. I stopped and picked up a stone—a large one. I let it roll gently out of my hand. It bounded away in an instant. I heard one bump not far off, then absolute silence. This looked awkward. I hardly dared to move. It seemed little use going back; to go forward was very like walking to certain death. It was better to stand still, and hope for the mist to lift.

After sitting shivering in the cold air, wet to the skin, for about half an hour, a yellow gleam rent the veil before me, and, almost like magic, a wonderful picture appeared. So dazzling was the sudden change, that I could not look at it at first. When I could bear the light, I saw that I had done well to stop. Far down below me were a few dots on a green patch. These were chalets; beyond wound a silver streak. Opposite rose a towering wall of rock, clothed half-way up with trees, mostly fir, and then ending in precipitous jagged cliffs. Through a gap in this wall a gleam of gold stretched far away. A grey line separated it from the sun, whose level rays were streaming over the saw-like edge of the cliffs before me, and lighting up the roof of purple mist which floated overhead. Far down on the right, the blue lake seemed to girdle a collec-

tion of boxes. This was a town on the edge of the water. The sense of height, of space, of distance, was so great, I seemed to be sitting in the car of a balloon, and looking down on the world below. Beautiful as it was, I could not help feeling giddy as I peered into the dim depths beneath, and thought how much safer the car of a balloon was than the slippery slope of that dizzy height. The clouds still clung to the mountain behind, but I saw enough to tell me I must go a little way back.

The sickly light of the sunset, dazzling at it was, did not forebode a dry evening. I was already shivering with cold; how should I manage if I had to pass the night on this bleak peak? The snow lay in broad patches around, and the chill evening air cut through my tattered clothes. I hastened to find a way down. After walking across a pretty level patch of scrub, a steep slope fell away before me. Cautiously going down this, I had almost reached the edge, where it seemed I might find foothold down the cliff, when the sunlight disappeared, and like a pall the mist closed in again.

But I could not stop now: I was too cold, and it was getting dark. I could see the face of the precipice, and a little ledge seemed to give hopes of a footing. The descent was not so sheer as had been that of the cliff up which I had climbed. For some little distance I managed famously, when suddenly I missed my footing, and—well, I don't know what happened for the following hour or so. The next thing I can remember is that I was lying on my side, very cold and wet, and rather stiff. My head seemed aching a good deal, and I could not make out where I was. I turned over and sat up. It was quite dark. Gradually recol-

lection came back, and I cautiously tried to get up. As I succeeded, I felt tolerably certain no bones were broken; but my head felt strange. I sat down again to collect my thoughts. I seemed to have fallen on a grassy patch. As I sat, a church bell, far below, sounded. I counted the strokes. It was ten o'clock. How bitterly cold it was! The mist had cleared away and the stars were shining. All was absolutely still. A black object loomed up before me, on either side was grey obscurity. The shape of the thing looked like a house. What luck! I should now get some milk and be put on the right road. "What a fortunate tumble!" I thought; "I should never have hit upon this had I not come down that short cut."

I got up. I felt very dizzy. Everything I had on was dripping wet. Never mind. With a fire such as is always quickly kindled in a *châlet*, and with hot milk, I should soon be warm again. With much caution I groped my way through the long grass, avoiding the stones which lay all about as well as I could. I had hardly taken three steps, when to my further relief I noticed the *châlet* was lighted up. A pale light streamed out from some opening on the side away from me. All doubt was at an end now. I stepped through the long wet grass more confidently. In a few minutes I had reached the angle of the wall. I noticed that the ground dropped directly from the edge of the further side of the building. It behoved me to be very careful. I had no wish for another descent. The light still threw its pale beam across the darkness. In another moment I stood before a black patch in the grey mass in front. The light had disappeared. I thought it odd; but concluded that, alarmed

by the steps of some unknown person, the occupant had concealed the light. I took the dark patch before me for a door. I tapped at it with my stick; but it touched nothing. The door must be open. I called out. No answer. There was absolute silence, as there had been since the church clock boomed far down below in the valley. Not a sound in that quiet ledge, surrounded by precipices above and below, broke the utter stillness of the solemn gloom.

"They are very cautious," I thought. "I had better be on my guard too." Thoughts of coiners of base money, *contrebandiers*, thieves, passed across my mind. But, after all, was I sure it was a *châlet*? It was not very dark, but the light of the stars cast only a shimmering pallor over the grey vague mass before me. I could distinguish a long low wall. Two openings in it, the dark patch before me, and one to my right. Above, a low-pitched roof spread in one gable from end to end of the building. A rank smell seemed to come from the place, and the whole effect was to produce a sense of absolute desertion and solitude. I was so cold, however, and so sure of having seen a light, that I determined to enter. The door was open, or rather, as I afterwards found, there was no door. The rank smell was more pungent as I passed over the threshold, leaving the starlight and the sweet cold air of night behind me. All was utter absolute silence. I paused, after taking a few steps in. I could just make out, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that there were some stalls for cattle, and as I turned I thought I saw a dark figure behind me; but I found it was only an upright post which came between me and an opening in the wall on the other

side. There was a creepy dampness about the place which caused me to shiver. It was ghostly enough by itself. But the light which had been extinguished as I actually stood before the open door added a curious mystery to the place.

As I stood shivering and irresolute, peering into the darkness, a cold breath passed over my face, and something touched me. I twitched involuntarily, and uttered a startled exclamation. A low muffled voice seemed to repeat my voice in a mocking tone three times, fainter and fainter each time.

"It was a bat," I said aloud; "and there is an echo here."

A hollow parody of the sounds of my voice came back three times. There was clearly an echo here.

But no echo could cause a light. Noises and even touches could be accounted for by animals; but I never heard of any animal, except a human being, which could light a candle and put it out on the approach of strangers. There are glow-worms, fire-flies, phosphorescent eels, and suchlike. But even ten million glow-worms, all doing their best, and collected in a mass, could hardly have produced the light I saw. Eels don't live in the mountains, and fire-flies I did not think frequented Switzerland. I felt I must at least be philosophical, or I should give way to the effects of the tumble, the wet, the cold, and the hunger, which was beginning to make itself felt.

"Is there any one here?" I called out in French; and "*mon malheureux accent*" was never more forcibly brought home to me, as I had to listen to that detestable echo while it repeated the words three times.

Disgusted at getting no other

answer, and irritated at the mocking sound, I groped further into the darkness. My foot kicked against a bundle. I put down my hand; it felt like a loose sack. I kicked it again to see if it were hard. Something cracked inside. "It's full of dry twigs no doubt. If only I had a match to make a fire!" But as I hadn't, I sat down on the bundle, for I was tired and disheartened. It was very empty that bundle, and the twigs were very hard, and brittle, and sharp. They cracked and broke inside, and gave way under my weight. I got up again, more disgusted than ever. How very nasty the place was! The reek of the pungent dampness rose fouler on the chilly air. I stepped over the bundle, and in doing so bumped my head against a beam. The touch was very light, but the pain was considerable, and I felt something warm trickle down my cheek. I put up my hand. It seemed sticky and wet. I must have cut my head. I did not know till the next morning that I received a severe scalp-wound in my fall, and that the slight knock of the beam had caused the wound to bleed afresh. It is curious how the consciousness that you are bleeding affects the nerves. I must have lost a great deal of blood before; but as I was quite ignorant of it, I merely put down my weariness to fatigue, and thought little of it. Now I felt alarmed. I leant against the side of the stall, and tied my head up with my handkerchief. Hurt and tired as I was, I resolved to spend the rest of the night in that *châlet*. The floor seemed dry and littered with fir-twigs. I scraped a few together, put them against the stall, and sat down. As I did so my boot kicked against the bundle. Something rattled inside. The

foul atmosphere seemed to grow clammier; but I was too weary to pay attention to this. In a few minutes I should have been asleep.

I was leaning with my back against the stall, one hand was in my coat-pocket, the other lay beside me. I had sprinkled a few twigs over me, in the idea of getting some warmth out of them. Whether they really did produce any heat I don't know; anyhow I felt as if I were covered up a little, and was just nodding off to sleep when something cold grasped my hand,—something which held it tight as if with a hand of ice. A thrill of horror shot all through me, and in an instant I was wide awake. What was it? There was no sound. Could it be a snake? I shuddered with terror. Involuntarily I put out my other hand and felt cautiously all round. There was nothing there! But my hand was held. Was it paralysis? was it numbness from the cold and injuries I had received? I should have thought so, and should think so now, only for a strange circumstance. A low, unearthly, far-away laugh—a laugh so full of blood-curdling, heartless, cruel, mocking devilry, such as I never heard before, and I hope never to hear again—broke the dead silence. At the same time a shadow seemed to pass between me and the pale light which marked the other window. As I had not moved this time, it could not be a post. Somebody must have come in, or more likely have been concealed in the *châlet* all the time. It was a horrible position. I had no weapon with me, and the utter silence with which my hand had been seized—it was my right—as well as the nature of the laugh, assured me I had to do with no friendly people. I tried to move

my hand. I could not stir it. What strength the other must be possessed of! But what was the other? How could I be held without feeling the means by which I was held? Could my hand be paralysed by an electric shock? I could think of no other power, so sudden, powerful, and intangible, as well as noiseless. Such an agency as the supernatural does not readily occur to an everyday, practical mind. I had always felt that what is called supernatural is only another name for the unknown in science. Here was the unknown. Possibly the phenomenon might presently be classed with the supernatural. But it was anything but pleasant. The silence was horribly oppressive. When I moved the twigs crackled. Even the old stall against which I was leaning creaked as I breathed. But these others could move about, and actually grasp my hand without making a sound.

As I gazed fixedly into the darkness, it seemed as if the place became lighted with a pale, indefinite sickly light. The door and the window, which had been before the only lighter patches in the darkness, now became dark. I could see the old tumble-down walls, the grey beams over my head with fir-twigs and wisps of hay hanging down between, the worm-eaten and rickety stalls, and in a far corner a huge tub. At my feet was the sack I had stumbled over, and a dark pool of stagnant water close beside it. Why did I see all this? There was no light visible. I mean there was no means to produce this light. The pale luminous atmosphere was of equal tone nearly everywhere in that tumble-down, ruinous, old chalet, except that over the sack it seemed a little more brilliant. The sack appeared to give out the light, so

to speak, for it had no shadow round it: only its dull dirty brown seemed to be set in a pale phosphorescent glow, like a huge glow-worm.

Surely I was not imagining all this? I had never seen the chalet before, how could I picture its interior so minutely? One chalet is much like another it is true, and I had kicked against the sack. But I could not have imagined that great tub in the corner. No chalet I had ever seen had that. Why should my imagination have suggested that? There it was, and I must be conscious.

The strange thing was, that the light, instead of cheering me, made me feel more creepy. I could see everything now. Nothing seemed to conceal anything. All objects were clearly, though faintly, distinct. There were no deep shadows, as there would have been had the light emanated from a candle or a lamp. Everything seemed permeated, so to say, and luminous. But what a ghastly luminosity it was! It was pale-blue in tone, and sickly. What produced it? I looked at the sack. It fascinated me with a horrible curiosity. I noticed its shape. I remembered how hollow it was, and how the twigs had cracked and broken inside. I remembered how they had clattered as I kicked it. There was a smooth round knob or projection in the coarse cloth close to my hand: three long twigs seemed to be lying almost across it. I looked down closer. Were they twigs? They were long and brown and curiously knotted. The old rag covered the rest.

I looked closer still: horror of horrors! they were the emaciated fingers of what was almost a skeleton! As I sprang up in disgust, my foot kicked once more against the sack. The old worn-

out rags gave way, and a ghastly skull fell through the rent.

Was it all a horrible dream? The result of my fall? Who knows? All I know is, I felt sure I was awake, that it was no delirium. With the sudden realisation of the horror, my hand had recovered its natural force. I started up, and would have rushed from the hut. . . .

"Good heavens! what is that?" I gasped, as instead of stepping forward, I shrank back in greater horror. A figure was entering the hut. A wizened decrepit figure, staggering under a heavy load. It made no sound as it came in. I could not see its face. The load on its back seemed to be alive. It stirred and writhed as it lay across the shoulders of its bearer. The figure came close to me. As it stepped over the sack, the same horrible, blood-curdling, cruel low laugh or chuckle grated on the silence. It paused and looked up. Can any words describe that face, the expression, I wonder? Malignant gratified hate, the cruel smile of a dangerous lunatic, cunning and diabolical; the ferocity of a brutal murderer, were all in that awful face. The face of a man long dead, grinning, dry, black, and repulsive, like the mummies in the *morgue* of the Hospice of St Bernard.

The figure passed on. It went towards the huge tub in the corner. The burden still convulsively writhed at intervals. I now noticed, for the first time, that a vapour seemed to curl up and float over the great caldron. The figure, with its still feebly moving burden, had reached the corner. Silently it came up to the tub. The burden twitched convulsively. There was a heave. The vapour seemed suddenly agitated, and the

figure remained alone, intently watching the interior of the tub. The vibrating of the huge vessel and the twisting vapour told of some frightful contortions within. But all was silent as the grave. I could stand it no longer. I rushed to the door.

The cool air of the mountain could not revive me. I was shivering from head to foot. Icy cold and hot by turns, I knew I must have caught a feverish attack. But how could I face that horrible hut? Was I really dreaming? A sound broke the solemn silence. The church clock in the valley far down below was striking one. Should I have heard that in my dreams? No! I know I was awake! Far away a line of light was twinkling under the dark mass of the distant mountains on the opposite shore of the lake. It was Montreux. How curiously the sight of that pre-eminently artificial settlement contrasted with the mysterious châlet behind me, with its dreadful unreality and ghastly tenants! There opposite to me were the electric lights of the new hotel at Territet. Behind me was the dim ruin with its fearful secrets.

How cold it was! The stars were shining, and a pale light over the north-east showed where the sun was travelling. Three hours more and I should be able to find my way down. At least there was this comfort, that if there was a châlet there must be a path to it. Unless, indeed, the whole thing were a ghastly dream.

I turned to look at the old building. I had to force myself to do it. I expected to see that fearful figure standing in the door. All was dark and still. Was it really all a dream? It was very cold out there. Three hours is a long time to wait. My clothes were torn, and the long grass was drippin

wet. I could not lie down in it. I could hardly stand for three hours. I was very tired. Should I be frightened by a nightmare, however dreadful? My head was light from my fall. I would be more sensible. I would go in again. It was still far too dark to think of trying to find any way down. As I approached the old tumble-down building, I could not help shuddering. I never knew a dream so vivid. However, it must be a dream. There are the electric lights of that grand hotel at Territet. No mysteries can exist in the face of the triumphs of our civilisation. But in spite of my trying to bluster out my fears, I did not at all like getting nearer to that dark door. I looked furtively in. All was black and silent. The damp, nasty, unwholesome odour was there. But it was warmer than outside, where a cold north wind was beginning to whisper among the crevices of the cliffs behind me and the fir-tree tops below. I went in; but I kept very near the door, and did not trouble about dry twigs any more. I sat down, and in a few minutes I was sound asleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was streaming over the steep slope opposite. The jagged outline of the cliffs behind was thrown in clear profile on the fir-woods and crags in front. The châlet was still dim, but I could make out objects distinctly. Involuntarily the horrible dream of the night before came back. I looked at the stall where I had sat. There at the exact place where I had seen it was the torn and crumbling sack. There were the ghastly hand and grinning skull. It was no dream then. I got up and walked out of the hut. How exquisite was the morning!
For a moment I had got everything.

me, hiding the valley. But above the streaming sunlight was bringing into sharp distinctness every peak and crag of the mountains opposite. Deep purply grey, the cliffs behind towered against the warm, clear, rosy haze; while opposite the orange-tinged crags cut the cold blue of the western sky. The tinkle of a few bells far down under the mist told me that the cows were already busy at their morning meal. I wished I were a cow.

My thoughts turned naturally to the easiest means of finding like occupation. How was I to get down? The grass all round the châlet was long and rank. Evidently no cattle had browsed there this year. The little patch of pasture was hemmed in by beetling cliffs on three sides. The grass grew to the edge on the fourth side, and then seemed to drop in a sheer precipice.

I went to the edge and looked over. The top of a tall fir-tree was just below me. A few stones, worn and moss-covered, appeared to offer a way of escape. I could see there was a forest of fir-trees further down. If only I could reach these I should be sure to find a way down into the valley.

Before I attempted to descend I took one more look at the old crumbling châlet. It stood in the deepest recess of the gloomy plateau. Entirely protected from the south, west, and east by precipitous cliffs above, the sunlight had never fallen on its sombre moss-covered stones. I thought over the dream of the night before. If it was a dream, how could I have seen all I did see? I had certainly never entered the châlet before. It was pitch-dark when I went in. How could I tell that sack contained a mouldering skeleton? How could there was a tub in the

corner? Could a feverish imagination create the actual presentment of hidden surroundings? The ghastly figure might be the result of a heated over-wrought brain and the want of food. There was nothing left to prove that it had entered. That strange laugh might have been the cry of some night-bird distorted in my half-conscious torpor. But the tub? I would go in and see if that great tub were actually there.

As I entered, the sickening stale atmosphere struck me as peculiarly repulsive. I stood at the door and looked in. With a sense of horror upon me I looked towards the corner where I had seen in my dream the great tub. It was there. A vast wooden tub, capable of holding many hundreds of gallons. It was now in decay. The iron hoops had rusted out, and one or two of the staves had slipped out of their position. I remembered the incidents of the dream distinctly—far too distinctly. I felt I should never forget them. That fearfully malignant, wizened, dead figure. The awful heavings of the suggestive burden. The vapour. The plunge. The dispersion of the steam above the caldron. The vibrating of the huge vessel. The ghastly creepy laugh. I forced myself to go up to the corner. I climbed up on some bulks of timber rotting there. I looked in. It was so dark inside I could at first make out no details. By degrees, as I looked closer, and helped by a chink of light which fell through a crack in the tub, I was able to make out a heap of rubbish in the bottom. I poked it with my stick: a musty fetid smell arose, and my stick struck a hard round substance. There was the same horribly suggestive outline which had attracted my attention to the sack. The

rubbish had a ghastly similitude to a huddled-up skeleton. As I examined it more attentively, I could see that there was no doubt. The head had fallen off, and was lying at the side of the heap of mouldering bones.

I had seen enough. I hurried away. I never stopped again until I had climbed down to the nearest fir-tree. There I paused. Before entering the dark shade of the forest I turned back to look up. The long grass grew rank against the sky-line; a grey peak of the highest cliff just topped the ragged growth. I was too far down to see anything of the plateau. Was it fancy, or a memory of my dream? But as I looked, a figure seemed to emerge among the grass at the edge of the little pasture, and stagger up against the blue sky with a long burden on its shoulders. The dark wood behind me seemed to echo a cruel shivering laugh, and the figure disappeared.

"Mere fancy!" I said to myself. "Imagination will do anything!" and I turned to find my way through the gloom.

After an hour's difficult descent, the rude track I was following suddenly ended on the brink of a vast ravine.

I examined the smooth surface of this highroad for the avalanches. Up and up it went, in a straight, ever-diminishing line, to the narrow gorge between two of the highest peaks. Down, down, it cut its plunging track right to the narrow belt of walnut and chestnut on the edge of the lake below. I must get across this somehow. Below me the forest ended in a series of precipitous cliffs. The path led me here, and I could see the continuation of it on the other side. It was getting hot. I longed to be down in the village, whose red and grey roofs I could see

peeping out among the dark-green masses below. I looked at my mangled clothes. I felt the parts I could not see were infinitely worse than those I could. My hands were stained with blood. I knew my face must be streaked with it too. My head was bound up with my handkerchief. It was not pleasant to enter a decent village like that in broad daylight. I must get down before many people were about.

Prodding the face of the ravine with my stick, I found that if I planted my foot firmly I could make a fairly safe footing on its treacherous surface. After a hazardous ten minutes, I reached the other side. Henceforth the track was easy. In another half-hour I passed some goats. A startled cowboy next stood gaping at my appearance. In a few minutes more I had reached a *châlet*, where an old woman was attending to the cows.

She was a sensible old thing, and took in the situation at a glance. She wasted few words, but soon gave me some hot milk, eggs, and bread-and-butter. I allowed her to bathe my head, and although she had no clean rag, she washed my handkerchief and tied it neatly over my cut. My garments took longer mending, but she succeeded at last, and I went on my way a reformed character.

During the time she was attending to me a man had come in. A long-haired, unshaven, tangled man. We talked, and when I told him where I had passed the night, he uttered an exclamation. Incredulity was the chief ingredient in his surprise. When I told him, however, of the great tub in the corner, he appeared convinced. Both he and the old woman seemed to take a greater interest in me. They asked me questions; they ex-

changed significant glances. At last the man could restrain his curiosity no longer. He asked me point-blank if I had not been disturbed by *les revenants*. It was haunted, then. My dream was not a dream, or if it was, it was curious it should have taken so definite a form. I answered evasively, and then asked him to tell me the story connected with the *châlet*, why such excellent pasture was left to grow in rank waste? Why there was no path up there? Why, above all, was there that awful tub?

It was a long tale, and much of the story was incomprehensible. The *châlet* belonged to a fairly well-to-do peasant: of course there was a woman in the case. The wife of the peasant was admired by a *douanier*. As far as I can make out, these *douaniers* never do have anything else to do but to admire all the village belles. The husband's life was wretched. The *douanier* was young, big, brutal. The husband was small, old, cunning. It was when the cattle had gone to the mountains. There was a very good path up there then. Pierroch and his wife had gone up to their *châlet* with their cows. "It was just such a night as last night, and it was—Why, it is the Feast of St John to-day!" and the two peasants looked at each other and nodded significantly. The *douanier* was seen climbing the mountain path. He never was seen again. Nor were Pierroch or his wife ever heard of after. The *châlet* was visited a week later, but nothing was found. The huge tub was full of water as usual. For there was no water up there, and that made the pasture less useful than it would have been. All the water for the cattle had to be accumulated in that large tub, either from the

snow or the rain. All was in fairly good order. A sackful of hay lay on the floor of the stall. The few cows Pierroch possessed had all disappeared, and the door stood wide open. Nothing more was ever heard of any one of the three. Since then the place bore an evil name. It was called the "Revenants," and no one ever went there now. Only on St John's Eve a light was always seen. A pale light like the gleam of a glow-worm. No one had ever been bold enough to try and get there to find out the explanation. In fact, what further explanation was wanted? Did not Holy Scripture say there were spirits? Did not Monsieur le Curé tell them of Samuel and the witch? They were not so ignorant there on that mountain as monsieur might think. But monsieur has actually passed the night there on St John's Eve? he must have been there, since he had seen the great tub. Old Nannette remembered the making of that tub. It was built up there. There was a feast given, and the red wine was the first liquid it ever contained. Ah, it was good, that red wine as it flowed from the wooden spigot!

I could not repress a shudder as I thought of the mouldering skeleton, and the frightful death that seemed shadowed out by that ghastly mute phantasma. The convulsions, the plunges I could not see. The groans I could not hear. The awful sickening death.

I answered all their questions briefly, and went on my way. In a short time I was down the mountain. I had reached the village on the edge of the lake. In half an hour the steamer would be here. As I sat outside the clean simple little hotel sipping my coffee, I thought over the

strange experiences of the night. Had I really seen a ghost? It seemed so odd. In the broad daylight, with the blue lake before me, with the large bird-like barques airing their sails in that quiet bay beside me; in the presence of the trim gendarme, magnificent in all the rigid dignity of his padded uniform and pasteboard hat, leaning against the rails of the landing-stage,—it seemed so impossible. Why should ghosts exist? How could they be? It was so much more easy to say it was a dream. And a dream I should still say it was, were it not for that tub. Can it be that we can antedate a dream? That we hear and see certain things, dream of them, and then, forgetting when we dreamt it, believe the dream took place before the events?

As I pondered over it all, I could hardly accept this. I had entered the hut in the dark. I knew there was a tub there, and a skeleton before I looked for them. The skeleton in the sack I saw almost as soon as I opened my eyes; but I had gone out and taken a walk in the cool air of the morning, found a path down, and was perfectly calm and collected before I remembered the tub. I went back purposely to look for it. I knew exactly where it was, what it looked like, and fully expected to find something horrible in it. I must have seen this then. The châlet must have been lighted up somehow. Attribute what I would to imagination, it was impossible to say this was a dream, unless a singularly prophetic one. It seemed as easy to believe in a spiritual manifestation as to believe in so marvellously circumstantial a dream.

But here was the steamer. A throng of happy merry boys, with

tin boxes and knapsacks on their backs, were trooping over the gangway. Two Englishmen, in tweed suits and straw hats, were occupying with dignified grandeur the whole of the first-class deck. In another minute I was on board. I tried to hide my tattered appearance as well as I could; but it was useless. I had to confess to my sufferings, and all the compassion I got was that I was a most utter idiot to go up the mountains without a guide. However, no guide would have led me to "les Revenants"; and if I should have slept comfortably in my bed at Vevey, I should have gone without the marvellous experience which I cannot help confessing goes far to convince me there must be ghosts.

Two things I have learned from my adventure. One is to regard with a profound respect all Alpine

climbers. The other is to receive with reverence the researches and lucubrations of the Psychological Society. There is also a third conclusion I have sadly come to. Vaseline and plaster are very useful adjuncts to a tourist equipment. If, also, you could induce your tailor to part with several pieces of the stuff of which your suit is made, you would find it come in very useful: it is so difficult to match your things abroad.

I shall be happy to tell any one the exact situation of the chalet. It lies in that little plateau quite hidden from the lake. It is difficult to find. The ascent to it is very arduous, and, owing to that awkward ravine, is really dangerous. But the descent to it is easy and rapid. One has only to slip off the cliff above, and you are soon there.

FRANK COWPER.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

ON the principle that money governs the world—although certainly upon no other basis—we are willing to accord precedence to Monsieur Zola's latest work, 'L'Argent,'¹ which, published but a few weeks ago, already bears upon its title-page the magic words, "vingt-quatrième mille"! One attribute of genius cannot be denied to Zola, the capacity of taking infinite trouble about any particular thing upon which he has resolved. We have seen him, chameleon-like, alternately metamorphose himself into a market-woman, a farmer, a milliner, a *charcutier*, and a miner; and each time he has studied the *technique* of his trade as closely as though he proposed to earn his bread by the manuring of fields or the management of a millinery department. In like manner, somewhat more than a year ago, Monsieur Zola formed the resolution of writing a financial novel, though, as he has expressly informed the public, he was at that time utterly ignorant of money matters and of the manipulations of the Stock Exchange. Undeterred by these trifling considerations, the author applied himself with his wonted energy to master the details of his newly adopted trade of stock-broker. He formed acquaintance with various money-lenders and stock-jobbers, invested largely in literature bearing on the subject, and on the 17th of April 1890 paid his first visit to the Parisian Bourse, in order to glean a harvest of personal observation and remark. The *habitudes* of the Stock Exchange do not seem, however,

to have appreciated the writer's laudable intentions; and it is asserted that the author of 'L'Argent' was more than once compelled to beat a precipitate and not altogether voluntary retreat from the scene of action. Subsequently he engaged the services of a financial adept—a sort of money-crammer, whose office it was to verify and correct the work of the fictionist. Six hundred pages of manuscript alone were the result of all these prefatory studies before Zola, on the 10th of June 1890, took up the pen to begin the actual novel, which occupied eight further months to complete, and was, we are told, only produced at the cost of inexpressible labour and partially impaired eyesight.

It may be doubted whether this is the proper way to woo the reluctant Muses. Pegasus is a capricious animal, which but ill brooks the curb and lash of the horse-tamer, and is apt to abscond when forced into the shaft of a strange vehicle. If easy writing be very hard reading, as we are often told, it cannot be denied that hard reading may as often be the result of hard writing. Something of the writer's weariness in performing a foreign and ungrateful task imparts itself perforce to the reader, and no amount of laboriously acquired and carefully compiled statistical information can replace the leaven of inspiration, the spark of *feu sacré* required to animate both figures and scenery. This igniting spark, not to be mistaken in the novels, 'Une Page d'Amour,' 'Le Ventre de Paris,'

¹ L'Argent. Par Emile Zola. Charpentier: Paris.

and 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' and of which even in Zola's later and more repulsive works, such as 'Germinal' and 'La Joie de Vivre,' occasional flashes may yet be found, seems now on the verge of extinction, suffocated apparently beneath the cumbrous constructive machinery with which he is no longer able to dispense. The author's original gifts have degenerated and crystallised into stereotyped mannerisms; the quondam artist has turned sign-painter, whose outlines are invariably the same, though executed each time in a different hue. Thus, after having given us in turn a pink sign-board ('Au Bonheur des Dames'), a black sign-board ('Germinal'), a green one ('La Terre'), and a blue one ('Le Réve'), Monsieur Zola has resolved upon offering to the world a yellow sign-board entitled 'L'Argent,' in order to compass which end he has gone about Paris buying up wholesale every pot of yellow-ochre, gamboge, and raw sienna upon which he could lay hands. Lake and vermilion are the colours next likely to become fashionable, the painter having announced his intention of devoting his energies to the execution of a red sign-board to be dubbed 'La Guerre.'

And yet, though exceedingly defective from an artistic point of view, there is much to admire in 'L'Argent' as a work of industry. It is always satisfactory to see a subject treated with such thorough comprehension; and as a faithful photographic representation of the pulsations of financial life in Paris, the book deserves unqualified praise. Some of the figures are drawn with the skilful touch of a master-hand which has not yet wholly forgotten its cunning. The best of these portraits, which is almost as good as anything yet

drawn by Zola, is undoubtedly that of Gundermann, the King of the Bourse, who makes such an admirable foil to Saccard, and whose cool, calculating, Hebrew intelligence, not to be disconcerted or overthrown by the smiles of a pretty woman, bears off the final victory over his hot-headed impulsive rival.

Like all Zola's later novels, 'L'Argent' contains an innumerable collection of minor figures, loosely basted together by means of a succession of isolated motives and incidents. To attempt to give an outline of the whole machinery of the story within the limited space of a review were therefore impossible, and we must content ourselves with indicating the two principal crises upon which the story turns—the defeat of Gundermann by Saccard on the morrow of Sadowa, and his subsequent revenge.

Saccard, an offshoot of the Rougon-Macquart family, is a speculator of extraordinary energy and indomitable courage. He has just lost his fortune anew, when chance throws across his path a poor engineer, who has returned from Palestine with a portfolio full of plans and sketches, which, if realised, might pave the way to fortune immeasurable. Saccard's imagination takes fire at the notion of opening out extensive silver-mines on Mount Carmel, of constructing railways on the spot, and peopling the arid regions with millions of industrious workers. This project is realised under the title of "Banque Universelle," which, founded by Saccard, in company with Hamelin, the engineer, is soon in full swing, thanks to the audacious system of advertisement with which it is launched. People of all classes vie with each other for the honour of confiding their fortunes to the om-

nipotent Saccard, whose success is even threatening to unseat Gundermann from his hitherto undisputed supremacy as King of the Bourse. Saccard's great victory is achieved on the morrow of Sadowa, when (through the treachery of a clerk employed in a ministerial office) he receives private intelligence as to the relinquishment of Venetia by Austria to the Emperor Napoleon, and of the consequent conclusion of peace. On the strength of this news, of which, as yet, all Paris is ignorant, Saccard is enabled to realise huge sums, beating Gundermann out of the field. The scene on the Stock Exchange on the 5th of July 1866 is described in Zola's best manner:—

"At this moment his thoughts were diverted by seeing pass the *coupé* of Baroness Sandorff: following it with his eyes, he saw it stop this time in the Rue de la Bourse. Abruptly he thought of Baron Sandorff, councillor at the Austrian Embassy; the Baroness must surely know the news, and was going to ruin everything by some feminine *maladresse*. Already he had crossed the street, prowling round the motionless *coupé*, silent and sepulchral-looking, with the coachman's stiff figure on the box. One of the windows was now let down, however, upon which he bowed and gallantly approached.

"*Eh bien! Monsieur Saccard, then we continue to baisse?*"

"He thought this was a feint.

"*Mais oui, madame.*"

"Then, as she regarded him anxiously with a certain fluctuation of the eyes which he had often seen in gamblers, he understood that she too knew nothing. A rush of warm blood mounted to his head, filling him with delight.

"Then, Monsieur Saccard, you have really nothing to tell me?"

"*Ma foi, madame! nothing but what you know already.*"

"And, leaving her, he reflected—'You have not been over-sweet towards me, and it will be good fun to

see you dipped. Maybe this will render you more amiable for another time.'

"Returning over the Place de la Bourse, the sight of Gundermann in the distance, issuing from the Rue Vivienne, caused him a new internal shudder. However diminished by distance, his figure was unmistakable,—his slow walk, the head borne erect and leaden, looking at none, as though alone in his royalty midst the crowd. Terrified, he followed in the wake, striving to decipher each movement. When he saw him accosted by Nathanson, Saccard thought everything lost. But the *coulissier* having retired with discomfited air, hope revived anew. He was now decidedly of opinion that the banker wore his everyday face. Then suddenly his heart leaped up with a joyful bound. Gundermann had entered the confectioner's shop in order to make his usual purchase of bonbons for his little granddaughters, and this was a positive indication, for he never went there on critical days.

"One o'clock struck; the bell marked the opening of the money market. This was a memorable Bourse,—one of those great days of disaster, of those rare disasters *à la hausse*, of historical memory. The *cours* still continued to fall at the outset, midst the oppressive heat of the atmosphere. Then came a few abrupt purchases, causing surprise, like isolated shots before the battle engagement. But operations remained dull nevertheless, amidst the general mistrust. Transactions began to multiply, to take fire on all sides, in the *coulisses*, in the *parquet*; nothing was heard but the voices of Nathanson beneath the colonnade, of Mazaud, of Jacoby, of Delacroque in the *corbeille*, crying out that they took all stocks, at all rates; and there was then a general commotion, a growing billow of sound, though still none dared to risk themselves in the turmoil of this inexplicable revulsion. The *cours* had slightly risen; Saccard found time to give new orders to Massias for Nathanson. He likewise begged little Flory, who passed him running, to convey a note to Mazaud, charging him to go on buying, always buying; so that Flory, having read the note,

and struck with a fit of confidence, copied the great man's game, buying also on his own private account. And it was at this very moment, at a quarter to two o'clock, that the thunder-bolt exploded in the midst of the Bourse; Austria relinquished Venetia to the Emperor; the war was at an end. Whence came this news? No one could tell; it issued from all lips simultaneously, from out the very pavement it seemed. Some one had brought it hither; every one repeated it, in the midst of a clamour which grew with the powerful voice of an equinoctial tide. In furious leaps the *cours* began to ascend amid this frightful tumult. Before the closing bell-stroke they had risen forty or fifty francs. It was an inexplicable *mêlée*, one of those confused battles in which all rushed upon each other, soldiers and captains indiscriminately, each one seeking to save himself, deafened and blinded, having lost the exact sense of the situation. Foreheads were streaming with perspiration; the pitiless sun, beating down on the steps, was lighting up the Bourse with an incendiary glory."

The liquidation at the close of this disastrous day reveals gigantic losses. Baroness Sandorff had to pay enormous differences, her sense of loss aggravated by the knowledge that her husband—councillor at the Austrian Embassy—had been the first person to read the momentous telegram, without giving her a hint of its contents. There were many other losers, heaviest stricken of all being the Jewish party, whose ranks had suffered a veritable massacre, and it was asserted that Gundermann personally was poorer by eight millions. It was stupefying, incomprehensible, that he, the undisputed master of the money market, before whom bowed all kings and ministers, and who held all states in subjection, should not have been warned in time. One of those extraordinary combinations of circumstances, which bring about the

great blows of chance, had been here at work. It was an unprecedented collapse, unforeseen, idiotic, devoid of all logic and reason.

And Saccard, who, so to say, with one movement of the rake, had gathered up nearly all the money lost by the *baissiers*, now became a greater man than ever. As nothing succeeds like success, his victory over Gundermann has launched the bonds of the *Universelle* far beyond all preconceived expectations. From 500 francs the shares have risen to 1000, and then again to 2000. Intoxicated by triumph, Saccard has declared that he will not be satisfied till the shares have been pushed to 3000. Hamelin, his partner, an honest and clear-sighted man, vainly endeavours to convince him of the folly of such exaggeration, which can only mean ultimate ruin to their enterprise. Baroness Sandorff, meanwhile, regretting her former coldness towards the lion of the day, loses no time in repairing her blunder by securing this valuable lover, who, at each tender rendezvous, lets drop some precious words of advice as to the sale or purchase of stocks.

But Nemesis is approaching, and this same Baroness Sandorff it is who has been selected by fate to act the part of Delilah towards the modern Samson. Beginning to entertain doubts as to the stability of the *Banque Universelle*, and having discovered that, whether from growing indifference or lack of intuition, her lover's advice is not always to be relied upon, she forms the project of going over to the enemy. Gundermann, the hundredfold millionaire—the man who has long since parted with his stomach, heart, and nerves, and who at his sumptuously spread table is—

to nourish himself exclusively on milk imbibed in spoonfuls—is said to be unassailable; yet who knows? It is worth a trial, at all events. Accordingly, under the futile pretext of offering some lottery tickets for a charitable purpose, she obtains an interview with the Stock Exchange King.

"In order to be able to talk at leisure, he decided upon leading the Baroness to the dining-room, where the table was already spread. He was not duped by the lottery pretext, for being aware of her *liaison*, thanks to an obsequious police who kept him well informed, he easily guessed that some serious motive must have brought her hither. He therefore spoke without evasion—

"Now, let us see what you have to say to me."

"But she affected surprise: she had nothing to say, but simply to thank him for his goodness.

"Then you have not been charged with a message for me?"

"And he seemed disappointed, as though for a moment he had believed that she came with a secret mission from Saccard, about some new invention of that maniac.

"Now that they were alone, she looked at him, smiling, with that look of perfidious ardour.

"No, no, I have nothing whatever to tell you; and as you are so good, it is rather I that would ask you something."

"She had bent towards him now, as she made her confession, relating her deplorable marriage with a stranger, incapable of understanding her nature, her wants: explained how she had taken refuge in gambling, in order to keep herself from falling. Finally, she spoke of her solitude; of the necessity of being advised, directed on this alarming battle-field of the Bourse, where each false step had to be so dearly paid for.

"But," he interrupted, "I thought you had some one?"

"Oh, some one!" she murmured, with a gesture of profound disdain. "No, no, that is nobody. I have no one. It is you that I would have,

the master. And really it would cost you nothing to be my friend—to tell me a word, only a word, from time to time. If you knew how happy you would make me, how grateful I should be—oh! with my whole being."

"He smiled insidiously, the smile of a man who knows himself to be invincible. Jestingly he put aside her hand with a slight acknowledgment of the head, as though thanking for a useless gift which he was compelled to refuse; and without losing further time, he went straight to the main object.

"*Voyons*, if you are very *gentille* I will gladly be agreeable to you. My fair friend, on the day when you bring me a good piece of advice I will pledge myself to give you some counsel in return. Come and tell me what is going on, and I shall tell you what to do. A bargain, is it not?"

This interview takes place some months before the final crash. For long Saccard has been fighting against overwhelming forces. The Banque Universelle is rotten throughout, and its shares are only maintained at their present exorbitant rates by dint of desperate manœuvres. Saccard and his partners, shielding their personality behind men of straw, continue day after day to buy up their own bonds, merely in order to keep the *cours* from falling: the whole structure is built upon a volcano; it is a card-house which the least breath of wind may overthrow. Baroness Sandorff, having utilised the hours of rendezvous in order to pick her lover's pockets and examine the contents of his note-books, contrives to obtain a clear insight into the state of the case, and rushes to Gundermann with her precious intelligence. He receives her coldly, being that day profoundly irritated and discouraged by the inexplicable tenacity of the Universelle, which, despite his efforts, still refuses to die.

For once in his life the great banker begins almost to doubt his own judgment. Had he not, after all, been mistaken at the outset in refusing his assistance to the new enterprise, which has become such a dangerous rival?

"The doors of his immense business room kept banging; all subordinates trembled beneath his ire; he received the messengers so brutally that their habitual procession was transformed into a turn-tail flight.

"Ah, it is you," said Gundermann to the Baroness, without any attempt at courtesy. "I have no time to lose with women to-day."

"She was so disconcerted by this reception that, suppressing all preface, she abruptly launched the news—

"If it were proved to you that the Universelle is on its last money legs, and that after its late considerable purchases it is reduced to have recourse to foreign loans in order to continue the campaign?"

"The Jew had suppressed a joyful start. His eye remained lifeless, and it was in the same querulous tone that he answered—

"That is not true."

"How not true? But I have heard with my own ears, seen with my own eyes."

"And she wanted to convince him by explaining how she had held in her hands the notes signed by men of straw. She mentioned these by name, naming also the bankers who in Vienna, Frankfurt, and Berlin had discounted the notes. His correspondents could verify the truth of her assertions; he would see that what she had brought him was no vain rumour. She likewise asserted that the society had bought for itself with the sole object of maintaining the *hausse*, and that already two hundred millions had been swallowed up.

"Gundermann, while listening to her with his dull, lifeless expression, was meanwhile settling the details of to-morrow's campaign with such rapid intelligence, that within a few seconds he had fixed his figures, and decided upon the orders to be given, now that he was sure of victory; well knowing from what filthy source this news had

been drawn, full of contempt for that Saccard, stupid and voluptuous to the extent of abandoning himself to a woman, and letting himself be sold.

"When she had finished speaking he raised his head, and looking at her with his large dull eyes—

"*Eh bien!* what is all this to me, that which you have been relating?"

"She was aghast, stupefied, by his apparent calm and indifference.

"But it seems to me, surely, that in your position *à la baisse*—

"I! Who told you that I was *à la baisse*? I never go to the Bourse, never speculate. All this is perfectly indifferent to me."

"And his voice was so innocent that the Baroness, shaken and scared, might almost have believed him without certain inflections of an almost jocose *naïveté*. Evidently he was quizzing her, in his absolute disdain of a man finished with life, incapable of all desire.

"Then, *ma bonne amie*, as I am very busy, and if you have nothing more interesting to say—"

"What! He was turning her out. Then, furious, she had a movement of revolt.

"I have had confidence in you. I spoke first. This is a veritable trap. You had promised, if I were useful to you, to be useful also in return—to give me your advice—"

"Rising from his seat, he interrupted her. He who never laughed had now a slight sardonic chuckle, so tickled was his fancy at the notion of this brutal dupery of a young and pretty woman.

"A counsel, but I do not refuse it, *ma bonne amie*. . . . Listen attentively. Do not play; never, never play. That will only make you ugly. A woman who plays is an unlovely thing."

"And when, half beside herself, she had left him, he shut himself up with his son-in-law and two sons, distributing the parts, and sent immediately to Jacoby and other agents in order to prepare to-morrow's grand blow."

This short epitome of the story conveys, however, but small idea of its many defects, for we have

preferred to cite those passages which seemed to us most deserving of admiration, to dwelling upon the numerous repulsive and superfluous incidents which, without main influence upon the story, have evidently been introduced merely in order to pamper a vitiated taste.

And yet, it seems, we have much to be thankful for, being informed by competent authorities that, in deference to Zola's intended candidature for the seat in the French Academy, vacated by Octave Feuillet's death, he has been specially careful to exclude objectionable matter from his latest work. We are glad to be thus correctly informed, being ourselves too dull-headed to have detected these traces of admirable self-denial; nor dare we ponder the question as to how 'L'Argent' might have turned out, without the curbing influence of prospective laurels.

To step from Zola to Feuillet is akin to the sensation of exchanging the fetid slums for a well-appointed drawing-room, in which we are always sure to meet the very best society. No vulgar elements, no doubtful characters, are to be found in Monsieur Feuillet's books; even vice is there invariably characterised by good taste, and whenever a commandment is broken by one of these correct heroes or aristocratic heroines, it is done with perfect regard for the usages of polite society. The very last work of this distinguished artist, published shortly before his death, is characterised by the delicate workmanship we are accustomed to associate with Feuillet's name. 'Honneur d'Artiste'¹ is scarcely as vigorously written as many previous works by the same hand,

but is more than sufficiently good to add to the regret we feel on realising that French literature has lost a representative which it will not be easy to replace.

The hero of the present tale—a certain Marquis de Pierrepont—is the scion of a noble but impoverished family. He has considerable expectations from a wealthy old aunt, the Baronne de Montauron, *née* de Pierrepont, who, though willing enough to regild the rusty escutcheon of the Pierreponts after her demise, will not sacrifice an iota of her personal comforts or luxuries in order to facilitate her nephew's career. If he marries at all during her lifetime he must marry money—with a view to which end the Baronne has invited a careful assortment of eligible young girls to meet Pierrepont at her country-place of Les Genêts one midsummer. Fabrice, a young widower and rising artist, who is Pierrepont's intimate friend, has been invited as well, in order to paint the portrait of the Baronne. Pierrepont, in the abstract, has no objection to fall in with his aunt's matrimonial projects, but cannot manage to lose his heart to any of the well-dowered damsels trotted out for his benefit. Their audacious coquetries do not attract him, and he is profoundly mistrustful of their seeming candour and innocence. This instinct proves to be correct; for, happening to overhear a conversation between Mademoiselle de la Treillade—a sweet young creature of Madonna-like expression—and her governess, the Marquis de Pierrepont surprises revelations which are calculated to make stand on end the hair of any prospective Benedict.

Advantageously contrasted with

¹ *Honneur d'Artiste*. Par Octave Feuillet. Calmann Lévy: Paris.

the corruption and frivolity of these fashionable young neophytes is Beatrice de Sardonne—a beautiful orphan of noble family, who fulfils the duties of reader, companion, and general *souffre douleur* to the selfish and irritable old Baronne. Beatrice has long nourished a secret passion for Pierrepont, who in her eyes is the ideal of all manly perfection and grace; and he, subdued gradually by her charms, her misfortunes, her dignity, and patience in a trying and ignoble situation, falls desperately in love, and resolves to marry her even at risk of offending his aunt and losing his chance of the inheritance. The Baronne de Montauron has, however, scented danger, and forestalls her nephew's intentions by extracting from Beatrice a promise that she will never encourage proposals from Pierrepont, giving her to understand that if the Marquis marries against his aunt's intentions she will disinherit him. In order, therefore, not to compromise the future of the man she loves, Beatrice is forced to conceal her feelings, and coldly refuse Pierrepont when he asks her to become his wife. Meanwhile Fabrice, the artist, has also lost his heart to Beatrice. When he proposes he is accepted. Beatrice does not love him, as she frankly confesses; but she longs to be delivered from her odious servitude, and has sufficient sympathy and esteem for the painter to promise to be his faithful wife, and a kind mother to his little girl. The Baronne is disagreeably surprised on learning her companion's engagement, and though far too worldly-wise to offer any active opposition, she cannot refrain from venting her ill-humour on the painter when he makes his formal demand for the hand of Beatrice:—

“‘Very well,’ she said, after a pause. ‘To return to your marriage, my dear Monsieur Fabrice. You are about to marry a person of whom I can say nothing but good. Her conduct since she has lived with me has been absolutely exemplary. . . . She is gifted with a thousand qualities which I appreciate sincerely; . . . and yet, despite all this, had you done me the honour to consult me before offering your hand, I might perhaps have attempted to dissuade you from the step.’

“‘May I venture to ask why, Madame la Baronne?’

“‘*Mon Dieu!* Because the day when she marries you her very best qualities—in great measure, at least—may become inconvenient. Certainly I shall not be the one to reproach her with the pride of race, and the overweening esteem of her name and person. But even in my eyes, who am excessively indulgent on such points, Mademoiselle de Sardonne pushes this quality to excess. She has in reality—I tell you this in confidence—the pride of Lucifer. You will find it out, I fear, my dear monsieur. I will not go the length of saying that she will despise her husband, who is raised above the possibility of any such sentiment, from whosever it be; but an alliance such as the one she is about to contract, however honourable it may be, is too much opposed to all our traditions, to the habits of her family and our world, for Mademoiselle de Sardonne not to suffer more or less in her secret heart. . . . Alas! dear monsieur, I know as well as you that, from the point of view of healthy common-sense, this is simply absurd. . . . But permit me to remark that I know better than you do the ideas that are *en vogue* in our social regions. They have changed but little, I can assure you, since the reign of Louis XIV. and of Saint Simon. Excuse me; I know what you would say. You are going to speak of the Revolution. *Mon Dieu!* certainly the Revolution has been. But if the Revolution has taken away our privileges, and even our heads, it has yet not been able to deprive us of what I think you call *l’atavisme*—that is to say, in old French, the quality of

blood distilled and refined in our veins from generation to generation during five or six centuries. That blood it is, my dear master, which revolts in spite of ourselves, when it is mixed with others . . . younger blood—purer blood, perhaps—*mon Dieu!* I do not say the contrary—but after all, blood which is not precisely of the same composition or the same azure colour. . . . Consequently, it is no more the habit to-day than it was before the Revolution for the daughter of a noble house to marry an *industriel*, a *savant*, a writer, an artist, were they even of first-class merit. . . . Do not suppose, my dear Monsieur Fabrice, that this exclusion is in any way mortifying for those against whom it is directed. No one can have greater love and esteem for poets and artists than we have. We make of them the ornaments of our tables, the attraction of our *salons*, . . . but we do not marry them. Pardon me again. You would say, would you not, that we are less fastidious with regard to the alliances of our sons, and that we willingly marry them to young ladies little or not at all *nées*, provided these be rich? I would answer, in the first place, that this is scarcely matter for boast; and that, secondly, according to our ancient tradition, it is the male line which has the privilege of conferring nobility—a principle which, pray remark, is based upon a very just conception of human nature; for among women there is a refinement of instinct, an elasticity of assimilation, a plasticity—if I express myself ill, dear monsieur, be good enough to correct me—there are, I say, among women certain flexible qualities which easily mould them to all the conditions of our social life. Thus, a very passable little duchess may be made of the daughter of a *parvenu*, but you will be able to make nothing of the *parvenu* himself. By *parvenu*, dear master, pray understand that I refer to men of money, not to those of talent, whose nature, being generally more akin to the feminine, adapts them, more or less, to mate with delicately organised women.”

The Baronne goes on to prove to the painter that his intended

union with Beatrice is sure to be fraught with dangers of all sorts, arising out of the very refinement and sensibility which he most admires in his bride. It is, for instance, unavoidable that a nature so supersensitively fastidious as hers should not be frequently wounded and galled by countless little shades and details, unworthy of notice no doubt, but which nevertheless will be exaggerated to monstrosities in her eyes. He must therefore be very careful to avoid such details.

“‘Here a single instance—a mere trifle. Every moment in conversation you address me as Madame la Baronne, do you not? *Eh bien!* you may be sure that this will singularly irritate Mademoiselle de Sardonne, because it is quite incorrect to make use of the title in speaking to a lady. This is only done on the stage or in the anteroom. There are, dear monsieur, a heap of such little things, which may be rocks ahead in your marriage, and against which I should like to warn, were I not afraid of fatiguing you.’

“‘If you are not tired yourself, madame, you may continue,’ coldly replied the painter.

“Despite this invitation, Madame de Montauron did not continue.

“Though Fabrice had preserved his tranquillity, she had perhaps understood by the pallor of his face that it would be unwise to try him further.”

The Baronne has, however, not been far mistaken in her lugubrious prognostics, and the marriage is not a satisfactory one; for scarcely has Beatrice put this inseparable barrier between herself and Pierrepont when by his aunt’s sudden death he becomes undisputed possessor of all her fortune, and she realises that her sacrifice has been made in vain. The Marquis on his side, irritated against Beatrice, whose refusal to marry him he had ascribed to caprice and coldness, has plunged

into every sort of degrading vice; but having at last ascertained the true facts of the case, he implores her pardon for having thus misjudged her, and in a moment of irresistible passion the barrier between them is swept away. Pierrepont forgets his allegiance to his friend, and Beatrice her marriage vow. Fabrice at first is blind to what is going on, until a kind friend undertakes to open his eyes. Convinced of his dishonour, the artist proposes to his former friend an American duel. In order to avert suspicion, and not to compromise Beatrice, they are to make a seemingly harmless pistol-match at a target, the unsuccessful marksman to commit suicide within four months. Beatrice, accidentally apprised of their intention, assists at the shooting-match. Pierrepont shoots with indifference at first, till, meeting the eyes of his mistress fixed upon him with an imploring glance, he guesses that she knows everything, and that she desires him to live for her sake. His last three balls are aimed with such precision that he remains victor in the contest: the die is cast—he will live, and Fabrice must die within four months. On realising this, Beatrice breaks into violent hysterics, and by a sudden revulsion of feeling, she has now no other thought than to save her husband from the fate she herself has brought about. At the instigation of a friend Pierrepont sails for America, in order to put a final barrier between himself and Beatrice by marrying a charming young American who has fallen in love with him; but he leaves behind a letter to Fabrice, in which he frees the painter from his word, imploring him to live, and assuring his former friend that he would as sincerely have accepted the gift of life from Fabrice's

hand, had fate reversed the situation. But the artist, though now convinced of his wife's genuine love for himself, is too proud to accept the favour. By an exaggerated sense of honour, it seems to him that, were he to do so, such conduct might be attributed to his plebeian blood: a nobleman, he fancies, would be too scrupulous, too delicate, ever to consent to owe his life to the generosity of a rival. He therefore blows out his brains in order to prove that an artist can have as delicate a sense of honour as the proudest scion of nobility.

This powerful tragic climax, which most readers will deem unnecessarily cruel, is yet psychologically correct and true to nature, Fabrice's suicide being but the logical consequence of the sting implanted in his breast by the ill-natured old Baroness at the beginning of the story. We do not care greatly for the heroine Beatrice, any more than for her impossibly angelic friend the Vicomtesse d'Aymaret; and are decidedly more interested in that exquisite young man Jules Grêbe, who delights in being called *fin de siècle* by his friends, on account of his boasted proficiency in every fashionable and advanced vice of the day. Monsieur Grêbe thinks that it would be very *chic*, very *fin de siècle* indeed, to leave his young wife alone on the bridal night; and so, after carefully explaining that she must expect no vulgar domestic virtues from him, coolly informs her of his intention of spending the evening at his club—or wherever else his fancy may chance to lead him. The new Madame Jules Grêbe, who is no other than the same ingenuous Marianne whose girlish prattle had so much scared Pierrepont, receives her husband's announcement with much

posure; and when, half an hour later, having meanwhile changed his mind, Monsieur Grêbe returns to the bedroom, he finds it empty. *Fin de siècle* spends his wedding night in pacing agitatedly up and down the room, for it is only at seven o'clock next morning that the charming Marianne, wrapped up in a costly fur cloak, makes her reappearance.

"'Whence have you come?' he asked, in a choking voice.

"'I have been airing my independence, as you have been airing yours.'

"'That is rather strong!' exclaimed the young baron.

"'Is it not?'" returned Marianne.

"'But I—I only meant it as a joke,' said he.

"'So did I,' retorted the young woman.

"'My dear friend,' said Jules a few days later, in a confidential tone, to the Marquis de Pierrepont, 'you know whether I am sufficiently *fin de siècle*; but, would you believe it, my wife is still more so!'

"'You surprise me, Jules,' returned Pierrepont."

We are not ashamed to say that Victor Cherbuliez has always been, and still remains, our favourite French contemporary author. We certainly know no other who has afforded us such keen and unqualified pleasure by his power of suggesting and awakening subtle trains of thought, equally far removed from Zola's brutality as from Bourget's sickly, albeit profound, analysis of human nature. Of his countrymen, Cherbuliez most resembles Octave Feuillet in the powers common to both of keeping the reader interested in the thoughts, words, and feelings of two or three commonplace indi-

viduals, whose lives are marked by no sensational or tragic incident. But Cherbuliez is Feuillet and something more, possessing a virility of thought and diction which are all his own. His philosophy is at once bolder and broader, and his analysis more delicate.

His latest story, '*Une Gageure*'¹ may be said to turn entirely on the feelings of two women and one man. The Duchesse d'Avranches, one of those passionate, excessive, restless natures, which are a speciality of our unquiet century, whose vices have their seat in nerves rather than in heart, has been married at eighteen to a fossil old nobleman, whose passion for her had quickly given place to a sort of senile terror of this beautiful monster whom he had imprudently made his wife. By tacit consent this ill-assorted couple agree to live henceforth as strangers. The Duke divides his thoughts between the care of his health and the study of numismatics, and the Duchess Cécile employs her liberty as she thinks fit. Having tried love and found it unsatisfactory, she has replaced it by painting, for which she has a very pretty decorative talent; but, excessive in everything she does, the Duchess aspires to produce a historical picture which will astonish the world.

Olaire Vionnaz, the heroine of the story, has been an almost constant inmate of the ducal residence during many years. She has no mother, and her father, General Vionnaz, belongs to the selfish indolent class of parents who are always glad to make over their duties to other people. Claire, an honest, simple, credulous, and rather slow-thinking nature, has

¹ *Une Gageure*. Par Victor Cherbuliez, de l'Académie Française. Hachette: Paris.

been, so to say, educated and formed by the Duchess, to whose existence she becomes indispensable. She fulfils the duties of secretary, reader, companion, and confidant to her brilliant, fascinating friend, whom she adores with blind admiration, regulating her opinions upon those of the Duchess, and regarding her slightest word as Gospel. Fearful of losing such a valuable acquisition, Cécile has contrived to instil into Claire's mind a wholesome fear of matrimony and of its obligations, and in a moment of youthful enthusiasm Claire has imprudently vowed never to marry. When, therefore, during a temporary separation from her friend, Claire comes across her fate in the person of a certain Comte de Louvaigne, she dares not accept the proposal until she has been released from her vow of allegiance towards Madame d'Avranches. The Duchess, on receiving the news, is furious, choosing to see therein a double treachery. Not only does she consider Claire to be her own legitimate property, but the crime of her infidelity is aggravated by the fact of her having chosen a man who had formerly—nay, recently—kneelt before a higher shrine. The Comte de Louvaigne had, only a few months previously, pursued her with his attentions, and she, Cécile, had not as yet positively forbidden him to hope. How, then, could this wretched man have the insolence and the bad taste to forget her for the sake of an insignificant creature like Claire? Decidedly such treachery must be avenged. The Duchess, however, makes no vulgar attempt to break off the match, but lays her plans and bides her time. With perfidious ingenuity she contrives, during the twenty-four hours dividing the civil marriage from the

religious ceremony, to raise a whole storm of doubt and suspicion in Claire's mind, and convince the poor unsuspecting girl that the Comte de Louvaigne is merely making a *mariage de convenance*, without any deeper feeling for her than a sort of good-natured indifference. Not content with this, the Duchess attempts to react upon her former admirer by delicately insinuating his present feeling for Claire to be an illusion, very different from the sentiment with which she herself had formerly inspired him. He is not worthy of Claire, consequently their marriage cannot turn out a happy one. Louvaigne, without committing himself to any desperate protestations of excessive passion, stoutly maintains the contrary, and makes a half-serious, half-joking bet with Madame d'Avranches, that within a few weeks she will be forced to acknowledge her error. If Louvaigne gain, then she, the Duchess, will have to pay her forfeit with one of her most charming smiles.

"And, if I win, what will you give me?" asked Cecile.

"Ah, madame! if I am the loser, then I shall be so deeply mortified that I shall require consolation, and a smile will not be sufficient to content me: I shall need something more."

"What then?" she asked, darting at him an intimidating glance.

"Alas, madame!" he said, lowering his head, "I shall not be the one to lose."

"Shrugging her shoulders, she exclaimed, 'Was I not right in saying that you can never be serious?'"

The subsequent chapters are handled with that skilful delicacy of which only Frenchmen have the secret. In place of the joyful confidant girl who had plighted her troth to him before the *maire*, Louvaigne is met in church

next day by a pale sad woman, who has rather the mien of a martyr than of a happy bride, and whose coldness and constraint refuse to thaw even when he has carried her off to the nest prepared for the honeymoon. Mindful of her oracle's lessons, Claire has contrived to persuade herself that only the exaltation of reciprocal passion can justify or even excuse matrimony, and that consequently she can never be the wife of a man who has married her without love. Louvaigne, regarding her resistance as maidenly scruples, resolves to gain his wife by patient forbearance; and in the weeks that follow, they live together as two good comrades, becoming imperceptibly more and more attached. But Louvaigne is forced to leave home abruptly, and in his absence the perfidious Duchess takes advantage of a temporary misunderstanding between the couple to widen their peculiar relations into a serious breach. Louvaigne returns home, to find that Claire has fled to the protection of her friend, and all his efforts to effect a reconciliation are unavailing, for the Duchess, who acts as intermediary between the divided pair, takes care to distort the words of each to serve her purposes.

She has almost succeeded in gaining her object and her bet—for Louvaigne, wearied and irritated by what he deems to be the narrow-minded caprice of a foolish woman, is about to give up the game, and seek consolation from the perfidious siren who has caused his misfortune—when Claire receives an unexpected warning from the mummified old Duke.

"The Duke had finished his game of patience, and pushing back with his foot the little table in order to stretch out his legs, he was leaning

back in his low arm-chair. He seemed to slumber, but he only slept with one eye; and when Madame de Louvaigne passed before him in order to rejoin the Duchess, he stopped her by a gesture.

"She looked at him with surprise. He had not his usual expression; his cheeks were coloured by a red flush, and his lifeless fish-like eyes were lighted up by a spark of vitality. Sometimes on a foggy winter or autumn day the sun breaks out towards noon, there is a clearing, and the sun appears; it is a pale sun without rays and without heat, resembling a dull silver platter; it requires not to be an eagle in order to gaze on it fixedly. Such a clearing had now taken place in the intellectual fogs of the Duc d'Avranches, and in his eye there was something resembling the cold light of a winter sun.

"You want Baptiste?" she said. "Shall I ring for him?"

"No, my dear! Let Baptiste stay where he is. Come and sit down beside me. The Duchess can do without you; it does not require two persons to talk to a *cure*. Come, I have a word to say to you. It is important."

"Her astonishment increased. He never spoke to her except to retail some stale old anecdote or to inquire how she had slept, to say good-night, or during meals to invite her to partake of some dish he approved of.

"She pushed forward a chair, sat down, and waited. Silent and embarrassed, whether because the idea had escaped him, or because it now seemed more difficult to express than he had supposed, he nervously wiped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Have you succeeded in your game of patience?" she asked, in order to break the silence, and feeling his embarrassment to be contagious.

"I always succeed in vanquishing the most complicated ones," he replied, with an accent of *naïf* and puerile triumph. "Why do you not play patience? It serves to pass the time, and makes us forget our troubles."

"So he had perceived that she had troubles? He had never previously seemed to remark this.

"There are troubles which cannot be forgotten," she returned.

"He made a gesture which probably signified that these sort of troubles were unknown to him.

"Patience playing is a good remedy," he said, "and so are coins."

"She could not help smiling, having some difficulty in realising that the numismatic science might be capable of consoling a woman who has strayed into a road full of thorns and nettles from whence she sees no issue.

"Have you lately acquired any rare specimen?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear! Only yesterday they brought me a very curious medal, quite unique of its kind. It is a money piece of a Bactrian king. You know where Bactria is? You must seek it north of the Oxus. Alexander had founded as many as twelve towns in this province, and they took advantage of the weakness of a Syrian king in order to assert their independence. . . . But to explain this would lead us too far. It will suffice for you to know that since yesterday I am in possession of a bilingual coin of the first century before the present era, and bearing a Bactrian-Chinese inscription. You are perhaps ignorant of the fact that the Yueh-ti had established themselves towards the north-eastern frontier of the central empire, and that the Greek king of Bactria, who was called— Now I have forgotten his name! How on earth was the d—d fellow called? *Que voulez-vous*, my dear countess? I am getting old, and my memory is like a leaking barrel. Baptiste is often a great help to me; but unfortunately, on the subject of numismatics, he will never be otherwise than a donkey. Bah! I shall tell you the name to-morrow when I show you my coin. Why did you not say before that you take an interest in coins?"

"Suddenly, however, his idea returned, and, shaking his head as though to drive from it the Yueh-ti and the Bactrian kings—

"No, that is not what I wanted to say to you."

"He looked around in order to assure himself that no indiscreet eavesdropper was listening; then having perceived that the Duchess in going

out had left the door ajar, he rose, and traversed the saloon with his automatic step in order to shut it, after which he turned round hastily, and walked straight towards Madame de Louvaigne. His face now wore such a peculiar expression, the complexion so flushed, the eyes so bright, that for an instant she fancied he meant to embrace her.

"As Madame de Louvaigne receded from him in alarm, he detained her by the sleeve of her dress, and bending towards her ear he murmured—

"You do not know her; you must not believe her; but I know her. In whatsoever she may say there is never but a small grain of truth;" and lower still he added, "My wife is a liar!"

"Having thus given his conclusions, and in a few words summed up his long and painful experiences, the Duke, terrified at his own audacity, and regretting perhaps this freedom of speech with regard to the person he most dreaded in the world, laid his right forefinger on his mouth, as though to charge Claire with absolute discretion, and left the room.

"She shivered from head to foot. It seemed to her that a miracle had taken place; that a dead man had suddenly come to life in order to give her a warning. In the next minute he had returned, and triumphantly cried out to her—

"His name was Hermæus!"

Her eyes once opened, and having overseen the Duchess in secret conversation with Monsieur de Louvaigne, Claire has an explanation with her perfidious friend, in which the Duchess, throwing off the mask, unblushingly confesses the part she has played. Cécile was to-day in a reckless mood, her vanity having been wounded by the disparaging remarks of an impudent young painter upon her latest picture. Still smarting under his words, she vents her irritation upon Claire. Yes, it is true she has stolen her friend's husband, ~~she~~ coldly declares; Claire had t

her former admirer, and this revenge is but a just one.

Olaire is, at first, almost stupefied by this blow. Her friend must surely have gone mad. Only a sudden outbreak of folly could have prompted such cruel, unnatural language. Still doubting the evidence of her own senses, she runs to the window to catch a last view of Oécile just getting into her carriage. She must be mad—delirious; surely the coachman and servant must perceive it? But no, they do not seem to notice anything amiss; and the carriage drives off as quietly as though it contained a perfectly reasonable woman.

Left to herself, Claire begins to reflect that, after all, she has only her quondam friend's word as proof of Louvaigne's infidelity. What if this too should have been a falsehood? She determines to obtain certitude at any price. For the first time in her life she learns to think and act for herself: the instinct of self-preservation teaches her to employ a subterfuge of which, twenty-four hours previously, her ingenuous spirit would not have been capable. Imitating Cécile's handwriting, she summons Louvaigne to a rendezvous, and by his answer learns that he has not yet consoled himself for his wife's desertion.

Light-hearted and happy as a child, Claire forms the audacious project of walking through the forest at night alone, in order to rejoin her husband. It seems to her that if she loses a moment in claiming him as her own, he must inevitably fall a prey to the beautiful monster who has deceived them both. She, who all her life has been governed by others, has now suddenly discovered the existence of her own will, and like a child who has required a new toy, she delights

in making use of it. With beating heart and sorely trembling limbs, Claire traverses the forest alone and unprotected, at an hour when only poachers and tramps are abroad. She is scared by her own shadow, and inclined to call out in terror when a thorny branch lays hold of her dress; but stronger than all fears is this new-born courage, which leads her safely and happily into her husband's arms.

The Duchess has lost her bet, for when next morning she arrives at the Hermitage to take formal possession of her intended victim, she finds a happy united couple, who make her understand that she is *de trop*.

The bare outline of this very simple story may sound meagre to lovers of the sensational. Told by any one else, no doubt the tale would be a meagre one, few having the gift to interest us in everyday scenes and characters. There is no attempt at illusion about the person or character of the heroine, and never for a moment do we fail to regard her as a commonplace woman, scarcely pretty, and of merely average intellect; yet we follow the fates of this commonplace woman with a breathless interest, rarely inspired by any classically beautiful or brilliantly endowed heroine of romance, and tremble for her happiness as we have seldom trembled for any Corinne or Sappho.

To see a good fundamental idea inadequately treated is as irritating as to behold a valuable fabric fashioned by a clumsy tailor. Monsieur Georges Ohnet has never been a favourite of ours, despite the 20^e or 30^e *mille* which so glibly adorn the covers of his numerous works; but on taking stock of his latest novel, 'L'Ame

de Pierre,'¹ we were forced to acknowledge that the author had for once contrived to stumble upon a really original *motif*, which, treated by a Cherbuliez, Feuillet, or Bourget, would assuredly have resulted in a powerful and thoughtful study. The opening phrases of the story will best explain the idea upon which it is based:—

"Dr Davidoff, with a look of inspiration, turned his rough weather-beaten features upon the guests of Prince Patrizzi, and let fall these surprising words:

"And you; do you not believe in the power of a reiterated suggestion, which causes an idea to enter your brain, sharp and persistent as the point of a gimlet? Do you believe that this idea can have power to influence your moral state, even modify your physical condition? for you will concede, will you not, that the mind exercises a sovereign influence over the body?"

"We concede it," quietly returned the Neapolitan. "Now—and it is there that I await you with my argument—we should further conclude—"

"At this answer, which seemed to promise an important sequel of developments of the original proposition expressed by the Russian doctor, there was a moment of stupefied silence among the gay *viveurs* and amiable women who had been dining in the *salon* of the Hôtel de Paris on the terrace of Monte Carlo. Round the sumptuously spread table, where the flowers were dying, asphyxiated by the heat of the lights and smoke of cigarettes, glances of surprise and *ennui* were exchanged. Then abruptly there arose a storm of indignant protest from these worldlings torn out of the futile conventionalities of their habitual chit-chat, and suddenly plunged into the aridities of a scientific conversation.

"Enough of psychology!"

"We are here to drink, smoke, and sh!"

"This is not a *clinique*, but a *cabin particulier*!"

"So much for the doctor. He is mad."

"Gentlemen, I beg you! Listen, it is very curious."

"You bore these ladies."

"Open the window; it stinks of science here."

"I would rather go to the casino. . . . I dreamt that red passed thirteen times in succession."

"That is evidently a suggestion imposed by the croupier."

When the indignant crowd of worldlings has risen and evacuated the scene, the scientific conversation is resumed between the doctor, the Italian Prince Patrizzi, Pierre Laurier, a young painter, and his friend Jacques de Vignes, a nervous and consumptive individual.

"The Russian doctor threw away his cigarette, lighted another one, and looking authoritatively at his auditors, he resumed the recital which had been so violently arrested by the interruptions of the now departed guests.

"I confess that the story which I had begun before our friends is sufficiently curious, and that in the eyes of sceptics it may appear somewhat improbable; but in our misty, gloomy Slav countries, which seem to be verily the land of spectres and phantoms, my recital would not have met with the slightest incredulity. Half of our countrymen are composed of unconscious Swedenborgists, who, like the great philosopher, admit the phenomena of an invisible world, but without reasoning thereon; and would you before them affirm, as I now do before you, the surprising fact of the transmission of a soul into a living body by the mere force of will of a person decided to die, you would see them grow pale and tremble, but you would not meet with either protest or disbelief. In our country people believe in the vampires which quit the grave when a ray of moonlight strikes the tombstone; they admit the warning apparitions."

tion sent to apprise us of approaching death. And by the sole reason of believing in miracles, miracles become possible. A strong conviction is the most powerful fluid, and absolute confidence is the primary condition of spiritism. If you doubt, say the adepts, do not attempt to penetrate our mysteries—they will always remain insoluble to you. The invisible world will only be revealed to such as ardently desire to know it; to scoffers and disbelievers its doors will ever remain closed."

The doctor proceeds to relate the story of Maria Fedorowna, a young Russian girl attacked with consumption. Her bridegroom, Wladimir Alexievich, in despair at seeing the rapidly approaching doom of the being he most loves on earth, after having tried all doctors in vain, goes to consult an old witch residing in a disreputable suburb of Moscow. The witch asks him whether he is willing to give his life in exchange for that of his bride? He must die; but his soul entering into the body of his beloved, will cause her to revive to new life. Wladimir having consented to the sacrifice, is given a magic potion to drink. He goes home and writes a letter to his bride, and is found dead in bed next morning. From that moment Maria Federowna begins to revive, and completely recovers her health, though she never consented to marry any one of her numerous admirers.

"And you, doctor—do you believe in this miracle?" said Jacques de Vignes with an effort.

"Davidoff shook his head, and replied decisively—

"Doctors do not greatly believe in anything in our present century. The disciples of materialism are numerous amongst my colleagues. Magnetism has, however, of late assumed such strange developments as to open out a totally new horizon before our eyes. We seem to be skirting the borderland

of spiritism, which certifies the existence of the soul. And once having admitted the influence of mental suggestion on subjects held captive by hypnotic slumber, are we not very near to believing in a superior principle which directs, and consequently governs, matter?"

"You are philosophising without answering the question, *mon cher*," interrupted the Prince.

"It would, however, be good to be able to believe in a sovereign influence capable of restoring life," murmured the sick man. "Oh to be able to attach myself even insanely to some supreme hope! Would not that be salvation? Is not confidence half the cure?"

"*Parbleu!* These are the most sensible words you have pronounced these last two hours!" cried Pierre Laurier. "To the devil with your sorcerers, your Swedenborgists, your moonlight apparitions, and your souls transmitted from body to body as in a game of hunt the slipper! To give to the patient the certitude of his cure is almost infallibly to accomplish the cure itself! Take, for instance, my friend Jacques de Vignes, here present, who has been sent to the south because he has caught a cold; make him understand that his illness is chimerical, that his lungs are intact, that he is quite mistaken as to his own symptoms, that he has only a slight complaint devoid of importance, and by suppressing the cause you will likewise suppress the effect. The said Jacques de Vignes will be forced to give up his feeble voice, his languishing eyes, his Werther-like glances. He will return to life, to beef-steaks, cigars, and pretty women."

"Alas!" murmured Jacques, his chest shaken by a hollow cough, "what would I not give to be able to hope! I love life, and each day I feel that it escapes me a little more."

"The painter, his hand on the invalid's shoulder, said in a friendly voice—

"You refuse to believe me when I say that you are not gravely attacked; you will not believe Davidoff who has examined you; you persist in keeping up your anxiety, and striking yourself as though on purpose. Yet you afflict your mother, and make your sister

weep. . . . Will nothing convince you? Must I imitate for you that which Wladimir Alexievich did by giving you a soul in exchange? I have only mine, you know, and it is not worth much. If I give it to you some evening in a fit of spleen, it is no brilliant present that I bestow! But one does not look a gift-horse in the mouth, and the principal thing is that you should live—you who have everything to make you happy, you who are so much loved, who would be so mourned for. While as to me, I may jump at once from the terrace of the casino into the sea. Who would regret the madman called Pierre Laurier, that painter impotent to seize his ideal, that gambler satiated with the emotions of the card-table, that betrayed lover, that sybarite weary of life?

"Shaking the table with a blow of the fist, and his face convulsed by a painful emotion, his lips distorted by a bitter laugh, he cried—

"I am a fool to persist in resuming every morning the existence which I curse every evening. *Au diable!* Jacques, will you have my soul?"

"*Allons,*" said Jacques, gently, "you have had another quarrel to-day with Clémence Villa. Leave her, my poor friend, if she makes you suffer so much."

"Can I leave her?" said Pierre, who had turned very pale.

"Then beat her," said Patrizzi quietly.

"If I dared!" cried the young man, with sparkling eyes. "But I am as a slave before this girl. And whatever she chooses, she imposes on me. Her vices, follies, treacheries—everything I bear. . . . She ruins, she degrades me, even more than herself; yet I have not the strength to break my chain."

This Clémence Villa, an actress, has held the unhappy Pierre captive for more than a year, and since his connection with her he has lost everything—peace, self-respect, talent even. The half-jesting proposition to Jacques takes serious shape in his mind, and after a final quarrel with her, Pierre

resolves to put an end to his life. Accordingly, he writes a note to his friend conceived in the following terms:—

"MY DEAR JACQUES,—I am useless to others, pernicious to myself. I desire to change this, and am going to repeat the experiment related to us by Davidoff. You are the being whom I best love in the world. I therefore make you a present of my soul. Live happy by me, and for me!"

"He signed, and taking off his hat, passed the note between the felt and the silk hat-band. He quietly divested himself of his greatcoat, and placing it by the roadside with the hat, slowly descended towards the sea."

Next morning hat and greatcoat are found by some custom-officers making their daily round in quest of smugglers, and the note is transmitted to Jacques, who, though grieved by his friend's fate, begins to revive from the moment when is communicated to him the legacy of Pierre's soul. But Jacques has a sister named Juliette, who has secretly given her heart to Pierre, and while her brother lives and thrives on the soul which he has inherited, she wastes away out of grief for the object of her affection.

Clémence Villa, meanwhile, had long cast her eye on the elegant, interesting Jacques, and he, being firmly persuaded that in inheriting his friend's soul he has likewise fallen heir to his feelings and passions, suffers himself to be drawn into her nets. Within a few months he has become her slave as completely as ever Pierre had been.

All this time, however, the real Pierre's soul is still lodging in its original tenement; for just at the moment when he had been about to commit suicide, his attention was arrested by the cries of distress of a sailor fallen overboard of an adjacent vessel. Forgetting his sui-

cidal intentions, Pierre only thinks of saving the drowning man, and throws himself into the sea. Both men, exhausted and nearly insensible, are rescued by the ship, which proves to be a smuggling Italian craft bound for Corsica. He soon makes friends with his rough companions, and gladly accompanies them to their destination, where he settles down contentedly in a little seaport town, and earns his living by restoring the church pictures. Within a few weeks of his adventure he has recovered spirits and talent, and wonders at the folly which had made him ready to die for the sake of a Clémence Villa. Davidoff, who has been cruising about in the yacht of a Russian count, chances to touch at the same Corsican town where Pierre is rusticating, and recognises the painter's handiwork on the walls of the church. When the doctor returns to France nearly a year after Pierre's supposed suicide, he finds Juliette apparently dying, and Jacques utterly degraded by his infatuation for Clémence Villa. Judging it now to be high time to interfere and put an end to this metempsychological farce, he recalls Pierre by telegram, and unites him to Juliette, who instantly recovers her health and spirits. On Jacques, however, the re-appearance of his friend has a directly opposite effect, and having now discovered that he has only his own original soul to count upon, he promptly falls into a decline and dies.

Such is the substance of this fantastical story, which, if rightly treated, might have afforded scope for so much delicate play of character, but which in Monsieur Ohnet's hands never rises above the commonplace. He fails to interest us in any of his numerous

characters, and fully half the book is taken up with descriptions of masked balls, *petits soupers*, and all the usual paraphernalia of *demi-monde* life, which seems to present such irresistible and incomprehensible attractions to a large proportion of French readers.

Having begun this review with one of the candidates for the French Academy, we shall conclude it with a second aspirant who has all our wishes and hopes that he may carry off the vacant laurel wreath above Monsieur Zola's head.

Pierre Loti is, however, too delicate and refined a writer to be generally appreciated: he excels rather in suggesting the fleeting intangible feelings common to us all, than in depicting the violent emotions or passions by which a few individuals are swayed. He brings home to us as few authors have succeeded in doing the subtle poetry of commonplace events, the cruel pathos of inanimate objects, when looked at in the light of after-years. More effectively than any other writer we know, he seems to have gauged the bitter contrast existing between our own unstable nature and thoughts and the terrible immutability of our surroundings. Not long ago we had occasion to admire Monsieur Loti's delicate handiwork in a short sketch entitled 'Un Vieux' (first published, if we rightly remember, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes'), in which, with unrivalled fidelity, the author has given us the thoughts and feelings of an old, very old man, who has outlived all sensations save those of a purely physical nature, and to whom the memory of his youth has become no more than a vague, scarce-remembered legend; and now in his latest work, 'Le Roman

d'un Enfant,'¹ we have an equally faithful picture of early childhood. This book is not a story in the strict sense of the word—or rather it is the story of every one of us, the record of the gradual development of the thoughts, feelings, opinions, and aspirations of a child, who, having unconsciously invested his surroundings with something of his own individuality, experiences the disappointment common to us all when, being hereafter confronted with these reflectors of our early years, we make the discovery that we are no longer ourselves.

The first dawning glimpses of baby intelligence, struggling to detach itself from the fogs of an unrealised world, are admirably rendered. Each of us has experienced the same phenomenon,—how, in looking back upon our earliest childhood, certain words and actions, sights and sounds, mostly in themselves insignificant, have been indelibly stamped upon our memory, to be evermore preserved in unfaded colouring, while weeks, months, and even years, have often passed over us, without leaving a trace behind.

A touching instance of this is the chapter in which the author—or the autobiographer, for it is difficult to believe that they are not identical—describes the first distinct recollection he has of his mother.

"My mother! Once or twice already in the course of these notes I have pronounced the name, by chance as it were, without pausing. In the beginning apparently she was for me but a natural refuge—a shield against the terror of the vague unknown, against all sombre and undefined cause of grief.

"But I think that the most dis-

tant time when her image appeared to me vividly and clearly as a luminous revelation of true and infinite tenderness, was a certain morning in the month of May, when she entered my room, followed by a sunbeam, and bringing me a nosegay of pink hyacinths. I was recovering from some slight childish complaint,—measles or whooping-cough, or something of the sort. I had been condemned to remain in bed in order to keep warm, and, guessing by the rays which filtered through my closed windows at the renewed splendour outside of sun and atmosphere, I felt sad betwixt my white bed-curtains. I wanted to get up, to go out; above all, I wanted to see my mother—my mother, at any price.

"The door opened, and my mother entered smiling. Ah! I still seem to see her as she then appeared to me in the framework of the door, accompanied by a little sunshine and a whiff of open air! I find it all again: the expression of her eyes meeting mine, the sound of her voice, even the details of her beloved dress, which to-day would seem so funny and superannuated. She had returned from some early expedition to town. She wore a straw bonnet with yellow roses, and a shawl of lilac *barège* (this was the shawl period), strewn over with little bunches of a darker violet hue. Her black curls—those poor dear curls that have not changed their shape, but are, alas! scanty and bleached to-day—were then unmixed by any silver thread. She seemed to diffuse an odour of sunshine brought from outside. Her face that morning, framed in by her large frilled bonnet, is still absolutely present to my eyes.

"Along with the nosegay of pink hyacinths, she had brought me a little doll's watering-jug and basin, a miniature copy of those flowered crockery designs employed by the peasants.

"She bent over my bed in order to kiss me, and then I no longer felt conscious of any further desire. I had no more inclination to cry, nor to get up, nor to go out; she was there, and that sufficed me. I felt completely consoled, tranquillised, metamorphosed,

¹ *Le Roman d'un Enfant*. Par Pierre Loti. Calmann Lévy; Paris.

by her beneficent presence. . . . I must have been a little over three years old when this took place, and my mother about forty-two. But I was then without the slightest notion with regard to my mother's age; it had never occurred to me to ask myself whether she were young or old, and it was only somewhat later that I made the discovery that she was very pretty.

"No; in these days she was just herself, and that was all—so to say, a perfectly exceptional face, which I dreamt not of comparing to any other, and which for me was synonymous with all joy, security, tenderness, and goodness, including awakening faith and prayer."

Among the childish impressions of the little autobiographer, his yearly vacational visits to an uncle residing in a small southern French country town play a great part; and the greatest part of all is played by a certain citron-coloured butterfly, which on one of these occasions is presented to him by some young playfellows. The moment of receiving this gift, destined to adorn his little natural history museum at home, is indelibly imprinted on our hero's mind, and he can never subsequently look at this insect without in thought living over all the circumstances of the scene—the warm September day, the closed portal of his uncle's house, and from an adjacent room his cousin's shrill voice monotonously repeating the plaintive refrain of an ancient mountain song—"Ah! ah! la bonne histoire! Ah! ah! la bonne histoire!" All these details recur to his mind whenever he regards the corpse of the citron-coloured insect imprisoned in its glass-case at home. In some subtle, intangible fashion this yellow butterfly becomes in our hero's mind the personification of all brightness and joy—the

spirit, as it were, of his happy thoughtless childhood.

"We had expected, my sister and I, to return to the village next summer. But Azrael had crossed our path. Terrible and unexpected events had overthrown our sweet peaceful family life.

"And it was only fifteen years later, after having, in the interval, traversed the whole world, that I revisited this corner of France.

"Much was changed here. My uncle and aunt slept in the churchyard; the big boy cousins were dispersed; the *cousine*, who had already some silver threads in her hair, was preparing to leave for ever this part of the country,—this empty house where she cared not to remain alone; and Titi and Maricette (now called so no longer) had become tall young girls, dressed in black, whom I failed to recognise.

"Between two voyages, hurried as ever, my life moving on at fever-rate, I had come back here for some hours only, on a pilgrimage of reminiscence, wishing once more to look upon my uncle's home before it passed away into strange hands.

"It was in November: a cold gloomy sky completely changed the aspect of the landscape, which I had never seen except in summer sunshine.

"Having spent my only forenoon in revisiting many things, with increasing melancholy under these wintry clouds, I had forgotten the old orchard with its vine-overgrown summer-house, in whose shade my career had been decided; and, at the very last moment, I wished to run to it, when already there waited the carriage that was to carry me hence for ever.

"Go alone, then!" said my cousin, herself busied in closing her trunks: and she handed me the big key—that same big key which I formerly carried when going off to hunt with my butterfly net, in the bright and glowing daylight of bygone days. . . . Oh! summers of my childhood, how wondrous and enchanting they were! . . .

"For the very last of all the last times I entered this garden, which now appeared diminished in size under the leaden sky. I first repaired to

the bower at the end—bare and leafless to-day—where that solemn letter had been written to my brother; and, assisted by the self-same gap in the wall which served me formerly, I mounted the top in order to cast a furtive glance on the landscape around, —to say a hasty farewell to it: the Baries estate appeared to me likewise much nearer and more insignificant, as were also the mountains in the background, which seemed to have sunk to the level of little hills; and this whole scenery, which used to be illumined by the sun, looked sinister to-day in the dull grey light beneath the November clouds. I had the feeling that late autumn was then commencing in my life, as well as on the earth.

"And the world, too, that world that had seemed to me so vast and so full of charming surprises, on the day when I had leant against this same wall, after forming my great resolution—the whole world, was it not discoloured and contracted in my eyes as well as this poor landscape?"

"Ah! more than all this vision of the Baries estate, looking like a ghost of itself on this winter day, caused me an unspeakable melancholy.

"And, gazing on it, I remembered the citron-coloured butterfly, still preserved under glass in my childish museum,—that butterfly which had remained there at the same place with untarnished colours, while I had been sailing all over the seas. . . . For many years I had forgotten the association of these two things; but now with the butterfly's image, brought back by the surroundings, methought I heard within me a little voice repeating softly, '*Ah! ah! la bonne histoire. Ah! ah! la bonne histoire.*' . . . A quaint, frail little voice, inexpressibly sad, which seemed to chant as above a grave the dirge of departed years and vanished summers."

Since writing the above, Pierre Loti's¹ nomination to the vacant *fauteuil* in the French Academy

has been announced, to the considerable dissatisfaction not only of the Zolaïte party, but of various other literary factions both at home and abroad.

"If Pierre Loti, why not Guy de Maupassant, who is quite as clever? Why not Madame 'Gyp,' who is cleverer than the two of them; or any other of the very skilful cooks who provide the lighter dishes of the modern French literary *cuisine*?"

asks one of our leading papers, apparently in ignorance of the fact that, Monsieur de Maupassant having shuffled off the mortal coil some six months ago, he was hardly in a position to enter the lists in the recent competition. Even had he been alive, however, we cannot see why Maupassant any more than Zola should have been deemed worthy of becoming an immortal; the reasons which debarred the author of '*Nana*' and '*La Terre*' from such distinction might surely, with equal justice, be applied to the writer of '*Une Vie*' and '*Bel Ami*!' It is not here the place, at the fag-end of a review, to enter into a critical discussion of the deceased Monsieur de Maupassant's claims to immortality in either sense of the word; but a mention of the latest volume bearing this popular author's name, may serve to convey our *arrière pensée* on the subject. We refer to '*L'Inutile Beauté*,' the title of a book containing eleven short stories, of which only three—viz., "*Le Noyé*," "*Un Portrait*," and "*Qui Sait?*"—may be read without a blush; and again of these three, the last-named only with a certain amount of interest. For the sake of this

¹ Pierre Loti is the *non de plume* of Monsieur Julien Viaud, a French naval officer who has scarcely yet attained middle life.

last, however, this otherwise filthy volume may deserve to be noticed, its humour being so irresistible, the flight of fancy by which it is inspired so weird and comical, that we cannot pass it over in silence. "Qui Sait?" is scarcely a story, being merely the reminiscences of a madman, written down in the asylum for the purpose of relieving his mind of the strange hallucinations which had brought him there. He relates how, returning home one summer night to his villa, which lay on the outskirts of the town, his attention is arrested on the threshold by an unusual noise proceeding from the interior of the house, a sharp tapping sound as of a procession of descending cripples, striking their crutches against the wooden steps. He sits down on a garden bench, a prey to a strange sense of uneasiness, and as he sits and watches, presently the whole furniture of the house takes flight before his panic-stricken eyes.

"All at once I perceived on the threshold of my door an arm-chair, my large reading-chair, sallying forth in jaunty fashion. It was followed by others, all the drawing-room easy-chairs, the low ottomans and settees waddling like crocodiles on their short legs, then all my other chairs escaping in goat-like bounds, and the little footstools trotting like rabbits alongside.

"Oh what an emotion! I shrank into the shadow, where I remained crouched, contemplating the procession of my departing furniture, for they were all going, going, one behind the other, quick or slow according to their size and weight. My piano, my large grand pianoforte, passed me with the swift gallop of a runaway horse, and with a murmur of internal music in its flanks; the smallest objects, such as vases, crystals, brushes, &c., slipped over the gravel like swarming ants, touched by the moonlight with phosphoric reflections, and after these came crawling stuffs, writhing along

like marine monsters. My writing-table now made its appearance, a rare *biblot* of last century, containing all my letters, all the history of my heart, an old, old tale which had caused me so much suffering; and it likewise contained all my photographs.

"My fears vanished of a sudden. I rushed upon it and seized it, as one seizes a robber, as one grasps a flying woman; but it continued to gallop despite my efforts and my rage, and I could not even succeed in moderating its pace. Resisting this terrible force with the strength of despair, I threw myself on the ground wrestling against it. But it rolled me over, dragging me along the gravel with it, and already the other pieces of furniture which followed began to march over me, stamping down my legs and bruising them; then when I had relinquished my hold of the table, the others passed over my prostrate body, like a charge of cavalry over a dismounted horseman."

The sequel relates how the unfortunate victim of this ghostly adventure takes refuge in travel in hopes of regaining his mental equilibrium, and how some months later he meets and recognises all the absconded pieces of furniture in an antiquary's shop at Rouen, kept by a sinister-looking individual with a bald head, resembling the full moon. Next day he returns to the shop along with a police-officer, in order to claim his stolen property; but now the furniture has disappeared again as inexplicably as the first time, and almost simultaneously there comes a letter from the gardener at home to announce the equally strange reappearance of all the missing objects. Convinced of his insanity, the unhappy man takes refuge in a madhouse as the only safe place in the world, haunted however by terror lest the moon-headed antiquary should likewise go mad, and be brought to the same asylum.

"Even in a madhouse one is not wholly safe!" he pathetically exclaims at the end of his narrative.

This fanciful little sketch, almost worthy of an Edgar Poe, is, however, insufficient to redeem the character of a volume containing such samples of literary perversity as the tales entitled "L'Inutile Beauté" and "Mouche," whose repulsiveness is redeemed by no counterbalancing merit. To our short-sighted vision Guy de Maupassant's cleverness has always appeared extremely spasmodic and unequal; he is amusing by fits and starts only, and when he fails to be amusing he is mostly deadly dull. And while granting the cleverness which is undeniable in fully one-third of his work, mere cleverness alone is not everything; and surely some grudging concession must be made to refinement of thought, good taste, and pathos, whenever these old-fashioned qualities are yet to be found? If

only on these grounds, we may therefore venture to congratulate the French Academy on its latest acquisition; and though there be critics who sneer at his "style," for the sole reason apparently, that, in contradistinction to so many current writers, he has the eccentricity to possess this somewhat obsolete article, even they can scarcely deny that over and above this depreciated "style," the author of 'Pêcheur d'Islande' can boast of qualities to which neither Gyps nor Maupassants can lay claim—the gift of appealing to our purest, noblest feelings, of making us smile and sigh in one breath. Does not each of us possess, in some lumber corner of the brain, a citron-coloured butterfly held fast by an invisible pin? and should we undervalue the wizard whose magic wand has power to restore awhile its faded colour, and reanimate the lifeless wings?

CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE MAJOR-GENERAL.

"Non illo melior quisquam nec amantior equi
Vir fuit."

—OVID.

THE departure of the gallant Do-or-Dies and the advent of their successors in Westerly was a double event, which of course created no small stir; but the commotion was a mere trifle as compared with the wild excitement caused by the projected scheme set on foot and advertised by the speculating Joe Hinch. It caused an upheaval. It was audaciously startling—deliciously novel, something quite out of the beaten track. It was in the nature of a new sensation; and there was a delicious smack of something loose and wild about it, which gave it an added and mysterious charm.

Iteration had taken the gloss off the going and coming of troops; which at the best was mainly interesting to the lower orders, and to the gentler sex. The well-to-do youth of the upper and middle had no sympathy with the garish cloth which threw the civilian black into the background, and led beauty captive, and sometimes, it must be owned, astray. Here was promise of excitement of an unwonted description; a novelty which, moreover, had in it elements of possible fortunes to be won by judicious bookmaking. Westerly was to become, in fact, a second Derby, or at least a Doncaster. The knowing ones who began to turn up, wearing hats on three hairs, and light pants, could tell you a lot more than I could; and give "tips" which I, as a mere outsider, am quite ignorant of. They discussed the situation most affably *with the inhabitants*, round cor-

ners, and in bar-parlours and snuggeries in all directions. They were ready at a moment's notice to enter into the mysteries and to initiate any one interested. So free and affable were they that the youth of Westerly quite took to them off-hand.

The project was the topic of conversation in every circle, high and low. It is a notorious fact that among toilers and moilers a big thing is done every year in betting. The fascinations of it must be irresistible. How often do we see the first downward step taken, to gratify the gambling propensity, by an otherwise promising son, who robs his father's till to bet; or by the bank-clerk who helps himself to a fiver, in the feverish hope of making it again fifty times over, and yet he has had his hands dabbling in gold for years without any of it sticking to his fingers till this cursed prompting comes. Old Thomas Fuller remarks upon the strange fact that such a noble animal as the horse should make rogues of those who are associated with him. What was true in this quaint author's time is true still, only more so.

The big names in the syndicate dazzled everybody. If Joe Hinch could placard himself all over the dead walls of Westerly bracketed with lords and baronets, it must be all right; for is it not an admitted, a proverbial fact, that men are known by the company they keep. It never struck the Westerly folk that this argument cut both ways; because, having had no previous

rience in these matters, they no idea that among the upper there are occasionally to be found both rogues and fools.

Hinch knew what he was to.

you want a real rich luxuriant crop of wild oats, always go to virgin soil. His genius was lent to any man of the world living between the lines; and he not—as less experienced people might do—overlook the difficulties. In ploughing up this virgin soil he would meet a boulder far beneath the surface, as he often done before. Scottowen not overrated him in the estimation given to the major; for even when Hinch took a thing in hand, and went in for it, he was to beat. His philosophy was narrowed into the perverted form, “Do others, or you will only be done by them”; his motto was “Thorough”; and his policy was, always to be up before the social worm—for which he had the profoundest contempt and the keenest appetite.

He seemed to be well on towards success before his natural abilities became fully alive to the dangers of the situation; at last they did wake up in protest, and showed fight in a manner which somewhat surprised

Sides were taken, and men went into the ranks with a promptness which was dangerous. The pious section of the community held up its hands and kept up its voice in collective protest at the flood of iniquity that must of necessity be let upon the town. But the temptation was great for backsliders, and the weak-kneed were found to be alarmingly many. He appealed not only to the latent love of pleasure, but to the inherent love of gain. Gilded youth without gilding,

was to incontinently enjoy itself; fortunes were to be made by tradesmen, hotel proprietors, lodging-house keepers, jarveys, stablemen, farmers—everybody: this was his and the common-sense way of looking at it. On the other hand, said his opponents, there would be riot, debauchery, swindling, swearing—the devil, in fact, let loose, and altogether master of the situation; to which the knowing ones retorted with a contemptuous “Pish!”

Hinch bought up one of the newspapers—the ‘Westerly Daily News’—at the start, by a big standing advertisement and a contract for printing posters. If he divided his patronage he would have secured two half-hearted supporters: this did not suit his motto of “Thorough.” His plan always was to take one paper first, secure it, and after it had written him up in such a way as to render it impossible to retract and write him down, then to negotiate with the other which had previously abused him, and whose conversion would then carry all the greater weight. The more bitter number two was in the beginning, the better for him later on; and the more crushing would be the collapse of the party which had relied on it for support.

The ‘Westerly Standard’ having been left out in the cold on this occasion, its editor lost no time. He called immediately on Major-General the Honourable Byng-Hudson, R.E., arranged the best terms he could, and “went for” Hinch and the syndicate without delay in the leader columns and the correspondence portion of his paper. The major-general occupied a peculiar position in Westerly. He was at the head of every religious movement, and was highly esteemed by the Bishop. He was a solemn and import

personage. He was actually eighty, but you would have guessed his age as under seventy. He was rich. He had done a good deal for Westerly in his own way, because if he didn't get his own way he would do nothing. He was a J.P., as a matter of course, and a man with the courage of his convictions. He was a Plymouth brother, and therefore did not believe in bishops or parsons in their official capacity—if I may use the phrase without being considered flippant: he judged them as men. But this gap in his creed was no more than the loss of a back-tooth to a dog who was otherwise well set up in molars. There were various weighty reasons why the Church should hold on to him, and it did.

The theory exists in the army, I believe, that a retired Engineer officer always ranks under one of the three M's. He is either mad, married, or a Methodist. As he was a widower, the M. in the major-general's case may be safely said—from a soldier's standpoint—to cover, under the head of Methodism, the peculiar views of the Plymouth Brethren, and therefore to classify the Honourable Bynge-Hudson sufficiently correctly for all practical purposes, or at all events quite near enough to prove the rule. Mind you I put forward this M. theory on the statement of soldiers whom I have known, but who were—I am in fairness bound to admit—cavalry men, whose dicta with regard to the line should be received, perhaps, with some reservation. I should myself not be inclined to go so far as these cavalry men; but should rather maintain that the retired R.E. is invariably a man with a fad.

Old Major-General Bynge-Hudson had suffered much and gone *through much*; but he had lived

so long, that nearly all his relatives had died out, and the few remaining ones, who were not blest with his strong vitality, did not remember him or keep up acquaintance. His calling necessitated absence and change for many years; and when he settled down and retired, he selected Westerly, because the inhabitants were all strangers to him, and would not, as his relatives might, rake up, out of mistaken kindness, any buried portions and parcels of the dreadful past.

Fulfilling one of the obligations of the three M's, he married, at twenty-two, the daughter of his impecunious colonel. She died, leaving him two boys and a daughter, whom he idolised as the counterpart of her mother. The daughter died at seventeen. These terrible blows were followed by the death in one of the West Indian Islands of his eldest son, a lieutenant in his own corps, "of whom no praise could be an exaggeration," so wrote a brother officer; and he spoke within the limits of truth, for young Bynge-Hudson was handsome, manly, honourable, clever, and all these without a particle of uppishness or pride. Many a tear had the old soldier shed in secret over all his troubles, but there was comfort in them; and he braced himself up with a proud reserve, and went on doing his duty, with all his love and hope centred on the last of his race—his second son. This son crushed him—nearly broke his heart, turned out a profligate and a spendthrift, threw up his commission and disappeared, a disgraced and disreputable offshoot of the parent stem. The poor father, when the news came, bowed his head upon the table, and wept as he had not wept before—tears as it were of blood and fire. No one can tell what agony he suffered,

except one who has had a like experience, under similar conditions. To the natural affections of a father there was added intense family pride, and the knowledge that this only remaining son had in him talents and qualities which could not have failed to render him distinguished, but for the fatal moral blemish which overshadowed and dominated them. This son had utterly disappeared. For twenty-five or thirty years he heard nothing of him, except a rumour that he had been shot in a drunken row in San Francisco, or somewhere else. The brave old man lived through all his troubles; and what wonder if he was driven—not to drink, he was too much of a gentleman for that, but to some equivalent and less ignoble excitement? He retired, took up his abode in Westerly, and went in for the last of the three M's. He became a Plymouth brother; and infused new life into the movement, which had begun to languish somewhat before he settled down to the work.

There were various reasons why Bishop Quodlibet should be hail-fellow-well-met with the major-general; in fact it was only in accordance with the fitness of things. Both belonged to the "upper crust"—one by right of office, and the other by birth. Both were born rulers of men. Each could make it hot for the other; but both were by instinct gentlemen, so they did not fight, but preserved an armed neutrality, and a friendly intercourse socially.

At a hastily summoned preliminary meeting of the leading citizens who were "on the Lord's side"—as the 'Westerly Standard' advertisement phrased it—it was unanimously carried that the major-general, who was in the chair, should without delay seek a private interview with the

Bishop, for the purpose of taking "immediate and effective steps to stem this torrent of iniquity, the flood-gates of which were so soon to be let loose upon the town." I quote the exact words of Mr Emerson Digley, the worthy grocer of High Street, whose business success depended mainly upon the joint goodwill of the major-general and the Bishop; because, obviously, these two with their followings comprised the local community. His proposal was warmly seconded by Mr Henry Spalding, also of the High Street, butcher—a comparatively newcomer, who was driven by force of circumstances to take sides, though he had been for some time uncertain. But his rival, Wilson, had openly gone over to the enemy, and had taken shares, and actually been put on the local race committee among all the swells. Being a man now of great wealth, derived from a long-standing and an almost exclusive trade, a breeder of horses and prize stock, and fond of sport, this Wilson could afford to do as he liked.

Spalding had his way to make. He did a good and clever stroke of business when he told the major-general before the meeting began, and as a strict secret, how this Wilson had publicly said that old Bynge-Hudson, the Bishop, Canon Fungus, and the whole sanguinary lot might go to—I can't repeat the language—a warm place; for that the game would be won in spite of 'em. He forgot, or at all events did not add, how Wilson had said, "If they preferred carrion to good meat, they were welcome to deal with Henry Spalding for it." This was outside the point at issue, and Spalding was quite justified—conveying, as it did, a foul aspersion on both man and meat—in substituting words of more solemn import from

the recesses of his own breast, and which were likely to tell to advantage. "'He that is not with me,' General, 'is against me.'"

"Clearly — quite so — hem!" said the old soldier, with something like a sneer.

It always gave the major-general the fidgets to hear any one else quoting texts. I don't know why: he seemed somehow to think they were his by right; and in his heart he hated traders as traders, though as units with souls to be saved he loved them. This is a distinction which I have often heard stated, but could never quite understand: I leave it.

He was a courageous old chap, as those knew who had served under or with him; and even now, in his white old age, his eye sparkled, and his blood ran quicker and warmer at the prospect of even local social war. He liked the excitement of conflict; it made him feel young, even though the sensation went perilously close to second childhood. The "Church militant" was a phrase he loved; and it was a treat to hear him join in the hymn "Onward! Christian soldiers," with which the proceedings opened. The uncomfortable quarters to which Wilson had assigned him, even though in good company, were precisely those which he had laboured hard, both in season and out of season, to avoid; and it was not likely that he would tamely submit to being consigned thereto—like a bale of goods with a label on—by a "confounded butcher." In his early youth he would not have selected so lengthy an expletive. But we linger too long over mere trifles.

The major-general rose amid rounds of applause, and when silence was restored he went at once to business.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I accept the trust you have reposed in me. I accept it with pride and pleasure, though I feel that you could easily have selected a better man."

Cries of "No! no!"

"Yes," he said, with lowering eyebrows, "selected a better man." He never allowed himself to be contradicted privately or publicly. "Excuse me. I insist on this point before I proceed," and he presented his first finger at the audience as though it were a pistol-barrel.

The audience took the hint, and let him have his way.

"You could, I repeat, have selected a better—a far better man, but—no man more sincere. There are some points on which I will give place to no one. What I say I mean, and what I undertake I will carry through or perish in the attempt." Then he moved his coat-tails and sat down.

There were thunders of applause. Ultimately it was settled that the whole thing, at this stage, should be left in the hands of the major-general. He was in his own person to form a deputation to the Bishop, representing thus the concentrated essence of opinion, as expressed at this preliminary meeting.

He lost no time in presenting himself at the episcopal palace, which was a good way out of town. He covered the distance, next morning, at a quick march, notwithstanding his great age, all the way. The Bishop expected him, having had early intimation of his mission from the Rev. Septimus Stole, who despatched his curate, poor Tinkler, at 8 o'clock, with a copy of the newspaper, marked, for his lordship to digest at breakfast. He was in his study, when the major-general came, apparently profoundly engaged with

some old folio — possibly one of "The Fathers."

"I am rejoiced to see you, General," he said, rising and shaking hands warmly; "be seated." And with the episcopal hands he placed a chair opposite to himself for his visitor.

"You are very kind," responded the stately old soldier. "You will excuse my calling at this early hour."

"You are welcome, General, at any hour." There was here a mutual bow. It was not a fact, but still it was a compliment the soldier felt, and as such had to be acknowledged in some way; but as a mere compliment he did not think it worth a reply more explicit than an expression of a lively sense of his lordship's kindness. After these preliminaries, they got their chairs closer together by degrees, and settled down to business.

The Bishop had, on more than one occasion before this, fallen in for some share of abuse from his clergy behind his back for "allowing himself to be led" by, instead of leading, old Bynge-Hudson — notably so in reference to lay preaching and to certain mission services; but still he didn't seem to profit by his experience, or to mind much one way or other. The fact was simply that, while his inferiors were jealous he was altogether without envy, and didn't grudge the General his triumphs over the ungodly. So Stole, who was, as we know, an arch-High-Churchman, was in duty bound to swallow the bitter pill as administered by his ordained superior; and Canon Fungus and all the cathedral dignitaries, for the same reason, did as the Bishop's private chaplain did; while the outsiders, for various reasons and motives of different degrees and weight, had,

as a matter of expediency, to follow suit. Mrs Fungus was, as we also know, of the Lapsus family in the peerage, and had once vaguely hinted at a connection between it and the Bynge-Hudsons; which on being told to the General by a would-be toady, resulted in the most violent unchristian outburst on his part, that had ever escaped him (and of which he was heartily ashamed), with regard to the females of that illustrious house. But this by the way. His heterodox views did not detract from the high estimation in which he was held by the simple-minded Tinkler, who regarded him, secretly, as one to worship and honour and look up to, as a man of sterling worth and piety. To Stole he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, to Tinkler a veritable hero, a child of God, even though he did not believe in the laying on of hands which had made Tinkler what he was. Stole's mission was to prate of our spiritual mother — the true Church; while Tinkler accepted the utterly unorthodox dictum of the author of 'Sheep Folds,' "Wherever one hand meets another helpfully, that is the only true mother Church which ever was or ever shall be." Between these two human extremes of High and Low there was a fluid mass which took shape or ran into jelly, according to the theological temperature of the Episcopate. As we said, Dr Quodlibet respected and loved the fellow-worker who carried on his mining operations against the citadel of sin with uncompromising bravery and rectitude.

"He is with us, my dear Stole," his lordship would say, "at least in the estimation of the enemy, if not in yours; let us remember this, and be thankful also. If he differs on some non-vital points, he differs as a true gentleman."

"There is much in all this, of course, my lord," Stole replies, feeling himself all the time to be relatively, like Canon Fungus, of the hereditary elect. "Still our ordination — our divine commission——"

"Yes, yes; of course. But looking at these things from the highest point of view, we are all, surely, more or less commissioned. The General holds, at all events, beyond all question, brevet rank in the Army of God."

This being so settled by constituted authority, there was nothing more to be said by a dutiful son of the Church; or if there was, he was too dutiful to utter it. But how if the differences were vital after all?

It must not be denied that there were strong grounds for the alarm felt by Stole, Fungus, and others, at the influence which the major-general had over the Bishop in things non-secular; for not only did he, with Tinkler, accept the dictum which we have given from 'Sheep Folds,' but the further explanation and amplification as given by its distinguished author: "Your sectarian of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of High Church or Low, in so far as they think themselves in the right and others in the wrong, these are the true fog children, bodies of putrescent vapour and skin, blown bagpipes for the fiends to pipe with." It is not a pleasant thing or a safe thing to associate on terms of equality socially with a man who looks upon you spiritually as a body of putrescent vapour, or as a blown bagpipe for devils' music.

I cannot here resist the parenthetical remark on my own account, irrelevant though it be, that I am of the same opinion as the great writer above quoted

—namely, that if there be music at all in the infernal regions, it must be Scotch: the passage seems to imply as much.

The result of the major-general's visit was satisfactory to himself at least. He hurried back to the town with the information that the Bishop would receive and confer with the deputation next day, so that no precious time should be lost. He did not stop to think how much the sour grapes element entered into the estimate formed of him by the smaller luminaries that revolved round the Bishop. Theology and carpology are very near akin.

In any case, shall we not laugh, my friend—you and I? Even the great and serious Lycurgus had statuettes of Mirth in every chamber. It does not follow that we are ill-natured because we are amused, or sour because we are sharp—even at other people's expense—though it is a common mistake which other people are prone to make in judging us, particularly if we have the evil reputation of being satirical; and yet those "other people" are not more mistaken in their diagnosis than we are, sometimes, when we think ourselves ultra-cute. "It is the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another," says Milton; and none of us escape, or altogether overcome the tendency to criticise our neighbours—which has, it must be owned, great satisfaction in it. But whether the sense of enjoyment is most keen among the malignant or among the humane, is a question which I do not pretend to determine—any more than I could pretend to determine whether the hungry hounds or the fully fed master of the pack goes for the fox with the greater gusto.

CHAPTER XV.—A DUBIOUS POINT SETTLED.

"A doubtful trembling seized me first all o'er,
Then wishes and a warmth unknown before.
What followed was all ecstasy."
—DRYDEN.

The most exquisite, the most intense unrest, is by the superficial or the uninitiated often mistaken for repose. The child at first believes its humming-top to be more alive when it goes blundering noisily, banging madly against table and chairs, than when it stands erect, steadily revolving on its axis. Our mental growth makes havoc of our crude conclusions. And when the adult goes from tops to theories—takes, perhaps, to reading Herbert Spencer—he begins to see the logical dangers that beset a want of a due both-sidedness; nay, more, he then discovers that not only are there both sides to every question, but a great many sides, and that, after all, inconclusion is the nearest approach to finality.

Aunt Polly began to be puzzled by Lavinia; and in contemplating her perplexity, I have naturally been led into the above remarks. Hitherto the good soul had only seen the humming-top, so to speak, in its peripatetic and unsteady stages; and the sudden change to quiescence, reserve, and calm troubled her. Was it incipient illness, or what?

Gradually Aunt Polly ranged herself on the side of those philosophers who start with a basis of experience; and arguing by a process of induction, she arrived at a pretty correct solution of the difficulty. Mr Samuel Pipperry had, if the truth must be told (and there is really no reason why it should not), been sedulously playing a little game with Aunt Polly as the principal figure; and, with the side-light which this fact let in upon her *understanding*, she

was able to read between the lines—to diagnose very correctly the symptoms of disturbance exhibited by her niece. Putting two and two together, she reached a correct quotient in mental arithmetic; and she wisely deemed it prudent rather to await developments than to discuss possible issues with the person most interested.

The two sat together in a window of the large up-stairs drawing-room of the bank-house; Aunt Polly knitting sedulously, the morning sun lighting up that lovely hair of Lavinia's, which Lieutenant Fitz had so irreverently called red, while she sat with her head resting against the shutter—her hands lying idly clasped together in her lap.

There had been several spasmodic efforts at conversation made by the elder woman, but the keynote had not been struck, for the simple reason that there was constraint; both felt it, and Aunt Polly was wary. She was not an adept, and she feared to touch the chords of that most delicate of instruments—the young heart that throbbed so loud she could almost hear it. Silence seemed natural, and more safe than chatter.

Gradually there stole upon them a sense of outside motion and bustle, a noise of increasing activity in the streets—the buzz of voices, the clatter of feet. Aunt Polly, sticking her needles into the ball of worsted and impaling these on the work she was doing, got up and looked out.

"I think I hear a distant band, Lavinia dear. Yes, I do—faintly, in the distance."

"Ah!" said Lavinia, still motionless and listless.

"Oh yes, look! The people are all running, just as if they had never seen a soldier in their lives before!"

"You dear inconclusive old thing!" said Lavinia.

Aunt Polly looked round with a smile. "Well, to be sure, you are complimentary."

"I'm very rude—I shouldn't have called you old. But you don't mind."

"Not a bit!"

"But you are inconclusive all the same."

"Why?"

"It is just because they *have* seen soldiers before that they—want to see them again."

"Just get up and look," said Aunt Polly.

"And you are just as bad as the rest," said Lavinia, rising and putting an arm round Aunt Polly.

The music came nearer, and grew more distinct. The Do-or-Dies were rapidly approaching, and would soon be in sight. Aunt Polly felt the girl's heart beat with alarming force. Suddenly the regiment, turning the corner at the top of the High Street, made its appearance, headed by the band—a good way off still; and as suddenly Aunt Polly turned instinctively, feeling that there was "something wrong." As she did so, the colour faded from Lavinia's face, and she became wan, the pent-up feelings giving utterance to a deep sigh. She would have dropped, only for the strong arms that held her up.

"Move away, darling," she said, "out of—the hot sun." And she led Lavinia to the sofa. "Let me run and get you the smelling-salts, or a glass of water, child."

"No, no! I shall be all right in a moment. Oh aunt! dear aunt!" *she exclaimed after a pause.* "I

am such a fool! such an utter fool!"

"Fool, child—nonsense! You never were anything of the sort."

"Oh! indeed, indeed I am!" still more vehemently and passionately; "I am! I am!"

Aunt Polly looked scared, and no wonder, there was such a strange, distant, far-away look in the eyes she gazed at.

"You are over-excited, my dear," she said; "your nerves are unstrung. You are quite upset, I can see. We'll have Dr Collyrium round by-and-by."

"I don't want him."

"Yes, you do. You have overtaxed your strength. You haven't, in fact, got over that ball yet."

It was true in more senses than one, they both felt.

"No," said Lavinia, speaking with a touching mournfulness, "I have not got over it—nor shall I ever. Oh, never! never!"

With startling vehemence she uttered the last words, hid her face on Aunt Polly's breast, and burst into tears, which came with a copiousness calculated to seriously damage the body of the dress on which they fell; but all the same the kind soul let her weep, feeling that it was fit and safe to have "a good cry," and moreover, not quite knowing what else to do at the moment.

The band was playing that charming soldier's tune—

"Wrap me up in my old stable jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low."

The troops were only a few yards away.

"My dear child," said the good creature, after a pause, "you must not give way. Get up, and don't spoil your eyes. I must go and have a look. There! come. Well, very well! I'll go and see for myself if you won't. Oh, here

they are! There's the dear old colonel, looking as proud as Punch, and Captain Tiptop, and—and—yes—see. Oh, there's Major Tynte! He's stopping. What is it? Why, I do declare he's—he's making signs—he's, yes, he really is coming across! Lavinia, run, child, and let him in!"

"Are you crazed, Aunt Polly? Let him ring."

But Aunt Polly disobeyed the order; and after acknowledging the salutation she sped downstairs, regardless of consequences, and with an agility which would have done credit to a child of ten.

Lavinia, with fingers interlaced and hands pressed hard against her palpitating heart, sat upright, and with a vigorous effort of will recovered her self-control. There was a momentary feeling of mental tension, painfully oppressive while it lasted, but she conquered it; and with a woman's instinct—which is not necessarily vanity—she looked to her eyes and hair in the big circular mirror opposite to where she sat. There is no woman worthy of the name who would not, I stoutly maintain, have, under the circumstances, looked at herself. The impulse is not only pardonable but creditable, since it springs from the wish to make the best of one's self, and is the reverse of indifference.

Downstairs there was a warm greeting, and an animated conversation while it lasted. The few moments gave her time to recruit her courage. Aunt Polly knew the value of, and the necessity for, this interval, and she purposely prolonged it. Presently the footsteps reached the stairs, and here there was another short parley, as the voices became more distinct.

"May I see her?" said the major; "she will not be offended, will she?"

"Not a bit in the world," said the cheery old lady. "I'll answer for that. Of course you haven't time to stand on ceremony."

"But I might simply have left this with you," said the major.

Aunt Polly declined to take charge of the letter. "You had better give it her yourself," she said, going up before him.

"Well," said the major, "if you will ask her to give me just one moment. I have to beg of her to do me a favour. She is so kind, I am sure I may trespass on her good-nature."

This speech brought them to the landing of the drawing-room door. The heart inside beat loud and fast.

"She will do anything for you—for anybody," said Aunt Polly; "she is so kind and good." The latter part of the little speech was added as a sort of set-off to the beginning, which she thought too exclusive under the circumstances to be quite the thing, or to be uttered without a saving clause, which made it general in its application.

"Will you announce me?"

"Oh, you may go in," responded Aunt Polly, opening the door as she spoke. "Lavinia, dear, here is Major Tynte to say good-bye. I'll be back in a moment or two."

Was it very wrong to shut the door and leave them together? Of course it was highly improper; and strange to say, though I am a very strict person on such points as this, I am so inconsistent as to like Aunt Polly all the better. She didn't even wait on the landing, but went all the way downstairs again, and sat quite still in the front sitting-room, with her hands clasped together in her lap, waiting and watching. If she had caught any of the servants, or Samuel Pipperry himself on the way up, she would have stopped them at the risk of her life. She

saw it all now, dear soul, and was so glad and sorry that she really did not know whether to laugh or cry, and so did neither.

"Miss Harman," said the major, holding out his hand, which she took with a kindly smile, "if I came only on my own account and for personal reasons at this unconscionable hour, I should need to apologise—and particularly after our last meeting—but I do not; I—I—" He spoke with a manifest effort, which was pathetic, and moved her.

"I am very glad to see you, major," was all she could say.

"Well," he said, "I don't deserve that you should be; but it is a great comfort to hear you say so, because I felt most fully the force and the absolute justness of the reproof you administered to me quite recently. It was not manly of me to play a waiting game, and recklessly too, at the last moment, with—an uncertain hand. It is kind of you to forgive and forget."

"I have nothing to forgive, and I did not say anything about forgetting, major," she said, with a calmness which led him to a wrong conclusion.

"Ah!" he replied, "you are so good that I am sure you will at least read my actions as favourably as they can be read after—after I am gone."

"I will," she said; "you may rest assured of that."

"Thanks," he said. He was embarrassed still by the same misleading calmness. "I—I—did not quite know that I should see you to-day. I did not feel that I had a right to call specially, so I have written here full particulars of a sad story, with the details of which I became acquainted unexpectedly at the last moment. It concerns a woman in dire distress. I knew

that this fact would in itself appeal forcibly to you; but there are other facts which will touch you, as—as—they have touched me, you—you are so kind and good." He did not see how, by implication, he was lauding himself, but went on bravely. "I ask a very great favour—I know and feel that; but I have a firm conviction, as I said before, that I shall not appeal to you in vain."

"I will do all I can—for you—major," she replied. "I will do it with pleasure. It will be a very great gratification if I can be of any service to any one in whom you take an interest." There was a change of tone which gave him comfort.

"Thank you again—a thousand times. The story is too long to tell; and unfortunately my time is short—so short! But you will find all in this formidable document—I mean all about this case. And now I must bid you—farewell!"

He raised his eyes to her expressive face, as he stood before her, the perfection of a manly, honourable, and handsome soldier. There came suddenly into the heart of each a rush—an overwhelming rush of feeling fraught with all the pathos of uncertainty and all the terrible possibilities of the future. Should they never meet again! Ah! the torture, the tension, the agony of it—the pity of it! And so, and thus the supreme moment had come. There was no time now to temporise or to trifle with it: it was—Fate! By a sudden impulse he held out both hands, and instantly her head was on his breast, and she was clasped in the warm embrace that told in silent stillness the secret so long concealed. "My darling!" he said at last, "this is indeed an immeasurable joy—a joy which I had

hungered for, but had given up all hope of tasting. Mine! mine! mine!" and he kissed the dear lips again and again, and yet again, to emphasise the fact of possession. She did not speak, she was so sadly happy—poor Lavinia!

Aunt Polly moved unquietly in her chair down-stairs, as if by some subtle process the current of excited feeling had been conveyed to her through the floor and ceiling. She felt by instinct—there is no other way of accounting for the fact—that things were coming right up-stairs; and the kind soul waited patiently for developments.

Time was short, and the moments golden and precious beyond price. The major made the most of them. It is not fair for us to intrude or to record too minutely the remainder of the parting scene.

Aunt Polly caught the last words as he opened the drawing-room door: these were enough, and it was well. "I shall be back," he said; "don't fear. Keep up a good heart, and don't be frightened. There isn't really much danger; and the General has actually undertaken to finish the whole thing in a few weeks with the present reinforcements."

Die! He had no notion now of death. He felt as if he had taken a new lease of life; and the idea that a brush with King Cocoa and his wild warriors could end his happiness, now so newly born, could not be entertained for an instant. There was no room for it in the flying moments. There was a last silent embrace, and then another last one, more hurried still; and as he ran lightly down-stairs Aunt Polly met him with a beaming countenance in the hall.

"Good-bye," he said; "God bless you a thousand times!" He felt that somehow he owed all his luck to her; and, in his gratitude, he

went as near kissing her too as it was possible to go without actually committing himself by an indiscretion, which the good soul would have heartily forgiven, as readily as would her niece.

She saw the major out, and then with amazing agility rushed up-stairs, to find Lavinia prone upon the sofa with her face buried in the soft cushion, crying as though her heart would break. She took the girl's hand in hers, and sat there patiently by her side till the paroxysm was over; knowing that it was good for the poor heart to weep, and that, after all, it would probably not break.

At last relief came, and things began to mend, as was manifest by the sudden uprising of the patient, and the vigorous expression of her conviction that Aunt Polly was the dearest kindest soul in the wide world—an assertion emphasised by a resounding kiss.

"Well, to be sure!" was the semi-credulous but cheery response, after she had with both hands rearranged her head-gear, which had been seriously "disrupted" by the proceedings.

"Since when, I wonder?"

"Since always," was the very illogical rejoinder.

"Stuff, my dear—all stuff! Get up and walk about now; it will do you good. Here! come along."

They paraded the room silently together—up and down, backwards and forwards twice, with an arm round each other's waist. Coming suddenly to a halt before one of the mirrors, an idea seemed suddenly to strike the elder.

"Just look!" she said; "why, we are actually, I do declare, just exactly like an engaged couple. How absurd!" They were near the door at the moment. "Do you know, what, Lavinia?—the major has actually taken away the

small photo in the little bronze frame. It was there—I saw it this morning;” and she put her hand on the angle bracket covering the blank where it used to stand.

“Oh, aunt, how unkind! Why did you give it him, or let him have it? That horrid thing with the awfully unbecoming hat. I wouldn’t for anything!”

“Well, why didn’t you watch him, and have your wits about you? I didn’t give him leave to take it, and he didn’t ask; but it’s gone.”

So it was—clearly—and there was no help for it. “Well, never mind,” said Lavinia. “You come and sit down here. I want to tell

you such a secret—if you promise faithfully not to breathe a word about it to living mortal.”

“Goodness me! But, of course, I will promise. I have such curiosity. I wonder what it can be all about?” And she put on an amused look of blank ignorance.

“Now, don’t pretend to be *too* innocent, or I’ll not take you into my confidence.”

So Aunt Polly immediately looked knowing; and they sat down together on the sofa, where we will leave them exchanging confidences, the purport of which we may safely be allowed to guess without much danger of going too far afield.

CHAPTER XVI.—A DEPUTATION.

“Quot homines tot sententiae.”

—TERENCE.

“But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
It must be thought on.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

The Bishop received the deputation standing. Personally, there is more dignity in the erect position; and towards your visitors there is seemingly more respect. Added to this, there was that courtly graciousness of manner, which was his lordship’s strong point when he liked to assert it—as he did on this important occasion.

“Gentlemen,” he said, after the preliminary hand-shaking all round, which was inclusive and impartial—emphasising, but not offensively, or unduly marking distinctions of social position,—“gentlemen, pray be seated.”

He set the example; and leaning back in his chair while the unavoidable confusion of adjustment was subsiding, he played effectively with a large paper-knife till the hush of expectation came,

after the movement and the bustle.

“We meet,” he went on, “upon a most momentous occasion—an occasion which means to me a new experience and an added responsibility. I will not evade it, because, to be open and frank with you, I feel that to evade it would be to neglect a manifestly plain, an obvious duty, however unequal to the task I may be.”

“My lord,” said the major-general, starting up, “I feel, and each one of us here to-day feels that, in placing you at the head of this movement, we have done the right thing.”

There was a general cry of *Hear! hear!* which said as plainly as it could well be said, that the meeting would not suffer even his lordship to depreciate himself. He took the hint with a bland

and gratified smile, and the warrior resumed his seat, with the air of a man who had done, neatly and effectively, what the circumstances demanded—no more and no less.

"Our worthy and rightly esteemed friend," went on the Bishop, "who has just paid me so flattering a compliment, has been good enough to clear the ground for us by forwarding to me a very plain and succinct statement of the object you have in view in seeking my co-operation. I do not conceal from myself the fact that I see before me a most influential, a most representative gathering of citizens. This is satisfactory, gentlemen. We should approach the subject in a very earnest and a very prayerful spirit."

Here he paused for due effect; and the company assumed, with various degrees of success, a reverential aspect. One man looked up, another looked down; one shut his eyes, another opened his; one changed his right leg over his left, another put his left over his right; one man pushed his hands into his pockets, another drew his out. The major-general knit his bushy brows. Everybody did something, the reverse of what he had been doing; and the net result seemed to be a cumulative and more concentrated interest. The Bishop piled it on.

"We are in the hands of God, gentlemen. We should not for a moment lose sight of that solemn and awful truth. We are entirely and absolutely in the hands of God. And that being so, gentlemen—that, I say, being so, it is a source of great consolation to me—as it must also be to you—to feel that, in His hands, we are safe. He will guide us, gentlemen, rest assured, to a right conclusion."

Of course the Bishop knew. He delivered the words with outstretched palm. He was clearly on terms of intimacy with Divine Providence by right of office, and spoke authoritatively on what he understood to be a fact. Major-General Byng-Hudson, who did not think it opportune to quarrel with the sentiment, did not question the authority which Dr Quodlibet had for uttering it, and so it passed muster as a truism with the others.

"And now, gentlemen, I am entirely and absolutely at your service. Be so good, therefore, as to be perfectly open and candid with me, stating, without reserve, what your views and wishes are, and how, in your opinion, I can best be of service." Here his eyes took in, in one comprehensive sweep of vision, the visitors collectively, and then rested momentarily upon Canon Fungus.

That dignitary rose. He did not relish having to play second fiddle to old Byng-Hudson; but even this was better than not to assert himself at all as an instrument in that social orchestra.

"As our spiritual head, my lord," said the Canon, "you will excuse me if I say that we look to you for guidance, for light and leading—if I may say so. It would be presumption to do more. I put it to the members of this deputation, which you have so kindly received here to-day, whether it would not savour of dictation on our part to suggest any hard-and-fast line of action."

"Quite so! Hear! hear!" ejaculated Ridgeway, a small tradesman with a very big opinion of himself. This evoked a consensus of opinion evinced by a responsive *Hear! hear!* but with a sharp superadded *hem!* from the major-general for his own private self.

support and mental protest. As a Plym, he objected to the "spiritual head" assertion, but he let it pass without further remark for the sake of harmony.

"I fully recognise my responsibility," said the Bishop; "and I appreciate the confidence which you so kindly repose in me; but I cannot conceal from myself the knowledge that the subject is one foreign to my functions and to my experience, for I cannot say that I have ever even been on a race-course."

"That don't make no matter, my lord," said Mr Dewar, another tradesman, speaking up and encouraged by the success of Ridgeway—"not a pin's worth, so it don't." Dewar was a strict Methodist, now for the moment intoxicated, or let us say exhilarated, by the good company he was in. To his mind the case was one logically on all-fours with the question of the suppression of the stage. He had never been to a theatre, but his son had, and as a consequence—Dewar argued—went long ago to perdition.

"We'll back you up, my lord, every man on us—from the General down to your humble servant."

"Quite so!" again interpolated Ridgeway, leading off the applause with another "Hear! hear!"

With such patting on the back, even a bishop will get over his modesty and nervousness. So after a little more skirmishing and by-play the real work began, and the meeting settled down to business—which we need not fully report. I merely cull such preliminary portions as I think likely to be interesting or characteristic.

"The issue cannot be doubtful, my friends, since—as I said—we are in the hands of God; but,

nevertheless, the path is strewn with many and great difficulties. There are various forms of madness, but this—this—hippomania (if I may coin a word) has always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable and extraordinary. The word is one which perhaps a fastidious classical scholar might take objection to and repudiate as a vile compound"—and he smiled towards his chaplain; but this apologetically and indeed quite parenthetically.

"Oh! not at all, my lord," stammered the Rev. Septimus Stole, "really I assure you." He was flattered and confused at the same time.

Canon Fungus saw his opportunity, and jealously seized it. "Your lordship forgets that your private chaplain rides a bicycle, and does not object therefore to a word similarly compounded. He may safely pardon his diocesan."

The Bishop smiled, so did Stole, as the best way out of it, so did a few others; and then so did all the remainder.

"Strange and incredible as at first it may appear to you, gentlemen," his lordship went on, "it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, as my clerical brethren will tell you, that the early Fathers actually countenanced horse-racing—if they did not even do more than countenance it."

"The early mothers could not have been up to much in them times, my lord," put in Dewar again, "or there would have been a different story to tell about that. The women is mostly to blame."

"Quite so! Hear! hear!" as before from Ridgeway. There was a suppressed titter now among the minority, but the Bishop kept his countenance this time—thus deprecating the merriment. He wished to convey to his clergy

that such lay ignorance was far too serious a matter to be laughed at in the first place; and in the second place, that the Fathers were no fit subject for a joke, under any circumstances. It was unseemly—to say the least of it—for Stole or Fungus to laugh. The Rev. Joseph Tinkler, who was devoid of all sense of humour, scored off his brother clerics this once—a thing which he seldom did.

"I find confirmation of it here," went on the Bishop, opening a large book in front of him, and putting his first finger on a particular passage. "It is stated by St Jerome, in his life of St Hilarian, that the latter consecrated a bowl of water for the sporting Christian Italicus, by the sprinkling of which upon his horse he was enabled to beat the horse of a pagan."

"The act of a black-leg and a swindler, my lord," said an honest enthusiast in the background; "he deserved to be lynched, saint or no saint."

"Quite so! Hear! hear!" again promptly uttered by Ridgeway. The sentiment met with general approval and consequent applause. The Bishop held up his hand deprecatingly.

"Do not let us be too excited, gentlemen. It is not well to import undue heat into a friendly discussion." This was spoken in an all-round sort of way, but was pointed at Ridgeway as the chief fomentor of this objectionable enthusiasm. "I was about—when I was interrupted—to observe that this curious fact may have been the beginning of that want of moral rectitude which has always been associated with horse-racing to the present day—so that the best animal seldom or never wins."

"That's so, my lord; seldom or

never's the word," said Joe Arrow-smith, pastrycook and lay-preacher, who in his green youth had once, in a moment of weakness, which he had never forgotten, ventured a sovereign on "a sweep," and lost it. "They get 'pulled' by a jockey, and you are never sure of fair play. Some outsider, that you hadn't a shilling on, comes in first, and—there you are!"

He spoke so fast that there wasn't a chance of stopping him. The loss of his coin had given him an enduring interest in horse-racing. Thus does the past tread ever on the heels of time, and give to memory its perennial youth.

"Yet," continued the Bishop, passing by the interruption, "how strangely and mysteriously Providence works! St Jerome goes on to record that the result of this particular race was the means of making, under God, many converts to Christianity. Out of evil—good! But it is because I feel that the modern race-course can have no such satisfactory result, but one directly the opposite, that I do not hesitate to aid in the suppression of this projected scheme, and to do all that in me lies to stamp out the plague before it spreads. I shall ask all my clergy to give me their prayerful support, and to help me in the good work. The youth of their several parishes should be warned in time, and be put upon their guard. To effect these objects I intend, with the assistance of my private chaplain, to issue, at once, a circular note asking for an early sermon on the pitfalls and snares of horse-racing—to be preached in the several churches in my diocese."

Joe Arrowsmith resumed. "It ain't so much pitfalls and snares, nor yet hurdles, fences, nor ditches. There is more to get over in this business than outsiders suppose,

my lord; or insiders, for the matter of that." The words were mysterious, to say the least of it.

"I shall be glad of any information, I need hardly say," said the Bishop, tentatively. "Perhaps you would be good enough, sir, to explain." There was just a shade of annoyance in his tone.

Ridgeway came to his support with another *Hear! hear!* He thought it only right to back up authority.

Joe Arrowsmith met the difficulty by asking a question. "How about the Rev. John Chedder, my lord?" He paused for a reply, and then curtly remarked, "I doubt you'll have a hard nut to crack in that quarter."

The phrase was vague and vulgar; but, somehow, there seemed to be a sensation of latent and sudden thunder in the air.

"I do not yet quite catch your meaning, sir," said the Bishop. And he looked from Joe to Ridgeway, then at Stole, and from him to Canon Fungus—his eyes opening wider as they moved. Could it be possible that there was a traitor among his lieutenants? Chedder had only lately been ordained and admitted to his diocese. The pause was awkward. At last the Canon broke it.

"I think it only right to tell you, my lord, now that it has been thus openly referred to, that there is a report to the effect that the Rev. John Chedder is not only a subscriber to the race fund, but intends to run a horse. It is not mere idle rumour either, because Mr Chedder talks freely—so, at least, I understand—to everybody on the subject—and—and—in fact—backs his own horse."

"Ay! and backs his own horse honestly, like a man," said a small, round-faced, featureless fellow,

with no hair about him except a beard on his poll, who suddenly emerged from the back row and showed front to the Canon. This was Mr Simon Flood, tobacconist, who, if the truth must be owned, was there not entirely of his own free will, but by order of his wife, and was therefore all the more disposed to be irate. "And what's more, he's not likely to go into a corner to do anything he does. I say that from what I know of the gentleman. He and I don't agree in politics or religion, perhaps, but neither of us likes backbiting our neighbours; and I think Canon Fungus, my lord, ought to leave names unmentioned."

"I was not the first to introduce them," the Canon explained. But Flood had it in for Fungus, and would not be put down.

"I think it a sight less objectionable, my lord," he thundered out, "to have an odd young parson here and there who goes in for races and other things, than a lot of older ones who go in for keeping shops and for trading—getting up co-operative stores and the like, and injuring small struggling tradesmen in their legitimate business, and poaching on their preserves." He brought down his right fist into his left palm with a bang, and with a look at Canon Fungus, which spoke not only volumes but daggers. There were wheels within wheels. The Rev. John Chedder smoked, and got all his tobacco from Flood. Moreover, the Rev. John Chedder had in his parish a brother-in-law of Flood, a saddler and harness-maker, who had lately got a big order from the young parson. Circumstances which were too strong for him drove Flood, as we said, to join the deputation; but his feelings as a man and a brother-in-law went solid for

Chedder, and they would have done so even without the uncalled-for interference of the Canon with legitimate trade, through the co-operative stores. "I think it mean and shabby, my lord; I may as well speak plain!"

The moment was a trying one for orthodoxy and the Church. In the presence of his Bishop it was incumbent on the Canon to rise to the occasion, and he endeavoured to do so.

"Well," he said, with a bland smile, "I may, I suppose, Mr Flood, take it that the reference to co-operative stores is intended for me."

"If the cap fits," said Flood.

"Quite so!" put in the irrepressible Ridgeway, rubbing his hands; "Hear! hear!" He much enjoyed it. He thought the whole thing as good as a play. It was long, very long, since he had been to a theatre. It was possibly over forty years since he had so sinned and been converted; but the dramatic instinct asserted itself, and he was momentarily happy.

"Oh yes, it fits exactly," said the Canon, "that's why I put it on. But you all seem to forget, as far as that goes, that some of the shopkeepers and others, who should know better, poach on my preserves and go in for a great deal of lay-preaching. It is only diamond cut diamond after all."

He was hitting hard below the belt, and the Bishop looked embarrassed. He was afraid old Byng-Hudson might cut up rough. He shook his head at the Canon. This was treading on too dangerous ground, for the major-general was a man not only of strong convictions, but with the courage of those convictions. A prompt application of the oiled feather was necessary and urgent.

"My friends," the Bishop said,

"let us for the present, in the face of the grave difficulties we have to contend with, lay aside our individual differences of opinion. I am anxious of all things that we should work together as one man, and present a bold unbroken front to the common enemy. Only by unanimity can we hope to succeed. I appeal with confidence to the good feeling and good sense of both the Canon and Mr Ridgeway, as well as to all our friends here to-day; and I feel confident that I do not appeal in vain. It has been truly said that recrimination is a most powerful weapon—a most dangerous weapon—in controversy; but noble minds are disinclined to use it."

"With regard to that, my lord," persisted Flood, still inclined to be aggressive and disputatious, "I make bold to say——"

"Oh! stuff and nonsense!" said the major-general, waxing wroth at such presumption, and deprecating the bumptiousness of such small fry; "let us get to business."

"Quite so! Hear! hear!" from Ridgeway again, growing jealous of Flood's pertinacity, and anxious, of all things, to be on the winning side. Under the circumstances, the Bishop thought he was safe in ignoring Flood, and he did so with a lofty disregard.

"It has always been a source of wonder to me," he said, resuming the judicial air, "that rational human beings—for I must presume these people to be rational—should take such an interest in this demoralising pursuit. Wiser men than I have been equally puzzled. Even philosophy, in the dark ages, has grappled with the difficulty without finding a satisfactory solution. Pliny the Younger says, if I mistake not, in a letter to Calvisius, that it is astonishing how so many thousands

of sane human beings should be filled with the childish desire to see a number of horses gallop. But we have to deal with the humiliating fact as we find it; and the initial difficulty meets us at the outset, that we have to contend with the Legislature instead of obtaining its support. You are aware, gentlemen, of the fact that both Houses of Parliament are not ashamed to adjourn the business of the nation in order that their individual members may attend horse-races. This is a humiliating admission, no doubt, but it is strictly true. What is to be done, then, by us, in this comparatively insignificant corner of her Majesty's dominions, by our vigorous and united action? It remains to be seen. Of course our first step must be to call a public meeting immediately."

"There is no time to be lost," said a mild man in the rear.

"None — none whatever," assented the Bishop. "No time should be lost in this—or in any other matter. The value of time cannot be overestimated. Through the ages and by all creeds this great truth has been accepted and acknowledged. My friend does well to remind us of it." This was a figure of speech as to friendship on the part of his lordship, as the man was unknown to him; but he felt grateful to the speaker for giving him an opportunity of introducing a bit of regulation padding of the orthodox kind. "We must endeavour at once to enlist the sympathy of the fourth estate. The columns of that sterling print, the 'Westerly Standard,' are still open to us. The editor, whom I expected to see here to-day, will doubtless——"

"Nobbled! my lord," suddenly ejaculated Simon Flood.

"Nobbled!" repeated his lord-

ship, with a bewildered and questioning air.

"Yes, nobbled! last night. No doubt about it."

The Bishop looked around for an explanation. There was an awkward pause. At last the major-general stepped into the breach. "He means, I presume, that Mr Summers has been got at by this Hinch—been bribed, in fact. Is that it, Mr Flood?"

"Yes, General. You've hit it. He has a leading article turning his coat to-day; and one side of his paper is entirely taken up with Hinch's advertisements. So it is all U P in that quarter."

There was a general sense of depression consequent on this explanation.

"I am surprised and pained beyond measure," said the Bishop. And so he had a right to be, for Summers had always been a pronounced Churchman, who executed the cathedral printing, sold religious books, and all that sort of thing. It was humiliating, to say the least of it. "We must, if needs be, start a paper of our own. I see nothing else for it. In all these cases the first consideration is a pecuniary one. I am therefore prepared to head a subscription list with a donation of fifty pounds. We must be up and doing."

After the applause had subsided, the major-general announced that he would emulate the good example. More applause and more subscriptions followed, and finally a goodly sum was collected in the room, to be supplemented by an appeal to the outside public, the net result to be expended as his lordship should think best. Mr Pippetly, of course, consented to act as banker. And thus the opposition seemed fairly started.

As the deputation retired, it was

intimated to the Rev. Joseph Tinkler by the chaplain that his lordship wished to see him privately in his study—a mandate which was duly obeyed, but with a nervousness which showed how unfrequent such an honour was. Did it bode good or evil? Probably we shall know in due time. While the interview is in progress we may as well take the opportunity of telling all that need be told as to the result of this important meeting, and the subsequent steps taken by its members to defeat the common enemy.

Every one felt that Hinch was hard to beat, as in truth he was. He had the "whip hand" and a good "back" from a social and pecuniary point of view. In a few days the excitement became intense. It rose to boiling-heat on both sides. Public meetings were held, and the battle raged furiously. Hinch had any amount of "go." The dates of the two days' "events" were posted in large letters all over the town, and were actually stuck up on the major-general's gate-piers by some unregenerate bill-sticker. It was even said that a like outrage had been perpetrated at the entrance to the episcopal palace; but if so, the man at the gate-lodge was up early enough to remove the obnoxious placards before they caught the Bishop's eye. A large majority of the tradesmen of Westerly, from, it is reasonably to be presumed, the most sordidly interested motives, went over to the enemy; and the Rev. John Chedder created a huge scandal by openly and defiantly doing the same. The result was disastrous to the religious party in the contest, and the races were, it must be admitted, a complete success.

How many of the youth went astray, in consequence, it is quite impossible to say; but it is an undoubted fact that the Canon's son, Joel, made a good thing out of it all, and puzzled his sisters by telling them of the apparently magical feat of "putting a pony on a horse," and "netting a clean hundred" thereby—as he told them in a moment of confidence.

Putting a pony on a horse, and getting it to stay there, seemed to them such an extraordinary thing that they agreed not "to split," if he enlightened them as he promised to do. Pending explanations, he generously presented each with a "fiver." All this might be sufficient to show the demoralising tendency of the sport which the Bishop had set his clergy to denounce without effect; but if we take this case of young Fungus as a typical one, we are bound to follow it up—which we have not time to do—in order to arrive at a correct estimate of the immoral results of horse-racing. Suffice it to say that Joel had taken his first step on the downward path, and realised the dangerous truth, as expressed by the poet—

"*Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet.*"

But he is an utterly uninteresting personage at the best. I introduce him here merely to point a moral, and dismiss him without apology. I have a superstitious theory. I may be wrong; but it appears to me that if you socially handicap your first-born with such a name as Joel, you can't expect much good out of him in the race of life. Of course young fellows will go to the dogs, quite irrespective of the accidents of baptism; but, all the same, I hold to my belief.

A DAY'S RAID INTO NORTHUMBERLAND.

FROM the inn at Chollerford Bridge, where the North Tyne sweeps majestically under its overshadowing trees, we start on a breezy July day—the 24th of this month in the year 1890—one of the few summer days of the season. Our equipage is a one-horse trap, and our course is along the Military Way, between the Roman Wall and the Vallum. Our designation is Sewingshields, nine miles onwards. "Ben" (a collie) and "Spot" (a fox-hound) career in joy when the active mare begins its trot. They are out for a holiday—so are we. Ben, the wretch, treats the pace of the fast-trotting mare as a joke; and actually, ever and anon, jumps a dike, and takes a turn for himself, and hard-pressed hares cross the road, and dodge under gates. But Ben is more agile and swift than skilful; and he returns satisfied apparently with his *chasse*, perhaps dimly feeling this the surest thing in life. There is joy in the air, for the north-west wind rushes, and sways the heavy-leaved trees ere we get into the bare moorland; and the pearly white clouds overhead speed, gliding on and revealing the broken spaces of the blue sky that overhangs the wide-spreading expanse of varied earth, rising out of the dim Cheviots to the north, and bounded by the Pennine Hills to the west and south-west. Along these nine miles of road the Roman Wall itself has greatly disappeared; but the stout old Vallum—whether contemporaneous or not with the Wall—dug in the ground with its deep facing mounds, has held its place more firmly, in spite of im-

proving plough, with its beneficial results of turnips and potatoes. Recent excavations here and there show the line of the Wall with its mile castles and stations, and at a point a little to the west of our purposed destination is Housesteads, the ancient Borcovicus, whose broken and fallen columns, pedestals, and green mounds that cover the foundations of once stately edifices—among the oldest accredited remains of the skilled human hand in Britain—tell us of the constructive power of the Roman brain, and the persistent, un baffled energy of the Roman arm. The grass and the wild flowers which tenderly clothe the ruined strength and grandeur have for us their pathetic lesson. The touching contrast between the past and the present is to be read and felt in these lines:—

"Take these flowers which purple
waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.
Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's
hair."

But we are not specially concerned with the Wall at present. Our aim is the sight of another work altogether, the name of which I venture to say few people have ever heard, *The Black Dike*. Yet this may be something even older than anything Roman hands have raised; and, even if later, of quite a distinct interest for those who care for what are somewhat contradictorily called the prehistoric problems of Britain.

At length we reach the school-house on the roadside, and proceed quietly up the ascent to Sewingshields farmhouse—close on 1000 feet above sea-level. The house stands on the southern slope of the Sewingshields Crags (1069 feet), the bold dip of which is to the north, and not visible here. But to the south, east, and west there opens one of the most commanding and magnificent views in England. Below, on the south side of the Roman Wall, is seen winding the valley of the gentle Tyne; its wooded banks contrasting with the grass, corn-fields, and moorland which fill up the area of the vast plain around it. West and south beyond runs the dim line of the Pennine Hills, which, forming a natural continuation of the Cheviots, for long severed the early tribes of the north of England,—especially Angles and Cymri. On the far west and south-west rise, grand and grey under the heavens, the long ridge of Skiddaw and the mass of Helvellyn. A soft light is on the earth, white clouds chase each other overhead; gleams of sunshine and shifting shadows flicker and flit over the ever-varying face of the almost limitless landscape. Verily, that old Mile Castle of Sewingshields, which stood on the crags a little higher up than the present farmhouse—to the north-west on the very verge of the northern cliff—must have been a truly regal outlook,—worthy of the hand and soul of the imperial Roman who built it, and not less of its subsequent associations with the chivalrous King Arthur and his Queen Guinevere.

We now leave trap and pony well housed, and make our way along the edge of the cliff to the highest point, 1069 feet. It is green-

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mantled all along the southern side and ridge. On the north there is a sheer descent of, it may be, 100 or more feet down the perpendicular basaltic columns,—that stand erect, firm, compact, as giants phalanxed,—facing attack from the wilds that stretch northward to the Cheviots.

But the object of our investigation—the Black Dike—is to the west of these crags; and accordingly we make in this direction for the hollow below. And there, to be sure, we are rewarded for our pains; for immediately to the west of the boundary-wall of Sewingshields appears the well-cut, well-defined fosse and mound of which we are in quest; and here, too, it is seen to flank an old earthwork, too rude to be Roman. We have now left the Sewingshields Crags a little to the north, and have reached another parallel line of rocks of the same character (rising to 889 feet), which further west get the name of the Hotbank Crags. The Roman Wall and Valium run on the south side of these crags; and a little to the west is the well-known Borcovicus or Housesteads, already noticed, near the break in the basaltic line of rock known as *Busy Gap*. This was the notorious pass for reivers from north or south—from Scotland or into Scotland—during the troubled Border time of the middle ages, and avoided as dangerous by travellers well down in the eighteenth century.

"Busy Gap," says the writer of the letterpress connected with Speede's Map, "is a place infamous for robbing and thieving, and is therefore rather remembered as a cautionary note for such as have cause to travel that way, than for any proper matter of worth it hath." About the middle of the

sixteenth century,—in 1542,—no shepherd or farmer could be got to live on the moorland north of Sewingshields. This was the very highway of raiding and reiving for the “thieves” of Liddesdale and Tynedale, of Gilsland and Bewcastle. Sir Cuthbert Radclyffe, deputy-warden of the East Marches, set two watchmen to stand on the Sewingshields Craggs from sunset to sunrise, to take note and give warning of reiving bands. Such was our Borderland three hundred and fifty years ago. Camden, in 1599, dreaded to explore the Roman Wall as far east as Busy Gap, on account of the danger and lawlessness of the district. Yet the spot was barely thirty miles from Newcastle.

Here we find the Dike well marked on the slope of the crag now mentioned. It runs northwards on the west side of the boundary-wall of Sewingshields. The earth has here, as elsewhere in its course, been thrown up on the east side only, and there has been no attempt to form a mound on the west side. At one point here the lateral slope of the mound from its highest to the lowest point in the fosse was, as measured by me, 23 feet.

But before tracing the Black Dike further northwards, we must note that here it flanks an earthwork forming its eastern boundary, with which it has evidently been connected. This work is triangular in form, and on the sides not flanked by the fosse has earthen mounds still distinctly visible. Its length from base to apex, which runs a little up the slope of the crag, is, as I walked it, 188 paces, its breadth 163 paces. The breadth of the mound on the north side or

base was 27 feet, its lateral slope 10 feet. This earthwork has none of the features of a Roman work. It seems to be that marked “Intrenchments” on the Ordnance Map, and is probably the work referred to by Dr Bruce in his ‘Handbook to the Roman Wall’ as British.¹ The triangular form is uncommon; I have found only one other complete example of it, near the foot of the Caddroun Water, in Liddesdale.

Leaving this earthwork we follow the line of the Dike or Fosse northwards. Immediately beyond the low-lying moorland, the cutting is not so well defined; but it can be distinctly enough traced as it ascends the soft mossy or peaty ground of the pass between Sewingshields Craggs on the east, surmounted by a heavy stone wall, and a crag fronting Broomlee Loch to the west. The trace is then lost for a little. But towards the top of the knove, and especially where the ground begins to fall towards the north, it reappears distinctly, still running in the same line on the west of the boundary-wall of Sewingshields, but now beyond the Craggs. Here on the descent of the hill the slope of the eastern lateral mound is from 13 to 14 feet, for several hundreds of yards—perhaps as much as the eighth of a mile—well cut and well defined. This eastern mound faces Broomlee Loch, which we now see lying a little to the east in the hollow of the moorland, and which appears to be about a mile in length and three-quarters of a mile in breadth,—now, in this breezy July day, racing and gleaming under a north-west wind. We may pause in passing and take in this picturesque little scene. To the

¹ Handbook, p. 121.

south, a green margin runs backwards until it is lost in the grey face of the Hotbank Crag, — a marked specimen of "crag and tail," with the crag to the Loch. On the east, rough beetling crags overlook the short slope to the water. On the north rises a heathery knove where some black cattle are feeding; while overhead certain small birds are sweeping and chirping; and now and again a startled peewit flutters and cries shrill on the breeze,—the only signs of life on this solitary moorland. But even this lonely sheet of water has its legend and its tale of human passion, and in passing it one wondered if the loch still held the mysterious box of treasure said to have been sunk in it ages ago by the old Laird of Sewingshields to spite his successor. The dead hand, they say, has prevailed—because our modern morals are unequal to the breaking of the spell. Still to the west of Broomlee gleamed another lochan of about the same dimensions, called Greenlee Loch, and similar in the character of its surroundings. The old human figures whose hands dug this Dike must have seen and heard those sights and sounds on a similar day more than a thousand, or shall we say two thousand, years ago, as I see and hear them on this July day. I wonder what they made of them,—how they felt them,—what Nature was to them.

But we must to our Dike again. From this vantage-ground it is still running northwards towards that wide bare country. The breadth here I found to be, from top of eastern mound to margin of fosse on the west, 18 feet. Now a rock, or drum, intervenes, where there is no trace—evidently never was cut there. Sufficient

natural defence was to hand. But at the bottom of this slope the Dike reappears, and then goes still northward up the next slope to the top of the wall, always with mound on the east side. Then comes a second line of crag—first after Sewingshields—crag and tail as usual here, called "The Queen's Crag"; but the blocks of stone are large and square, lying horizontally as you approach them from the south, and then seen to overhang the dip to the north, where the lateral lines rise perpendicular. One magnificent rock stands here isolated, with its legend, of which more anon. At the bottom of this—the Queen's Crag—the ditch reappears on its northward course, running for about half a mile, until it reaches a shepherd's house, East Hotbank (852 feet). Meanwhile it has passed near the King's Crag to the east, on the Sewingshields farm. Both King's and Queen's Crag show signs of defensive occupation. Between these crags are remains of tumuli, and there are traces of a circular camp. A little to the east of the Hotbank house there appear traces of a triangular enclosure, somewhat similar to that from which we started, as already described. Distinct traces of the Dike terminate here; and here, too, begins the northern boundary of stone wall of the Sewingshields farm, running eastwards. I followed the probable line of the Dike for a mile or so, but found no further distinct traces. It is said to have gone from this away into the northern wastes towards the north-western boundary of Northumberland—that is, towards the line of the Cheviots at Keildar and the Dead Water—but I could now find no evidence of this.

I have thus far described the

northward course of the Dike, I had not time to seek for it southwards of the Wall. But according to the Ordnance Map and Dr Bruce's statement, it seems to have crossed the Roman Wall and Vallum, going southwards a little to the west of Busy Gap. It then crossed a Roman road west of Grindon Loch, passing on by Whitechapel to the west of Morralee, as far as Ridley Hall to the south of the South Tyne. There is a plantation to the south of Grindon Loch called the *Black Dike Planting*; the fosse is seen running to the west of this.

"In the old maps of Northumberland it is represented as extending from the north-west of Northumberland to the Tyne at Waterhouse, near Bardon Mill; it reappears at Morley [Morralee] and is said to go by Allenheads [the heads of the Allen Water] into the county of Durham."¹

Dr Bruce adds—

"The Dike probably crossed [the Wall] at the opening west of Busy Gap, and as the Wall here is running in a northerly direction, it took the course which the Wall now does as far as the foot of the Sewingshields Crags; it then made off to the northern wastes, passing the Queen's and King's Crag. The Wall has destroyed all trace of it, when the course of the two structures coincided, but there are some remains of it north of Sewingshields Crags. The stone dike which forms the western boundary of the Sewingshields property probably represents its course (Maclauchlan's Memoir, pp. 37 and 42)."²

The latter part of this statement requires modification. The stone wall in question simply runs along the top of the eastern mound of the Dike, as far north as the boundary extends; but the mound

and fosse are now quite distinct, and as I have described them. Farther, it is somewhat hypothetical to assume that the Roman Wall has obliterated its traces here, for this would imply that it was dug previously to the date of the Wall,—a point by no means certainly ascertained.

The question arises as to the purpose of this Dike. There can, I think, be little doubt that it was meant as a boundary, and probably a defensive boundary. But if so, it was clearly a defence from the east against tribes on the west. This is obvious from the position of the mound, as thrown up against the west, with the ditch at its feet. If the work was done before the Romans, as Dr Bruce seems to imply, there can be little question that it formed the boundary between the early tribes of the Otadeni and Gadeni. The former were found by the Romans to occupy the east of what is now Northumberland, also Berwick and East Lothian. Beyond them to the west were the Gadeni, meaning simply dwellers in the forest or Men of the Forest—(Gwddlawg). These occupied the central part of Northumbria and the Lowlands, running up through the Cheviots to Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles. The Forest of the Lowes came close to Sewingshields. This Dike was possibly the line of demarcation between those tribes, at once bounding and defensive; for, doubtless, that eastern slope was palisaded, as all those early works, whether mounds or forts, certainly were.

If it could be proved that the Black Dike ran to the north-westmost point of Northumbria, then there is a suggestion that

¹ Handbook, pp. 121, 122.

² Bruce, Handbook, pp. 121, 122.

it had some connection with the *Catrail*.¹ For this would take it right on to the Peel Fell, where the *Catrail* is known to commence. The statement that the *Catrail* commences on the Wheel Rig, to the north of the Peel Fell, is, as seems to me, groundless. In this case, the Black Dike might be simply a prolongation of the *Catrail*. But there is now no evidence that the Dike extended so far to the north-west.

If this Dike was of later construction than the time of the Romans, it probably marked the advance of the Angles of Bernicia against the Cymri of the west and Strathclyde. Roughly thus it would correspond to the early boundary between Northumbria and Cumbria. And to this view I am inclined, looking to all the historical probabilities. The Angles to the east meant a continually aggressive advance on the Cymri of the west. The Cymri doubtless often struck back and regained their territory, though in the end they were beaten. And this line of defence may possibly mark a stage when the Angle power reached so far west as Sewingshields and the heads of the Cymric Allen, — a conquest of territory which they found it necessary to indicate and secure.

But it is now five o'clock, and there are signs of the westering shadows. Nothing further can be accomplished this afternoon. So one takes to the deep benty grassy moorland, and makes for Sewingshields farmhouse, rounding to the east by Hemmel Rig, where on the flat stood the medieval Castle of Sewingshields. Now the Crags are seen in their northern aspect,

and their true grandeur. Erect and firm rise the clean-cut basaltic columns in front,—turned like a crescent or mural crown of half a mile to the northern waste. The stately pillars are dark-grey and weather-beaten. Right down perpendicular they run, until the greenery creeping up from the moor meets their base,—clothing the interspaces between the broken and dislocated fragments of rock fallen from the heights. Brackens, ferns of varied kinds, mosses and heather, interspersed with birks and alders, struggle up the cliff as far as they may, as if yearning towards the grim columns, and there resting at their feet lovingly. The westering sun touches the barrier and fuses grey rock and verdure with an unspeakable charm. The perpendicular line of the pillars passing at their base through a growth-bedecked curve is fused with the short grassy moorland. Now to the east we catch a sudden gleam of another sheet of water—Halley Pike Loch,—lying quietly by its own crag; and then taking one of those short cuts which try and perplex our friends, we mount up a steep crag through a tangled bit of wood, slipping and spurling right over the ruined line of the Wall, and so back to the trap and the pony.

One had now spent some hours—delightful hours alone amid the bent and the brackens—with no companionship except distant moving black cattle, some sheep, some birds, and a peewit now and again; but certainly the peaty sunken rills were dark enough, and not enticing to drink from *per se*. Yet I did not find that the region was so

¹ For an interesting and ingenious paper on the *Catrail*, see this Magazine, November 1888.

bad as it was described a century or two ago, when it is said:—

"It would be impossible for a man to live there even half an hour. Vipers and serpents innumerable, with all other kinds of wild beasts, infest that place; and, what is most strange, the natives affirm, that if any one should pass the Wall he would die immediately, unable to endure the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere. Death also, attacking such beasts as go thither, forthwith destroys them. . . . They say that the souls of men departed are always conducted to this place."¹

How a boding imagination could so darken and forbid those moorlands, so charming in their desolation, solitude, and pathos, for so many centuries, is to us almost inconceivable. For these sentences do not indicate an antipathy arising from association with strong and evil doers, but to the very land itself.

And now when the sun is westering, and we are passing the site of the castle north of the Crags, we begin to remember something of the old Arthurian story connected with the spot, and subsequent imaginative myths. Here in their strength those Crags look down on one in this summer evening's glow. It is curious to find how the memory and the myth of Arthur are, as in this instance, associated with the strong and abiding places of nature,—with rock, cavern, and hill. His death was evidently a mystery to the people of his time,—not a death so much as a passing to another stage of being. A mortal who had done so much, either really or mythically, could not perish. His deeds and his personality must needs be immortal.

There was a power in the super-sensible world that cared for him and would cherish him,—call it the fairy Morgana or any unseen spirit you choose. He was simply withdrawn from men,—concealed appropriately within a strong place of the earth,—lying in a charmed sleep—he and his knights armoured—within a caverned hall. His life had been a broken one, so far as the final redemption from subjection of his kinsmen was concerned. Their faith and their yearning, not to be suppressed, went out towards him, and they pictured him thus biding the time when he might accomplish the great deliverance. Some believed him housed in the crag of Dinas Emrys, some in the recesses of the Eildons, and some within the strong bars of those pillars of Sewingshields. And naturally enough such should be the dwelling-place of a departed immortal; for to the comparatively feeble diggers of dikes and builders of mounds, those pillared masses symbolised a force of origin to which imagination could set no limits, and before which, therefore, they must bow and worship. In rock and cavern, too, dwelt for them unseen powers,—shadowy but unimpaired through the ages as their habitations themselves; and thus it came to pass that the popular feeling and imagination housed their undying hero and their hope in the strengths of the hills, and committed them in charge to an enchantment which can keep a mortal life immortal, and thus save at least the heart of the oppressed from despair. Certain it is that here in this land of cliff and crag, running in wave-like lines one after another, in some

¹ Quoted in Jenkinson's Guide, p. 207.

parts as if a molten sea had been arrested and stricken in its flow, we have spots associated with Arthurian memories—in the Sewingshields Crag themselves—in the pillared King's Chair that once towered on them, but is now destroyed—in the King's Crag, the Queen's Crag, in Keming's Cross on the bleak moorland, and in the medieval castle. All this faith and hope may have been misleading to the old Cymri—never in this form realisable; but to us it is at least symbolical of that ever-enduring force of the human heart which proclaims at once the imperfection of our finite experience, and the yearning for some room in the infinite above and before us. How complete in this respect are the Arthurian romances! After a troubled, broken life—all its turmoils and lack of satisfaction—the actors pass into the dreamful spirit-land of enchantment, or into the care of the tender women of Avalon, where—amid that dim western sea—there lies an unbroken repose.

Here is the old story by which we are forcibly reminded of an incident connected with the sleep of Arthur and his knights within the secret halls of the Eildons, farther north:—

"Immemorial tradition has asserted that King Arthur, his Queen Guenevere, his Court of lords and ladies, and his hounds were enchanted in some cave of the Crag, or in a hall below the Castle of Sewingshields, and would continue entranced there till some one should first blow a bugle-horn that lay on a table near the entrance of the hall, and then with 'the sword of the stone' cut a garter, also placed there beside it. But none had ever heard where the entrance to this enchanted hall was till the farmer

at Sewingshields, about fifty years since, was sitting knitting on the ruins of the castle, and his clew fell, and ran downwards through a rush of briars and nettles, as he supposed, into a deep subterranean passage. Full in the faith that the entrance into King Arthur's hall was now discovered, he cleared the briery portals of its weeds and rushes, and entering a vaulted passage, followed in his darkling way the thread of his clew. The floor was infested with toads and lizards, and the dark wings of bats, disturbed by his unhallowed intrusion, flitted fearfully around him. At length his sinking faith was strengthened by a dim distant light, which, as he advanced, grew gradually brighter, till, all at once, he entered a vast and vaulted hall, in the centre of which a fire without fuel, from a broad crevice in the floor, blazed with a high and lambent flame that showed all the carved walls and fretted roof, and the monarch and his Queen and Court reposing around in a theatre of thrones and costly couches. On the floor, beyond the fire, lay the faithful and deep-toned pack of thirty couple of hounds; and on a table before it the spell-dissolving horn, sword, and garter. The farmer reverently but firmly grasped the sword, and as he drew it leisurely from its rusty scabbard the eyes of the monarch and his courtiers began to open, and they rose till they sat upright. He cut the garter; and as the sword was being slowly sheathed the spell assumed its ancient power, and they all gradually sank to rest; but not before the monarch lifted up his eyes and hands and exclaimed:—

'O, woe betide that evil day,
On which this witless wight was born,
Who drew the sword, the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn!'

Terror brought on loss of memory, and the farmer was unable to give any correct account of his adventure, or to find again the entrance to the enchanted hall."¹

¹ From *Legends of King Arthur and of Sewingshields*, by J. Hardy, in the *Local Historian's Table-Book*, ii. p. 37.

We may note here that the wight who penetrated unsuccessfully into the caverns of the Eildons on the same errand was driven back wrathfully, because he first blew the horn ere he drew the sword—

“Woe to the coward that ever he was
born,
Who did not draw the sword *before* he
blew the horn.”

That other adventurer was all right in first drawing the sword, only he failed in not blowing the horn. It is likely enough this complex problem will always fail of solution through the one blunder or the other. And possibly the solution for the modern as for the ancient Celt, will be found in the foregoing of visionary ideals, and the faithful in those matters turning manfully to help themselves.

The King's Crag and Queen's Crag, a little distance to the west, are also associated with Arthur and his Queen. The whole locality lies within the old Y Gogledd or the Cymric North, where there is great probability Arthur, the Gule-dig, carried on his campaign with the purpose of rescuing his fellow-Britons from the yoke of Pict and Angle. The great block of sandstone to which I have referred at the foot of the Queen's Crag was popularly said to have been pitched by Arthur at the Queen in a fit of offended dignity! Her Majesty was combing her hair. She received the missile on her comb, and there are the marks on the rock to this day! It is only about twenty tons!

Sir Walter Scott has used effectively in “Harold the Dauntless” the weird traditions of the Castle, as he calls it, of the Seven Shields. This was no doubt the

medieval stronghold to the north of the Crag. It is the scene of the probation of Harold, ere he is to recover from the spiritual lord of Durham the broad lands of his father Witikin, the Waster, by the Tyne and the Wear. He must pass a night in that blood-stained and haunted castle. There is a dread tale connected with it. The Druid Urien once had seven daughters. They had seven kings for suitors—Powis, Wales, Strathclyde, Galloway, Loudon, Dunmail, and Northumbria. But the seven daughters were bent on having but one husband, the gay and fair Adolf of Northumbria. The Arch-fiend was consulted, and this was the advice and result:—

“Ye shall ply these spindles at mid-
night hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a
tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the
wrong shall have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your
paramour.

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on
the wold,
And the rhymes which they chanted
must never be told;
And as the black wool from the distaff
they sped,
With blood from their bosom they
moistened the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath
the cold gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a
dream—
The seven towers ascended like mist
from the ground,
Seven portals defend them, seven
ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven morn-
archs were wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning
lay dead;
With their eyes all on fire, and their
daggers all red,
Seven damsels surround the Northum-
brian's bed.”

Adolf, fortified by the saining of
the cross, rose and slew the seven
damsels, sealed the gate of the
castle, hung o'er each arch-stone
a crown and a shield, left it, and
died an anchorite. Thus—

"Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle
lies stowed,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like
raven and toad;
Whoever shall guesten these chambers
within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure
shall win."

This was to be Harold's proba-
tion, and he accepted it. What
met the view of the chieftain and
his page within the castle may be
learned from these stanzas:—

"As if a bridal there of late had
been,
Decked stood the table in each gorgeous
hall;
And yet it was two hundred years, I
ween,
Since date of that unhallowed festival.
Flagon, and ewers, and standing cups,
were all
Of tarnished gold, or silver nothing
clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of
pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with
fragments sear,—
Frail as the spider's web did that rich
woof appear.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was
hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were
flung
The wasted relics of a monarch dead.
Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of
precious stone,
And golden circlets, meet for monarch's
head;
While grinned, as if in scorn amongst
them thrown,
The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with
dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with
delight,
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their
head,
For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow
and light,
Was changed ere morning to the mur-
derer's tread."

How Harold here passed the night,
what he dreamt, how he confront-
ed, fought with, and overcame
Odin, the god of his race and
faith, how he abjured paganism,
accepted Christianity, and married
Eivir, who had accompanied him
disguised as Gunnar, his page—are
all duly set forth in the *dénouement*
of the poem.

Considering all that is suggested
by this highly mythic tale of
"Harold the Dauntless," it is
certainly well that Sir Walter
should add a caution against im-
pulsive people supposing that they
will find a castle with Seven
Shields, or indeed any castle at
all. Alas! nowadays there is
none. Whatever may have ex-
isted has disappeared. Farmers
and dike-builders, as usual, have
done the business for the founda-
tion of old romance. But Sir
Walter puts it very well:—

"No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy
builds;
And, save a fosse that tracks the moor
with green,
Is nought remains to tell of what may
there have been."

And I fear we may also add this,
not conducive to belief in the
myths,—that Sewingshields is not
Seven Shields, — but something
quite different. *Shields* is cer-
tainly *shiels* or *shielings*, as in
Scotland. It is the Scandinavian
sciala (pronounced *shiala*). In
Cumberland this has taken the
form of *scales*, and in the Low-

lands of Scotland, *shiels* or *shielings*. The *d* has crept somehow into the Northumbrian form. We have Shields-on-the-Wall (old name Sheil-a-Wall) not far away. *Shield* is really *schele*, as we find it printed in the old maps of Northumberland. So we have written *Sewingshele*. Perhaps the Angle word *scyld*, meaning *shelter* or *protection*, is the origin of the affix. This would account for the *d*, hence *shield*; while in Scotland the Scandinavian would suggest simply *shiel*. And I suspect further that *sewing* is not *seven*, and never meant anything of the sort. It is, probably, as has been supposed, from the Anglo-Saxon *Sce-wung*, a *high hill*.

In the letterpress in connection with Speede's Map of Northumberland occurs the following:—

"There is also a martial kind of men which lie out, up and down, in

little cottages (called by them *sheals* and *shealings*), from April to August, in scattering fashion, summering (as they call it), their cattle, and these are such a sort of people as were the ancient *Nomades*."

But let the traditions be as they may, we are now safely back at the inn of Chollerford, — neat, clean, simple, and complete, as a country inn ought to be. The shadows are on the long-spreading pool of the Tyne, as it stays by the bridge, and a mellow gleam is over Tynedale, its trees and its hills, and the old castles of Haughton and Chipchase gain some recognition of their past baronial splendour in the fading western glow. A quiet dinner—some reflection, and then to bed—for tomorrow is to find us treading the moorlands of the sources of the Liddel.

J. VEITCH.

STUDIES IN TACTICAL PROGRESS DURING THE LAST
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

SPEAKING at the Royal United Service Institution last year, in the discussion which followed the able lecture on "Infantry Training" by the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald (commanding the Forth Volunteer Brigade), Lord Wolseley referred to the German army as "that great army to which we look as our guide in military matters." He at the same time deprecated "this continued practice on our part of waiting till some other nation gave us a start." "If we are to sit quiet and wait till some other nation tells us what to do, . . . we shall always be behind. I believe myself there is as much intelligence in this country in the military forces as there is to be found in any other nation in the world. And we not only have, as I believe, quite as much intelligence as our neighbours, but we have a far more continued and continual practice in the art of war than any other nation under the sun—we are far more frequently at war than any other people." This is doubtless very true; yet we must admit that our little wars, though affording us many valuable lessons and gaining for us much useful experience, have not taught us, and will not teach us, to shape out for ourselves the tactics we shall adopt when pitted against a European foe.

Our object in writing is to give to those of our readers who, from want of time, lack of interest, or the absence of a good military library, have not carefully studied the question, a general notion of the progress in tactics during the last quarter of a century. To do this it will be necessary to ex-

amine, with an amount of detail that may be wearisome to some, the lessons of 1866 and 1870. The war between Russia and Turkey was in its methods years behind the age, feebly conducted on one side by the Archduke, and without cohesion and co-operation on the other, owing to the personal intrigues and venality of the Turkish pashas; and the army whose marvellous successes in August and September 1870 astounded the civilised world and created that great German Empire, the first of European Powers, must still be the one to which we must look as "our guide in military matters." The example of that army we have followed since 1871 in changing our manœuvre and attack formations, in wiping out useless and cumbrous movements from our drill-book, and in a thousand and one other ways. Recently Germany (as also Austria and France) has done away with a "normal" formation for attack. "The commander in the attack who binds himself down to any prescribed formations abandons one of the most powerful means of superiority—surprise." We must train our young soldiers to a great extent methodically and systematically, but we must not dwarf their intellects by teaching them to move invariably in one and the same way, by rule of thumb, across the Phoenix Park and over the Fox Hills.

While on this point, we would insist on the necessity of stamping out the pernicious habit which obtains in so many of our regiments of denying to our company commanders every shred of individ-

ality. As long as the individuality of our company commanders is crushed, so long will the work of our infantry in the attack be hesitating and mechanical.

In the following pages we propose—

1st, To consider the tactical methods of the Germans in 1870, and the origin of those methods.

2d, To comment on the battles of August 1870 and the battle of Sedan, especially with regard to methods and formations.

3d, To make general comments and comparisons on, and deductions from, the war of 1870.

4th, To consider, as briefly as possible, the present position of European tactics.

In dealing with our subject our chief concern will be with the infantry, for, as Von der Goltz says, "the infantry is the army,"¹ and the *crux* of modern as of bygone tactics is the training of infantry for, and its handling and fire-discipline in, the battle.

I.—THE TACTICAL METHODS WHICH THE GERMANS TOOK WITH THEM INTO THE CAMPAIGN OF 1870; WITH AN EXAMINATION OF THE ORIGIN OF THOSE METHODS.

Infantry.—From 1806, the memorable year of Jena, to 1866, the Napoleonic system was followed in all Continental armies, and the great object of all offensive tactics was to bring up a strong column or columns of infantry, in good order, to the defenders' position. In moving to the attack each battalion covered its front with a thick line of skirmishers to clear the front, while the artillery concentrated its fire so as to shake the defenders, and thus ensure the shock of the column having the desired effect. The battalion-columns moved at deploying intervals, so that at any moment they could form line and open fire if necessary.

Against the British line this system had proved unsuccessful, to a certain extent, perhaps, because large columns came to be substituted for smaller, thus rendering deployment difficult and cumbersome; chiefly because the line developed a far more severe fire, and Wellington's method of using the line against the column therefore gave

his troops all the elements of moral ascendancy. Nevertheless, as we have said, the attack by columns was the established system in Continental armies, and we see it employed by the French in the Crimea and in the Italian campaign of 1859.

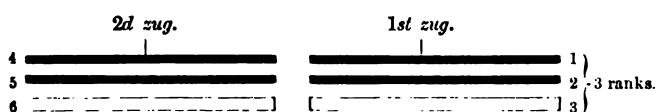
For many years previous to 1866 the Prussians had been recognising the growth of "individuality" in action. This led to the organisation of the large company of 250 men (on a war footing), and gave birth to the system of *company-columns*, which were tried in 1843, and definitely adopted, as an *alternative form*, in 1847. Keen observers of all that passed around them, the Prussians were struck by the many remarkable performances in the Crimea, and in 1859, due to individual initiative amongst the French. So it came about, that by 1866 the Prussian company-column was not only existent as an alternative formation for drill and manœuvre, but also as an authorised fighting formation. It must be borne in mind, however,

¹ 'Das Volk in Waffen' (La Nation armée).

that the *principle* of action was still to be the same. The skirmish line was retained for the same purpose as hitherto—namely, to clear the way and shake the enemy; but his ultimate overthrow was still to be sought in the shock of the masses.

The following diagrams will explain the formation of the company-column.

A company on parade was told off in two *züge* or subdivisions, and stood in three ranks. In line, therefore, the company stood thus—



Before entering into action the *third rank* formed a separate *zug*, two-deep, so that there were then three *züge*, each two-deep. Presuming the above company to be on the right of the colour, the ranks would move as follows on the command to form company-column:—

6 goes twelve paces to the rear and fronts.

1 and 2 move to their left and form up six paces in rear of 4 and 5—i.e., six paces in rear of the second *zug*.

3 moves to its left rear and forms up in front of 6. Thus—



The company now stands, therefore, in three *züge*, each *zug* two-deep, and with six paces' distance between the *züge*. The *third zug*—the original third rank of the company in line—formed the shooting *zug*. It was composed of picked shots, and moved out to the front to skirmish. (If the company was on the left of the colour, the movements would be to the right.)

The Prussians, then, had in reality two tactical units, the battalion—always the ideal unit—and the company. The recognition of the latter as a tactical unit necessarily gave greatly increased

power, responsibility, and independence to the captain. In other words, it tended to individualise the fight. What wonder, then, that many of the superior officers, in 1866, viewed the company-column formation, as a fighting formation, with considerable repugnance? General von Steinmetz, it is said, "never went beyond half-way to admitting the value of company-columns,"¹ and consistently manœuvred his corps at Nachod, at Skalitz, and at Schweinschädel in the alternative form of half-battalions. Consequently we see in the battles of 1866 a remarkable

¹ Edinburgh Review, April 1871 (Colonel Cheaney), p. 523.

want of uniformity in action—several partial attacks executed by half-battalions or battalions, by isolated companies, by groups.

Yet the great advantage of the company-column over the old and more unwieldy formations asserted itself very forcibly. Not only was it more mobile, but it was better adapted to attacks on localities; it deployed more promptly; it offered a smaller target to the enemy's artillery; it could more easily adapt itself to all formations of ground; it provided its own skirmishers.

The main disadvantages, as we have already indicated, lay in the tendency produced to too independent action, and the consequent weakening of co-operation; in the breaking up of the attacking force into small fractions, thus increasing the difficulties of single direction and control. This latter disadvantage was, however, but a step towards the further dissolution and expansion which became necessary in the face of rifle and breech-loading fire.

The great lesson of 1866 was the immense development of fire obtained by the employment of breech-loading rifles. The importance of this had scarcely been anticipated, for, as we have seen, the Prussians entered upon the campaign still thoroughly relying on the efficacy of shock-tactics. But the battles of 1866 were gained mainly by the fire of skirmishers; and these skirmishers consisted not only of the original shooting *züge*, but of the supporting company-columns, who, recognising the superiority of their weapons, and eager to use them, "became dissolved during the

action, and gradually pressed forward to fight in the skirmishing line. Thus fire-action was the actual means of victory, gained by the same troops that were formerly used for the shock, but who had instinctively assumed a formation best suited to the effective action of their weapon."¹

Enormously effective as was this great development of fire, it was attended with danger, inasmuch as it produced disorder and loss of control. The severest critic of the Prussian operations in 1866 was a Prussian officer, Captain May, who in his famous pamphlet, 'A Tactical Retrospect of 1866,' contended that the introduction of breech-loading arms had necessitated a total change of tactical formations.

"The battles of 1866, from a general point of view," he writes, "present one pervading phenomenon—i.e., a most extraordinary extension of front with a very small degree of depth. The whole force appears extended in long thin lines, or separating into individual bodies fighting independently; above all, appears an inclination to surround the enemy by means of long extensions of the wings; and in this the preservation of the original *ordre de bataille* is out of the question."²

Supports resolved themselves into the skirmishing line, so that

"the whole of the front line now bears some likeness to the confused attack of a horde of irregular cavalry, the impulse of each individual leader carrying with him that which he finds at his side. The second line of the army, which was in the rear, strives to come up as quickly as possible to the front in order to take part in the battle; and also because a considerable portion of the shot and shell

¹ Clery's *Minor Tactics*, p. 100.

² May's *Tactical Retrospect of 1866* (translated by the late Sir Lumley Graham), p. 5.

or the first line passes over and falls into their ranks. Men and men eagerly seize at opportunity that offers, it a plea for pressing forward the first line. . . . Very reserve remains, or that aims in the rear is too weak the purposes of one."¹

the introduction of the new orders had been given number of skirmishers to do.

ence, however, soon showed tact reverse of these theories, which appeared so judicious at the time, was the right practice.

Every one sought to give to the efficiency of his army arm."²

the reforms suggested by need not enter, beyond attention to what he the exclusive guarantee, and the first condition, of a successful result of a battle."³

"a strong reserve direct disposition of the general commanding,"⁴ to serve as *repli* to the front line as no longer the power is broken through by attack of the enemy."⁵

main contention was that had ceased in a great to be the affair of general had become the work of ad men.

general commanding," he only define the decisive order a suitable advance strategy in the proper direction that time forward he on the tact and bravery subordinate leaders, while as a general superintendent

Again—

"In the wars of the future the decisive element will not be brute force, but rather intellect (*geist*), not only on the part of the leader, but from him down to the last soldier, and each individual will weigh in the scale according to the whole value of his intellectual individuality."⁷

But far-seeing and observant as May was, it must be apparent from his writing that he never wholly emancipated himself from the point of view of a captain of infantry; and we hope to show in our comments on the battles of 1870, that if anything was proved necessary, if any principle has been adopted in modern German tactics, it is, as Colonel Maurice terms it, "the substitution of organisation for drill as a means of tactical action."

The powerful strictures of May drew forth a somewhat laboured response from the pen of (then) Colonel Bronsart von Schellendorff of the Prussian General Staff, which, appearing as it did on the eve of the campaign against France, is interesting and instructive as showing the views then entertained at headquarters. In this he upholds the value even of battalion-columns, and rejects the "opened-out-line"⁸ which May had suggested, as an unsuitable formation either for offence or defence.

On entering into the war of 1870, then, the company-column was still an approved formation for attack; for the almost invariable successes of 1866 had left the Prussians "still confident in the method of attack which they had sedulously practised."⁹

Tactical Retrospect of 1866, p. 5.

² Ibid., p. 7.

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⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid., p. 53.

⁷ Ibid., p. 87.

f a Retrospect of 'A Tactical Retrospect of 1866,' by Col. Bronsart dorff (Sir L. Graham), pp. 3, 14.

ns of War (Hamley), p. 353.

A new edition of the 'Prussian Regulation Drill for Infantry,' the alterations in which consisted almost entirely of additional instructions for the use of company-columns in the attack, was actually signed by King William at Mainz on the 3d August 1870, though for obvious reasons it was not issued to the army till a year later. It is worth noting, however, that too great delegation of authority and independence to company-commanders is deprecated, great stress being laid on the "importance of the single direction of the battalion-commander, and the maintenance of the battalion connection under all circumstances." Although the book was not actually issued before the war, the nature of its contents and the direction of the alterations and additions were sufficiently well known.

We have gone thus at length into this question of infantry formations, so that, having a clear understanding of their nature, we shall be in a better position to follow the changes which were brought about by the battles of 1870. We shall now turn briefly to the tactics of the other arms as influenced by the war of 1866.

Artillery.—Since the days of Napoleon there had been a gradual tendency to neglect the principle of massing guns, and the part played by the Prussian artillery in 1866 was feeble in the extreme. Its tactical application and its shooting were both bad. Its failure produced widespread discontent; and by none was this more keenly felt than by the gunners themselves. "The results obtained in the campaign of 1866 told most unfavourably against

the artillery," writes Prince Kraft. "On almost every occasion it entered upon the scene far too late, and with far too small a number of guns. In the course of all the engagements the infantry found itself exposed to the murderous fire of an artillery very superior in numbers to ours."¹ Except at Königgrätz, the Austrians "on all other occasions managed to bring into action twice or three times, even four times, as many guns as we."²

The principal cause of this unsatisfactory state of things was the retention of the "reserve artillery" far in rear in the order of march, and the consequent inability to bring it up to the front till late in the day.

The lessons of the war were seriously taken to heart. "In the next war," May had said, "that side will obtain an unconditional tactical preponderance which best knows how to make use of its artillery, . . . that is, the side whose artillery has had the best tactical training."³

Very thorough was the training of the Prussian artillery between 1866 and 1870. A school of gunnery was established; all the smooth-bore guns—and three-eighths of the Prussian guns had been smooth-bore—were replaced by rifled guns; while at the butts, on the drill-ground, and in manœuvres, the utmost pains were taken to render the arm in every way efficient. Moreover, "the superior officers had adopted fresh ideas as to its proper use; and the principles which enable this arm to take an important part had been determined. . . . That a better and more active employment of artillery was contemplated was evident at the very

¹ Letters on Artillery, by Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen (Walford), p. 3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 12.

³ Tactical Retrospect of 1866, p. 41.

beginning of the war from its distribution in the *ordre de bataille*. The advanced-guards were better provided with artillery; the "corps" (no longer "reserve") artillery followed at the head of the main body."¹

Thus the Prussian artillery entered on the war with great advantages over the French both in point of training and *matériel*. "The *matériel* of the field-artillery," said Baron Stoffel, the French military *attaché* at Berlin, writing in 1868, "is much superior to ours, both as regards accuracy, range, and rapidity of fire."²

Cavalry.—Though collisions between the Prussian and Austrian cavalry were of frequent occurrence in 1866, no extensive use of cavalry for reconnoitring and screening was made by the Prussians. The cavalry masses, like the artillery, generally followed at the tail of the army, with the result that on the eve of Königgrätz the Prussians were absolutely ignorant of the whereabouts of Benedek's army, which was concentrated opposite to them at a distance of little over four miles. But in the case of the

cavalry, as with the artillery, the lessons of 1866 were not thrown away. The Prussians realised that "the really important duties of cavalry consisted in spreading out far and wide for the purpose of gaining intelligence of the enemy, and of covering and concealing the movements of their own army."³ Hence we hear no more of "reserve cavalry" in 1870. Though their action in battle was limited, the untiring activity of the German cavalry divisions in keeping ahead of the armies and screening their movements, so that the infantry, "as if in the midst of peace, were able to march quietly along up to the moment when they came into action;"⁴ in providing those "clear and trustworthy reports" on which "the decisive resolutions of the royal headquarters were based,"⁵—offers a sharp contrast to their performances in 1866. That their action was not susceptible of improvement we by no means wish to contend; and that they less readily adapted themselves to their new rôle than did the artillery, we shall show in the following pages.

II.—COMMENTS ON THE BATTLES OF AUGUST 1870, AND THE BATTLE OF SEDAN (1ST SEPTEMBER).

Weissenburg (4th August).—In this the first important action of the war, we see exemplified the principle which pervaded the tactics of the Germans throughout the campaign—namely, a combination of frontal and flank attacks.

In the execution, the following faults are apparent:—

(i.) Want of co-operation between the artillery and infantry, the latter, both at the railway station and at the Geissberg, rushing in before the artillery could advance and develop its fire.

(ii.) The absence of cavalry to complete the victory. It will be remembered that, in accordance

¹ Boguslawski's Tactical Deductions (Sir L. Graham), pp. 100, 101. The "reserve artillery" was still retained by the Bavarians.

² Baron Stoffel's Reports, p. 48.

³ Boguslawski's Tactical Deductions, p. 21.

⁴ Prince Kraft's Letters on Cavalry (Walford), p. 23.

⁵ German Official Account of the Franco-German War, viii. p. 415.

with the orders issued by the Crown Prince on the 3d August, the 4th Cavalry Division was held in reserve miles away, on the Otterbach. As a consequence of this mistake—repeated two days later at Wörth—we read that “on the evening of the 4th August all contact with the foe defeated at Weissenburg was lost.”¹

The ‘German Official Account’ does not record the formations adopted by the infantry for the attack, but from other sources we learn that the premature infantry attack on the Geissberg, which was bloodily repulsed, was made in company-columns. Strongly reinforced, the Prussians were again driven back, and it was not until after tremendous efforts two, and eventually four, batteries had been dragged up the steep slopes, and the chateau was besieged on all sides, that the gallant garrison of 200 yielded, after having placed over 360 officers and men of the royal regiment of Grenadiers alone *hors de combat*.

The chief lesson learnt by the Germans from this action was that ample *preparation* by artillery-fire, and artillery *support* to the subsequent infantry advances, were absolutely necessary.

Wörth (6th August).—Though more of an ideal battle than that of Weissenburg, the battle of Wörth was not actually fought according to plan; for although “the preparations for a battle had been already arranged,”² the plans were improvised by subordinate officers. It is therefore all the more remarkable, as it shows the great system of co-operation which obtained amongst the army-corps and divisional commanders—that “marching to the guns” which,

though severely condemned by some critics, was a fault on the right side.

The course which the action took is typical of the German higher tactics of 1870—namely, a powerful artillery-fire to prepare the way, followed by an attack on the front in conjunction with an attack on one or both flanks. The frontal attacks of the Vth Corps, which resulted in the loss of 4000 men, have been severely criticised. It has been contended that equally good results might have been obtained, without such enormous loss, by confining the frontal attack to demonstrations and artillery-fire. The Prussian justification of such attacks is that they “hold fast” the enemy during the development of the turning movement; “otherwise he would avoid the turning movement, . . . either by a timely retreat, or by throwing himself upon the turning column.”³ But as Sir Edward Hamley points out, “in the present case they held fast only one brigade, which could in no case have been spared from that part of the position.”⁴ This is no doubt true; but on the other hand, when the wheel of the XIth Corps and their advance northwards on Fröschwiller caused the French to face in a southerly instead of an easterly direction, the attack of the Vth Corps, as actually delivered, became an overwhelming flank attack. These vigorous frontal attacks (which may thus become flank attacks), entailing such tremendous sacrifices, were of frequent occurrence in 1870; and it is a nice and very difficult point to determine to one’s own satisfaction how far, and with what reality and energy, the frontal attack is to be pushed.

¹ German Official Account, ii. p. 136.

² *Ibid.*, iii. p. 252.

³ Boguslawski’s Tactical Deductions, p. 61.

⁴ Operations of War, p. 401.

That it must be more than a demonstration is, however, very certain; for nothing can be weaker than an unsupported, detached flank attack which the enemy, on shorter lines, can perceive and provide against if he is not pressed elsewhere.

The general disposition of the infantry for attack was two company-columns in front (preceded, of course, by their skirmishing *züge*), followed by a half-battalion column—i.e., the normal attack formation; but in some cases—for instance, in the advance of the 50th Regiment in the morning attack on the Elsasshausen heights—the leading battalion “deployed into line of company-columns.”¹

In moving to the capture of Morsbronn and the Albrechtshaus-erhof, so as to secure them as supporting-points for the advance against the Niederwald, the infantry of the XIth Corps moved “in company-columns at open intervals.”²

Of the handiness of the company-column for movement there can be no question, but its unsuitability for close fighting was amply proved in this battle. As soon as the infantry became seriously engaged—i.e., when within 500 or 600 yards of the enemy—it was found impossible to maintain any order of battle. The companies dissolved themselves into skirmishers, supports, and reserves; and the superior range of the *chassepot* over the needle-gun hurried the forward movement of these supports and reserves until they all became merged in one dense skirmishing line. The battalions in second line similarly pressed on to move out of the zone

of the enemy's unaimed fire, and to get within range of their own weapons. Thus they too closed on the foremost line; and so the intermingling and dispersion of tactical units was uncommonly great. “A multitude of troops were involved, and, in no time, completely extended; . . . apparently mocking all order and guidance.”³ In this manner the foremost troops were often engaged practically without supports; but in this precipitate rush—especially, for example, in the advance through the Niederwald—many men were left behind from loss of direction, fatigue, cowardice, or what not; and these were collected, regardless of their companies or battalions, and formed into supports and reserves to be thrown in where help was needed. In the storming of Fröschwiller, we read that the commander of the 44th Brigade, leading his troops to the attack, was followed by Colonel von Bieberstein “with a reserve quickly formed of all regiments.”⁴ This improvised method of obtaining supports and reserves became a characteristic feature of the battles of 1870.

From beginning to end of the battle the German artillery rendered signal service. Over 100 guns were in action, even before the infantry had formed in order of battle; after the French guns were silenced, the German artillery turned its fire on the infantry in the woods, thus rendering the *lisières* untenable; the guns pushed forward to support their infantry, often coming into the very thickest of the hostile infantry-fire, covering the advance of their own infantry, or repelling the counter-attacks of

¹ German Official Account, iii. p. 158.

² Ibid., p. 173.

³ Laymann's Frontal Attack of Infantry (Newdigate), pp. 6, 7.

⁴ German Official Account, iii. p. 191.

the enemy; in short, they neglected no opportunity which was offered to them by the ever-varying circumstances of the fight.

The part played by the German cavalry was insignificant; for, as after Weissenburg, the 4th Cavalry Division was still a long way in rear, and only a few regiments of divisional cavalry were available for pursuit.

Spicheren (6th August).—This battle, fought on the same day as that of Wörth, was not designed beforehand, but was the result of an accidental encounter. Despite its improvised and promiscuous character, the harmony with which the various commanders acted—for the command changed hands several times during the progress of the action—and their ready assumption of responsibility, are most noticeable. Moreover, notwithstanding the frequent changes in the supreme command, the plan first proposed was consistently carried out, and, as usual, consisted of a combined frontal and flank attack. Begun, as the action was, by a single brigade, no great artillery preparation was possible; but every battery as it arrived was brought into action, and, as far as the conformation of the ground permitted, the guns were massed. As at Wörth, too, the artillery co-operated with the infantry throughout.

As a rule, the infantry appears

to have advanced to the attack in company-columns. No attempt was made to bring it up in any denser formation, and, as at Wörth, as soon as the company-columns came under the close fire of the enemy, in the woods or on the heights, they dissolved into swarms of skirmishers. When the 2d battalion of the 74th, for instance, reached the southern *lisière* of the Saarbrücken parish wood, its leading company broke "entirely into lines of skirmishers."¹ Supports there were practically none, for each handful of men that came up had to be thrown in to feed the fighting line.

The methods of advance of the 39th and 74th Regiments from the Reppertsberg and drill-ground respectively, lead one to suppose that their commanders considered the peace-manceuvre formations for moving troops at a distance from the enemy unsafe even at 3000 yards. Thus we read that the 39th began its advance "in company-columns at open intervals, the 2d and 3d companies in first, the 1st and 4th companies in second line, and the three companies of the 2d battalion in rear of all."² (The 4th company was in charge of the baggage.) The fusilier battalion of the 74th "deployed into line with its companies at 80 paces' interval, and the whole of its skirmishing divisions (*züge*) 150-200 paces in front,"³ thus—

.....
 ===== 80 ===== 80 ===== 80 =====

followed at some little distance by the 1st battalion in *échelon* on the right. Even in this formation "with every moment the losses increased."⁴

The configuration of the ground

at Spicheren precluded the employment of cavalry almost entirely, yet Von Rheinbaben's squadrons, "hurrying up from all sides on hearing the cannonade, had been assembling since noon on the

¹ German Official Account, iii. p. 213.

² *Ibid.*, p. 210.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 215.

⁴ *Ibid.*

battle-field."¹ This is a sharp contrast to the action, or rather inaction, of the 4th Cavalry Division at Weissenburg and at Wörth.

Colombey-Nouilly (14th August).

—The battle of Colombey-Nouilly was not only not contemplated, but was fought against the expressed wishes and intentions of the royal headquarters. It offers no new tactical feature of importance, if we except the retention of the 27th Brigade by Von Zastrow as a reserve at his special disposal. The lesson learnt at Spicheren of the precarious position in which the Germans found themselves, by having the whole of their troops engaged in first line, with absolutely no reserves for a considerable period, seems to have been taken to heart by the commander of the VIIth Corps.

As to plan of battle there was virtually none, because the Germans were numerically inferior throughout, especially during the first two hours, so that the customary combination of frontal and flank attack was impossible, as such a method is chiefly dependent for its success on superiority of numbers. In short, the fighting, in its promiscuous, haphazard nature, resembled that at Spicheren, but with this difference—that at Spicheren the French were not reinforced as they were at Colombey. It was not till very late in the day that the arrival of the 28th Brigade and the head of the 18th Division enabled the Germans to outflank the French right at Grigy. Of course we have spoken of the absence of flank attacks as regards turning the extremity of the enemy's whole line; but in this, as in all the battles, there were frequent minor applications of flank

attacks: for instance, the French were only driven from the famous "hollow way" leading from Bellecroix to Colombey Farm when attacked from the east—i.e., in front—and from the north.

The action affords another instance of the tendency to independent action which resulted from the employment of such large advanced-guards by the Germans; and here and at Spicheren, even more than at Wörth, this independent action interfered with the troops being employed in the most advantageous manner. Here, as at Spicheren, reinforcements as they arrived had to be thrust into the front line to support points already sorely pressed, "so that the higher commanders found themselves unable for a considerable time to collect bodies of infantry for a decisive blow."²

The artillery was, as usual, employed with great effect. Every available gun was in action, and as early as possible. Nor, again, was there any hesitation in moving guns up even into the line of skirmishers.

The infantry appears for the most part to have advanced in the authorised formations, but there are instances of other formations being used. We read, for example, that in the attack of the 25th Brigade on the hollow way, the 1st battalion 73d Regiment, moving up to reinforce the 1st battalion 13th Regiment, advanced "in half-battalions supported by all the companies present of the 13th and 15th Regiments;"³ but it does not appear from this whether these half-battalions were in column or in line. Again, we find that the 43d Regiment, advancing on Mon-

¹ German Official Account, iii. p. 236.

² *Ibid.*, p. 316.

³ *Ibid.*, iv. p. 336.

toy, "formed two equally strong wings, in each of which two half-

battalions were in first, and one in second line,"¹ thus—

<u>9th and 12th.</u>	<u>10th and 11th.</u>	<u>6th and 7th.</u>	<u>5th and 8th.</u>
<u>2d and 3d.</u>		<u>1st and 4th.</u>	

Whether the companies were in line, in lines of company-columns, or in line of company-columns followed by half-battalion columns (the ordinary formation), is not quite clear. As the 43d Regiment lost over 30 officers and 700 men in the action, we may consider it not unlikely that its advance was at any rate begun in some rather close formation.

When the advanced-guards of the 1st and 2d Divisions came into the fight, "the first to appear on the right wing of the line of battle was the 1st battalion 44th Regiment, formed in company-columns at open intervals."²

From these cases we may infer that various methods of bringing up infantry to the attack were being tried.

The part played by cavalry in this action was unimportant.

Vionville — Mars-la-Tour (16th August).—This, the bloodiest battle of the war, was also unpremeditated, although a collision with the enemy was expected on the 16th August. It resembled in one respect the contest at Spicheren, in that the attack was undertaken by inferior numbers; but it differed from Spicheren, as also from Wörth and Colombey-Nouilly, inasmuch as it began with an actual surprise, and promised great strategical advantages if carried to a successful issue. The issue *was* successful; not from a tactical point of view, but because the French retreat was prevented and Bazaine's army brought to bay.

The battle is one of peculiar in-

terest, as being the first in which all three arms were extensively employed. It will be remembered how thoroughly they co-operated. It was by the action of cavalry, not under cover of infantry-fire, that the guns were able to establish themselves in their successive positions; and, once established, they were able, all along the front, to hold their own against an infantry advance, from the fact that their flanks were secured by infantry. It was the heroic self-sacrifice of cavalry and the steady fire of artillery that enabled the long thin line of infantry to replenish its ammunition and gather fresh energy for the continuance of the uneven struggle.

The ready assumption of responsibility by subordinate leaders is again exemplified in this battle, especially in the case of the 38th Brigade. General von Schwartzkoppen exercised his own judgment as to the degree in which he was bound to adapt the orders received from his superior to the circumstances in which he found himself. This delegation to subordinates of comparative independence and the right to use their own discretion, though dangerous at times—as at Wörth, at Spicheren, at Colombey, and, still more, at Gravelotte—was nevertheless judicious on the whole.

The employment of *reserves* is another noticeable feature in the battle of Mars-la-Tour. Until nearly three o'clock the only reserve to which the weak line of the Germans could look was fur-

¹ German Official Account, iv. p. 312 (whence also the diagram is copied).

² *Ibid.*, p. 311.

nished by the cavalry division in rear of each wing. Yet up to that time, and afterwards when reinforcements came up, the reserves were conspicuously employed in offensive movements, "either to take immediate advantage of any temporary success gained by the fighting line, or, if need be, to sacrifice themselves in order to save the front line from being driven in at any point where it might be hard pressed."¹

The infantry, as hitherto, advanced for the most part in company-columns; but, as in the previous battles, these closed formations soon dissolved into skirmishing lines, and the intermingling of units was very great. Supports and reserves were pushed forward as needed, piecemeal, until the whole of the infantry was extended in one long continuous line. Boguslawski says that "companies and battalions were kept pretty well together (although perhaps in a long firing line, in general, without their own supports)."² We think, however, that the following account of the advance from Vionville against Flavigny more accurately describes the general action of the infantry throughout the fight:—

"In this advance," says the 'German Official Account,' "over the almost bare plateau, . . . unity of command is speedily lost. . . . Guided by the formation of the ground, the enemy's sweeping fire, and the momentary inspiration of the officers, the company-columns at full intervals are moved hither and thither, and intermingled. Stragglers join stragglers and bear a hand again in the fight to the best of their power. Vain would be the attempt to reproduce a true picture of this wild struggle in all its details."³

A glance at the "noon" map published with the 'German Official

Account' is sufficient to show that the confusion and intermixture were extraordinarily great.

The artillery pursued its usual successful tactics. Guns were pushed up to the front as early as possible and massed; they maintained themselves in their exposed situation, west of Vionville, when the cavalry could not hold an equally forward position; they seized opportunities to advance to more decisive ranges; they covered the advance of the infantry and afforded it close support; on the left they checked the dangerous turning movement which the French attempted. Though the actual effect was probably more moral than material, it was artillery-fire which rendered the buildings in Vionville and Flavigny untenable. Every gun which could reach the field of battle was employed, and 210 guns in all were engaged on the German side.

The cavalry was used unsparingly throughout the day. No doubt in the first charge—the counter-stroke to the charge of the French cuirassiers—the Prussians lost a chance of striking a serious blow by not having the 6th Cavalry Division nearer at hand; for when this division did appear, it met the advancing masses of the Guard Corps instead of falling on the retreating fragments of the II^d Corps. Bredow's charge, too, would have been even more effective had there been sufficient squadrons on the spot to supply a second and third line; but the charge had to be delivered without delay in order to be opportune, and as the bulk of his brigade was employed elsewhere, Bredow had to make the best of what was at his disposal.

Twice did the cavalry save the

¹ Tactical Studies (Captain Stone, R.A.), p. 78. ² Tactical Deductions.

³ German Official Account, v. p. 373.

day for the Germans, not by any strictly tactical success, but by gallantly sacrificing itself in order that the sorely tried infantry might gain relief.

Gravelotte — St Privat (18th August).—The battle of Gravelotte-St Privat was the first great action of the war which was fought in any sense according to a deliberately prearranged plan; and as it is so well suited to an examination of the typical tactics, higher and minor, of the early periods of the war, we shall, at the risk of being tedious, combine with our comments a brief description of the battle itself.

Bazaine's army had taken up a position of exceptional strength on the heights west of Metz, extending from Rozerieulles and St Rufine on the left to St Privat and Roncourt on the right—about seven miles in length, and facing due west. The left of this position was especially strong, resting almost on the Moselle, supported by Fort St Quentin, and separated from the Germans by a steep and difficult ravine, wooded in the lower parts, but not within 800 yards of the crest. The left and the centre were also artificially strengthened, while along the position from left to right were several pivots or supporting points—namely, the Quarries, the houses of Le Point du Jour, the farms of St Hubert, Moscou, Leipzig, Chantrenne, La Folie, L'Envie, and Champenois, and the villages of Montigny-la-Grange, Amanvillers, St Privat, and Roncourt. The right was *en l'air*, but the ground in front "was essentially a natural open glacis that could be thoroughly swept by the fire of the defenders."¹

The II^d Corps (Frossard) was on the extreme left, next came the

III^d (Lebœuf, formerly Bazaine's corps), then the IVth (Ladmirault), with the VIth (Canrobert) on the right of the line, about St Privat. Instead of placing the bulk of his reserves in rear of his comparatively weak right flank, Bazaine, haunted by the same anxiety for his left as he had displayed at Mars-la-Tour, kept them in rear of his left, posting the Imperial Guard unnecessarily far off in rear of the left centre, by Fort Plappeville. Du Barail's Cavalry Division was in rear of the right, and Forton's in rear of the left wing.

One does not realise the natural strength of the position until one visits the battle-field. Want of depth alone prevents it from being an ideal position.

The strength of the defending force was in the proportion of 11 men per yard.

The Germans, although they had had all the day of the 17th to reconnoitre, were ignorant of the actual position of the French on the morning of the 18th August. It was known that the heights from Rozerieulles to La Folie were occupied, but nothing further was ascertained.

The German plan was simply to threaten with the right—the 1st Army—while the corps of the 2^d Army advanced northwards in *echelon* from the left, so as to strike and stop the enemy if he attempted to escape by the northern roads to Chalons. If, however, he stood to fight before Metz, this mode of marching would allow of the corps of the 2^d Army swinging round to the right, meeting him in front, and outflanking his right. The VIIth Corps was to form the pivot, the VIIIth Corps on its left, connecting with the IXth Corps (the right of the 2^d Army). On the left of the

¹ *Personal Memoirs of General Sheridan*, p. 368.

IXth Corps was the Guard Corps ; while beyond the latter, forming the extreme left wing, was the XIIth (Saxon) Corps. The IIId Corps and 6th Cavalry Division were to follow the IXth, the Xth (with the 5th Cavalry Division) to follow the XIIth in such a manner that its march would lie between that corps and the Guard Corps. The corps artillery of the IIId Corps was to remain at the disposal of the commander of the 2d Army. Each division was ordered to move in mass, the corps artillery of each army-corps between the two divisions of the corps.

During the early morning Prince Frederick Charles persistently believed that the French were attempting to escape towards Verdun and Chalons, although Von Moltke "had become more and more impressed with the idea that the enemy's main force had retired upon Metz, and would be found with its right wing about Amanvillers."¹

Into the various orders and counter-orders which were issued as more definite information came to hand, we need not enter. Suffice it to say that at 10.30 A.M., under the impression that the French right was at Montigny-la-Grange, Von Moltke gave directions for a *simultaneous attack* to be made "by the 1st Army from the Bois de Vaux and Gravelotte, by the IXth Corps against the Bois des Genivaux and Verneville, by the left wing of the 2d Army from the north."² The 1st Army was not to attack until the 2d Army was sufficiently advanced to co-operate.

In accordance with these arrangements Prince Frederick Charles instructed Von Manstein to move the IXth Corps towards

La Folie, and open the attack with a large force of artillery, *provided only that the enemy's right rested on Amanvillers*. Shortly afterwards a Hessian cavalry patrol came in with the information that the French right was much farther off—namely, at St Privat-la-Montagne. Orders were then given for the Guard and XIIth Corps to wheel to the right and move by Habonville and Ste Marie aux Chênes.

To successfully carry out the design of a simultaneous attack, it now behoved Von Manstein to wait till the Guard Corps had come into line, and the XIIth Corps was ready to fall on the exposed right flank of the French ; but the commander of the IXth Corps, with an impetuosity that was perfectly inexcusable, exceeded his orders and upset the calculations of the royal headquarters by plunging into action about noon, because he saw the 4th French Corps opposite to him peacefully engaged in cooking, and "would under no circumstances allow the advantage of surprising the enemy to be lost."³ It is true that he had not received a later order of Prince Frederick Charles, instructing him to delay his attack, but he *had* received the information given by the Hessian cavalry that the French position extended as far as St Privat.

The action was begun by the fire of a solitary battery ; but as the range was too great, Von Manstein took this battery forward, where it was soon joined by the divisional and corps artillery. These guns—54 in number—were on a spur north-east of Verneville and *fronting south-east*, thus lending their left flank to the French infantry at Amanvillers, only 1000 yards off. Exposed to artillery and infantry fire in front, in flank

¹ German Official Account, vi. p. 12.

² Ibid., p. 16.

³ Ibid.,

and even in rear, with no infantry at hand to keep down the fire of the French infantry, the artillery of the IXth Corps experienced terrible losses in its false position; a slight change of slope in the ground alone prevented its total destruction. Meanwhile, however, the infantry had carried the Chantrenne Farm (due south of the artillery position and on the northern skirt of the Bois des Genivaux), and a further advance enabled the artillery (with the exception of three batteries on the right which were sheltered and able to hold on) to withdraw at length from the fatal position to which it had been committed, and which it had nevertheless so gallantly maintained.

Fearing that the 1st Army would be drawn into action by the example of the IXth Corps on its left, Von Moltke directed Von Steinmetz to stand fast, giving him permission to use his guns only. At 12.30 Von Steinmetz ordered the artillery of the VIIth Corps to come into action. The advance of these batteries was skilfully conducted, as by leaving the Ars road as they emerged on the plateau, and keeping in rear of the crest, they were able to hasten forward unseen until they wheeled into line on their previously selected position south of Gravelotte. The line of guns was soon prolonged by the artillery of the VIIIth Corps, which came into action north of Gravelotte, behind the Gravelotte-Malmaison road. By ten o'clock there were 108 guns (eleven batteries of the VIIIth and seven of the VIIth) in action, in advance of the infantry of the 1st Army. The village of Gravelotte was held by the 33d Regiment.

The temptation to advance the infantry was too strong, and Von Goben (commanding the VIIIth

Corps) obtained permission from Von Steinmetz to move them forward. His orders were anticipated by a major of the 33d Regiment, who of his own accord advanced his battalion and rushed down the ravine against the wood occupied by the French. This brought on a general attack on the French left by the 1st Army, and thus Von Moltke's plans were again disturbed.

The infantry made decided progress through the woods, enabling the guns of the VIIIth Corps to advance, by 2 p.m., to a more decisive range east of the Gravelotte-Malmaison road, and shortly afterwards the artillery of the VIIth Corps also took up a more forward position. Between 2 and 3 p.m. the artillery of the two corps, with the horse-artillery battery of the 1st Cavalry Division, numbered 132 guns, 78 north and 54 south of the highroad. The French guns were unable to face this powerful line and were compelled to withdraw. By three o'clock the buildings at Point du Jour had been set on fire; and not long afterwards the farm of St Hubert, whose garrison of one battalion had twice repulsed the infantry attacks made on it, was attacked on all sides at once by over four German battalions (seventeen companies) and carried.

Meanwhile, about three o'clock, the 25th (Hessian) Division of the IXth Corps had developed a powerful attack through the Bois de la Cusse towards the railway embankment and Amanvillers, their five batteries and their cavalry brigade battery coming into line to the north of the Bois. They had thus taken some of the pressure off the corps artillery of the IXth Corps. For a time the contest became a defensive one on the part of the IXth Corps.

The Guards were appearing

about Habonville, and the Saxons were moving their 24th Division on Ste Marie aux Chênes and their 23d Division on Auboué. The fight had raged for between three and four hours, but the French had so far lost only St Hubert and the advanced farms of Chantrenne and L'Envie. They still stood fast in the farms of La Folie, Leipzig, Moscou, and Champenois, in part of the Bois des Genivaux, and in the hollows west of Amanvillers; and they held the village of Ste Marie aux Chênes as an advanced post in front of their right.

Prince Frederick Charles placed the 3d Brigade of the Guards as a reserve to assist the IXth Corps, and ordered up some batteries of the IIId Corps, which was near Verneville. The latter corps, originally intended as a reserve for the 1st Army, had since been placed at the Red Prince's disposal, the IID Corps having been ordered up from Pont-à-Mousson to support the 1st Army.

The 1st Division of the Guards (Von Pape) advanced from Habonville and occupied St Ail, and nine batteries of the corps artillery came into action between that village and Ste Marie, thus giving further relief to the IXth Corps on their right. The batteries were subjected to a continuous fire from the French skirmishers, who were within 1000 yards, but beyond the range of the needle-gun.

Before three o'clock the Guard Corps was up, and the leading division of the XIIth Corps was near Ste Marie aux Chênes. Thirteen batteries of the Saxon artillery, moving in advance of their corps, together with ten guns of the Guards Corps artillery, formed a semicircle round Ste Marie aux Chênes, on which they opened fire. The garrison (three battalions) *withstood the*

bombardment for a time, but fled before the storming columns of infantry, and Ste Marie aux Chênes was captured. No advance could yet be made up the open slope towards St Privat; and a portion of a Saxon brigade, which had taken part in the assault on St Privat and rushed forward in pursuit, was met by a French brigade and so roughly handled that it had to retire.

The French made several futile attempts to recapture Ste Marie aux Chênes.

Meanwhile the Crown Prince of Saxony, having discovered the true position of the French right, ordered his turning division to make a still wider sweep. In the centre the IXth Corps had resumed the offensive, and stormed and occupied the Champenois Farm. At this period—that is, between 4.30 and 5 P.M.—there was a lull in the battle on the German left and centre.

During this time the 1st Army, as we have seen, had accomplished little. Though its infantry had gained a foothold on the French side of the ravine, the men of Frossard's corps could not be driven out of their intrenchments. Von Steinmetz, however, because the French fire had slackened, because some of their batteries were withdrawing, and because their advanced posts along the line had been captured, deluded himself with the idea that their left wing was about to retreat on Metz. Accordingly he ordered several batteries of the VIIth Corps and the 1st Cavalry Division to cross the Gravelotte ravine by the single road—that road, too, a dangerous defile; for it is on the western side of the valley a deeply sunken hollow-way, in the centre a causeway, and edged on the farther or eastern side with deep quarries. Four batteries managed to reach the eastern slopes, a

opened fire on Moscou; but two of them were instantly driven down into the ravine below. One battery, however, which had taken up a position behind the garden wall of St Hubert, maintained itself there for the rest of the day, although its right flank was exposed to infantry 500 yards off; while another battery held its own on the open ground south of the road for two hours, by the end of which time it had lost nearly all its men and horses. The Cavalry Division following the batteries suffered tremendous loss. It reached the open ground south of the road, but "no object presented itself for the intended attack,"¹ its losses were increasing every minute, and ultimately it had to fall back as best it could, and take shelter near Malmaison. No wonder that "indignation was expressed against Steinmetz" for the "disastrous result"² of this unjustifiable move. Such was the moral effect on his own infantry that it began to give ground everywhere, except at St Hubert, until three fresh battalions arrived and restored the fight. But the 1st Army could make no headway, and the lull on the left and centre had now extended also to the right.

The IId Corps had assembled at Rezonville at 5.30 P.M.; and to prevent the despatch of assistance to Canrobert, the 1st Army was ordered to renew the attack on the French left, the IId Corps being moved forward to Gravelotte to support the movement. While the attack was preparing, the French left wing suddenly assumed the offensive. All their reserves were coming up into the front line. So vigorous was the onset that the German detach-

ments were driven headlong into the Mance valley, and caused commotion even as far back as Malmaison and Gravelotte. Yet the principal bodies of the 1st Army about St Hubert and in the woods maintained their positions with the utmost tenacity. Reinforced by the fresh brigades of the IId Corps, the Germans advanced once more; but Frossard's position, strong by nature and strengthened by art, proved impregnable. As darkness came on the struggle was broken off, the French remaining in their position of the morning, in which no breach had been made except at St Hubert Farm.

It is difficult to understand why Marshal Bazaine failed to recognise the strength of the position occupied by his left wing; but the apprehension for his left had been still further increased during the afternoon by the threatening advance of the 26th Brigade from Ars (where it had been guarding the German right flank) against Jussy and St Ruffine.

At 5.30 P.M. another premature attack was made in the northern part of the field. Seeing large bodies of infantry of the Guard Corps in movement from St Ail towards St Privat, Von Manstein ordered the 3d Brigade of Guards, attached to his corps, to advance against Amanvillers, and two battalions of Hessians to move simultaneously on both sides of the railway. The sharpshooters of the Guard led the way under a very heavy fire. At first they moved with two companies in front preceded by skirmishers. When within 600 yards of the French the advance wavered. The remaining companies reinforced the leading companies on their left flank, and the whole "gradually formed a

¹ German Official Account, vi. p. 97.

² Personal Memoirs of General Sheridan, p. 373.

long skirmishing line."¹ The battalion soon lost *all* its officers!

The other battalions of the brigade pressed forward to support, and by 6.30 had formed, with the sharpshooters, "a continuous fighting line"² across the hill 800 paces west of Amanvillers, flanked on both sides by hostile detachments.

A portion of the Queen Elisabeth Regiment had taken part in this reinforcement. The half-battalion on the left advanced in line of company-columns. The companies first extended their skirmishing *züge*, then the other *züge*, so that they became a line of skirmishers. The task before them was to get over some 1400 paces. Up to the time of their arriving abreast of the shooting line they had not so much as seen the enemy; yet such was the bareness of the ground and the terrible exposure to fire, that during that advance the half-battalion lost 187 men and all its officers except a major and two subalterns!

Though the 3d Brigade of Guards was unable to pursue its advance further, the enemy was now within range of the needle-guns. The engagement came to a temporary standstill towards seven o'clock. The Hessians on the left had moved along the railway as far as the signalman's box, but could not advance beyond. This advance on the left of the IXth Corps covered the artillery and enabled the guns to improve their position. The right wing of the IXth Corps had meanwhile made little progress in the neighbourhood of Chantrenne; and it was not until the artillery of the IIIrd Corps had opened fire on the enemy holding the copse in front of La Folie, towards 7 P.M., that the infantry was rendered secure in the positions gained.

Farther north the Guard Corps had taken up a firm position between St Ail and Ste Marie about 5 P.M. Prince Auguste of Württemberg, judging that the turning column of the XIIth Corps was ready to strike, and impatient of further delay, ordered the Guards to attack St Privat. Von Pape remonstrated, pointing out that the flanking column was not yet in sight, and that a frontal attack on St Privat, over those open slopes, without further preparation by artillery-fire, must fail. His remonstrances were in vain; for the 4th Guard Brigade at St Ail and Habonville, which had first received the order, was already in motion, so nothing remained but for the 1st Guard Division to follow suit. The Duke of Württemberg thus describes the attack:—

"The 4th Brigade of the Guard (Kessel) was moved forward from Habonville in the direction of St Privat in line of columns in two lines, with skirmishers thrown out in front; and a quarter of an hour later the 1st division of the Guard (Pape) commenced in the same formation from Ste Marie aux Chênes, distant about 2640 paces from the main French position. Habonville is about 3960 paces; therefore the three brigades came about the same time within the effective reach of the enemy's fire. The front of attack included little more than 2000 paces, so that there were about ten men to the pace: this was, however, the closest formation of attack employed by the Prussians in the campaign. The effect of the enemy's fire, even at a distance of more than 1500 paces, was so murderous, that, according to the accounts received, nearly 6000 men fell in ten minutes, and the advance had to be immediately discontinued. The attack in line of columns over open ground was, in spite of the final success of this one, marked out as an impossibility, and a

¹ German Official Account, vi. p. 121.

² *Ibid.*, p. 1^o

useless loss of men, and definitely rejected."¹

The 4th Brigade reached and held on to the ridge south-west of St Privat. The 1st Brigade, which had crossed the road east of Ste Marie and wheeled to the right, eventually succeeded in establishing itself some 700 paces west of St Privat, but was unable to proceed farther. The 2d Guard Regiment, following in reserve, filled the gap between the 1st and 4th Brigades.

The Guard Corps was now unable to advance or retire. Efforts were at once made to reinforce it and save it from the danger of a counter-attack by the French. The 4th Guard Regiment hurried up to the support of the 1st Brigade, and towards 7 P.M. fourteen batteries of the Guard were in action in two groups, one firing upon Amanvillers, the other upon St Privat, while part of the corps artillery of the Xth Corps had also come up to augment the fire on the latter village.

Meanwhile two Saxon brigades were advancing upon Roncourt and St Privat, and shortly afterwards Roncourt was captured. A line of 14 batteries opened fire on St Privat from a position facing south-east, with its left resting on Roncourt. At 7.30 P.M. St Privat was stormed from north, west, and south by the Saxons and Guards; while, simultaneously, the troops of the IXth and Xth Corps drove the enemy from Amanvillers, after the village had been set on fire by the artillery.

The French right was turned and the victory won; but the same results might have been obtained, with far less bloodshed, had the original conception of Von Moltke

been precisely and systematically carried out.

The losses of the Guards must be attributed rather to the extreme bareness of the ground than to denseness of formation. Home and other writers say that the Guards moved across these open slopes in "battalion-columns";² but this was not the case. According to the sketches in the 'German Official Account,' the 1st Guard Brigade moved each battalion with two company-columns in front and half-battalion columns in rear; and the 4th Guard Brigade is shown in line of company-columns, closely followed by single company-columns, or two companies closed on the centre.³ It is spoken of as "this attacking line of fourteen companies."⁴ When the Duke of Württemberg talks of "line of columns," he doubtless means company-columns, or half-battalion columns, or the usual combination of both. It is true that this was the first action in which the Guards were engaged, and that they therefore lacked the experience of other corps; but this scarcely affords sufficient grounds for assuming that they attempted to advance over such a glacia, under a murderous fire, in such an antiquated formation as "battalion-columns." From the Regimental Histories more recently published it would appear to be certain that company-columns were used. Yet whatever the exact formation, there is no doubt that it was too dense; and the denseness was increased by proper intervals not being kept, supports rushing forward to join the skirmishing line. "The closed masses in rear pressed on so as to extricate themselves as soon as possible from the range where the *chassepot* had the superiority."⁵

¹ Quoted in Home's *Précis of Modern Tactics*, p. 75.

² *German Official Account*, vi. p. 129.

⁴ *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, p. 76.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 132.

The 2d Guard Regiment began its advance "in two lines of half-battalions,"¹ but the half-battalions in first line "extended during the advance in company-columns at open intervals, throwing out skirmishing divisions."² The inferiority of range of the needle-gun as compared with the *chassepot* must also be taken into account when considering the losses of the Guards. The men were being helplessly mown down before they were able to return the enemy's fire.

With regard to the general aspect of the infantry fighting we see nothing new. The same thing happened as had happened throughout—that is to say, *near approach to the enemy implied the dissolution of all formation*, and seething crowds of skirmishers surged to and fro in long extended lines. Whether the desperate and costly infantry attacks on the French left were necessary is very doubtful; but their justification is that they held fast the enemy's left and reserves and prevented succour being sent to his right. Had the Germans relied mainly on their artillery-fire to occupy the French left and centre, as some contend they should have done, the French might have replied with artillery and moved off the Imperial Guard to support their right.

Cavalry found no employment on the field, except in Von Steinmetz's ill-judged attempt. The bulk was wisely used in reconnoitring in the valley of the Orne, lest a body of French troops might have been detached outside the main position to fall on the rear of the turning force.

The artillery, as in all the previous battles, was employed with great effect, and, as we have seen, batteries in several instances main-

tained themselves in precarious positions often without immediate support. So extensive was the employment of artillery that by the evening 650 guns had come into action on the German side, and they had altogether no fewer than 726 guns on the field. Nevertheless the Germans seem to have committed a great mistake in not having brought up the artillery of the Xth Corps earlier in the day. The guns of this corps were useless in reserve; whereas, had they been employed with the Guard and Saxon artillery against St Privat, that place would have fallen much sooner, and the losses of the Guards would have been sensibly diminished.

These losses of the Guards (primarily due to the precipitance of their commander) led to an Army Order being issued by the king on the 21st August, which pointed out the necessity of artillery preparation, forbade the use of battalion-columns, and prescribed the employment of "company-columns and half-battalions, as laid down by regulation."³

That part of the Order relating to the employment of battalion-columns apparently fell dead; presumably because it was found when the various returns and reports were received that no column larger than the half-battalion column had been used in any case.

The extensive employment of reserves is again a noticeable feature.

The tardy appearance of the Saxons at Roncourt has never, to our knowledge, been satisfactorily accounted for.

Beaumont (30th August).—Very few points of interest need be noticed with regard to this action. It will be remembered how the ill-fated 5th French Corps under

¹ German Official Account, vi. p. 134.

² *Ibid.*

³ Quoted in Home's *Précis of Modern Tactics*, p. 77.

De Failly had reached Beaumont after a night march early on the morning of the 30th August; how De Failly, aware though he must have been of the proximity of the enemy, had neglected the most simple precautions for the safety of his corps; how about 12.30 P.M., when unprotected and in a state of the utmost unconcern, his men were suddenly fired upon by eight German batteries; how after some sharp fighting, the French divided and fell back on successive positions until, outflanked and outnumbered, the 5th Corps was in full retreat across the Meuse when darkness set in, while the 7th Corps, which had also been overtaken in the action, fled to Remilly and Sedan.

When at the first attack the French rushed to their arms, they in their turn delivered a determined attack, which, we are told, was repelled by "effective volleys and file-firing."¹ This is one of the very few instances recorded of the Germans having fired volleys successfully. We shall touch later on this question of volley-firing, merely pointing out now how rare were the occasions on which volleys were able to be used by the comparatively well-disciplined Germans.

The German artillery, as we have said, opened the fight with eight batteries. Before the action had assumed any dimensions, no fewer than 180 guns were actively employed. The guns, too, as before, "supported in the most effective manner the deployment and subsequent attack of the infantry,"² following their movements and taking up fresh positions accordingly.

The battle is interesting as regards the action of infantry, because, although no new attack formation had as yet been authorised or practised, we observe an inclination to strengthen the skirmishing line at the outset, instead of waiting for it to be strengthened of their own accord by the troops in rear. For instance, when the 100th Saxon Regiment came up to reinforce the Prussians of the IVth Corps before Villemontrey, its "3d battalion deployed its 9th and 10th companies in *skirmishing order* along the road."³ In the attack on the Mont de Brune the fusilier battalion of the 27th threw out "its 10th company as skirmishers, the others followed in company-columns."⁴

We may draw attention here to the position of the corps artillery of the different corps in the order of march, though we shall deal more fully with this subject later on. In the XIIth Corps the corps artillery moved "between the battalions" of the leading division,⁵ and was thus ready to come early into action. With the 1st Bavarians the corps artillery, or, as it was still styled by the Bavarians, the "artillery reserve," was almost at the tail of the column. The inconvenience of this is apparent from the fact that when the 2d Division arrived at Buzancy, three hours after the 1st Division, it "sent in front the artillery reserve, by order of the general commanding the corps."⁶ This caused a crossing on the march and inevitable delay. The IVth Corps, less experienced than the XIIth, moved in two columns, one division in each. The corps artillery, which was with the 8th

¹ German Official Account, vii. p. 247.

² Ibid., p. 269.

³ Ibid., p. 253, and Appendix XXXIX. pp. 52†-57†.

⁴ Ibid., p. 251.

⁵ Ibid., p. 274.

⁶ Ibid., p. 255.

Division, moved at the tail of the column, and consequently did not come into action till nearly two o'clock.

Sedan (1st September). — The complete envelopment of the French army is the most striking feature in the battle of Sedan. The original plan of action aimed at intercepting the French retreat eastward towards Carignan or westward towards Mézières. This would compel the enemy either to accept battle where he stood, or to retire across the Belgian frontier, whither, unless he were immediately disarmed, he would be pursued. As soon as it was seen that he intended to adopt the former course, the plan was developed so as to bring about a complete enclosing movement.

Of the total loss of 9000 killed and wounded in the German armies, *nearly half* was incurred by the three Bavarian divisions fighting about Bazeilles and Balan.¹ This is chiefly due to the fact that the attack at these points was made without artillery preparation, which was rendered impossible by the heavy mist which prevailed during the early morning hours. Had the infantry been kept back here as in other parts of the field, until powerful artillery-fire had been brought to bear on the villages, much loss would have been avoided. On the other hand, it was necessary to surprise the enemy at this point as early as possible, so as to retain him on the Givonne side of the field of battle.

Apart from the street-fighting in Bazeilles and Balan, the general course of the action was, broadly, as follows: A seizure of outpost positions by skirmishers covered the deployment of large masses of artillery. After the artillery had produced its full effect, the infantry arriving in rear deployed, and advanced to the attack with comparatively little loss.

The 'German Official Account' thus records the method of fighting of the infantry:—

"In the battle of Sedan the German infantry fights almost entirely in extended order. The condition of the ground and other circumstances [previous experience?] lead even during the first introductory movements to a division of the units, which open out by battalions and companies in different directions, so as to dominate from the first as large a space as possible, and to act in support wherever it may be necessary. Under the superior musketry-fire of the enemy, the company-columns mostly break up into skirmishing lines directly the engagement commences; the troops of the next line find themselves shortly under the necessity of following the example, and during the course of the struggle intermix with the front line. In rear of these there remain but a few formed or reassembled detachments as the immediate fighting reserve."²

The successful action of the artillery was due to their "inserting themselves in the column of route in a position favourable to early deployment," and hastening forward to the field "with the advanced parties of infantry."³

¹ An illustration of the fact that where the defenders have a good position—*e.g.*, in strong houses, &c.—a purely infantry combat is in favour of the defensive.

² German Official Account, viii. p. 415.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 415.

(To be concluded in August.)

A ROADSIDE NATURALIST.

ENGLAND has been described by many a foreign visitor as the country *par excellence* of good roads and hedges, green turf and fruitful fields. Woods, moorlands, and heaths afford shelter to our wild creatures, and in some instances yield food also; but the great bulk of animal and bird life lives and multiplies by the roadsides, or close to them. Some of the walks to my work have taken me over roads with never a house for two long miles and more—roads protected on either side by high hedges that no rustic living could tell the age of, overgrown with grey moss and lichens, and having a broad strip of coarse turf on both sides, along which grew hawkweed, vetches, thistles higher than myself, bryony, both white and black, and trailing brambles. Great clumps of rushes showed in all directions. Beyond the hedges fields extended, broken by copse growth and woods. At certain seasons, when the weather has been rough, these long stretches of road—some portions of it under water—were almost as much as one could put up with.

I can assure those townsfolk who send forth a cry that wild nature and scenery are becoming difficult to find, that any amount of both exists still within a short railway ride from London. I could show them localities where they might, without the least trouble on their part, get lost in a perfect network of byroads, unknown to the general public. Once these were the regular beaten tracks leading from one lonely hamlet to another. The turf covers portions of them now; but they are still easily distinguishable, and travellers on foot

make use of them at rare intervals. On either side of many of these banks, topped with remains of ancient thorn and plum trees, mark their course; and such byroads are favourite feeding-haunts and playing-grounds for the creatures.

Our wild animals proper—such, at least, as show themselves under ordinary circumstances—are limited in number. It is of little use to look out for any particular creature, in order to note some peculiar action connected with its natural economy, if the bird or animal in question is at all uncommon. As a rule, you will have to be patient, and to trust to the course of events. You may have no opportunity of noting the desired habit for a year or even longer, but at some unsuspected moment that very action or movement will be exhibited, and your patience will be rewarded. It may be some way peculiar to itself of procuring its food, or the creature will perhaps come and play with its young at your feet. I have frequently lighted on wild things unexpectedly, and have made the most of the glimpse, for it is a sight of short duration. You may crouch, or lie down, or crawl on all-fours, moving as noiselessly as a snake—no matter how cautious you may be, something will tell that man is near, and the pleasing sight will be gone in a moment. For fourteen years I have been vainly trying to see one of our wild animals in the act of guarding its young in a time of danger. From early morning until late in the evening, during times of leisure, I have tramped over lonely places day after day, ay, and week after week, in the right season, with only that one object in view, and I have

never seen it yet. Some have been more fortunate, but it has been when they were neither expecting nor searching for it. It is the very uncertainty, I take it, that gives such a charm to the quest.

The general public know the fox as a very cunning animal that lives in the woods, and is hunted in the season. He certainly ranges the woods, but he will, if he is allowed to do so, make his home close to a roadside. A very practical roadside naturalist is Reynard, and he is intimately acquainted with the ways and means of living of all the creatures he preys on that frequent roads, whether they be green roads or rides, or the turnpike roads. On or from the highroads I have had my very best views of himself. Men go, many of them, far, in search of what they never find, whilst it is all the time lying close to their doors.

In Surrey, Sussex, and also in parts of Kent, the roads run through dry banks covered with the brush tangles peculiar to such localities. Here rabbits burrow in the sand, or sandy loam, of which they are composed. Now, though hares, rabbits, pheasants, and partridges like cover to a certain extent, they do not like it when it is wet. So, directly the sun has dried up the roads, out they slip from the covers under the park-land palings and on to the roads—the hares to dot up and down, flecking the sand off their hind feet in order to dry them, and the pheasants and partridges to sun themselves, and to scuffle in the dry sand under the overhanging banks.

Reynard knows all about this, and he will hide himself in a patch of fern or broom, and there remain until a chance of capture offers. If Kitty Wren or a chaffinch or a tit does not see him, he will be all right; but if one or the other

marks him, the alarm note is sounded, and this acts like magic, for from all quarters rush birds that have been before invisible—at least they have not been seen before on the banks. Jays, misel-thrushes, blackbirds, common thrushes, and the finches, all make common cause against the fox. Even the shrikes leave off their beetle-hunting and chatter their loudest, with bowed heads and upfirted tails, making common cause with the finches. Directly the row is over they would not have the least objection to kill and eat those if they could only get the chance. The upshot of it all is that it gets too warm for Reynard's comfort, and he makes tracks for a quieter neighbourhood. If he takes across the park-lands, all the rooks that are feeding there will follow and buffet him until he reaches cover. It is not always like this, however. He hides himself so cunningly, as a rule, that all prospers with his manœuvres. For one thing, he takes the greatest care to prevent the wind from blowing his peculiar odour in the direction of the creatures he is bent on capturing.

The hare may have dried his long hind feet, so beautifully clothed with hair, to his complete satisfaction, and he thinks he will now devote a little time to his ears, face, and coat in general. For this purpose he brings his handy fore feet into use, with which he also boxes to perfection, when he has any slight difference to settle with a rival. It is a most interesting and amusing sight to see a hare perform his toilet. First the long ears are adroitly manipulated, then the face, and those most important features of use and adornment, the whiskers, the sensitive tips of which tel-

him to a nicety whether the hole in the hedge or the break in the park-palings is wide enough for his body to pass through, let the night be ever so dark and gloomy. There he sits, upright, without thought of danger, on his powerful hind quarters, busily washing his face. He has almost finished his toilet, and is just giving the last gentle strokings to his whiskers, when, with a bound and a rush, something crosses over to him. There is a momentary scuffle, and a whirl of sand, then one long shriek of Aunt, Aunt! and all is over, far more quickly than one can write about it. Reynard carries his quarry up the opposite bank, and into cover, with as much ease and in the same fashion that the retriever chained to his kennel at the keeper's cottage close at hand would carry a rabbit. I have often seen his earth with the tokens of what he has taken there scattered about, but I have not often seen him there. When the cubs begin to eat flesh, one may have a chance of seeing them really at home.

So far as the sagacity of the fox is concerned, it has been over-rated. There exist in the popular mind two very distinct ideas of the fox, the one of verse and tradition—Master Reynard and Reineke Fuchs—which as naturalists we may as well have done with for good and all; the other the actual fox, fortunately the only representative of the wild dog existent in England. That he is clever we must own; impudent and daring we know him to be; but these latter qualities have been developed by the protection that has been given him for generations. I make this statement fearlessly, having verified it by long observation. I

lay no claim to be a scientist, being simply a workman, one of the rank and file; none, however, has better opportunities for getting at the real facts than a working man who happens to have natural history on the brain. The fox is frequently outwitted to his cost, a proof that he is not so clever as he is popularly supposed to be.

I will give one illustration of his manœuvring well known to myself in a locality where hares were numerous. No hare, not even when life is at stake, will go through an opening which has been defiled by the passage of a fox. When the latter has designs on the hare, he will pass through the creature's mews. One hare-preserve familiar to me was bounded towards the road by a high steep bank, topped by a four-foot fence. There were several exits for the hares in the line of fencing, but Reynard had cunningly befouled the lot. Then he set to work, singled out a hare, and chased him like a greyhound. Mad with fear, the hare took the fence, clearing it like any steeplechaser, and came down smash into the road below, being completely stunned for the time by his impetuous leap. Through the hares' mews at the foot of the fence slipped the fox, showing his tusks in pleasant anticipation of a nice meal easily procured. His schemes, however, on that particular morning were curiously frustrated; for as puss in her leap hurtled past the head of a certain workman early on his way, getting stunned in her fall on the road, she was picked up, with the remark that if he allowed her to lie there some cart might run over her. The look on that fox's face as he stood in view on the bank-top, before he sneaked off, was a sight to see.

When Reynard dashes into a covey of partridges dusting themselves by the roadside, he uses his fore paws with cat-like dexterity, cuffing the birds down. I have known him bury what he could not eat at the time of capture close to the well-frequented carriage-drive of a gentleman's house, and have watched him as he went there for it and played with it like a kitten, tossing it up and cuffing it from side to side before eating it. The vixen littered and brought up her cubs on that same carriage-drive close to the mansion. The fact of her being there was known only to two people, and they kept the knowledge to themselves.

My own personal acquaintance with the fox has always been in connection with farms, and the highroads running close to them. That a fox and vixen could make their earth close to a farmyard gate, bring up their cubs and play with them there, so that any passers-by on the road could see them, sounds improbable. But I can myself vouch for this fact. He is a protected animal, to what extent those only know who are affected to their loss by his living near them.

A keeper who had been discharged for some imputed blame, where a fox was concerned, once said to me: "If you lets 'em get into mischief you hears somethin' middlin' stiff; an' if they cums more 'an once to the covers and don't find a fox, you soon gits the billet. I've known 'em turned out of a bag afore now: they'd got 'em from Leadenhall Market, a' purpose just to save a rumpus, when the farmers had killed 'em off to save their own stuff. The dogs would chop into them and kill 'em quick afore they'd got precious little way. Ye see they be strange, and don't know where

to run to. But it's all right if they finds and kills a fox."

Foxes are the cause of more trouble and ill-feeling amongst keepers than all the rest of the vermin put together. Almost any offence is overlooked more readily than the killing of a fox.

Polecats, stoats, and weasels all live and hunt in old hedges bordered by waste grounds, close to the highroads. I have known all three species to be procured from one old hedgerow. In some localities where I have lived, the powerful and ferocious polecat was so common that his name was constantly used to express all that was bad. The nearer he could establish himself to a house the better it suited him; and he had the very worst reputation on account of the harm he did to poultry.

Rabbits, rats, mice, frogs, and birds all live and roost or rest in hedges. The bottom of any good old hedge parting two fields is a perfect fortress for the creatures. Strange to say, the hunt will be started in the hedge, but the kill will almost invariably take place in the middle of the road. "A fair field and no favour" is their motto. The mouse, rat, or rabbit, as soon as it is startled, quits the hedge-bottom, and makes tracks for the open. If the quarry be a rat or a mouse, it is dragged back to the cover of the hedge again, as is the case, too, if it be a young rabbit; but a full-grown rabbit will be left lying in the road where his enemy has killed him and sucked his blood, for the first passer-by to pick up and take home. These animals killed by the stoats or the polecats are fully appreciated by the country folks who find them. For perfect impudence what creature can surpass the little weasel, as he stands in the

middle of the road and takes stock of you with a mouse in his mouth? As to the stoat, he will, if the farmer permit, make his home in an old fagot-stack, and there bring up his family of stoat kittens, most carefully provided for by mother stoat and himself with stolen delicacies—the lot frisking about in a most barefaced manner, like a pack of harelquins. The numbers of rats, mice, and frogs disposed of in the course of a single year must be great indeed. But when the kittens begin to eat flesh freely, young chicks and ducklings are a temptation not to be resisted. They will fetch, carry, and hoard until not one will be left to the farmer's wife unless the thieves are killed off.

Rats and mice claim the hedgerows and the roads; they have their summer and their winter quarters. In tramping along the highways, I have watched and noted all the members of the family, from the common brown rat down to the black water-vole and the two species of water-shrews. Squirrels also and dormice on and about our country roads are plentiful enough. Even the timid mole is a common object there at times. He will leave his hillock-heaving, and come running about in front of one in broad daylight. Folks call him the blind mole; but let your fingers get near his snout, and then tell us what you think of his blindness. A most ferocious little fellow he is, and he fights with all the determination of a bull-terrier. I have undergone a considerable amount of biting in my roadside pursuit of natural history. The bite of a wild rabbit is like being cut with a chisel; the bite of a squirrel, too, requires a good deal of fortitude in bearing *it patiently*. No one I have ever

known bitten by a squirrel but gave that small animal a pretty wide berth for the future.

If man will only allow the wild creatures to draw near to him, and to the roads that lead to his places, they will all do so, no matter what their nature may be. Just out of gun-shot of almost any country house or cot, whether it stand in cultivated land or midst rough, rushy, woodland meadow, you may study the animal life that enlivens and adorns the landscape. From a little gravelly pool beside a well-frequented road I have started that most shy wader, the sandpiper, and that in the very heart of our Surrey woodlands. I fancied that it might have nested somewhere near—for this beautiful bird, though a wader, lays its eggs in the deserted nests built by other birds high up in the trees.

The hedgehog runs the roads freely. He is a quaint little fellow, our hedge-pig, having far more intelligence than people give him credit for. It is curious, as you stand perfectly still in the middle of a road, to see him come running along, then stopping to sniff and whine and examine the high strange object that hardly breathes lest he startle the little creature. Then with a gentle grunt he will pass you by. A very low yet quite decided grunt he gives, and he whines as well. Shakespeare, who seems to have been a most excellent out-of-doors naturalist—a minute observer of life, indeed, in all shapes—noticed the hedgehog, and wrote, "The hedgehog whines at night." If any one of our readers possesses a tame hedgehog, let him examine the eye of the creature if he has not already done so. If the eye is the index to the mind, as I firmly believe it to be, the hedgehog knows a great deal, and only uses

his knowledge for his own special benefit.

Leaving the animal department of our roadside observations, we will pass on to the birds, considering first the day-flying raptures, or birds of prey. All those that are left to us keep in close touch with man—so much so, that they have suffered a woful thinning down at his hands. Yet they still visit his stack and poultry yards in search of quarry of one sort or another, taking it into the middle of one of his fields or on to the middle of the highroad, to make a meal off it. The hen-harriers and the sparrow-hawks hunt and kill the partridges by the roads after the corn is cut, and the birds are frequently cut down as they clear the hedge to cross over the road. More than once have I noted the captor crouching over his quarry in the middle of the road. As to owls—the grand feathered cats, and our farmers' best friends—you may always find them about the roadside, in summer or winter, if you know their haunts. They generally hunt in couples, if their young are out of the way for the season. There was one country road down which I used to travel regularly at one time in the evening, that had two gates exactly opposite each other at one point of it, leading from one lot of fields to another lot belonging to the same farm. Oat and wheat stacks stood on either side of both gates, just clear of them, only allowing enough room for the waggons to pass in and out. On each gate a white owl would perch regularly evening after evening. I saw them there, watching for the rats and mice that ran across the road from one lot of stacks to the other. What these two missed would hardly have furnished a meal for a shrike. Any owl on the hunt is

as lively as a falcon, and quite as eager, although in a different fashion. I have frequently heard a pair of them just over my head as I walked along. On looking up I could see them just above me, hissing and snoring in the most amiable manner possible. By the way, there is one way of looking at a creature without alarming it, and that is to look as you continue to pass along: a dead stop will cause it to move on at once. The brown owl, although it is more essentially a bird of the woods than the white owl, swoops round and about the roads.

The numbers of creatures that cross roads at night can hardly be imagined. Frogs and toads quit their hiding-places in the moist stripes near the hedges, and hop about in all directions. To the brown owl a nice jumping-frog is a great delicacy; he drops down on him whenever he catches sight of him. The difference between a toad and a frog our brown owl knows far better than you do. The worst of it is, he will pull poor froggy to pieces all alive, and he is not at all particular on which part he begins first. I have heard the frogs complaining most bitterly about the cruelty of the operation. It may not be a universally known fact that the frog has a voice independently of his croaking, but it is a fact. A most eloquent one it is, too, when he is completely upset, and it can be heard for some distance. If you wish to practise a harmless joke at his expense, some evening when you see him sitting in the grass, contemplating nothing in particular, step back and break off a pliant twig; then rustle it gently in the grass behind him, in imitation of a snake crawling. He will spring away, bleating in terror. When the brown owl grips him, the

frog is both hurt and frightened; happily the suffering is of short duration—owls make quick work of their victims. Beetles these birds pick up as well as larger game, and the roads are just the parts beetles disport themselves in, both by day and night.

The fern owl, or goatsucker, loves the roads, for all kinds of insects hover and settle about them: after the sun has been on the bare ground all the day, it becomes warm towards night. Let any one watch on a midsummer's evening a row of fine elms lining one of our country roads, if he would know how insect-life is kept in check. Bats and goatsuckers go to work with a will, even before the swallows, swifts, and martins have quite ended their labours of the day; and from the great bat down to the little flutter-mouse, they continue for hours, wheeling, twisting, and darting about in pursuit of their insect prey. They have only one object in view—that of procuring the insects of various species that swarm in hosts over and about the fine old elms.

Flycatchers are on the watch all the day long for their food, which they mostly capture in flight. They will sit on rails and posts by the side of the road, very contentedly apparently; but they are watching and waiting for their prey, and when it comes near will seize it with a snap that can be distinctly heard. The red-backed shrike is the vigilant watchman of the roads for insect-life, both flying and crawling. He is sure to be near at hand, just off the road; his hawk-like form and his well-known "chack!" are familiar to all those who regularly travel along the highways. If you wish to see him in full force—that is, two or three pairs of shrikes at work at the same time—go to the

foot of some railway embankment which is close to the road. There you will see them sitting in pairs, at stated intervals, watching for prey. Trains do not frighten them; they seem to understand that the rumble and shake of the ground gives them food. The vibration caused by the passing train causes the insects to dart from their shelters, and then the shrikes are busy.

So well known has it become to all insect-feeding birds that railway tracks are good hunting-grounds, that it is now a common sight to see rooks perched on the telegraph-posts, waiting for a train to pass. The moment it has gone by they dash off to feed. Even that most wary bird, the green woodpecker, will hunt along the line at certain seasons. Woods and very wild moorlands and the heaths are, comparatively speaking, lifeless: you must go to the borders of the highways to see both animal and bird life in full activity. They will go to covert, if driven, for safety; but all, from the boldest to the shyest, prefer to live a short distance—often a very short distance indeed—from man and the roads he travels on, if he will allow them to do so.

Crows, magpies, and jays *flit* over the roads, from copse to copse and from field to field; but on the road itself they do not care to settle, for this reason: they know that they are in bad odour with the general community of men, on account of the trick they have of pilfering all that comes within the range of their vision,* whether it be young poultry or fruit, eggs or young game, both furred and feathered. Two or three magpies or a family of jays will do a considerable amount of mischief in a very brief space. So they are continually reminded in no gentle

terms to "move on," which accounts for their restless feelings and habits. Where not interfered with, I have known them to be almost as tame and as confident as thrushes.

Wild geese—bean-geese, not bernicles or grey lag-geese—will pitch in the farmer's fields to feed on the clover that is sure to shoot up, young and tender, when the stubbles are left fallow for a time. Grass meadows also have great attraction for them. I have seen them flying over the lowlands at the base of the Surrey hills, where the farms are far apart from one another, to favourite grazing grounds, in the season when they travel. A farmer's son I knew—a keen shot and good roadside observer—rose a gaggle from his father's farmyard pond early one morning. That coot-footed little swimmer, the phalarope, has pitched in a farmer's pond more than once, where he swam about, light as a cork, amongst the ducks. As to the snipe, he will come in sharp weather to the drain near the farmer's back-door, and remain there feeding, if he be not disturbed or shot. Ignorant agitators have raved about our waste lands; what do they know about the matter? Those broad stripes, keeping moist even in midsummer, that line either side of so many country roads, are the good angels of the fields. Deep water-courses run down all of these moist borders, hidden by the tangle. The fields must be drained, more or less; and those are the natural outlets for the water that would, if it remained, ruin the land for corn-growing purposes.

Besides this, the tangled stripes and the old hedges benefit our domestic creatures as well as all wild things. The horses, donkeys,

cows, ducks, and geese of the poorer proprietors all find food on these roadside stripes. And what would the cottagers, who keep bees in considerable quantities now, on the modern system of bee-keeping, do, if the wastes, with all their wealth of wild-flowers, were "improved" away? The distances that bees fly to gather honey would hardly be credited except by those who keep them, and are familiar with their ways.

If I wished to see that feathered model of suspicion, the hawfinch, I should expect to find him, if anywhere about, on a hedge-top, cracking sloe, bullace, or wild-plum stones.

When spring is here, that harbinger of the cuckoo, the wryneck, will come and shout out his peet-peet-peet-peet-pee-pee on the old pollard, or on the moss-covered trunk of some fruit-tree, for my notice, as I wander along. So close have I been to him that I could study all his delicate moth-like markings and his movements to perfection. Like the robin and the wren, as well as the cuckoo, with whose coming they so closely associate him, the wryneck is one of the country children's favourite birds.

Mary Howitt, that true lover of nature and all her children, from the greatest to the least, describes the harbinger of the cuckoo so sweetly, that we may be pardoned for reminding our readers of her lines:—

"Pee! pee! pee! says the merry pee-bird,

And as soon as the children hear it,
'The cuckoo's coming,' they say, 'for I heard

Up in the tree the merry pee-bird,
And he'll come in three days, or near it.'
The days go on, one, two, three,
And the little bird singeth 'pee! pee! pee!'

Then on the morrow, 'tis very true,
They hear the note of the old cuckoo;
Up in the elm-tree through the day,
Just as last summer he shouted away;
'Cuckoo!' the cuckoo doth cry,
And the little boys mock him as they
go by."

I claim Mary Howitt as one of our company of roadside naturalists.

Donkeys are credited with feeding largely on thistles, those prickly roadside products. He may munch the tender tops of the plants now and then, but you do not catch the *asinus* harmonious, grass-organ, thistle-puke, or beesweet—all these names are given to that animal in our rural district—eating thistles when he can get better food. The donkey is very fastidious in many of his habits; in drinking he is particularly so. Shakespeare noted this, and one of his characters says—

"Would that the fountain of thy mind
was clear,
That I might water an ass at it."

No, not for donkeys do those thistles grow so rank and so luxuriously, but for the birds that flock to them for food when their seeds are ripe. It is one of the prettiest of my roadside sights, that of a flock of twenty or thirty goldfinches fluttering over the stems and heads of the thistles, and clinging to them in all manner of positions. Twenty or thirty I call a large flock—goldfinches are getting scarcer with us. Titmice—all the tits—feed more or less on thistle-seeds; in hard weather I have seen siskins and redpolls busily at work on thistles, for they were the only plants that rose above the surface of the snow.

Blackbirds, thrushes, hedge-sparrows, willow-wrens, white-throats, and nightingales all nest and get their living by the roadsides. I have often listened to the

nightingale singing not ten feet above my head, and have found his nest in the bank—and left it there—only a yard or two from the main road.

Before we leave hedgerow life, mention should be made of the entomologists who find in and about the hedges happy hunting-grounds, both by day and by night. Butterflies, moths, and beetles abound, and even the latter creatures have their ardent and devoted followers. The hawk-moths—or sphinx family—delight in such localities: before some of our ancient hedges were grubbed up, in my younger days, I have made some good captures of various members of that family. The death's-head moth and the caterpillar of the moth used to be frequently found in the potato-fields at that time, to the disgust of the rustics who worked in the fields. They attributed to the caterpillar certain harmful and supernatural qualities that showed a wonderful imagination on their part. I have known a well-to-do farmer's wife and daughter put aside a heavy three-weeks' wash for that day, because a splendid specimen of the death's-head moth had been found on one of the tubs that they intended to use. In spite of the progress made in education, many curious superstitions linger, and will linger still for many years to come, in our more isolated country districts. With the superstitions the old folk-lore, valuable in its way, will go too. Many of our cottagers will still forbid the bringing of wild birds' eggs into the house. Woe betide the children, though, if they do not at once bring in those of the hen or duck that may be laying away!

By roadside waters I have in my wanderings lingered, rod in

hand : nearly all the mill pools or ponds are naturally close to the highways. The streams that feed them run in a line with the roads as a rule, or they cross them. But all mill-ponds and mill-streams have peculiar rights attached to them—rights which are most jealously guarded by the owners. Our rustic miller puts his foot down and states in the most emphatic manner “that he wunt hev the feathered critturs shot at, nor the fish dragged out on it.” Though the wayfarer may study bird-life, “as he runs,” most freely, he will find fish studies a very different matter. When I have tried to make some close observations of the sort myself, it has not always turned out either to my own satisfaction or to that of the miller, and it has led me into some awkward positions.

If a pond is required for cattle-drinking purposes at a farmhouse, they generally lead the runnels from the meadows to the spot where they wish to make one. In these ponds there are usually fish, and good ones too ; for where the cattle drink and the ducks dabble about, there is a continual supply of good food, insect-life following the cattle even to the water's edge.

Any angler, of course, will tell in less than ten minutes if a pool or stream has got fish in it. Certain fish have certain actions in the water : slight though these may be, they are sufficient to let the initiated observer know what are there. There is, however, in some cases a crabbed cantankerous host to deal with, who, even after you have propitiated him with good pay for the right to fish in his water, will harry you with advice and restrictions.

“You ain't to use no live bait

—master don't 'low it ; 'sidders as it's torturin' little fishes.” In vain to tell the man the baits you intend to spin with are dead ones. “No,” says he, “master wunt hev it.” On one of these occasions, after considerable grumbling, I threw my box of dead baits, packed in bran, over as far as I could throw, to my companion, who was in the alder swamps close at hand, and then produced a large bag of fine dew-worms. “Ah, you ken catch all ye ken with them 'ere worms,” the man said on leaving me.

I caught some good roach and perch with worms, and then sat down to my lunch. Just as I was beginning to eat, the same man who had given me that unwelcome piece of information strolled down to see if I was having any luck. With a rueful grimace I pointed to one or two roach and perch. Then I earnestly pressed him to accept a good wedge of veal and ham pie, and to imbibe a reputed quart of Bass's best bitter. This he did to his own perfect satisfaction and to mine also, for under its mellowing influence he informed me that his master had gone out and would not be back before night, adding, in a kindly and reflective mood, “It's a'most a pity as you chucked all them 'ere dead baits away, fur master is gone, an' what his eyes never seed his heart could never grieve arter. I'll cum an' see yer agin afore long.”

I gave the man an inward benediction as he departed, such as the gipsies' magpie bestowed on the parish constable ; then from my tackle-case I took out two artificial spinning-baits, made on the most approved principles, put them on, traces and all complete, and set to work. They took to perfection—with the pike and perch. I am not able to say whether it was the pie and the ale that inclined the

mind of the miller's man to contemplation—but one thing I know, from one of the upper windows of the mill he calmly watched my fishing luck. It was a short meadow's length from the mill; but as he saw the flash of scales when the fish were grassed, even his stolid nature was stirred to excitement, and crying that he "must raly go an' see thet good luck," he came down and out towards me. Very quickly the traces were slipped off, and worm-tackle was substituted. Fortunately, just as he reached me, a small jack took one of the worm baits, as they will frequently do.

After a little more refreshment I allowed him to inspect my catch: then he begged me as a favour to leave the remaining worms with him, for "never in his martil life had he ever knowed worms to ketch jacks an' perches like that; he should try them 'ere worms himself when the old man was out of the way." Many of my readers who have fished—I use the word with emphasis—know

that at times it is absolutely necessary to propitiate the guardian genii of the place with fluids more potent and soothing than the water that surrounds them on all sides. There is the old saw of all being fair in love and war, about the truth of which I am unable to offer an opinion; but I firmly believe that all is fair in fishing when you pay for it. The fluctuations inseparable from my particular branch of work have always given me more leisure than was at times acceptable or profitable; for days and weeks at certain seasons I am free to wander abroad at will, but I trust in these rambling notes I have said enough to convince my readers that even a workman who might have no other opportunities of following up his studies in natural history—if that be his bent—than along the high-roads over which he must travel morning and evening to and from his work, will find ample opportunities for observation in going and coming.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

TELEPATHY.

term telepathy must not be introduced without explanation. The term not yet in common use must be employed when menomona,—influences of mind and,—not generally seen to be closely related, have to be brought together, and, if possible, fit under one law. The term “thought transfer” has much too limited a range. And “telepathy” is already in use. It has been adopted by the Society for Psychical Research, and amongst other writers, notably by Mr Edmund Gurney in his very remarkable work, ‘*The Phantasms of the Living*.’ The established facts there related are more than sufficient to illustrate, by cumulative evidence of the strongest kind, the reality of the influences called telepathic. But I dispense with details. For my own satisfaction, at least, I have enough of my own.

Mr Gurney’s book telepathy is defined exactly as I would define it here. With him it is the ability of one mind to impress or be impressed by another otherwise than through the usual channels of sense.” Bringing the actual to the ideal, I would say that “telepathy is an impression or effect produced by one mind upon another otherwise than through the usual channels of sense,” or “though no known medium.” Such effects sometimes occur, under conditions known or unknown, as certain as it is at present unaccountable. When, for instance, I awake any one out of mesmeric sleep, so called,

which I have myself produced, by a few transverse passes of the hand at the distance of several yards, and so slight that they could not be felt or heard by him, with, it must be added, a full intention to awake him, and confidence in my power to do so, while similar movements made by a bystander, with whatever accompanying mental effort on his part, would have no effect at all, I exercise a telepathic influence—I produce a telepathic effect. Of the reality of this mysterious influence the proofs are innumerable; but even from a single well-established fact of the kind, one might not unreasonably suspect the existence of a law of nature formerly unknown, and of the discoverable operation of which who shall predict the range?

It was at first seemingly a slight thing that a straw or other light body is attracted to, and will for a time adhere to, amber or sealing-wax or glass which has undergone brisk friction; yet this was one of the first stepping-stones towards the discovery of the mysterious agent which we term electricity,—an agent operating throughout all matter, animate and inanimate, reaching from the earth to the sun, and probably to the utmost bounds of the seemingly infinite ether, and yet not intractable, but lending itself in most various ways to the service of man.

So with each new telepathic fact, however seemingly trivial; a higher standpoint is attained, the horizon widens, and there is good reason to believe that the same laws are at work in regions widely dissimilar. One may even suspect

that, like electricity in the material universe, so this mysterious agent in the region of the human mind, whether perceptible or not, is still of *universal* operation, manifesting itself sometimes naturally, sometimes under artificially produced conditions.

With me this suspicion has gradually strengthened, until I have scarcely any doubt that this agency is truly universal. I find it certainly at work in the land of dreams, for one may dream of that which another person is doing, or has lately done, or thought of; and if I give commonplace instances of this, they are no more to be despised on that account than are the electric movements of a straw. Indeed they are all the more valuable, as being further removed from the apparently supernatural. To give, first of all, the simplest.

Many years ago, when residing in the West Indies, two young children of mine were allowed to amuse themselves with a set of red and white ivory chess-men, but not to take them into their nursery. One morning, just before waking, their mother dreamed that she received a letter from England, enclosing the head or upper half of a red ivory knight, from a friend, who supposed that the piece must belong to her. On entering her nursery not many minutes afterwards, a little boy ran up to her, crying, "See what I have found!" and holding up the identical piece dreamt of—the knight's head. The chances against this, considered as a mere coincidence, are enormous. Supposing it not improbable that there should be some dream relating to one of the pieces used in the game of chess, and not improbable even that it should be the prominent feature in the dream,

still it might with equal probability have occurred on any day within a certain period of three years. And even supposing it not improbable, though in fact it was an isolated case, that a piece should get into the nursery, the coincidence in time remains to be accounted for, and also the identity of the piece found with that dreamed of. I calculate the chances at more than one hundred thousand to one.

On the telepathic theory of a mental sympathy between the mother and her child, all is perfectly simple. The child, on finding the piece, thought of his mother, and the leading idea in his mind was transferred to hers, which at such a moment would for obvious reasons be specially receptive of an impression from him, whose image would be one of the first in her waking thoughts. Many more striking cases are on record: the special value of this is in its commonplace character. Had the dream been not of a trifle picked up by a child, but of a friend suddenly stricken with a mortal illness, the image might have been taken for his "ghost" quitting the body, as some people fancy, before or after death, to go on some special errand.

Closely resembling this is another case well known to me. I had as a guest in my residence in Jamaica a lady of unusual intelligence, who was very intimate with and much attached to Mrs Beecher Stowe. They frequently corresponded. She had a dream in which Mrs Stowe seemed to be occupied, singularly enough, in digging the ground, and she inquired if there was any foundation for this. From the reply, she learned that Mrs Stowe had been shortly before in Scotland on a

visit to the Duke of Argyll, and had been asked to plant a tree as a memorial of her visit on leaving. Here, as in the former case, it is probable that besides the general sympathy between the parties concerned—from blood-relationship in the one case, from friendship in the other—there was some special thought, on Mrs Stowe's part, of the friend who dreamed of her act, connected in time either with the actual handling of the spade or with the remembrance of her strange occupation. Few people would suppose such a coincidence to be purely accidental, unless from the apparent impossibility of accounting for it otherwise.

This mysterious influence manifests itself in a form not very dissimilar when one person dreams of that of which another is also dreaming—of which there are many well-authenticated instances, though I myself have none to relate. Or, again, two persons may at about the same time dream of the same transaction in which the two are mutually concerned.

A young married lady related to me the following remarkable experience of this kind: Shortly after her marriage she had accompanied her husband to India. It was towards the end of the Mutiny, and she was separated from him—he being about forty miles away, and, as she believed, in great personal danger. For the first time in her young life she was left alone. One night, on retiring to rest, feeling far from well, depressed too by the sense of loneliness and by anxiety on her husband's account, she "could not help crying," and fell, as she thought, into a troubled sleep, in which she dreamed or fancied that an elderly gentleman who had shown them much kindness on

their first arrival in India, but who was then residing at a considerable distance, entered her room, and approaching the bed, said, "My dear child, I know well what you are suffering, and, believe me, I feel deeply for you;" and that he stooped down and kissed her. Though quite aware, she said, that it was merely a vision, she felt greatly consoled. The Mutiny ended, she was with her husband in Calcutta at an evening party, at which she met their friend. He expressed his pleasure at seeing her again after a long interval. "It is not so long," she replied, "since I saw you;" and she described the vision. With expressions of the utmost astonishment, he declared that he himself had had a similar vision, or rather dream. "I dreamed that I saw you crying, and tried to console you, and kissed you."

Comparing this case with the simpler previous one, it seems most probable that the first telepathic effect was that produced by the lady's emotion upon the mind of her friend. Through his tender regard for her, this excited such sympathy as to enable him, in a dream, to see her as she lay weeping, and the desire to console her developed itself, in his sleeping thoughts, into a seeming reality. Then her mind was in turn acted upon by his. She became conscious of the ideas with which his mind was possessed, so vividly that in her case also they were developed into seeming reality. She was very susceptible to influences of this kind. She had in earlier life had a still more remarkable vision, which shall be mentioned in its proper place.

Another instance of sympathy, or telepathy, which has been re-

cently related to me, has much resemblance to this, but is in some of its features uncommon, so far as I know, even among strange visions. Two young men, brothers, one being an officer in the British army, and the other a well-known and highly imaginative popular writer, were sleeping in the same room. The officer, my informant, was roused by moaning cries from his companion, as of extreme terror and distress. Shouting loudly to awake him, he asked, "What was the matter?" To this question his brother, when fully awakened, would give no answer; he declared that he could not *then* tell the cause of his distress. While wondering at this, my informant himself began to fancy that there was *something* in the room. Gradually, in the gloom, half-way between the foot of his brother's bed and the opposite wall, there developed itself a dusky figure of forbidding aspect. "What is that?" he exclaimed, but his brother said he saw nothing. After a while, to solve the mystery, he rose from his bed and approached the figure, which disappeared as he did so. The next morning the dreamer explained that he had seen standing at the foot of his bed a figure which filled him with intense horror. "It was the devil."

It is very remarkable that in this instance it was not until after the dreamer had ceased to believe in the spectre as a reality, and not until after the image had so far faded away that when awake he saw nothing, that the telepathic impression made upon the mind of his companion gradually gathered strength enough to develop itself as a fearful shape. The case is, as far as I know, unique, and is certainly uncommon. Not unfre-

quently we "tremble at the vision that's gone by, the dread of vanished shadows;" but seldom can it happen that after the shadows have vanished, though the dread of them remains, they reappear before another's waking eyes. The laws which govern these phenomena are but little understood; but we need not doubt that they are laws of wide operation. A few centuries ago it would have been regarded as bordering on heresy to doubt that the dark and hateful spectre was actually Satan himself. It would not have been remembered that the arch-deceiver would best serve his own ends by appearing as an angel of light.

It seems to me to be beyond reasonable doubt that some one general law of sympathetic or telepathic action is at work in all the above simple instances, as well as in others more complex, to be mentioned hereafter. Nothing in nature is really abnormal. It is most probable that a power to influence the minds of others, with a susceptibility to be influenced by other minds, exists in human beings universally, in a greater or less degree. To the hypothesis, abstractedly considered, that mind can act on mind directly—that is, not only through no known medium, but without any medium whatever—I see no valid objection. The action of mind on body, and that of body on mind, is far more mysterious than any action of mind on mind. For it is comparatively easy to understand that things of the same kind can affect one another directly. Yet to many persons mysteries with which they are familiar seem to be no mysteries at all: they wonder only at that which is unusual, and marvel at telepathic phenomena as savages at an eclipse.

That the influence of mind on mind is ordinarily imperceptible, does not prove that it cannot be universal. These are well-ascertained material influences which are of universal operation, yet are too feeble to be felt; and in some cases these, even if more powerful, would still be ordinarily unfelt, because they act in many directions at once, and tend therefore to neutralise one another. That matter has weight has always been known; but never till within the last few centuries could it have been suspected that, gravitation being universal, every human body must exert an influence upon,—for it has an attraction for,—every other human body, however distant;—an influence which would in certain cases be felt if the mass of the earth and the inertia of matter were very greatly less than they are.

In electricity also we have an all-pervading force of which we are ordinarily unconscious, violent and startling as are its occasional effects. So in the region of mind we may have effects rare and strange as are the slow-moving fireball, or the lightning-flash from an unclouded sky. Under peculiar and rarely occurring conditions, as yet but imperfectly known, certain mental influences predominate, and mind perceptibly acts on mind.

The great diversity of the forms under which a telepathic influence manifests itself furnishes but slight reason for supposing that all cannot obey one and the same law. For we know that matter may act on matter most variously. As variously, too, may matter act on body, or body on mind,—matter on matter directly, whether as mass on mass or as atom on atom, or indirectly through the earth, the atmosphere, the ether; and

through the body on the mind, through our senses of touch, of taste and smell, of hearing, or of sight, in ways wonderful and incomprehensible. The telepathic influence, like the material, may require time to develop itself so far as to produce a sensible effect; it may, within wide limits, be more or less intense; it may need for its manifestation very peculiar conditions. Like the influence of gravity between small masses on the earth's surface, it may be far too faint to be perceptible.

There are some very striking exceptions, but, as a general rule, the sympathies of mind with mind are experienced in the solitude, darkness, and silence of night, with freedom from external excitement, and most frequently during sleep; in short, under the same conditions as are favourable to the revival of impressions made during our hours of wakeful activity. These more ordinary impressions may be, and commonly are, forgotten, and it might be supposed that they had been wholly obliterated, while, in fact, they have simply faded, and become too faint to be distinguishable. In the hours of repose some of them return to us in our dreams, though why these rather than others it is generally impossible for us to say. They may have been latent for hours, or even for years, and yet through some mysterious laws of association suddenly obtrude themselves. Did they cross the current of our thoughts by day, we should know that they belonged not to our actual world,—that they had no place amongst the realities by which we were surrounded; but when that outer world has faded from before us, the intruders all alike seem real, however incongruous they may be, and however faint and evanescent.

There are, however, in some cases impressions far more vivid, —hallucinations or day-dreams, so intense as to compel a belief in their reality even when the mind is fully awake to the influence of external things. Thus it is recorded that several links in the chain of evidence for a murder were supplied by a young girl, who stated that she had seen the victim hanging in an outhouse, but who added that she also saw the face of the devil looking on from above a neighbouring wall; and under cross-examination persisted in declaring that this was as true as all the rest of her evidence. The judge wisely held that this strange delusion was not sufficient to discredit the rest of her testimony. Wisely; for it was horror produced by the ghastly reality, combined with a sense of the wickedness of the crime, which *caused* the hallucination. So with telepathic impressions—influences of mind on mind. They may be so faint as to be perceived only during a dream, or immediately after waking, especially in a darkened room, or they may be able to withstand the full light of day. It is quite possible that they may be faint in an extreme degree—as faint comparatively as are the lights and shadows cast by the moon in the daytime. Though moonlight is many thousand times more feeble than sunlight, being at brightest but as the size of the lunar disc to rather more than that of the starry dome in which she hangs, yet we know that to the exquisitely sensitive human eye those soft rays can show the landscape almost as distinctly as it is seen by day, and give it a peculiar beauty. By the blaze of sunshine that picture is not obliterated; *it still is there*, with all its soft lights and deep shadows, though unseen.

So may a multitude of tele impressions remain for ever received, a few of the strongest under special and as yet un conditions, emerging from crowd and making themselves known. But then,—which is important,—another cause to operate, and deepens the impression of reality. No soon that impression conveyed to the mind begins to develop it through the principle of the combination of ideas to add to its features, and to clothe it with appropriate surroundings; just in cases not telepathic, we recognise the figure of a man at a distance, while his face and his features are unrecognisable, but the mind supplies these from memory. First a telepathic image, entering the mind *apparently* from without, brings with it the impression of an actual and visible presence. Then the mind swiftly constructs the picture, and paints it so *ly upon the orb of sight itself* the figure will sometimes be discernible even when one is no longer. I have had more than one personal experience of this. To give one only.

In my youth I saw a pantomime in which were exhibited slack-rope dancing, tumbling, and various other feats of skill. Amongst these the performance of the clown was conspicuous. Holding the right foot in his left hand, he used the loop thus formed as a skipping-rope, through which he leaped backwards and forwards very rapidly. The next morning just before waking, I had a confused dream of this scene in the skipping clown was again present. The whole picture gradually as I became more and more conscious of my actual

roundings; but I found that on closing my eyes it was faintly reproduced, and that on reopening them the place occupied by the clown, whitish on a dark ground when the eyes were closed, appeared against a white bed-curtain as a pale purple spot, indistinct, but evidently in motion, like a pulsating heart. In this case lively impressions upon the mind and eye, after remaining dormant for many hours, assumed during a dream the appearance of reality, though the nerves of the eye were so feebly excited that a pale-coloured spot only could endure the test of faint daylight. Had the room been darker, though not in total darkness, the moving figure would have been nearly as distinct when the eyes were open as when they were closed. Thus it is easy to see that one person dreaming of another, and gradually waking in partial darkness, on seeing the other's image still before his eyes, might not unnaturally suppose that his "ghost" had appeared,—“a visitant from another world,”—probably to announce his recent decease!

It is quite possible, however, that impressions upon the mind and upon the nerves of sight, very far fainter than those which produced the purple spot just mentioned, might suffice to convey the fullest conviction of the actual presence of one whose image appeared in a dream; for the last objects which the dreamer beheld before falling asleep were his bedchamber and its contents. He dreams of these, and also of the figure of his friend, which seems to be in the midst of them; and he will, in consequence, assert most positively on the following morning that “he was not asleep,”—“he distinctly saw the figure

standing beside his bed,”—“he could not be mistaken.”

Some persons rarely dream, and their dreams, when they do occur, are merely a jumble of scenes and events, recent or remote, of a most commonplace character. Impressions formed during the day have not reproduced themselves in dreams in one instance in ten thousand. Telepathic impressions will, in almost every case, be far fainter originally; and if of these not one in a million is so developed and intensified as to become perceptible, one need not therefore doubt the reality of the rest. A scene beheld telepathically has been one out of a multitude of such sketched on the brain, as it were, with invisible inks of various kinds, and superimposed one on the other, of which that one only has been exposed to such chemical action as to develop it; or as one of a multitude of voices heard afar off, and speaking in different tongues, of which one only, perhaps the name of a friend, is caught by the listener. The mind, like a stretched wire, vibrates but feebly except in response to that one among many tones with which it is at the time in unison.

For this kind of unison, this predisposition to receive or to impart telepathic influences, various causes may be assigned, some with much certainty. From the numerous cases recorded in ‘*The Phantasms of the Living*,’ it is evident that blood-relationship is frequently a predisposing cause. So, as might be anticipated, are strong affection and close intimacy, as between husband and wife or familiar friends. In a word, whatever produces sympathy not telepathic, predisposes to these more mysterious sympathies also. So, again, there may be a telepathic

response if the thought of one person is intently fixed upon another; or, still more markedly, if the thoughts of them both are mutual and simultaneous—i.e., A's thoughts on B, and B's on A, *at the same time*. Such, in all probability, was the case in which, as above recorded, a mother dreamed of that which her child had just before found.

In the very striking case now to be recorded, more than one of these causes of strong telepathic sympathy were at work, and the effect produced by their combined operation was of unusual power. The writer of the following account is well known to me, and permits the publication of her letter, excepting only the names. She had previously related to me much of her story, in the presence of her husband.

"On the night of the 13th of March 1879 I was going to a dinner-party at Admiral —'s. While dressing for the same, through the doorway of my room which led into my husband's dressing-room, I distinctly saw a white hand wave to and fro twice. I went into the room, and found no one was there, or *had* been there, as the door on the other side was closed; and on inquiring I found no one had been up-stairs. While dressing nothing further occurred, but on arriving at Admiral —'s a strange feeling of sadness came over me. I could eat no dinner; nor afterwards, when we had some music, could I sing well. All the time I felt *some one*, or *something*, was near me. We went home, and about eleven o'clock, or perhaps half-past, I commenced undressing. I distinctly felt some one touching my hair, as if they, or he, or she, were undoing it. I was very frightened, and told my husband I felt so. He laughed at me. When saying my prayers, on praying as I always did for the recovery of a sick friend, instead of as usual asking God to make him well, all I could say was,

'O God, put him out of his misery.' I got into bed, and something lay beside me. I told my husband, who, though he laughed at me, pitied my nervousness, and took me into his arms; but still whatever was there remained by me, and a voice, the voice of my friend, distinctly said, 'Good-bye, Sis' (which he used to call me). Whether I fell asleep then or not I don't know, but I distinctly felt a kiss on my cheek, and I *saw* my friend, who told me 'he had left me some money, but that he wanted it to be left differently, but had had no time to alter it.' A livid line was across his face. I woke crying. About (I think) five days after, a letter was brought to me with a deep black border. I *felt* what it meant. It was to tell me of the death of my friend —, who had passed away at half-past ten p.m., March the 13th. The letter proceeded to tell me he had left me some money, but that the writer (his brother) was too ill and upset to give me any further particulars, or tell me of any messages he had sent me, only that his brother 'had died murmuring my name.'"

It appears that it was the dying man's wish to alter his will, and leave the money to one of her children, his godson, rather than to herself, "as he thought people might misconstrue his motives;" and she adds, "His brother ended his letter by saying, 'If ever woman was loved on earth, my unhappy brother loved you; and if we ever meet it can never be as strangers, but as brother and sister.'" Further on she writes, "I did not know this, but suspected it before his death." Here there was mutual affection—on one side of unusual strength. Each, moreover, habitually thought of the other, the dying man the more continuously and intently of the two, until at length the object of his devotion seemed to hear his voice, and even, reading his thoughts, became aware of his

special wish concerning her and her child.

It is important to notice here the gradual development of the telepathic impressions. The beckoning hand, but whose she knew not; the depression of spirits, wherefore she knew not; the some one or something near, but what she knew not,—were all antecedent to, or commenced some time before, the death of her friend. His influence upon her deepened by degrees, until, after his death, he seemed to be seen by her, to speak to her, to make known to her his last wishes. It may seem strange that his communications should have related to money matters. But it appears that on his death-bed, desiring greatly to alter his will, he had sent for a solicitor, who, however, did not arrive in time. Thus for some hours uncertainty and anxiety on this account must have been intimately blended, in the mind of the dying man, with his thoughts of her on whom his affections were fixed. Had not these last and most vivid impressions been preceded by others less distinct yet evidently produced by the same mysterious influence, there would have been room for the supposition, to which some persons so fondly cling, that after his death his "spirit," leaving the body, had paid a visit to his friend.

The instances of telepathic sympathy hitherto mentioned have been all of that simpler kind in which only two persons are concerned. But there are phenomena more subtle and complex than these. There are cases in which three or even more persons are concerned, one or more of them forming the medium (but not in the professional sense of that much-abused word) through which tele-

pathic influences are conveyed. Thus, something concerning A—the image of A and a knowledge of what he is doing or suffering—may be telepathically communicated to the mind of B, but too faintly to be perceived by him; and yet a third person, C, of peculiar susceptibility, may, through sympathy with B, become conscious of that influence which by B is unfelt.

To mention only one or two of the instances of this, which have been related to me by one or other of the parties immediately concerned. The same lady who described to me her having been visited and consoled, as she fancied, by a friend who entered her room as she lay weeping upon her bed in India, was in earlier life residing at home with her mother. She was in delicate health, and in the habit of retiring to rest at the hour of nine. Her mother, who slept in the same room, was usually an hour later. Upon one occasion, on her mother entering the bedroom, she seemed to be accompanied by another person with whom the daughter was not acquainted—"a lady in black evening dress, short, stout, and foreign-looking." On her inquiring who it was, her mother declared that there was no one in the room but herself. The figure moved closer to her, was seen very distinctly, and then—she knew not how—disappeared. Both supposed it to have been simply a dream; but the daughter recorded it in her diary. About a year afterwards the daughter was in Cheltenham with an aunt, and while walking with her in the High Street, recognised the fancied visitor to her bedroom. She was dressed in black as before; the only difference observed being that she then,

in the street, wore a bonnet. The aunt informed her that she was well acquainted with the lady; it was Madame X.—I forget the name—"the famous clairvoyante," then paying a professional visit to Cheltenham. The aunt had attended one of her *séances* a year before, and being put *en rapport* with her, had challenged her to say what her niece, my informant, was then doing. The hour was between nine and ten in the evening. The clairvoyante declared that she saw her in bed, and gave some particulars respecting the room, which the aunt knew to be correct. The dates were found to correspond. The clairvoyante and the girl had seen each other telepathically, and the medium was the aunt. The faint telepathic *rapport* always subsisting, as is most probable, between the relatives, was intensified when the aunt's thoughts were directed towards her niece, and impressions on her mind, of which she was herself unconscious, were read by the clairvoyante. Then commenced a telepathic influence—whether mediate or immediate it is impossible to decide—between the clairvoyante and the sleeping girl,—an influence powerful enough to develop itself into a distinct vision.

This case is of some complexity, in that the telepathic influence was twofold—each of two parties having a vision of the other through the third. But a much more remarkable case is now to be related, in which there were manifold telepathic impressions combining to produce their complex effect on one mind unusually sensitive.

In the year 1865 there occurred in Jamaica a local outbreak of a very grave character—a series of preconcerted attacks upon the "whites" by the lower class of

the coloured population—which, had it not been promptly and vigorously suppressed, would have extended over the whole island. The design had been very widely, but very secretly, entertained for years of getting rid of the white population, and taking possession of their lands—a design known to many, who, though having no share in it, yet dared not "go against their colour" by giving information of the conspiracy. The outbreak commenced—before its intended time, it appears—in the eastern part of the island on the 11th of October; and on that day a zealous and able clergyman, and a distinguished layman—one of the kindest of men—were murdered, with several others. The clergyman of the parish narrowly escaped through his courageous conduct. Surrounded by a menacing crowd, he folded his arms and said, "Are you not ashamed to strike an old man who never did you any harm?" The manly appeal prevailed; but two of his sons, who, as I understood, were unpopular, were not spared. From this clergyman I afterwards learned that a niece of his, a girl of thirteen years of age, had had a most remarkable "prophetic" dream—as it was regarded by his family—before the outbreak occurred, and I eventually obtained an account of it, in a large, childish handwriting, from the girl herself. It was in the following words:—

"I dreamed on the night of the 9th of October [two nights before the outbreak, forty miles off] that I was dead, and that all around me were laughing. My coffin was beside me. There came in a man with a crown on his head, and ordered it to be taken away; and the coffin and everybody immediately disappeared. He sat down beside me. I turned my head away. He said to me,

'Minnie, if you knew who was beside you, you would not turn away your head.' Then I looked, and saw it was my dear Uncle Stephen. [He had been dead some years.] He showed me a book blotted with blood, and asked if I could read it. I said I could not. There were two drops of blood on his face, and I asked what it was for. He said that two of mine should be killed, but that nothing should happen to me. Then he rose and went up to heaven; and as he went up, the two drops of blood fell, and mingled with mine. I told this dream to my aunt, Mrs O, to Mrs B., and several others, the next morning.

"MARIANNE C."

Of this most remarkable dream, the imagery—of great dramatic beauty—was evidently supplied by the dreamer herself, her imagination working, as is usual, capriciously, yet with deep meaning in each detail. "I was dead—my coffin was beside me—all around me were laughing." Being but vaguely conscious at first of murderous designs, she imagined her own life to have been taken; and the exultation of the conspirators in their anticipated success conveyed to her mind the idea that strangers were laughing over her as she lay dead. But this, we see, does not wholly appal her. She pictures to herself a heavenly deliverance. A beloved uncle comes from some region of glory and assures her of her personal safety. Still she is conscious that bloodshed is intended. There is a blood-stained book which she cannot read. And, in fact, the conspirators could not have foreseen on that night where their murderous work would begin or end. But two cousins of hers were, it seems, specially destined for death, and as the telepathic impression gradually became more definite, their destiny was realised in her dream.

Here a knowledge of the evil thoughts of many persons—strangers to her, and at a distance,—knowledge partly vague, but in part clear and definite—was suggested to the mind of a young girl during her sleep; a girl of lively imagination, of temperament tenderly sympathetic, and in close sympathy with some of those persons who were the immediate objects of those evil thoughts. And these persons, it is most probable, *collectively* formed the medium through which that knowledge was conveyed. Murderous designs were "in the air." Gradually developed and intensified, they gathered round those beloved by her, till, just before they were to break forth in storm, the susceptible heart of a young girl could read them.

If these things can be, we may venture to take one step further, and that a very important one. An impression once made upon the mind of one person, or of more than one, may last for periods of considerable duration, and may be communicated from time to time to others. What was felt intensely even by a single person—much more if by more than one—may make a faint telepathic impression on many other minds, and may be transmitted by them to others. In the great majority of cases such impressions may never become the subject of conscious perception by any one. But yet some of such impressions may, under special conditions, be intensified and developed; and the emotions or actions or experiences of joy or of pain, felt years before by one no longer in this life, may be thus revived. If this be possible,—and it is merely an extension of the general telepathic theory,—we

have a simple explanation of much that has been related concerning haunted houses and other places, which some persons fancy to be frequented by the spirits of the departed. I am glad to be able to adduce, in support of the above theory, an instance of "haunting" of a very unromantic character by a very vulgar "ghost."

There resided near me in Jamaica a lady who, it may be as well to state, was certainly not highly imaginative nor easily alarmed—a fearless and skilful horsewoman. She was sleeping alone in her house,—the servants being, as usual, in a separate building,—when an earthquake occurred, strong enough to bring down a chimney, which crashed through roof and ceiling upon the bed in an adjoining room which her daughter generally occupied. But a heavy rainfall towards sunset had prevented the daughter from riding home from my house. The mother did not rise from her bed, but calmly waited till morning to see what damage was done. This same lady was in the city of Kingston on a visit. Her bedroom was on the second floor, facing the street. When about to lie down, or having just done so, the window being open, there appeared the figure of a man in the act of entering the room by it. She rushed to the door and raised a shout of alarm, which soon brought up the master of the house. He said it was all a delusion; that the same figure had appeared to several other persons, but that it was remarkable that it had never been seen when more than one person occupied the room. This curious hallucination cannot have originated in any actual intrusion, or attempt to enter, by a would-be burglar, for

the room was inaccessible from without. But some person of nervous temperament, and unaccustomed to be alone at night, had previously occupied the room, and had suffered from a vague sense of insecurity,—an apprehension of some possible danger. Naturally there followed a dream in which the idea of some formidable intruder was associated with recollections of the room itself, and of the window—the last object seen by the closing eyes. Thus the impression of reality was strongly conveyed, and gradually became intense enough to impress other minds,—probably those of other occupants of the house, or perhaps of friends or relatives, though too feebly for consciousness under ordinary conditions. Thence followed a telepathic effect of a more forcible kind upon the next solitary occupant of the chamber, who happened to be of a nervous temperament. To sleep alone in the room, to have similar associations of time, and place, and companionship, was sufficient to develop it. The dreamer touched "the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound," experienced a mental shock, and beheld a vision. Each time that such a spectre is seen the excited imagination of the beholder will deepen the telepathic influence already widely spread, and will often add to it fresh features of terror, which contribute to intensify the effect.

If a figure merely dreamed of originally may thus reappear as a vision before another's waking sight, why not the figure of one who had actually in the flesh frequented the spot in which his "ghost" is supposed to be seen, especially that of one who had there suffered much, or had there

perpetrated some atrocious crime? Few persons, perhaps none, had been cognisant of the crime, or of the depth of the sufferings, through the ordinary channels of knowledge; but yet a telepathic influence had, all unconsciously to themselves, touched the deepest recesses of the hearts of many, and there abode for years, and thence extended to others. If of such persons any one of peculiar sensitiveness occupies, or visits the place in which so much that was sad and sorrowful, or so much that was fearful and horrible, had been suffered or done, then, usually in the darkness and silence of night, the past is revived. The voice of a brother's blood cries from the ground, the groan of anguish is heard again, the past is re-enacted, represented as in a picture, to which the terrified beholder himself adds fresh touches of horror. Sometimes the phantoms are but dimly seen, and seem to be transparent; and though this is simply because the impression upon the nerves of sight is comparatively feeble, and therefore conceals but partially the objects in front of which they intervene, yet, curiously enough, they therefore to the credulous beholder seem all the more real—for such, as he believes, *ought* to be the appearance of those who are no longer in the flesh! Thus the impression upon his mind is intensified, and the phantoms, with all their illusory surroundings, grow more and more terrific.

But these so-called "supernatural" appearances, once produced telepathically, are reproduced partly by ordinary means. The ghost-seer tells his tale of horror, and some future visitor of the haunted spot, or sleeper in the haunted room, dreams of what he has heard; and this his dream alone

would suffice—as in the case of the fancied burglar at the window—to cause some future occupant of the chamber to dream a similar dream, or to imagine that he sees plainly, while awake, an unwelcome intruder upon his privacy.

Are there not, then, really such beings as ghosts? To some persons scepticism upon this subject may seem to be almost profane. Why should not the spirits of the departed, they may ask, revisit this world? It may be replied that if there be any communion between human beings, of whom some are in this world and some in another, or rather, between men and "ghosts"—since a soul without a body is hardly to be called a *man* (though it appears to retain the very features and even the dress which it wore when in the flesh)—such communion must surely be of a far higher kind than any which takes place in haunted chambers. But it is not so easy to lay the ghosts! In the 'Nineteenth Century' for April last, Mr Frederic Myers has professed his belief in the reality of telepathic, or "spiritual," communications between the living and the dead. He argues fairly enough that if a knowledge of a fact originally "known only to some deceased person" enters the mind of one still living, his theory is directly proved. But he has overlooked the probability of a telepathic impression having been made by the deceased *before* his death on the minds of others, from whom,—although the original recipients of the impression were never conscious of it,—a distinct knowledge of the fact was derived,—that knowledge manifesting itself, it may be, many years afterwards.

In a future state, and in a higher world than this, one may well believe that there will be an intercommunion of spirits, to which the telepathic influences at work in this world bear a faint analogy.

For Christians it is a matter of faith that the Father of spirits acts directly upon the minds of men, and of an innumerable multitude of other intelligent creatures. And they hold, further, that in a glorified state they will "know even as they are known"—and this surely not through the medium of elaborate signs or words, as of the languages of earth. They may even not unreasonably hope to enter into close sympathetic union with many souls at once, such as

with our present narrow capacities of thought and feeling, is impossible. Hardly can one perfectly sympathise with one, constituted as we now are. But hereafter it may be with souls as with musical tones, of which many sounding together can produce a harmonious effect far more expressive and beautiful than that of any simpler concord, each tone enriching all the rest. So may each soul, vibrating in loving and intimate yet diverse sympathies with many others, receive ever fresh delight from their rich harmony. There may be an exquisite spiritual telepathy, in circles ever widening, embracing other orders of being, touching even the Highest.

REGINALD COURTENAY.

P E E L.

WE cannot agree with those critics of this book who say that Peel's character and career are far less interesting than those of many of his contemporaries—for instance, Canning, Russell, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Melbourne. His personality, no doubt, is not illustrated in correspondence. It may be said to be obscured behind a network of phrases—correct sentiments correctly expressed. However confidential his letters may be, he is never taken off his guard—his true self is never revealed unawares. His contemporaries chafed under his reserve; posterity must endure it also. On the other hand, there is no suspicion of falsity. Still, the interest is not mainly attracted by his private characteristics, which were those of a man of truth, rectitude, and honour. It is his public career, the transcendent part which he played in the politics of a momentous period, his achievements and the vicissitudes of his public life, which rendered him the foremost figure of his time, and fill a large portion of its history.

That there was no genius about him—that he was without imagination, without oratory, without prescience, without those comprehensive views which are essential to a man placed in a commanding position like his, and without creative faculty, do not detract from the interest of his career. These defects add to it by raising the problem how it came to pass that a man without the inspiration and insight of genius, with the aid

only of a superior order of intelligence, trained and developed by unceasing labour, achieved his unrivalled pre-eminence, and influenced to so remarkable an extent the course of events.

It is not surprising that, even at a distance of more than forty years from his death, opinion should be divided as to the merits of this most remarkable man. Much has been written of him. Just before this publication by the trustees of his papers, two appreciative biographies of him were given to the world, from which we infer that by some minds the Tamworth manifesto is still regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of statesmanship, and the peroration of his final speech as Minister of the Crown the *ne plus ultra* of parliamentary eloquence. Setting this aside, it must be conceded to his most enthusiastic admirers that they have unusually strong grounds to urge in support of the faith that is in them, in vindication of their historic conscience.

Foremost amongst these grounds stands the conspicuous list of his legislative achievements. His name, as Mr Parker says, remains "familiarily associated with institutions which still govern and protect our daily life." The greatest of these was his establishment of our currency system, permanently fixed on principles elucidated by him and the committee over which he presided, and adopted by Parliament on his authority and by his persuasion. He broke down the system of Draconian punishment established by our

criminal laws, and began the era of milder and proportionate punishment. He established a system of police in the three islands which is a main instrument in securing the peaceable and orderly conduct of daily life. He constructed our commercial policy and free trade tariff on lines which have been extended since his death, and are to all appearance permanent. He imposed an income-tax for three years, which neither he nor any succeeding Chancellor of Exchequer has ever brought himself to part with, and which remains as an indispensable portion of a system of taxation originated by him. The English Church owes to him its ecclesiastical commission, the Scotch Church its rent of 1843; the Irish Roman Catholics owe to him direct'y their emancipation, and derivatively the power which they used to subvert the royal establishment, and to demand a separation from Great Britain, on terms which they hope will secure their ascendancy. As a party leader and parliamentary speaker, he divided with Canning the admiration of the House of Commons, and eclipsed him in point of authority with his party; and from the date of Canning's death, he became and remained the foremost man in public life, *facile princeps* in a host of celebrated and powerful rivals.

But then turn the tables and survey the reverse side of the picture. It is no discredit but a praise to him that in currency and banking he imbibed the principles of Horner, Huskisson, and Ricardo, and threw over not merely the authority and precepts of his father, but the currency resolutions of Vansittart, for which, though a byword of reproach in history, he had himself voted. Again, it is to his honour that, in his criminal legislation, he was

content to sit at the feet of Romilly and Mackintosh. But when this wise facility of adaptation is extended so as to cover the whole field of his statesmanship; when the chief of the dominant political party, who has gained supreme power by identifying himself and his party with one set of principles and policy, displays increasing distrust of them, and an increasing desire to appropriate those which belong to his chief antagonists,—it is no longer the pupil who gains wisdom from an expert, but the expert himself who proves to be seriously in error, with consequences disastrous to himself and to his country. The blot upon Peel's career is that he had no political creed in which he had faith, no well-considered principles on which he could rely, no far-reaching purposes to which he could direct his aims. Although his political position all through his life was a powerful one, at times one of absolute supremacy, he never really controlled or guided events. He was from first to last the votary of circumstance. He was an excellent captain in all respects but one, that he placed himself at the rudder and was quite incapable of steering. No one surpassed him as an administrator; his prodigious memory and incessant labour gave him a marked superiority in political knowledge; his long official experience and success established his authority. That nothing should be wanting to enhance his power, he had it all his own way with the House of Commons. Without being an orator, he was an unrivalled debater. He dealt with the House of Commons as skilfully as Scarlett with a jury, playing upon it, as Disraeli puts it, as upon an old fiddle. It responded to his touch; and what with his immense personal superiority, and

the unrivalled skill with which he brought it to bear upon Parliament, the rudder was conspicuously in his hands, with this manifest result that he had no chart to steer by, and plainly drifted.

It was inevitable that the career of a man with powers of such transcendent order, but withal so limited in their application by one fatal defect, the want of forethought, should be marked by great disasters as well as by great successes. It would have been well for him if, in the earlier portion of his career, he could have fallen under the influence of Canning. But that illustrious personage was not, during Peel's earlier years, taking that decisive part in public affairs to which his genius entitled him. He had thrown himself out of office, and made it impracticable for him to work with Castlereagh during the most momentous period of the Peninsular war; and during the years of disorganisation which followed, he was relegated to the India Office. And so it came to pass that Peel, as the ablest though the youngest of the Ministers, was marked out rather as the rival than as the pupil of Canning; and notwithstanding the accession of the latter to the lead of the House of Commons in 1822, at the death of Castlereagh, the rivalry remained, and precluded any real cordiality. As a result, Peel identified himself—except so far as his eminence in debate and his special legislative successes gave him personal distinction—with the system associated with the Percivals, Sidmouths, and Eldons, whose names are connected with the Regency. His personal successes were that he won the representation of Oxford University over Canning's head; that, as leader of the Ministerial party, he maintained his ascendancy over Canning as lead-

er of the House on the vital question of Roman Catholic emancipation. But, as usual, the victories were such as Pyrrhus would have disdained,—they were the precursors of unrivalled disaster. In a very short time the conqueror was crouching at the feet of O'Connell and his Association, surrendering at discretion. And not merely that;—defeated friends and victorious enemies alike regarded him as by far the most competent, we may almost say the indispensable man to carry into effect the policy which he had devoted his life to oppose, but which, in the completeness of his surrender, he had brought himself to regard as wise, necessary, just, and right. The first astounding transaction of this kind, so decisive of Peel's capacity to conceive political measures and authority to pass them, so fatal to his pretensions as a sagacious statesman and prudent leader of a party, if it stood alone in his career would have arrested the attention of his biographer, and compelled him to revise the estimate which otherwise would have been justified of his claims to historical renown. It, however, does not stand alone. At every crisis of his life things happen, to quote the Tamworth manifesto, "wholly unforeseen and unexpected by me." The disasters eclipse the successes; the defeats are on a greater scale than the victories.

Hardly was the Bill of 1829 passed than the portentous consequences, no doubt "wholly unforeseen and unexpected by me," but at the same time absolutely inevitable, of triumphant agitation and Ministerial despair, began to unfold themselves. No sooner had statesmen rendered Government ridiculous, by placing themselves under the necessity of abandoning

its functions, when confronted with a violence which they had themselves provoked and stimulated but were powerless to resist, than the French Revolution broke out, by which the elder Bourbons were swept from the throne of France. Obviously the Reform agitation was upon us. Ireland and O'Connell showed the way; France supplied the stimulus. The representative institutions of the United Kingdom were so absurd, that no one now defends, or even palliates or excuses them.

The nation, which had grown in wealth and population, had completely outgrown its representative system, which still hung about it in rags and tatters. The alternative before it was to readjust that system so as gradually to widen its basis, or at once to make a violent transition from an exclusive aristocratical Government to one which should be established on democratical principles. The crisis found the great Conservative chief, —for such Peel already was—not merely with his hold upon his party seriously weakened by his recent fiasco, but as completely without a plan as Trochu was, or was supposed to be, at the siege of Paris. Here was the real catastrophe of his life, more so than in 1829 and 1846. The moment had come when the imperative demand arose, foreshadowed for years in resolutions submitted to the House by Lord John Russell, that power should be redistributed—that the whole system of Government should practically be reconstituted. The man who, from his position, ought to have controlled this demand, and regulated the principles upon which it should be conceded, was undoubtedly Sir Robert Peel. Since the death of Canning he was head and shoulders *above any other man in the House*

of Commons, in point of official and personal position, experience, and debating power. But the circumstances, tremendous as they were, constituting an era of revolution of still greater magnitude than that which had happened in France, found the great leader wholly unprepared, without principles carefully thought over, or plans developed in concert with his colleagues—obliged, in order to recover his lost authority over his party, to meet the rising demands of the country by a helpless *non possumus*, and in blind obedience to the Duke of Wellington.

No principle was at stake to which either party was pledged. Pitt had invoked parliamentary reform against the Whigs; the Whigs had in their turn invoked it under the depression of prolonged defeat; the Canningites had urged gradual reform as the alternative to organic change. But the rash and headstrong course taken by Peel—for his usual wariness and caution in details deserted him at great crises—resulted in the whole question of the resettlement of the British constitution and the readjustment of the proportion of power being flung for settlement to out-of-doors agitation. The king was coerced, the authority of the House of Lords was suspended, the Ministers of the Crown framed their proposals solely with a view to rouse popular enthusiasm and determination to the same pitch which it had reached in Ireland—that is, to offering to the Tory chief the same choice which O'Connell had successfully presented to him,—concession or civil war. The Bill was carried. The sole consolation to the followers of Peel was found in the helpless aphorism of the Duke of Wellington, that, after all, the revolution had come by Act of Parliament.

Even the Czar Nicholas was said to have regarded the whole struggle with amused contempt, and to have remarked that, if he had been Tory leader, he should have had no objection to parliamentary reform. No Tory leader has ever paid to Peel's disastrous conduct at that crisis the sincere flattery of imitation. When next the subject of parliamentary reform was mooted, Peel's successor came forward to claim the right of his party to deal with it, and 1867 gave the final rebuke to the impolicy and blindness of 1832. The character and the results of the great Reform Act have nothing to do with the estimate of Peel's character and conduct; the mode in which that Act was passed has everything to do with it. Peel's utter incompetence to guide or control the crisis stands confessed, and no amount of official aptitude, debating power, financial reform, or administrative skill can redeem this overpowering blot on his career. The immediate consequence of his failure was ten years' exclusion from office in the very prime of his life. Another was that Lord John Russell, the real or apparent author of the measure, stepped forward as his successful rival during those important years which succeeded the great resettlement. Inevitable reaction, stimulated by Peel's official and personal reputation, rather than by any rival principles or creed propounded by him, eventually brought Peel back to office, again without any settled plan or policy, or at all events without one which he dared to avow to his supporters.

The next chapter in his career was consistent with those which preceded. The leader, who, notwithstanding his vast superiority in political knowledge, had suc-

cumbed to O'Connell and the Association, and then, by reason of unwise and uncompromising resistance, had been routed by Lord John and the Reform Committees, or Birmingham League, now entered upon a course which led to a complete surrender of his policy to Cobden, and of his personal position to Disraeli. It was a repetition of exactly the same tactics as those which culminated in 1829; but a great party was not disposed to condone its second betrayal, and so the results were different. Peel, moreover, with his want of insight into character, and his distrust of genius especially if it had displayed itself in literature, had, unfortunately for himself, in forming his Government excluded from office the ablest man in his party, who was probably the only man capable of avenging the wrongs which it had endured. The Protestant champion, who had built up for himself a strong political position on the faith of his resolute opposition to Catholic emancipation, only to discover after he had attained supremacy that that opposition was based on no principle which it was right to vindicate, but only on notions of expediency which turned out to be miscalculated, now played exactly the same game with Protection. There is no instance of political leadership like that of Peel in the thirties, without a creed or a cry, basing its whole claim to public confidence on the administrative skill and experience of the leader, without principles, and trusting entirely to what was called reaction from the excitement of 1832. Power brought with it responsibility, and the leader immediately saw the expediency of adopting the principles of his opponents, and of carrying them into effect with his unrivalled dexterity and ability,

till in four years' time he was found exaggerating alarms of scarcity in order to justify a proposal to his Cabinet to adopt the whole system of the Manchester League. If that proposal had been accepted, nothing would have been heard of resignation. The Minister would have claimed superiority to party obligation; the Duke would have declared that his duty was to assist in carrying on the Queen's Government. Lord John's Edinburgh letter was the proximate cause of 1845 being distinguished from 1828 by the farce of resignation; and office was said to be resumed to save the country from Mr Cobden and his friends, to whom the policy belonged, and who had the best right to carry it into effect.

Here, again, were desertion and betrayal of his supporters, coupled with the ostentatious appropriation of the principles of his opponents, which was delicately described at the time by his admirers as giving up to mankind what was meant for party. Nothing turns upon the principles being right or wrong. Free-trade principles may be as sound as the principle of relieving Catholic disability. On that assumption Peel's errors in both cases were, that he deliberately built up a powerful political position by identifying himself with a system which the best men of his day decried, and which he, with his superior knowledge and ability, should have known to be indefensible, and then in office devoted his great powers to sweep away that system in the mode most exasperating to his supporters, and most subversive of that mutual confidence and loyalty between leader and followers which is the life of government by party. This, too, at a time when the democracy of England was entering upon its inheri-

ance, and wanted, above all things, leadership which it could trust. The consequences upon public life have been most marked. At the present day inconsistency has ceased to be a reproach; a pledge is obsolete in five years; there is scarcely a public man who has not boxed the compass of political opinion. Agitation is no longer the only instrument by which statesmen are to be compelled to follow where they cannot or will not lead. Organised crime has become a weapon of party politics. The denunciations of one side are weakened by stale repetition, on the other they are withheld from the fear of alienating support. The democracy which was born in violence, owing to the preposterous tactics of 1832, gained nothing in political education from the statesmanship of Peel. The practical lesson of his leadership was, that the people must rely on agitation and distrust their statesmen. Such a result was inevitable when it was universally conceded that the agitators were right, and that statesmen, with all their wisdom and experience, were admittedly in the wrong. Peel's party has since been rebuilt upon more popular and efficient principles, but the evil results of his travesty of statesmanship are not so easily cured. The measure of the degeneracy is that, while it required an impending civil war to produce the desertion of 1829, in 1886 a single skilful falsehood, to the effect that a Tory Viceroy contemplated Home Rule, wrought sweeping conversions of his opponents, regardless of civil war, but in terror of being outbid. The classic wail in 1829 of *nusquam tanta fides* would be fanciful affection now. Confidence in public pledges is not at the present day very usually expressed, and no

statesman, unless conscious of exceptional probity, would presume to expect it. The followers are in worse plight still. No matter how cogent their arguments or how telling their invectives, at the word of command their opinions must be changed. Organised hypocrisy has been followed by organised intellectual slavery. The fate of the Liberal Unionists will show whether emancipation is possible. It may be hard to visit these things on the memory of Peel. But it was he who administered to the system of party government the blow under which it still reels. He set the example of tergiversation and spread the feeling of distrust. It was an example on a gigantic scale, and could not fail in pernicious consequences. It was not merely that twice he was entrusted with command, and, in the exercise of supreme authority and superior seamanship, twice steered his ship right under the battery of its enemies. He twice proved that he had no chart to steer by. But, further than that, it was he who stepped ashore and twice directed the guns which blew to atoms the ship which he was lately so proud to command, being, by common consent of victors and vanquished, the most competent and skilful engineer for that purpose. After catastrophes of that kind distrust grows apace. Political parties have ceased to be organisations based on opposing principles. They have raced to see which would first get to the bottom of the hill. The place where a political leader may now look for his chief antagonist, with the best expectation of finding him, is at his heels, eager to trip him up.

Such a career as Peel's must therefore always remain one of great historical importance. Some

may describe it as a career of great patriotism and sound statesmanship, tempered by party disloyalty, which enhanced rather than mitigated its wise beneficence. Others may describe it as a career which drifted from one position to another, with results disastrous to the general course of political events—modified, however, by wise legislation in detail and administrative skill. But, either way, the career, whether it is glorified or denounced, requires to be explained. Such explanation must be found, with the aid of the book before us, in his early education, his early political associations, and his personal characteristics. The publication of these papers has been delayed beyond what either their contents or their importance would seem to justify, but it is so far opportune that the time is ripe for endeavouring to estimate Peel's career as a whole in relation to the history of his country, and apart from conventional eulogy. The general result of them is that they vindicate as far as they go the fairness of Disraeli's sketch of him in the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck.' Its truth, so far as we know, has never been disputed. The author had closely studied his subject, and was, moreover, anxious to atone for the 1844-46 episode of bitterness.

This book ends with the death of Canning, and the termination of the first part of Peel's career. The life of Peel down to that date is one unbroken tale of success, achieved, no doubt, by high character and great talents, but not in spite of obstacles. It would be an exaggeration to say that he was nursed and dandled into statesmanship, but it would be equally inaccurate to suggest that his great qualities were in any degree strengthened in the school of ad-



versity and struggle. Discipline of that kind was denied him. He rose to leadership in circumstances which all conspired to facilitate his ascent. When he had attained to power the times were critical, and he was inadequately equipped for the task of piloting this country through the most revolutionary period of its history since 1688. If impartial history is obliged to declare his failure, she may find some explanation in the story of his earlier career, which friends may have mistaken for good fortune, but which in reality unfitted him to cope with the strange vicissitudes and confounding emergencies of the more eminent portion of his remarkable career.

The son of a wealthy and successful father, possessed of great influence both in commerce and politics, everything was done for him from his birth which could realise the ambitious parental hope "that he might tread in the footsteps of the immortal Pitt." As the child grew, says Sir Lawrence Peel, his father set seriously to work on the manufacture of another Pitt. We know by the remarkable confessions of Mill's autobiography what these forcing experiments in education lead to. The editor deprecates too loose a rein being given to imagination; but the evils of overtraining, rather than the real development of moral and intellectual strength, are "suspect" in this tribute to the retentiveness of his memory: "Before he was nine years old he would, by his father's direction, repeat on Sunday evenings both the morning and afternoon sermons which he had heard preached." The stimulus to memory is undeniable, but it is at the expense of every human interest natural to a child. One is not surprised

to learn, if this little incident is a key to his childish life, that he was in early years "always under strict discipline; a good boy, of gentle manners, quick in feeling, very sensitive, impatient of opposition from his young companions, and dreading ridicule overmuch," and that his shyness clung to him throughout life. These early results of the forcing system, which had been, we fear, ruthlessly adopted, were in Peel's case coincident with a physical sensitiveness to pain, which of course was not without strong influence upon his character. At school his habits were not gregarious — he would wander off alone during recreation hours; but he maintained his superiority as a scholar. What cost to others, says his editor, hours of severe study, seemed to be acquired by him without an effort, and, once acquired, was appropriated for ever. As a school-boy out of school, says Byron, "I was always in scrapes, and Peel never." He was physically indolent, says his editor, and therefore rarely in mischief. It would be a mistake to suppose that his home education was exclusively directed to a well-trained powerful memory, rivalled in after life only by Macaulay. It was a home of strict morality and religious habits, free from luxury and dissipation, where the leading qualities in exercise were steadiness, perseverance, and labour, narrow views and contracted sympathies. It goes without saying that his successes at Harrow were merely the precursors of still greater successes at Oxford. A chorus of approval from tutors and masters resulted. It was said that he read eighteen hours in the day and night; and certainly no training is better adapted to develop the receptive faculties of the human

mind, at the expense of the ruder virtues of originality, and insight into character and surroundings. But a double first was the inevitable and at that time rare reward. Peel was the first to attain that honour.

The next step in the manufacture of another Pitt was to enter Parliament. That which now costs the young aspirant time, money, and arduous struggle—during the expenditure of which he learns what practical politics are like—was in Peel's case merely an ordinary incident of paternal forethought, a further step in the process of manufacture. Within two months of his coming of age "his father bought him a seat for the ancient city of Cashel, in Tipperary"—a circumstance which rendered it quite unnecessary that he should visit his constituents or hold any communication with them. Three years afterwards he exchanged it for Chippenham, in Wiltshire. And it is remarkable that, all through his career, he never stood a contested election. His public life began smoothly. Owing to his University reputation and his father's influence, he was promptly taken up by the Government, and at the opening of the session of 1810 seconded the Address. His father, down whose cheeks the tears had rolled as he heard the cheers with which the speech was received, urged his claims to office on Mr Percival, and accordingly he obtained the Under-Secretaryship for War and the Colonies. In two years Mr Percival was murdered; and Lord Liverpool, impressed with the necessity of bringing forward the most promising of the young men on whose exertions the fate of his government in the House of Commons ever depended, promoted Peel to be Chief Secretary for

Ireland. This office he held for six years—1812-1818—with Mr Gregory for his Under Secretary.

The result of beginning official life under the auspices of Percival and the earlier Cabinet of Lord Liverpool, joined to home and university influences over a mind receptive but neither original nor creative, was to identify him with a political connection for which the new generation of Tories has not a word to say. No more scathing or graphic description of the men and measures of that epoch exists than is to be found in the pages of 'Coningsby.' Acting under impulses derived from the terrors of the French Revolution, the struggles of the long war, insular prejudice, and religious bigotry, the dominant classes of this country entered the prison-house of coercion, restriction, and exclusion, and had the key turned on them for forty years. The military successes of Wellington have invested that period with external glory, but the statesmanship of the country never was at a lower ebb than at the close of the war, or more unequal to its appointed task to effect the reorganisation which the establishment of peace required. Peel during that period, on the particular subjects which, by dint of laborious effort, he made distinctively his own, emancipated himself from the influence of his surroundings. But in general policy he remained in bondage to the system in which he had been nurtured. He identified himself with that system, and became the real leader and representative champion of the great confederacy of the time, never attempting to infuse into it new principles, or to re-establish it as the instrument of a considered policy. As the older men of the con

tion passed away he identified himself more and more closely with Wellington, in opposition to Canning and other men of light and leading at that time. The Duke was resolved to be Prime Minister, and as a political leader found his Caudine Forks in exchange for his Waterloo. Peel was resolved to be his leader of the House of Commons, and thereby grasp the reversion of the premiership. The conjunction was ominous of disaster. A military dictator and a civilian immersed in detail, unrivalled in affairs provided he had not to think of the future, precipitated a revolution which neither of them foresaw, or was capable of controlling.

The Catholic question was the first purely political question of real magnitude with which Peel had to cope. Those who applied to it the simple and ready formula that no civil disabilities should ever be imposed for religious opinions had, of course, as is always the case with doctrinaires, their conclusion cut and dried, with a happy disregard of consequences as beneath all consideration which is directed from a lofty standpoint. Those who regarded prudential considerations as within the purview of statesmanship, found the subject to be full of difficulty. Repressive, even savage, legislation in times past had sown the seeds and watered the plant of internecine discord between Protestant and Catholic. In Ireland the history of the relations between the two religions had been the history of massacre, and the question raised was in that country practically a question not of toleration but of ascendancy. Before the Union the Protestants dominated the Parliament, the executive, the Established Church, and the judiciary, and possessed

most of the land. The Catholics were three-fourths of the population. The stringent repression which they had undergone had been gradually relaxed in the eighteenth century, until they had acquired, in 1793, the electoral franchise, but were still excluded from sitting in either House of Parliament. To have conceded this latter right before the Union would have turned Ireland upside down—have inverted the position of Protestant and Catholic. Accordingly, let doctrinaires preach what they liked, it was before the Union outside the range of practical politics. After the Union, when Ireland was merged in a large Protestant empire, the same practical objection did not apply. Catholic representatives would have dominated the Irish Parliament: they were lost, or it was thought they would be lost, in the United Parliament. The practical result of Catholic Emancipation was probably not foreseen by its authors—viz., that Protestant ascendancy in Ireland would be piecemeal abolished by the United Parliament, which would then be asked by the party of civil and religious liberty to repeal the Union, and re-establish a separated Ireland with the relative position of the two religions inverted, placed, as the result of a temporary union of the Parliaments, in circumstances which could not be adjusted except by the arbitrament of the sword.

Apart from intrinsic difficulties, there was the further consideration that the Irish Catholics had been induced to support the Union by the hopes authoritatively held out to them (always so difficult to distinguish from pledges given) that the desired concession would be made. Pitt had so far regarded its refusal as a breach

of faith, that he had resigned office when he could not grant it. A portion of the Tory party, led by Canning and Castlereagh, adhered to the policy of Pitt. Peel, in fact, during a considerable portion of Lord Liverpool's Ministry, was the only Minister in the House of Commons who represented what was called the Protestant party—the party of Lord Liverpool, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Eldon. It was of necessity an open question in the Cabinet, for otherwise no Cabinet could have been formed. At the same time, it was a question of such burning importance that any Minister who wished could always find good grounds for personal action whenever any change in the *personnel* of a Ministry affected, as it were, the balance of power in reference to this particular policy.

Peel's course with regard to this question was the determining factor in shaping his career and founding his power. On other subjects he could learn; on this his mind was resolutely closed. He appears, however, all through to have treated it as a question of policy, and abstained from attempts to rouse religious bigotry on the subject either in Ireland or in England. Strange as it may seem, his course cannot be traced to any blind adherence on his part either to religious or political principle. In his *Memoirs*, published in 1856, he appeals to his great speech in 1817 for a statement of his grounds of opposition, and repeats at the close of his life that his course had been determined by a desire to repel contingent perils to the legislative Union, and the Established Church in Ireland as guaranteed by that Union. Further, that he doubted whether the removal of disability would abolish religious jealousy and ter-

minate race animosity. On the other hand, he was alive to the evils of placing a class increasing in wealth and importance under permanent disqualification. There is no reason to doubt that this was a correct statement of Peel's views. They explain his original adoption of his policy of resistance. But they entirely fail to explain why he persisted in it so long, contrary to the opinion of all the best men of the day. Present perils were far in excess of contingent dangers; jealousies and animosities were at a white heat certainly from 1824. If it was right to yield in 1829, on Peel's own principles it would have been wiser to yield in 1824, and madness to resist in 1827. Peel's statesmanship consisted in clinging to an untenable position till he was compelled to admit that his whole policy had been a blunder.

Circumstances had led to his finding the leadership of what was called the Protestant party vacant, and to his entering upon it quite early in his career. Canning, of course, would have nothing to do with it. In 1812 Canning refused to join Lord Liverpool's Ministry, declaring that the time had come for a settlement of the question in a manner favourable to the Catholics. Lord Wellesley and his friends took the same line. On the other hand, the Duke of Richmond and his supporters declined to pledge themselves either way, and merely insisted that while the Catholics continued to hold their menacing language they must be opposed. Accordingly, when Grattan in 1813 moved for a committee of the whole House to consider the subject, Peel stepped forward as leader of the Protestant party at the early age of twenty-five. That post he held till 1829. It is a curious circumstance that the new

began his career in defeat. Grattan carried his motion, passed his resolutions, and carried his Bill, founded on them, to a second reading by a majority of 42. Then came the discussion of "securities." Canning proposed to insert clauses in the Bill appointing Protestant commissioners, with a veto on the nomination of any bishops and apostolic vicars whose loyalty in their opinion was doubtful. Grattan consented to these clauses. But the Catholic Bishops met in Dublin and unanimously condemned them. Grattan lost both his Bill and his position of trusted Catholic champion.

Peel, therefore, after all, started on his career as Chief Secretary and Protestant leader with a great success. Side by side with his Protestant leadership were his efforts of constructive legislation. Education came first and proved a failure, but not a very conspicuous one. The problem was, How shall a Protestant Government in England promote the education of Roman Catholics in Ireland? His policy was to leave the parochial schools under the Act of Henry VIII., wherever they existed, to the Established Church, and to found entirely new schools for Catholics as well as Protestants, under a Board which should include Catholic members. However, the Catholic bishops would have none of them. One of them warned parents of the growing generation to withdraw their children from such cursed abominable schools, under pain of excommunication, and accordingly the education of the whole people of Ireland stood over for another opportunity. Its accomplishment was reserved for the late Lord Derby in the Ministry of Lord Grey.

Peel had in his Irish office every opportunity, of which he availed

himself, to acquire administrative efficiency. He obtained a complete grasp of his office, and his influence was not diminished by a change very soon in the Viceroyalty from the hands of the Duke of Richmond to those of Lord Whitworth. He had to deal with a Catholic Board,—an organised body, which assembled to take common counsel in a mode forbidden by law, and which Peel termed "a Jacobin club." He wanted fresh powers to enable him not only to crush the Board, but to destroy the seeds of future boards, committees, and conventions—coercion, in fact, on a large scale. In the end he managed to put it down by a proclamation, and no further common action was possible to the Catholics until, nine years later, O'Connell organised the Catholic Association.

The next steps were to obtain new powers of justice and a renewal of the Insurrection Act. Peel laid it down that 25,000 men were necessary, and expressed the belief (p. 215) that "an honest despotic Government would be by far the fittest Government for Ireland." In 1816 an open rupture occurred amongst the Catholics—the extreme men quarrelling with their best Protestant supporter, Grattan. The veto proposed in 1813 by Grattan, and supported by Canning, rankled in the minds of the Catholic leaders. Concession without security was the cry of the party. Hostility to any concession which was not perfectly unqualified and unembarrassed by securities was the order of the day. "I verily believe," writes Peel in May of that year, "that the re-enactment of the penal laws would not produce much more commotion and clamour for a time than the enactment at the present moment of the Bill of 1813." In fact, the

state of feeling both in England and Ireland was terrible. A secret committee appointed to inquire into the state of the country reported that the Reform societies, which existed in all directions, had in view nothing short of revolution. To crown all, famine impended in Ireland, the consequences of which Peel's administrative talents were employed in averting.

In the midst of these troubles—viz., in 1817—Peel, who never lost sight of the great question which gave him his pre-eminence, made a great speech in the House of Commons against the removal of Catholic disabilities, and was rewarded by the benedictions of Protestants all over the country. Three weeks afterwards the representation of the University of Oxford fell vacant, and Lloyd, his former tutor (afterwards raised through his influence to the Bishopric of Oxford), secured the nomination for him. Canning had aspired to this seat as one of the greatest honours of public life. But Peel, eighteen years his junior, had carried it off, the prize of his Protestant devotion. He had now achieved a great position. Accordingly, in August 1818 he vacated the Chief Secretary's office, sailed from Ireland, and never revisited it for the remainder of his life.

From this time till the beginning of 1822 Peel was out of office. It was during this interval that he achieved the great currency reform which is one of his chief titles to fame. His father had educated him in strict devotion to Pitt, which, to the paternal mind, meant a great deal more than reverence for the great statesman as the pilot that weathered the storm. It meant devotion to him as the patron of manufactures and the manufacturing

class, of an inconvertible paper currency, and of national debt. To this triple patronage did the old Sir Robert attribute the prosperity of the country. The son's career in respect to currency was, as in other respects, a career of emancipation from the prejudices of his youth. The Bank Restriction Act, passed in 1793, practically substituted inconvertible paper for bank-notes payable on demand in cash. It was passed during the pressure occasioned by the war. Inconvertible paper money, as Argentina has shown, may be worth eventually one-fourth of its nominal value in gold, with the result of throwing the whole currency and finance of a country into confusion. Horner, in 1811, long before the war came to an end, observing the growing price of gold as expressed in paper money, moved for a committee to inquire into the cause. It reported in favour of cash payments. Horner moved resolutions designed to give effect to this report. He was opposed by Vansittart—who has earned the reputation of the most incompetent financier of the century—and by Peel. They induced the House to declare that paper was equivalent to gold,—that the inconvertible bank-note was equivalent to cash. In 1811 it may have been, and probably was, premature to repeal the Restriction Act, but there can be no second opinion as to the folly of the doctrine laid down by the Ministers. In 1819 Peel was appointed to preside over a currency committee. He "worked like a tiger" at this as at every other question that came before him. He made the subject of currency his own to that extent that his authority on that subject was paramount for the rest of his life and he fixed the currency of G—

Britain on principles which all have ever since concurred in supporting. In 1821 the Bank of England resumed cash payments owing to the measures of Peel, and security was eventually provided that the notes should always be convertible. Probably this was the greatest achievement of Peel's career, and the one by which he will be most gratefully remembered. The authority of Ricardo and Huskisson had overcome the authority of the father, by whom the son's measures were opposed.

Then came Peel's career as Home Secretary (1822-1827). The whole period was marked by uncompromising resistance on his part to Catholic emancipation—even to the modified proposal of Canning to admit Catholic peers to sit in the House of Lords. To the eyes of the Tory party of that day he was its most distinguished statesman and representative. Canning and other lights might blaze occasionally, but they were distrusted. Canning, however, secured the leadership of the House of Commons on the death of Castlereagh at the end of 1822; and in the next year, as a sort of counterblast, the memorable Catholic Association was founded in Ireland by O'Connell and Shiel. As early as 1824 the Duke of Wellington pointed out that, unless it could be got rid of, civil war in Ireland must follow; that "the organisation of the disaffected in Ireland was more perfect than ever,—much more so than in 1798." Serious apprehensions prevailed, and continued to increase. Lord Wellesley, as viceroy, without waiting for Peel's sanction, came into legal conflict with O'Connell for inciting to insurrection. Peel himself wrote that a new law, and a very strong one, was necessary, and that Ministers would be unfit for their

places if they did not pass it. The alarm was universal,—alarm of massacre and insurrection. The grand jury threw out the bill against O'Connell; and as the year 1825 advanced, a Catholic Relief Bill, supported by Canning and opposed by Peel, was carried to a third reading, and a resolution to endow the Catholic clergy was passed. Peel tendered his resignation, but Lord Liverpool declared that it would involve his own; and Peel withdrew it, and waited till the Protestant reaction rendered inevitable by O'Connell's violence manifested itself in the next Parliament. There is no trace in this correspondence of Peel having stated to Lord Liverpool that, in his opinion, the claims must be conceded. His reported admission to that effect in 1829, and the charges based upon it in 1846, are not sustained by the published correspondence.

The general election of 1826 in reality settled the question of Catholic emancipation, though Peel did not perceive it. The influence of O'Connell and the priests carried several important county elections in Ireland against the will of the landed gentry. The cry raised was, "Stick to your priests and you will carry all before you." Voters were waylaid by large mobs and severely beaten. Very many Protestants were compelled to vote for the priests' candidates by threats of murder and arson. Peel's conclusion was, "I am not so sure as some are that the priests have triumphed over the landlords. They have carried the tenantry in some counties by a *coup de main*. I doubt whether there may not be a powerful reaction." But for the Irish constabulary the disorder would have been still greater. Religious animosity was the dominant spirit. Peel, it is clear

from the correspondence published in this book, was in 1826 (pp. 422, 423) at least beginning to contemplate the impossibility of continuing the resistance to emancipation, and was turning his attention to the question of securities. It was pointed out to him that its first result, unless security was taken, would be "sixty Catholic members—and such Catholics!" The suggested safeguard was the abolition of the forty-shilling franchise, and the contribution to a county cess before the freeholder could vote, so as to reduce the number of voters, who were driven like sheep to the poll by the priests. The state of things was so alarming that Peel wrote to Goulburn in October: "Let me hear from you with respect to the amount of your military force." He insists that the arm of the Government must not be weakened in Ireland, and inquires as to the police force, its numbers and efficiency. He wanted a general survey of our arms and means of defence, with a view to their being strengthened if necessary. But in two months' time, before 1826 was out, Peel was obliged to call for a reduction of troops in Ireland,—Canning's policy in Portugal, which Peel supported, necessitating their withdrawal. "Never," says Goulburn in reply, "was a requisition more unexpected."

While a policy of forcible resistance seemed to be growing in difficulty, what foundation was there for expecting Peel's contemplated reaction in Ireland? The Catholic Association was declining in influence, and for that reason was not prosecuted; whilst Orange societies had been suppressed. But the power of the agitators and priests was increasing. As Goulburn pointed out, "The priesthood

having felt their strength, will continue to exert it." Local and parochial meetings extended the agitation more effectually than the meetings of the Association, and widened the area of disturbance. So far from reaction setting in, the tide of Protestant resistance was ebbing. There is a letter from Sir George Hill in November 1826, written to put Peel "in possession of Protestant dispositions in Ulster." The serious warning given was, that he had not much to dread or to hope from the Protestants. The party was disorganised, and the time was gone by to regenerate it. On the first adverse division Hill declared, "Most Irish Protestants will be for immediate compromise." "The lively active opposition to the Popish claims has considerably abated." The dread and abhorrence of these were as great as ever, but he traced the prevailing apathy to the following considerations: It was believed that the Government were half-hearted in their opposition, and intended to yield; that their recent abstinence from all decisive measures was for the purpose of inducing John Bull to acquiesce; that while Liverpool, Canning, and Peel had all co-operated in legislating against the Catholic Association, yet in the result Orange societies had disappeared, whilst the law was not otherwise enforced. There was a growing feeling of acquiescence in the Catholic claims, and a strong hope that ample securities would be obtained. Peel's only answer was to defend himself against the imputation of any preconcerted forbearance to the Roman Catholic Association for the purpose of initiating a compromise, or for any other purpose whatever.

Then came the retirement of Lord Liverpool, and the accession

of Mr Canning, the powerful champion of the Catholic cause, to the office of Prime Minister, and with it the often criticised refusal of Peel to serve under him. Peel must have known that this appointment, under all the circumstances, meant that further resistance was impossible. Canning's accession to the leadership of the House had been followed by the rise of the Catholic Association, and the rapid growth of agitation on this subject. His accession to the Premiership over the head of the Duke of Wellington, and in spite of the king's reluctance, could not fail to raise the hopes of the Catholics to the utmost, and proportionately to depress the Protestants, already under great discouragement. Before that event the question had been brought within measurable distance of civil war. Peel's position was one of extraordinary difficulty: his whole career had brought him into close official relation to Ireland, and he was identified with resistance to the Catholic claims more thoroughly than with any other subject. The only way out of the difficulty in which he had involved himself was, that Canning should pass the Emancipation Bill in spite of his resistance. That would have saved his consistency and consolidated his party position, leaving him free in the future to join with Canning or head a party against him, as circumstances might dictate. Canning was equally willing that Peel should lead a Government based on Protestant resistance, in which case the event showed he would have been speedily overthrown, and the road cleared for Canning's undisputed ascendancy. What was quite impossible was, that Peel should take office under Canning unless he was prepared to surrender the Catholic claims—a course which would have

damaged his position even more thoroughly in 1827 than it did in 1829. The correspondence now published gives no colour to the notion that there was any real by-play or undercurrent of personal feeling between the two statesmen, which governed the conduct of either at this critical time. Even if such had existed, any one who expected to find either in Peel's speeches or letters anything but the conventional expression of unimpeachable sentiments, would be disappointed. There was bitterness between Canning and Wellington, and probably others of his colleagues, who, agreeing with him on the Catholic question, yet refused to serve under him. But Peel had reached the very crisis of his life, and there was no room for petty feelings in circumstances which called for stern decision. He knew that the hour had come when the alternative was concession or civil war. He would not counsel the latter; an equally divided House and country could not have waged it. He could not without infamy, having regard to his past history, have joined Canning at that time in a policy of concession. He was thankful to "hance" with courtesy the poisoned chalice to his rival. If Canning had lived and carried Catholic emancipation, he would have taken a load off Peel's shoulders, and enabled him at forty to begin his career afresh from a starting-point of the utmost advantage. Instead of doing so, he died, and Peel had after all to drain the poisoned chalice to its dregs.

It is impossible to imagine a position of greater difficulty than that in which Peel found himself at the close of this book. His policy and proceedings had created and aggravated that difficulty, and an avenging Nemesis had decreed that

he must grapple with it. He had led his party into a *cul de sac*, and was obliged to explain to them that the position was untenable. Under ordinary circumstances the Opposition would have come into power, but that in 1828 was out of the question. When once Catholic emancipation was inevitable, Peel undoubtedly was the man to carry it. There is no just room to doubt that his motive for doing so was an overmastering sense of public duty. He knew that he was the only man who could carry the measure through the House of Commons, and render it acceptable to the country. The Duke was probably the only man who had sufficient personal authority to induce the Lords to pass it. The influence of both was necessary to induce the king to assent to it. The capitulation is no more to be blamed than the capitulation at Sedan. The election of O'Connell for Clare and the manner in which it was carried, the imminence of insurrection, the doubt whether the Catholic troops of the Crown would not join the insurgents, brought the possibility of further resistance to an end. But the generalship which led to the capitulation—which, for party and personal purposes, and without a due estimate of consequences, prolonged resistance till it overwhelmed the Government—is one of the great blots on Peel's career. Unless he regarded the subject as one of principle, to be maintained at all hazards, even at the cost of civil strife, he was not justified in stimulating and encouraging opposition down to the very last moment, in spite of the leader of the House, and in spite of his own Viceroy, Lord Wellesley. The election at Clare in 1828 was, after all, only that of Waterford in 1826 on a more exciting occasion. The prospect of war in 1824 had startled the Duke

of Wellington. But the course of resistance to the Catholics was not even reconsidered.

Yet even the Duke had declared, five years before this unconditional surrender in 1829, that unless the Catholic Association was got rid of there must be civil war sooner or later; and further, that in his opinion a successful military result would not improve the situation (p. 348). The king, no doubt, in the same month (November 1824) was insisting on the sentiments of "his revered and excellent father," and declaring that in future he would not consent to Catholic emancipation being an open question in the Cabinet. And even O'Connell was, or pretended to be, alarmed by the religious passion which he had lashed into a fury, and himself suggested the increase of the king's troops in Ireland. The correspondence of this period (1824-1827) teems with references to the growing exasperation of parties in Ireland. "The priests," says Mr Goulburn, "exercise in all matters a dominion perfectly uncontrolled and uncontrollable." Boycotting was resorted to, and "it is impossible to detail in a letter the various modes in which the Roman Catholic priesthood now interfere in every transaction of every description—how they rule the mob, the gentry, and the magistracy; how they impede the administration of justice." There is no sign anywhere in the correspondence of the disturbances promising to subside; on the contrary, there was the increasing strain of anticipated civil strife.

Neither is there any sign of Peel's mind being directed towards any sort of solution of the difficulty, notwithstanding the immense amount of responsibility which he had assumed. It is almost incredible; but the futu-

as affected by this question, seems, on this correspondence, to have been acquiesced in by this most responsible statesman as a sealed book, without any attempt to penetrate it. He was re-elected in 1826 member for the University; and in public there is the inevitable reference, with unctuous self-complacency, to this renewed sanction "being ample reward for his labour and anxiety," and at the same time "a strong incentive to the steady maintenance of those principles the avowal of which," &c. &c. In confidential intercourse there is every sign of helpless perplexity. He at one time inquires as to the military resources; at another clings to the belief that the triumph of the priesthood will not be a lasting one, and will not add to their permanent influence. "It would be a greater relief," he writes (July 1826), "to my mind than I can hope to enjoy, to be persuaded that the removal of the present disqualifications will be a cure for the present evils, and at the same time leave Ireland under a Protestant Government." But while he pinned his faith to the existence of disqualifications as a security for the public welfare, he never once fairly faced the question how they were to be maintained, or the further question how they could best be removed, or dealt with the probable consequences of either policy. The editor is evidently alive to the necessity of revealing whatever evidence exists of Peel's forethought. But the only letter of any importance in that respect is

one of November 3, 1826, in which Peel desires to know the truth respecting Irish popery and all its adjuncts. Again, he, the religious fever being ca-
exasperated by civil disabilities, remarks that the greater the prospect of the success of the Catholic question, the more important it should be understood in its bearings. He winds up with a declaration: "When I see it inevitable, I shall (taking due care to free my motives from suspicion) try to make the best use of the future security of the testaments."

Three months after that crisis occasioned by the death of Lord Liverpool occurred. The complete absence of forethought placed Peel in this position could not advise or take into the formation of an excellent Protestant Government; he could not, without infamy, join the Catholics; he could not advance the Catholic cause; he could not maintain the Protestant one. Time was slipping by for him. The hour and the man were at hand, and then the man disappeared. Peel was forced by the mastering compulsion of circumstances, which, we may presume, were "wholly unforeseen and unexpected by me," into his career of supreme power, and was compelled to be the hero of a great measure, by an act of a which condemned his past and presaged his future.

HERBERT COV

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SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

" A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt.

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand unasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

In an age when Separatist tendencies have the patronage of one of the great parties of the kingdom, and when certain of the colonies show a disposition to press the purely local view of colonial interests unduly on the Imperial Government and on Parliament, it is of melancholy import to know that one of the greatest of the Conservative forces in the Colonial Empire has passed away.

At a time when the greatest of the colonial dominions of the Crown, having passed through several prolonged stages of material growth and political development, finds itself face to face with problems of a new character demanding solution, it is of serious consequence to know that the head and hand which, for a quarter of a century, have guarded its fortunes

and guided its way, will guard and guide them no more.

At a time when personal loyalty is losing itself in formulas, and hiding itself in explanations, so that the sincere or the curious may suspect it is not loyalty at all, it is sad to know that there has passed away a great British subject, whose loyalty was that of the earlier ages and sincerer times; whose policy, during forty-seven years of public life, was to add to the strength and glory of the empire; and whose latest public utterance was a passionate proclamation — "A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die."

The death of Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, has indeed deprived the Crown of a great subject, the empire of a great

propagandist of imperial views, and the Dominion of the greatest of its public men. We did not need the arrival of the Canadian papers to tell how the touching messages of the Queen were received by the dying statesman's family and friends at the same time with messages from Simla and from Rome, from London and from Melbourne, and from the remotest regions of the Canadian Dominion. During the week of his illness Parliament indeed met day by day, but little business was done. In the larger cities business was at certain times almost suspended during the arrival and publication of the bulletins of the physicians. When he died, the outburst of public feeling was remarkable: it was such a passion of public grief as we read of in ancient history when good kings died of old. The announcement of the death of the Premier was made to the House by the oldest of his colleagues, who was unable to contain his emotion; and his statement was received by the leader of the Opposition in a speech of such beauty and felicity, and such pathetic power, as had never been heard in that Chamber before. A public funeral was decreed, which was carried into effect. The body was placed in state in the Senate Chamber. Members of Parliament remained in turns by the coffin night and day. Thousands of people thronged the city of Ottawa to witness the ceremonies, and take a last look at the old chieftain who was so well known to them all. All along the line of railway, as the body was taken to Kingston for burial, the people gathered at stations or by the track, and with bared heads and sad faces saw the coffin of their well-beloved go by. Tributes to *his memory* have been numerous.

Monuments will go up in cities than one to honour. And those who have so long his friends and his followers have looked to him for leadership and advice, and measured policy—know that they must the difficulties of the present the future without the old prudence and the old cautious wisdom.

The loss of this guidance is more deplorable since it is the latest of a sequence of losses of which has deprived the province of Canada of the services of a man to whom the people went to look for political leadership. Joseph Howe, the best of the old race of Nova Scotia Liberals, who gave the Dominion his aid in 1869, though in 1873 had opposed it, passed away in 1873. Sir George Cartier, whose aid the Dominion could have been formed, and whose allegiance of Quebec for many years, died in England and in political eclipse, though his memory is still cherished, as a statue stands as a public monument by the side of the House of Parliament at Ottawa. Brown, the eminent Liberal of Ontario, who joined hands with Sir John Macdonald in 1867 to take the earliest measures for the Confederation of the Province, fell a victim to an assassin in 1894. Sir Antoine Darnley, the late Justice of Quebec, who was in politics, the pure and chivalrous leader of the French Canadian Liberals, died but a day or two after Sir John Macdonald. Sir Charles Tupper, now Governor of New Brunswick, is too far advanced in age, and too feeble in health to afford any aid to the Dominion of which he had been such a powerful and respected member among his provincial coun-
cils.

The same may be said of the gifted and cultivated Sir Alexander Campbell, who is now Governor of Ontario, but from whom no further active political service can be expected. The able and resolute Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., is about the only one who remains in active public life, of all the able and courageous men who formed the Dominion of Canada in 1867. Sir John Macdonald was thus almost alone in conducting Canadian affairs; though, of course, he had colleagues who were able, and are still able, to form a strong Administration. His death, however, severs the train of tradition which carries us back to the days when the provinces were still separate, each with its own laws, its own tariff, its own coinage and currency, its own trade policy, and its own ideas of the political future.

Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow in 1815; was educated at Kingston, Ontario, to which place his parents had emigrated; was afterwards admitted to the bar—the career most sought after by ambitious young men in Canada and the United States; and finally, in 1844, was elected to Parliament for Kingston—which he represented at his death—to the second Parliament of the United Province of Canada, the union of Upper and Lower Canada having taken place in 1841. The public men of that period had to contend with many difficult public questions. These were—

1st, The problems arising out of the conquest, such as the seigniorial tenure; the land reserves for the Protestant clergy, which were claimed exclusively by the clergy of the English Church; the confiscation of the estates of the Jesuits—which gave trouble for a century, and was only settled a couple of years ago by the Act

of the Legislature of the Province, endorsed by Parliament and by the English law officers of the Crown.

2d, The problems arising out of the Union itself, such as representation by population, the composition of the Upper House, the powers of the Governor, the question of the double majority—that is, the necessity of a party leader having a majority from each province in order to carry on a Government.

So slow was the political development of Canada, as compared with the rapid leap of the Australian colonies, into the full measure of responsible Government, that the political problems of the earlier period remained unsettled when, in 1844, Sir John Macdonald entered public life. This slowness of development was due to obvious causes. For example—

(a) The invasion of Canada, in 1775, from the United States, prolonged and strengthened the period of military rule.

(b) The loyalist emigration previous to and after the Treaty of 1783 gave no encouragement to agitation for political freedom, which had, over the border, resulted in rebellion.

(c) The war of 1812, the invasion of Canada, the struggles by sea and land, and the suspicions entertained of the loyalty of all political agitators, still further checked the growth of political "freedom."

It was not unnatural, therefore, that when, after the Rebellion of 1837, and in consequence of Lord Durham's famous report, the Upper and Lower Provinces were united in 1841, the problems so long unsolved in each district should now demand final solution.

To every one of these problems Sir John Macdonald lent the aid of his ability. He was a Conser-

vative, but not a Tory, of the old type; and in the first Liberal-Conservative Administration ever formed in Canada, Mr Attorney-General Macdonald brought in bills to secularise the clergy reserves, and to abolish the seigniorial tenures, compensating the owners of the lands. He even favoured the measure for making the Legislative Council of the United Province elective—a measure which was continued till 1867, when, on the formation of the Senate, the nominative system was preferred.

In the years 1854 to 1858 he had so grown in political strength, that from being simply the Attorney-General in the Macnab-Morin Administration, he rose to be, first, the Upper Canada leader in the Taché-Macdonald Government, and finally, the head of the Government in the Macdonald-Cartier Administration. From 1858 dates the remarkable and unbroken friendship and alliance between John A. Macdonald and George E. Cartier, which was destined to have such great and useful results on the history of the Dominion of Canada.

It would not greatly interest the British reader to detail the rise and fall of the various Administrations which existed in Canada between 1858, when Mr Macdonald became practically the leader of his party, and 1867, when the Confederation was formed. During most of these years Mr Macdonald maintained his hold on power.

In 1867 all the provinces—that is, the four principal provinces, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—were formed into a confederation: the negotiations for which, and the agitations which resulted from it, broke up parties in every province,

and re-established the Liberal-Conservative party, which has since that time kept both its name, its policy, and its power. In 1870-71 British Columbia joined the union, and Manitoba was created; in 1873 Prince Edward Island became a part of the Dominion. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had brief periods of unrest, but finally were made content by financial rearrangements. This union of the colonies in one great colony was, in effect, but a return to an earlier type. Previous to the period of constitutional government, the British dominions had been governed with a certain degree of unity of action and harmony of policy. The British governors knew what was wanted of them. The laws were all alike; the courts (except in Quebec) were all alike; the currency was the same; the commerce was equally unrestricted; the customs laws were the same; the objects and aims of the people were the same all over the whole extent of the British territory north of the St Lawrence. With the advent of constitutional government—still more with the advent of responsible government—there came differences in law, differences in customs duties, differences in currency, differences in political objects and in commercial interests and designs. Political “development” had weakened instead of strengthened the Crown’s dominions in North America; and so jealous and diverse were the commercial and fiscal interests of the provinces, that when in 1866 there was a possibility of obtaining a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 with the United States, the provincial delegates to Washington were forced to abandon the plan because it could only be carried

out by law and not by treaty, and they knew it was useless to endeavour to secure uniform legislation on the subject.

The confederation of 1867 supplied the unity of action, the harmony of policy, the common agreement in commercial plans, the consolidation of law, the unification of tariffs and currency, which had prevailed in the earlier times, had been given up in the provincial times, and which were now needed to make a nation. And to this confederation Sir John Macdonald contributed more knowledge, influence, experience, forethought, and patriotism than any other member of the several conventions which brought it finally about. In order to secure the support of the Liberal leader in the initial steps towards the union, Sir John Macdonald even consented to waive his claims as a leader, and to serve as a member of the Government with the Liberal leader, under a chief who was acceptable to this gentleman. Sir John was the chairman of the convention which in 1866 met in London to frame the Act of Union. Sir George Cartier was also a member, representing the province of Quebec. It has often been regretted that in framing the Act of Union, so many concessions were made to the national interests and feelings of the people of Quebec; but it should never be forgotten that without those concessions the Dominion of Canada could never have been formed; and it must be obvious that without the strictest respect alike for the spirit and letter of those concessions, the Dominion cannot be maintained.

The new confederation began at once to develop its own progeny of political questions. The building of the Intercolonial Railway from

Halifax to Quebec had been made part of the bargain with the Maritime Provinces. The building of the Pacific Railway had been made a part of the bargain with British Columbia. The acquisition and development of the North-West Territories had become a necessity of national life. The peace of this territory, when acquired in 1870, by negotiations detailed in Mr Lang's 'Life of Sir Stafford Northcote,' had to be enforced by an expedition, and maintained by an armed force of mounted police. The trade relations of Canada with the United States needed immediate attention. In 1866 the Reciprocity Treaty, negotiated by Lord Elgin in 1854, had been abrogated in a fit of aggressive petulance by the United States; and the channels of trade in Canada, particularly in the Maritime Provinces, were suddenly choked, with results more or less disastrous. The merits of this Treaty of 1854 have always been absurdly exaggerated. There are no accurate grounds for ascertaining its favourable effect on Canadian development, for the Crimean War caused a great demand for all Canadian products except lumber; and the American Civil War, which followed, created a continual demand at high prices for everything which Canada could produce. The treaty was abrogated at the close of the war. There is therefore no ground whatever for claiming that the Treaty of 1854 was valuable, and all efforts for its renewal proceed upon mere supposition.

These problems Sir John Macdonald, aided by a singularly able Cabinet, in which all the larger provinces were represented, undertook to grapple with. He grappled successfully with all. The Intercolonial Railway was completed within five years from the date of

confederation. The North-West was acquired, the money paid, and a new province created within four years from the date of the Union. The Pacific Railway, after delays of various sorts, financial and political, was begun in 1880, and finished in five years,—an effort of political courage on the part of the Government, and of financial skill and management on the part of the company, which has probably no equal in modern times. The canals were deepened and made more numerous. The coasts were lighted at all dangerous points. The fisheries were protected from the destructive encroachments of the Americans. The Treaty of Washington was in part the result of this system of protection. And on this occasion was established in practice a precedent of which official recognition has since been given—viz., that in all cases of negotiation with the United States concerning Canadian interests, a Canadian public man should form part of the commission. It has also been settled since 1882 that no colony shall be included in the operation of any commercial treaty, without a reservation of the assent of the colony to the arrangement.

The great distinguishing mark of Sir John Macdonald's political influence was the inauguration of what is called the National Policy. The necessity for it, as stated by its advocates, arose in this way. At the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866, and at the beginning of the confederation of the provinces in 1867, Canada found herself with a customs tariff of about 15 per cent, side by side with the United States with a tariff of from 35 to 50 per cent. For some years this did not matter. Prices ranged high in the United States; manu-

factures had been checked, and agriculture was necessarily checked also; the disturbance of industry caused by the war still operated. But in a few years the West filled up, agriculture developed, manufacturing became active, prices fell, and whenever a surplus of any sort was on hand in the American market, it was shifted into the Canadian market and sold at "slaughter prices"—perhaps to the immediate benefit of those who could pay cash, but to the serious injury of every form of manufacture in Canada, and to the injury of the farmers as well. It was determined to stop this; and in 1878, on the return of Sir John Macdonald to power after an exclusion of four years by the Liberals, he put into force the promise he had made to the electors, and framed a system of protection which has been called the National Policy. Under it, or in spite of it, as some contend, Canada has prospered greatly. The policy was sustained at the general elections of 1878, 1882, 1887, and finally in 1891, though on this occasion the farming population of Ontario to a certain extent abandoned the national policy, and favoured a policy of closer relations with the United States, against which, however, on reasonable terms, Sir John Macdonald made no protest. Indeed at the time of his death he had arranged for a meeting of Canadian public men with Mr Blaine at Washington, to negotiate for some friendly rearrangement of tariffs. But death stays the hand of the old statesman. The election campaign of 1891, which Sir John very earnestly looked on, under the circumstances, as a fight for British connection, no doubt brought on the paralysis which caused his

death. The present writer saw him the day before he entered on the election campaign, and saw him again on his return: he was a changed and broken man. The severe weather, the election excitement, the constant speaking and travelling, exhausted the remains of the splendid vitality which had carried the light-hearted old chief through so many campaigns.

And now, what manner of man was he, this famous Colonist, who was no less famous an Imperialist? In appearance he was said to be very like Lord Beaconsfield, but his face was not so heavy-featured as Lord Beaconsfield's, nor so sad and so impassive. A sarcastic smile was often on his face in the House of Commons, but that was for his opponents; to his friends his glance was friendly and fascinating. The extent of this personal fascination was very remarkable. Lord Beaconsfield's personal influence began late in life; Sir John Macdonald's influence began with his public life, and kept always accumulating. His personal kindness was unceasing. He was on familiar terms with every Parliamentary member of his party; knew the needs of his constituency and his personal peculiarities, and never lost a chance to please a supporter by means of the small courtesies of life, as well as by the greater opportunities of politics and patronage. Having been so long in office—twenty out of the twenty-four years of the history of the Confederation—he had had the appointment of the majority of the Bench in each province, of nearly all the Senate, of the whole of the public service, itself an immense body. This alone would have made him political friends. His wit was of the heat-lightning kind—rapid and bril-

liant; but he was never deadly or scornful, or only so when sorely provoked. He was fond of anecdotes to illustrate a political situation; and though he used new stories for the House of Commons, sometimes he appears to have repeated of set purpose the same old stories year after year upon the platform to his public audiences, until Sir John's old stories were as familiar to the farmers of the country as his appearance was. In private life he was charming. He was not averse to the convivial habits of men forty years ago, but of later years was cautious on festive occasions. He was sure to leave no man silent at his table or in his company: his tact in this respect was remarkable.

As an orator, Sir John Macdonald had more of the English than of the American manner: he was direct in argument, but sometimes hesitating in speech; but his speeches always read well, and have a pleasant literary flavour, the result of extensive reading. He had the air of always speaking unprepared, but he had all the facts of his case well in hand, and took great trouble to procure minute information, and was particularly grateful for any aid given him in arranging the details of public questions. He was a born debater; and though he did not needlessly rush into parliamentary scuffles, he was always ready for them. A glance at the index title, "Macdonald, Sir John," in the 'Canadian Hansard' in any year, shows the extraordinary number of questions with which he was familiar. The cause of this familiarity, quite independent of natural energy, may be found in the practice of the Canadian Cabinet. In England the tradition of departmental government still survive

the Cabinet does not meet continually, and departmental business is done by the head of the office; and the under-secretary, in cases where such exist, commonly makes the explanation. But Canada is a confederation, and the Cabinet represents provincial interests, race interests, religious interests, and business interests. The Cabinet meets every day during the business season. All departmental business comes up in council. Not a contract is given, not a man promoted, not a messenger appointed, not a bill prepared, not an item of Government business of any sort, but is first submitted to council, and an order passed thereon. Therefore every Minister who is attentive may know all the business that comes before the House. Sir John Macdonald was pre-eminently attentive, and was master of the details of every order passed in council.

He was a keen student of books. Though he was always a Conservative, he had much admiration for the mode in which Mr Walter Bagehot treated the problems of the British Constitution—though to some Conservatives Mr Bagehot's views are at times a little irreverent. The political literature concerning the eighteenth century was his favourite study. He knew the private lives of the public men of England since Pitt with much familiarity. All the vexed questions of political history in England were constantly in his mind. But all books were welcome to him. He was a reader of 'Blackwood' from an early period, and the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' he was fond of quoting. A friend of his who was addicted to political verse-writing once sent him an adaptation of the "Hey, boys, down go we!" and by return of mail received a note saying that

the "adaptation" which I detected was good, and men where the original was to be. On another occasion, during a stirring campaign, the same was amazed to receive from a veteran a long criticism of Isaacs." No anecdote of life in England had escaped him. He had made and maintained friendship with Lord Beaconsfield. It was after a visit made to Beaconsfield by Sir John Macdonald that the former delivered a speech advocating the peopling the "illimitable" of Western Canada. On occasion Sir John had much conversation with the British statesman and has often told the friends mentioned that they talked midnight at Hughenden, at their talk, when not of affairs, was of books, and the British Premier was so particular in his references that if an error existed as to a quotation, he would have the book down from the shelves to verify it. On this occasion, too, Lord Beaconsfield admitted involuntarily the pre-eminence of his mind. On mentioning the fact that Sir John was the first ruler of the Dominion in political sense, Lord Beaconsfield said, "Ah! like Saul, the ruler in Israel." And on mentioning the fact that Sir John had been about forty years in public life, Lord Beaconsfield said, "the years of David."

The main characteristic of John Macdonald's mind, especially as he grew to be an old, grizzled old man, was his profound devotion to the Queen and the Empire. He was no sybarite as more than one colonial ruler could tell; but he had a deep sense of loyalty, and a great desire to advance the imperial in The imperial character

Intercolonial Railway; the imperial character of the Pacific Railway; the usefulness of the great North-West as an abiding place for future generations of British subjects, — these things were always in his mind. He could pardon no man who stood between him and the ultimate accomplishment of his plans of making these great public properties useful to the empire at large. He looked forward to the time when for trade purposes, and for defence purposes, at least, there would be a closer union of the colonies with the United Kingdom. He was particularly opposed to the insane policy of allowing any of the North American colonies to make trade treaties with foreign countries without regard to the interests of neighbouring colonies, and particularly without reference to British interests.

Now he has passed away; and as he has left behind him no man who can sway at will the various political forces which yielded such

constant obedience to his will, so, it is to be feared, he has left behind no one who will have opportunity and power to carry forward his imperial views. We, who mourn for him as for a father or dear friend, feel a keen sense of personal loss; but the country has suffered a loss at present irreparable. The spirit of wisdom would perhaps whisper, "No man is indispensable; parties rise and fall; statesmen come and go; Pitt and Fox, Castlereagh and Canning, Melbourne and Peel, Russell and Beaconsfield, have all passed away; and when each one went, men said, 'Where shall we find another such?' and another such came and carried on the work, and passed away in his turn; and so it will ever be, for power, too, is vanity." But our grief is too recent for that consolation, and our sense of loss too great to find comfort in it; and all over Canada there exists to-day the pathetic feeling — we shall look upon his like no more!

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

COOKERY.

"*Dis moi que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es*"—tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are—says Brillat Savarin, the high-priest of gastronomy. Such a doctrine, if it could be carried into practice, would doubtless be a most useful one; but it must be confessed that it is at least as difficult to tell a man's character from his favourite dish as from his handwriting, and requires an experience in the science of the table which is rarely given to ordinary diners-out. What conclusions, for instance, would be drawn from the fact that Queen Elizabeth liked roast goose; that James I. preferred cock-a-leekie, and William III. asparagus; or that Lord Eldon's favourite dish was liver and bacon; or that George III., again, loved boiled mutton and turnips beyond all other dishes; or that the Duke of Wellington was so utterly indifferent to what he ate and drank that his cook—one of the best in Europe—resigned his office in despair?

Brillat Savarin, however, is not alone in his opinion; for a famous *bon vivant* of the time of the First Empire, the Marquis de Cussy, went even further, and maintained that the genius and character not only of a man, but of a nation, could be learned from a study of its cookery, and that history might thus be rewritten on strictly gastronomic principles. From this point of view characteristic dishes—such as sauerkraut, caviare, macaroni, pillau, and roast beef—would each of them have their separate historical value; and important conclusions might be drawn from the familiar *pot au feu*, which

is, we suppose (though M. de Cussy does not tell us so), the national dish of France.

This ingenious theory opens out for us an almost boundless field of inquiry and conjecture; and some historian of the future—the Niebuhr or Mommsen of gastronomy—will no doubt trace the close connection of cause and effect between cookery and history, from Belshazzar's feast to a modern Lord Mayor's banquet. Nay, he might begin his work from the time of Adam; for, after all, what caused the fall of man? It was not, as people vainly suppose, mere feminine curiosity on the part of Eve, but *la gourmandise*, which tempted her to eat the forbidden fruit in Paradise, just as it tempted Persephone to eat the pomegranate in Hades. This, at least, is the opinion of M. Alexandre Dumas; and he further tells us that the destinies of the chosen people were entirely changed by the insatiable appetite of Jacob's elder brother. With such authorities to support him, our historian would go boldly on to show how time after time the fate of nations has been decided by the gastronomic failings of the master-spirit of the age; how the progress of great conquerors has been checked by their ignorance or violation of the first principles of cookery; how the career of Alexander was cut short by his inordinate love of the table; and how Napoleon I. lost the decisive battle of Leipzig owing to a fit of indigestion caused by his dining off a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce. After all, it may be further argued, what is Diplomacy itself—the great peace-preserving machine of modern

times? Nothing but a series of good dinners, judiciously blended with the delights of wine and conversation. "*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*," was Napoleon's parting advice to his ambassador—advice as sound as it was successful. History, in fact, shows that the triumphs of diplomacy fall to the ambassador who has the strongest head, the largest appetite, and the best cook. Talleyrand's dinners at the beginning of this century were the best in Europe; Prince Metternich's cellars and *cuisine* were equally admirable; while Prince Bismarck is almost as famous for his gastronomic performances as for his political successes. "It is the manner of the great Chancellor," says Dr Russell, "*ridendo dicere—fumando*, too, the very largest and strongest cigars, and to sit up till and after all hours. So that average diplomats with weak constitutions had little chance with him in protracted negotiations."

Leaving, however, these theories to take care of themselves, let us pass to the proper history of what has been called the master-art. Of Greek cookery we know, perhaps fortunately, very little beyond what can be gathered from scattered notices in Athenæus, the Deipnosophist; while of Roman cookery we know almost too much, for the long work attributed to Apicius (said by some to be the most useful thing the Romans have left us, next to the Pandects of Justinian) gives us ample opportunity for judging of its merits. But after giving it all the attention it deserves—which is not a great deal—what can be thought of the culinary taste of a nation who put sugar on their oysters, preferred roast parrot to pheasant, stuffed geese with rue and assa-fetida, and whose favourite sauce

was a detestable compound of wine, saffron, and rotten shell-fish? Those, however, who are curious on the subject might refer to Trimalchio's banquet in Petronius Arbiter, where a dinner given by a rich *parvenu* is described in the fullest detail, and in the most amusing style. The dishes, which were many and various, would hardly find favour in the eyes of a modern epicure, though he might have appreciated the "Opimian Falernian, a hundred years old," which was produced towards the end of the evening.

Fortunately for mankind, the Roman *cuisine*, with all its strange dishes and recipes, perished with the Empire. It was from Italy, however, that the revival of cookery came with the rest of the arts and sciences in the middle ages, and passed thereon to France with Catherine de Medici; but even before her time French cooks had made considerable progress in their art, if we may trust the picture given us by Sir Walter Scott of the meal set before Quentin Durward by Maître Pierre in the Hôtel de Fleur-de-lys at Tours.

"There was a *pâté de Périgord* over which a gastronome would have wished to live and die, like Homer's lotus-eaters, forgetful of kin, native country, and all social obligations whatever. Its vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised like the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city, an emblem of the wealth they are destined to protect. There was a delicate *ragoût* with just that *petit point de l'ail* which Gascons love and Scottishmen do not hate. There was, besides, a delicate ham, which had once supported a noble wild boar in the forest of Mountrichart. There was the most exquisite white bread made into little round loaves called *boules*, of which the crust was so inviting that even with water alone it would have been a delicacy. But the

water was not alone, for there was a flask of leather called *bottrine*, which held about a quart of exquisite *vin de Beaulne*. So many good things might have created an appetite under the ribs of death."

Meantime, in England, the French conquerors had introduced many refinements into the coarse though abundant banquets of the Anglo-Saxons; and in the time of Richard II. appeared the first English cookery-book, known as the 'Forme of Cury,' which gives us considerable insight into mediæval dishes. It is observable that there is a great use of vegetables, of honey and saffron as condiments (probably a vicious relic of Roman cookery), of strongly seasoned soups and broths, and every variety of minces, hashes, stews, and pasties. The dinner usually consisted of three courses, each of which included on State occasions some eight or ten dishes, varied by such royal joints as a haunch of venison, a peacock, or a sturgeon.

Fish-dinners were a feature of these Catholic times; for all through Lent, as well as on Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year, the use of meat was forbidden by the Church. There does not appear to have been much penance involved in this, for the *menus* of fast-days, although they consist wholly of fish, are in every respect as abundant as those on festivals; in fact, there is no other form of food which lends itself to such infinite variety in the hands of a good cook, especially of a mediæval *chef*, who apparently made use of everything that had fins or swam in sea or river and did not scruple to serve up powdered lampreys, hashed porpoise, and fried leeches.

Certainly, one of the best dinners ever eaten by the writer of these pages was on Ash-Wednesday at a Roman Catholic club in Savile Row some years since, and he has even now a pleasant remembrance of the *bisque*, the *filets de sole aux truffes*, the omelette, the *beignets d'abricot*, the *tomates au gratin*, and the "Roederer '68," which formed part of this penitential feast. One of the longest and most elaborate *menus* in existence is that composed by the late Mr Hayward for a fish-dinner that might be given to the Pope in case his Holiness should ever visit England, and which will be found in the Appendix to the 'Art of Dining.'

In the Tudor period dinners seem to have become more substantial: large joints appear more frequently in the bills of fare, and table decorations come into favour, as well as cunning devices in the way of pastry and confectionery. Pepys' Diary gives us frequent glimpses of middle-class cookery in the time of the Stuarts; and the Admiralty clerk was himself no mean judge of good cheer. Here, for example, is a dinner which he considers an unusually good one: "Fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, roasted pigeons, four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey-pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content."¹ Sir Walter Scott, again, gives us an account of a little dinner prepared by "M. Chaulbert" for two epicures of the Court, on their way to Martindale Castle, the refinements of which were wasted on the unsophisticated Julian Peveril: "Squab pigeons, wild-fowl, young chickens,

¹ Diary, April 4, 1665.

venison cutlets, and a space in the centre wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrivains*."

In France, cookery took a new departure under Louis XIV., who had (in his younger days at least) a prodigious appetite. "I have often," writes Madame de Bavière, "seen the king eat four plates of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate of salad, two good slices of ham, a plate of pastry, and then be helped more than once to fruits and sweetmeats." The expenses of the royal kitchen in those days were almost fabulous, and the courtiers seem to have vied with the king in the extravagance of their banquets. Some of the most famous sauces, such as Béchamel and Soubise, date from this reign; and one of Madame de Sévigné's most eloquent letters describes how Vatel, the Prince of Condé's cook, killed himself in despair at the non-arrival of the fish on which he had been depending—a *contretemps* which a modern female cook would probably be more likely to accentuate by first going into hysterics, and then spoiling the rest of the dinner.

Louis XV. inherited his grandfather's taste, if not his appetite; and his *petits soupers*, *tables volantes*, and silver kitchen apparatus are all historical. It was he, too, who first gave the distinction of *cordon bleu* to a female cook,—for this title, the blue ribbon of the kitchen, is never properly applied to a *chef*. It was on the occasion of a dinner of superlative excellence being served up by an unknown artist. "Come now, France!" said Madame Dubarry; "I demand a reward worthy of your Majesty. You have made my negro a governor, and I can-

not accept less than a *cordon bleu* for my *cuisinière*."

In the next reign came the Revolution, and there seeped some danger of the science of cookery being swept away with the nobles and *chefs* of the old régime; but it survived the storm, and gained fresh life and vitality under the Republic and the First Empire. Napoleon himself was no great epicure, eating hurriedly at all times, and whenever his appetite prompted him; but his Chancellor, Cambacérès, kept a splendid table, and was fortunate in having the illustrious Carême as his *chef de cuisine*.

Like others of his class, Carême has left his memoirs behind him—an amusing record of his vanity and caprices. In one passage he complains bitterly of the meanness of Cambacérès, who took careful notes during dinner of such *entrées* as had not been touched by his guests, and insisted on their re-appearance in the *menu* of the following day. "Quel diner! juste ciel!" writes the indignant *chef*. "Je ne veux pas dire que la déserte" (i.e., the remains of the dinner) "ne puisse être utilisée, mais qu'elle ne peut pas donner un diner de prince et de gastronome éminent. Quel parcimonie! Quel pitié! Quel maison!" And he contrasts such conduct with that of M. de Talleyrand,—"*un grand seigneur dans la plus belle accepte*,"—who was on the most cordial terms with his cook, and devoted more time to the consideration of *entrées* and *soufflés* than to the affairs of Europe.

It is to be feared that such base economies as those on which Carême is so justly severe are not unknown in modern kitchens, especially where the *pâtés* and jellies are supplied by a neighbouring pastry-cook, and probably (if un-

touched) do duty at several dinners in succession. Words are not strong enough to condemn the practice—for such *réchauffés* destroy the original flavour and quality of the dish, however excellent, and, what is worse, they destroy a guest's confidence in the good faith of his host. No man likes to be asked to dine off the remains of yesterday's banquet, and he probably feels, if he does not express, the same indignation as Mr Osborne after a dinner at his married daughter's house. "So Russell Square is not good enough for Mrs Maria, hey?" said the old gentleman, rattling up the carriage-windows; "so she invites her father and sister to a second day's dinner (if those sides, or *ongtrys*, as she calls them, weren't served yesterday, I'm d——d), and to meet City folks and littery men!"

Carême was bribed by the offer of £1000 a-year to become *chef* to George IV., and for a few months he officiated at Carlton House; but the fogs of England affected his spirits, and he felt that his merits were not appreciated at their proper value by his master. "Je lui ai composé une langue de veau en surprise. Il l'a mangé, mais il n'a pas su de la comprendre." So he composed a last sauce—"la dernière pensée de Carême"—and returned to Paris, where he became cook to Baron Rothschild. There is an eloquent passage (too long to be quoted here) in one of Lady Morgan's letters describing a dinner cooked by Carême at the Baron's villa, which gives us a high idea both of the artist's excellence and of the lady's taste in such matters.¹

A little previously to the time of which we have been speaking—

the time, that is, of Carême and Beauvilliers, when French cookery may be said to have reached its zenith—there appeared the famous 'Almanach des Gourmands,' which is as well known, by name at all events, as the 'Almanach de Gotha'; yet it may be questioned if one reader out of twenty knows anything of the book beyond its name, and still less knows anything of its author, the famous gastronomist, Grimod de la Régnière. As a matter of fact, however, there is little in his life that is either interesting or edifying. He was rich, eccentric, and a great epicure, and his dinners and his knowledge of cookery were equally famous. The first part of his celebrated 'Almanach,' which has been ever since a household word among *bon vivants*, was written in 1803, and from the day of its first appearance the book has been widely popular, not so much for its practical hints on the science of the table, or from the *menus* of famous dinners or the recipes for soups and *entrées*, which form a large portion of the eight volumes, as from the charming language in which the merest platitudes and commonplaces are set out, so as to interest and amuse the reader almost in spite of himself. As such, the book has had its admirers among men of every type of character—from the late Duke of York, who considered that, next to the Bible, it was the best book in the world, down to Macaulay, who, reading, as he did, everything, from Photius to the last twopenny ballad, was a diligent student of the 'Almanach,' and used to tease his nephew, Sir George Trevelyan, then a Harrow boy, with long quotations from its pages.

¹ See Hayward's *Art of Dining*, p. 29, and Lady Morgan's *France in 1829*, ii. 414.

We have no wish to inflict any such long quotations on our readers, but a few examples of the style and spirit of the author will not be out of place. Grimod is speaking of popular superstitions, such as spilling salt at table or being one of thirteen guests, and he adds a comforting reflection. "This number," he says "need cause you no anxiety except the fear that there may not be enough to eat for more than twelve. As to the salt-cellar, the essential point is not to upset it into a good dish." He denounces general invitations: "The only acceptable invitations are those given for a fixed day, and it is better they should be in writing." In another passage he lays down a rule which some of the selfish diners-out of the modern school might well take to heart: "You should never speak badly of a man who has just been your host, and your forbearance should be proportioned to the excellence of the dinner he gave you. For an ordinary dinner eight days would be a sufficient limit for your patience; but it need never exceed six months, after which date your tongue regains full liberty of speech. But," he adds, "your *Amphitryon* has always the power of binding you afresh by another invitation given at the proper moment." Again: "Indigestion is the most ordinary form of death which befalls princes of the Church, and, without doubt, is the pleasantest and most honourable for a true *gourmand*." As to the argument against eating robin-redbreasts on the ground of cruelty, he sagely remarks that "if one were to have compassion on all the world, one would eat nothing; and, putting the question of pity aside, it must be confessed that this amiable bird makes an excellent roast." Some of his phrases have become almost clas-

sical, such as "the turbot is the pheasant of the sea," and "veal is the chameleon of cookery," because it can assume so many forms in an *entrée*.

But we must leave the '*Almanach*' and pass to another work on cooking, which appeared a few years later, and is perhaps even more celebrated, or at least more widely read. This is '*La Physiologie du Goût*,' by Brillat Savarin, which has had the somewhat doubtful honour of being translated into English in recent years. This book, like its predecessor, abounds in aphorisms and philosophical reflections on matters connected with the table, but it is more amusing because it is more personal; indeed nothing can be more charming in its way than the delightful egotism of the writer, his candid avowal of his likes and dislikes, and the sincerity of his faith in gastronomy as being the highest of the arts and sciences. Added to this, the purity and picturesqueness of the language make it a model of literary style.

One has only to glance at the headings of the chapters in the '*Physiologie du Goût*' to see that almost every subject connected with the art of dining has its place among them: taste, appetite, digestion, food, good living, sleep, corpulence, fasting, and other kindred topics, are discussed in turn, and the writer's convictions are supported by numerous personal anecdotes and experiences. Yet, if we may believe Carême and others who knew the writer of these charming essays, he was not a *gourmand* in the proper sense of the word, but simply a *gros mangeur*, talked little at table, was wanting in ease of manner, had a *lourd* air, and looked like a country

parson. Be this as it may, there is no appearance of dulness or want of taste in the book itself.

The first condition of gastro-nomic enjoyment is undoubtedly a good appetite, and Brillat Savarin gives us several stories of heroic performances at the table. One of his friends devoured thirty-two dozen oysters before sitting down to dinner, and then ate his meal with the vigour of a man who had been fasting for some time: another, the vicar of Bregnier, disposed of the following dishes at a single meal,—soup, *bouilli*, a leg of mutton, a capon, a large bowl of salad, a large slice of cheese, a bottle of wine, and a decanter of water. Brillat Savarin was present, and assures us that “nothing was left of the mutton but the bone, nothing of the capon but the skeleton, and nothing of the salad but the bowl—*apres quoi il se reposa*”—as well, indeed, he might.

Nothing that we have read in history equals this Gargantuan feat, except, perhaps, the performance of the “glutton of Kent,” whom Fuller places among his worthies, and who devoured, at a single meal, “fourscore rabbits and eighteen black puddings, London measure.” Coming down to more recent times, there is the probably apocryphal story of a Scotsman who ate a solan goose by way of a whet for dinner; and of a Welsh nobleman who devoured a covey of partridges for breakfast every morning. There is also a well-known legend, which found its way into ‘Punch,’ of a certain eminent politician who entered an eating-house near the Old Bailey, and after putting away seven pounds and a half of cold boiled beef, observed cheerfully to the landlord, “Capital beef this! One may cut and

come again here.” To which the landlord, regarding him grimly, made reply,—“Sir, you may cut, but I’m d——d if you shall come again!”

We are tempted to add one more story, which we believe has not as yet found its way into print. On the Derby day, a few years ago, a well-known man of business—let us call him Mr X.—went down to Epsom with the rest of the world, and, after the great race was over, bethought himself of lunch. It was then four o’clock, and he was ravenously hungry. Seeing no friendly coach or carriage at hand, he entered one of the refreshment-booths, where a three-and-sixpenny meal was provided for all comers. He attacked some ribs of beef, and soon cleared them to the bone; then he “went for” a chicken, which also disappeared; finally, he espied a pigeon-pie at the other end of the table, which had not yet been touched, and ordered the waiter to bring it to him. But the waiter, after a whispered conference with an individual in black, who had been observing Mr X.’s performances with suspicion and alarm, came and said confidentially, “If you please, sir, the governor says as how he won’t charge you nothing for anything, if you’ll go away at once.” Mr X., however, insisted on his rights, and declined this obliging offer; then he proceeded to make a vigorous onslaught on the pigeon-pie.

From Brillat Savarin it is a natural transition to Alexandre Dumas, who, great in all he did—*beau mangeur* as well as *beau conteur*—has left us his ‘Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine,’ a large and sumptuous volume. Dumas knew the principles of the art as well as most professional cooks,

and could himself cook an admirable dinner of many courses; he had studied the subject long and deeply; and finally, in his green old age, he set himself down to write this great dictionary, which proved to be the last of the thousand volumes which bear his name, and which was given to the world after his death in 1870.

In the introductory chapter, Dumas tells us a good deal about the restaurants of his day, which had increased so rapidly in Paris since their introduction in 1770, that at the beginning of this century there were more than five hundred of them. The most famous were those of Beauvilliers, the Rocher de Cancale, and Vervy, the last of which supplied the table of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814 for the moderate sum of £120 a-day, exclusive of wine. On the death of one of the partners in this firm, a sumptuous monument was erected to his memory in Père-la-Chaise, recording the fact that "his whole life was consecrated to the useful arts."

Later on, Dumas gives us a list of the restaurants most in vogue in the middle of this century: some of them are still flourishing, though in many cases their fame is a thing of the past. Among their names we read Verdier, Maison d'Or, Bignon, Brébant, Riche, Le Café Anglais, Peters, Vefour, Frères Provençaux. But he adds (and every one who knows Paris will agree with him in this) that it is not always at the most famous restaurant that one gets the best dinner. "On dine mieux chez Maire, chez Philippe, ou chez Magny" (these were *traiteurs* in those days) "que chez les premiers restaurateurs de Paris." It was at Philippe's that a historical

dinner took place in 1850, the guests including Dumas, Count d'Orsay—who ordered the dinner—Lord Brougham, Lord Dufferin, and Mr Hayward. We are told that the banquet was worthy of the occasion, and was crowned with *Clos Vougeot* of almost priceless value.

From this date may be traced the decline and fall of French cookery, so far as the restaurants are concerned, which certainly did not maintain under the Second Empire the high standard of perfection which they had reached in the days of Carême and Beauvilliers. Many of the best *chefs* were attracted to London by the high salaries offered by the English nobility and club committees; others were enticed by American millionaires. Fashion changed, and the school of great epicures like Brillat Savarin passed out of date: again, men dined more at home, or if they dined at a restaurant, they no longer cared to pay the fabulous prices which their grandfathers had paid without a murmur. And as the demand for first-class dinners fell off, so the supply began to cease. Then came the Franco-German war, which ruined many of the chief restaurateurs and thoroughly demoralised the French *cuisine*. "The best tables," writes Dumas, "have been overturned by death, or revolutions worse than death; cellars have been broken up, and the most celebrated wines sold by public auction." Lastly, of recent years there have been the two great Exhibitions, and the plethora of visitors, the ceaseless crowd of hungry and unappreciative guests, filled the pockets of the restaurateurs, but at the same time gave a final blow to French cookery, from which it has never recovered.

No Englishman knows his Paris

so well, or is more skilled in the science of the table than Mr Sala, and during the Exhibition of 1878 he made it his special business to go the round of the chief restaurants. He candidly acknowledges that, while prices have risen, the art of cookery has deteriorated, and that it is impossible in these days to dine well at any restaurant under 20 francs a-head, exclusive of wine. He specifies the *Café Anglais*, which was then, and is probably still, one of the best restaurants in Paris, as a place where the dinner was good and the prices "high but not extortionate." But it must be confessed that the figures quoted by him—16 francs for a pheasant, 8 francs for a *perdreux aux choux*, and the same sum for a bottle of Pontet Canet—would be called dear even at the Bristol or Continental.

Mr Sala gives a pathetic description of the agonies he suffered during what he calls "the Diner Burnand" in the Palais Royal, which lasted an hour and a half, and was remarkable for its exceeding badness; but why he should give to such a repast the name of the genial editor of 'Punch' does not seem clear, until he explains to us that his first words on descending the staircase which led to the restaurant were those of the author of 'Happy Thoughts,'—"Joy, joy, but never again with you, Robin!" And probably "never again" has been echoed by others of his countrymen who, in an evil hour, have been induced by the low price of the alluring *menu* chalked outside the restaurant to ascend some of those ill-omened staircases in the Palais Royal.

These cheap restaurants have, however, a large *clientèle* among English and German visitors, and it is interesting to watch the spirit and abandon with which young

Englishmen, probably set down for the first time in a Paris restaurant, plunge into the heart of a *menu* which they can neither read nor understand, and with the utmost confidence order dish after dish, which they have never before seen or tasted. In this respect, if in no other, they certainly show themselves worthy descendants of the adventurous youths who made the grand tour in the last century—

"Tried all *hors d'œuvres* and all liqueurs defined;
Judicious drank and greatly daring dined."

Nothing comes amiss to these dauntless young epicures: they drink the sourest *petit bleu* as gaily as if it was the choicest Lafitte; they eat strange morsels of fish or poultry disguised in stranger sauces with apparent gusto and satisfaction; and their appetites and digestions are proof against unsavoury messes which have apparently come straight from the kitchen of Canidia. Only once have we seen one of these youths fairly baffled and disconcerted at the unexpected shape taken by what he supposed was a familiar dish. He had in his innocence ordered *moûles à la marinière*; but instead of the red mullet he expected, there was brought to him an uncanny mess of shell-fish of all colours—black, yellow, and green—served in a silver basin. These mussels were too much even for his hardened appetite; his heart failed him, and the waiter was ordered to remove the dish.

Passing to the subject of English restaurants, it may be remarked that Mr Innes Shand, in his excellent account of the progress of England during the last half-century, has omitted what would have been a most interesting chapter—namely, "Dining—

houses, old and new"; for in no other part of our social system has such a real and rapid advance been made in the right direction during the last fifty years. In the earlier part of this century English cookery, both in middle-class households and in public places of entertainment, was a byword among the nations for its coarseness and insipidity; and we were still open to Voltaire's reproach of having fifty religions and only one sauce—that sauce apparently being melted butter, as the bread sauce, on which our English cook so justly prides herself, is regarded by our French neighbours as an unwholesome form of poultice. The taverns and coffee-houses, which had been such an agreeable feature of London life in the preceding century, had degenerated into dingy cook-shops and forlorn dining-rooms, resembling that in which Mr Pickwick and his friends waited for the Bath coach, and which is described as "the last resource of human dejection, divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers, and furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, the latter article being kept in a small kennel for washing glasses in a corner of the apartment." Few of the modern clubs were then in existence; and though a rich man could then, as now, dine off turtle and venison at the Albion, or eat fish-dinners at Greenwich, there were few places where a man of moderate means—the clerk from the public offices, the lawyer, or the country visitor—could get a tolerable meal at a reasonable price. There was a cluster of old-fashioned houses near Temple Bar—the Cock, the Mitre, the Rainbow, and the Cheshire Cheese; there was Simpson's in the Strand, there were the Blue Posts in Cook

Street, and later on the Wellington, built on the site of Crockford's and now the Devonshire Club; and there were some French houses of indifferent repute in the neighbourhood of Soho Square; but the modern restaurant with its *table d'hôte* dinner and luxurious appointments was almost unknown.

At present there are probably over a hundred establishments where you can dine cheaply and with comfort—in fact, *il n'y a qu'un embarras de choix*. There are dinners off the joint, dinners from the grill and dinners of five courses at a fixed price; and there are also *diners Français* and *diners Parisiens*, as to which it can only be said that you get a great deal for your money, and that the quantity is more remarkable than the quality. Again, if you prefer dining *à la carte*, there are at least three restaurants (let us select Kettner's, the Café Royale, and Romano's, though there are probably several others) where the wine and the cooking are equally good, and where, if you make a judicious selection from the *menu*, aided by the head waiter's counsel and experience, you can get almost as good a dinner for your money as at the Café Anglais itself.

After all that has been said on the shortcomings and demerits of English cookery, it is at least curious that two of the most famous *chefs* of modern times—Ude, who was at one time head cook at Windsor, and Urbain Dubois, *chef* to the Emperor of Austria—should have expressed their deliberate opinion that English cookery, when well done, was better than that of any other country in the world. The material, they maintained, and quite rightly, was far superior—the English beef and mutton having

a finer flavour, and requiring no adjuncts in the way of sauce, provided that it was properly cooked; and they might have added that, owing to the distance of Paris from the sea-coast, fresh fish, especially salmon, is rarely procurable, and still more rarely served up, even in the first-class restaurants. Certainly there are some standard English dishes which in their own way are difficult to beat; and Lord Dudley (the grandfather of the present earl) used to declare that "turtle-soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings and green peas, and apricot tart, formed a dinner fit for an emperor." All these are distinctly national dishes, and so far we may pride ourselves upon having material which (unless it is deliberately spoiled in the cooking) is of the highest merit in the eyes of a gastronomist, and adds strength and dignity to the most elaborate *menu*. But when it comes to a question of *entrées*, and *réchauffés*, and *petits plats*, the case is different; and this is just where an English cook breaks down and a French cook excels; and the lower we go in the social scale the more evident does this difference become. A French labourer's wife will make a capital *croûte au pot* from a little stock, a few vegetables, and a crust or two of bread—from materials, in fact, which an Englishwoman would probably consign to the dust-bin. With a few eggs, some flour, butter, and a slice or two of bacon, she will turn out a very fair *omelette au jambon*; she will convert a few morsels of coarse fish, stewed with herbs, onions, and a little rough wine, into an appetising *matelotte*; and she will probably complete the repast with a *salade de légumes*, made of some cold cooked vegetables, with oil and vinegar.

Nowhere was this difference in

the culinary talent of the two nations in making use of poor materials more clearly shown than in the Crimean war, when the French and English were encamped side by side. The English troops had, if anything, the better rations of the two; but while our men were content to toast their slices of pork or beef at the end of their ramrods, the Zouaves and Chasseurs made excellent soups and *bouillis* in their camp kettles.

"In cooking I need not say our neighbours beat us hollow. I partook of a sumptuous banquet in the tent of an officer of the Guards the other night, the staple of which was a goose, purchased for a golden egg in Balaclava, but which assumed so many forms, and was so good and strange in all—now coming upon you as a *pièce de résistance*, again assuming the shape of a *gibelotte* that would do credit to Philippe, and again turning up as a delicate little *plat* with the flavour of woodcocks—that the name of the artist was at once demanded. He was a grisly headed Zouave who stood at the door of the tent, prouder of the compliments that were paid him than of the few francs he was to get for his services, 'lent' as he was by the captain of his company for the day.

"A few days after—these were Christmas times, or were meant to be so—there was a dinner in another friendly tent. A Samaritan captain had presented a mess with a leg of English mutton, a case of served turnips, and a wild duck. Hungry as hunters, the little party assembled at the appointed hour of anticipated pleasure and good cheer from the Fatherland. 'Banks, in dinner,' said the host proudly, 'his *chef de cuisine*. The guest set, the cover was placed on the table, it was removed with enthusiasm! there lay the duck, burnt and dry as charcoal, in the centre of a mound of turnips. 'I have no words to describe the sole defence of the wretched as he removed the sacrifice

time. Then he brought in the soup, which was excellent, especially the *bouilli*, but we could not eat soup all night when the mutton was waiting. 'Now then, Banks, bring in the leg of mutton.' 'The wawt, zur?' 'The leg of mutton; and look sharp, do you hear!' I hope you have not spoiled that too.' 'Woy, zur, thee's been 'atin oo't!' The miserable being had actually *boiled* down the mutton in the soup, having cut it, large slices off it, to make it fit the pot."¹

Of late years there has undoubtedly been an improvement in our middle-class kitchens. The National School of Cookery at South Kensington and Mrs Marshall's practical lectures on the subject have done much to educate the rising generation of cooks; and while the number of cookery-books published of late years would stock a small library, some of them (and these are by no means the worst) are written by ladies, who have gone far to disprove Dr Johnson's opinion of their incapacity in such a matter. "Women," he assured Boswell, "can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery. I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written. It should be a book on philosophical principles." Merely as a matter of curiosity, it is a pity that the great Doctor never found time to carry out his theories, for his tastes in gastronomy were scarcely those of a Brillat Savarin. His favourite delicacy was an over-boiled leg of pork, or a veal-pie stuffed with plums and sugar; and he was accustomed to give additional flavour to the plum-pudding on his plate by pouring a tureen of lobster sauce over it.

One of the numerous cookery-books, which have recently appeared, deserves a word of praise for the writer's excellent idea of arranging a series of bills of fare, written in French and English, for every month of the year.² They must be a perfect boon to an uninventive housekeeper. The recipes, which follow the *menus*, are both varied and suggestive, especially in the important matters of fish *entrées* and *quenelles*. Every one who has hunted with the Pytchley knows the genial Major L——, and his practical knowledge of all things connected with the art of dining; and it is an open secret, we believe, that he has been assisted by the suggestions and advice of M. Béguinot of St James's Street, formerly Lord Spencer's *chef* at Althorp.

But though cookery-books have multiplied and our English cooks have improved, they still have much to learn in the way of economising their materials and varying their bills of fare; and in his admirable little book on 'Food and Feeding,' Sir Henry Thompson has shown us how many French dishes are within the capacity of an ordinary cook, who will take the time and trouble to prepare them from a proper recipe. There are those excellent vegetable soups, for instance, *croûte au pot* and *paysanne*, so rarely seen on our English tables; then there are the manifold ways in which cold meat may be braised or stewed: a greater use of vegetables, especially of haricots and tomatoes, is strongly recommended, as well as of fish of the second class, such as the dory, sea-bream, basse, and halibut, to

¹ Russell's Diary in the Crimea, i. 245.

² The Pytchley Book of Refined Cookery and Bills of Fare. By Major L——. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

say nothing of macaroni and salads.

Then, again, there are certain old-fashioned but succulent dishes which our forefathers delighted in, but which are now considered unfashionable. What can be better, for instance, than a kidney-dumpling, a home-made partridge-pie, broad beans and bacon, or a boiled edge-bone of beef? And, above all, what has this world to offer that is more delectable than the roast sucking-pig immortalised by Elia?—

“See him in his dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away—

‘Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with kindly care;’

his memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.”

There is no circumstance connected with dining for which we have all of us more reason to be thankful, than that the ponderous dinner-parties, long since satirised by Dickens, and recently condemned by Sir Henry Thompson, are rapidly becoming things of the past. Who has not groaned over the interminable length of these

dreary banquets—the host at the crowded table, the hired vulgar profusion, the soups and indigestible *entrees*, the fiery sherry and the champagne. Such dinners have long been banished from society, and if they still linger is among the doctors and at the dinner-party of provincial towns, who once a-year at a manner of their forefathers sacrifice both comfort and taste to an ostentatious display.

The conditions and accessories of a dinner, as it *should* be well laid down by Sir Henry Thompson, whose “octave” at Wimpole Street are as famous as his blue-and-white china; must forgive us for observing that Brillat Savarin anticipated some of his suggestions some eight years ago, in the fourteenth chapter of his famous ‘*Physiologie*.’ The hints from both of these authorities, we may summarise the laws and requirements of a dinner which shall combine simplicity and excellence. The number of guests should never exceed twelve; the room should be warm, but not too hot; the table well laid and duly close; the table well laid and waiting quiet and unobtrusive; the dishes choice, but few; the wines of the first quality, each in its degree; “there should be spirited without being strong, and the women pleased without coquetry;” “nobody should leave before eleven, but everybody should be in bed before midnight, whoever,” Brillat Savarin concludes, “has been a guest at a dinner combining all these conditions, may be said to have attained at his own apotheosis.”

FRANCESCA'S REVENGE.

WHO is there who has not felt the charm, after a day's sight-seeing in some foreign town, of going out of the glare and heat of the streets into the dimness and quiet of one of the old churches? For my own part, as a persistent sight-seer and visitor of churches, I have often been tempted, when there resting, to secure a further retreat from publicity in one of the dark little confessionals which line the walls. There is a strange attraction about them, partly because they are so cool and quiet, partly because of the experiences, the tragedies, the penitence which those brown wooden walls have listened to. But the only time I gave way to the temptation I was punished for my indiscretion in a way which I can never forget, and was called upon to solve a problem in casuistry which might have taxed the skill of the experienced confessor whose place I had usurped.

I was travelling in Italy, and had come to Florence, meaning to remain only for a few days. The fascination of the place, however, which I had known well in years past, held me strongly, and the days grew into weeks. It was winter when I came, but now the spring was at hand, and the wonderful bloom of flowers was beginning. One day, tired with roaming about, I had wandered into a church to rest. It was not one of the great show churches, sketched by artists and visited by tourists, but a little quiet building in a narrow back street, with nothing of much note in it except a beautiful tomb by Mino da Fiesole, on which my eyes were wont to rest with pleasure. I went close up to it, expecting to find a bench

on which I could sit for a little while, but the church was being cleaned or prepared for some function, and the benches had all been moved and put aside in corners. I looked round for a chair, but none was to be seen, and at last I quietly opened the door of a confessional and sat down there, meaning to remain for a moment only. But I had walked far, the air was warm and relaxing, and the church dark, and I fell asleep. I know not how long I had slept, but suddenly I was aroused quickly and fully. It was no dream. I heard a voice close to me saying, "Father, I have forged letters which will ruin a woman's life!" Then a pause. I looked through the grating at the side of the confessional, and I could distinguish a woman's form kneeling there. She seemed to be waiting for something—the priest's response, no doubt—for she was silent for a moment, but afterwards she began, "Father, hear me." I stepped hastily from the confessional out into the church. My movement surprised her, for she looked round, and then, on seeing me, started up. We looked at one another; there was no one but ourselves in the church. For a moment her anxiety as to what I might have heard, and my remorse at having thus surprised a secret, kept us silent. Then I said, "I am sorry, I am very sorry; there was no chair. I fell asleep. Will you forgive me?"

She looked at me, and there was an expression of pathos and terror in her eyes which drew me to her. "Did the Signora hear?" she asked.

"Oh, forgive me," I answered—and I put my hand on her arm—"forgive me; yes, I heard—"

thing. I think I ought to tell you."

"What did the Signora hear?" she asked, still with the same curious calm.

I was becoming much interested. The woman's unusual behaviour, and her look of misery, showed me that something more than a common confession must have been intended. I said, "I am afraid I heard that you had committed a crime—a crime against another woman."

"Ah, you call it a crime! Then it must be—it must be—and I am guilty!" And she flung herself down in an agony of prayer and tears on the steps of an altar which stood close by.

I waited for a moment, then went to her and said, "Let me help you. You thought you would find a priest; I am not a priest, but I am a woman. Is there not something I can do? Tell me."

She raised herself and looked at me. "The Signora is good, I think; but . . . I am in great trouble and great difficulty. I thought I should find Father Girolamo. He is not here; I fear he may be ill. I heard something of it. And I must see some one, and ask for help."

"Then let me help you," I said, as gently as I could. "I will consider all you tell me as the deepest secret. I will say nothing, I promise. Come with me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

The woman looked at me fixedly, then rose from her knees. "Yes, I will come," she said, simply. "I think the Holy Mother has sent you to me. I prayed so hard to her to send me help before I came here. I see that you are good; your eyes are kind; I will tell you my trouble."

Her voice trembled, and as she bent down to kiss my hand, a tear

fell on to it. I drew her with me from the church, and in a few moments we were in my apartment. She followed me quite quietly, and expressed neither doubt nor hesitation. Evidently she had made up her mind to trust me with her difficulties, whatever they were. She was a small slender woman, with curly dark-brown hair, and large lustrous eyes;—not exactly pretty, but with a very refined face, a look and expression which told of a nature noble and generous, if also passionate and proud. I said, "I am going to ask you to tell me your story from beginning to end, and let me try to help you."

"I will tell you all, Signora, from the beginning, but it is a long story. Will you have patience?"

"Yes, I want to hear it all; tell me."

So she began, and this is her story.

Francesca was at this time about twenty-three years of age. Three years before she had married Andrea Vivaldi, a bookbinder by trade, and they lived together very happily. Andrea's employment brought him in a comfortable though small income, he had also a little money of his own, while Francesca was able to earn something by working at embroidery, for which she had a special talent. She had been well educated, and her marriage with Andrea had been considered hardly good enough for her. But she loved him passionately, and her choice had been justified, for they were looked upon by all their friends as models of married love and happiness. The only cloud on Francesca's sky was that Andrea had no religion. Francesca herself was a deeply religious woman, whose life was governed by her faith; but Andrea shared

in the unbelief common in Italian towns at the present day, and always put aside good-humouredly, but firmly, her arguments and her efforts to induce him to attend Mass or to go to confession. He was rather wild too, and reckless sometimes, but she knew he was really good and upright; and she hoped and believed that in time, through his love for her, he might be brought to see things as she did. Meanwhile their love and happiness seemed sufficient for them both.

One day, some few months before I met her, she was surprised in her house by a violent knocking at the door. She hurried to open it, and found a small boy who had brought a note, written in Andrea's hand: "I am seriously wounded; come to me directly." She at once followed the boy, cross-questioning him on the way as to what had happened. He knew but little; he told her, however, that there had been some drinking, and a quarrel in a small, rather low wine-shop near the Porta Romana, and that her husband had been wounded—how badly he could not say. Francesca hurried through the streets, and on arriving at the wine-shop was met by the keeper of it, a low, cunning-looking man, who received her effusively and conducted her into the house. A police officer was standing in the room, where signs of the quarrel were everywhere apparent in the overturned tables and chairs, and pools of spilt wine. A man was lying on a bench with his head bandaged. Francesca approached him, thinking at first that he was Andrea; but the innkeeper laid a hand on her arm, saying, "This way; your husband is in here."

"Is the wound dangerous?" asked Francesca in a tremulous whisper.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It seems so," he said.

"But do they fear for his life?" she asked again.

"He is very bad; we have sent for a doctor, but——" and another expressive gesture followed.

"Has the doctor come? Does he give hope?"

"He does not," the man said slowly, his eyes cast down; "he says he is dying."

"Ah! Santa Maria, dying!" cried Francesca, pressing her hands to her heart. "Has a priest been sent for?" she continued eagerly.

"No, no priest; he said he would not see one, he wished only for you."

She rushed forward and entered the little squalid inner room. On a bed in the corner lay Andrea, and she saw at once that she had been told the truth, for his white drawn face and pinched look showed that the end could not be far off. She threw herself on her knees by his side. "Andrea what is this, how has it happened?" she said with a sob.

The dying man lifted his hand and let it rest on her shoulder. "Francesca, forgive me; I am dying; I have something to say to you before I die."

"Dying? Ah, no! it is impossible, Andrea. I cannot believe it."

"Dear, the doctor has told me that I cannot live above another hour. It is difficult to speak."

He paused for breath, and she moistened his lips with a cordial which stood in a glass close by. Then she laid her hand caressingly on his head—"Andrea, you will send for a priest?"

The dying man shook his head. "No; it is you I want, not a priest. I want to tell you something, to ask you to forgive me." The blood welled up to his lips, so that he had to stop once more. After

a moment he went on. "Listen, Francesca, I have committed a sin against you, a great sin."

"Never mind, Andrea," she answered gently; "I do not want to know it now. I will forgive you; we have loved each other so well let us think now of that alone."

"Perhaps you will not forgive when you have heard what I must say," he answered, turning away his face. "Years ago, before I saw you, Francesca, I fell in love with Giovanna."

"Carlo's wife?"

"Yes, Carlo's wife. Her parents would not hear of the marriage. I was poor, and they made her marry Carlo. I was miserable, but then my uncle left me some money, and I saw you, and we married. I swear to you," and here he turned his eyes pleadingly towards her, "that for the first two years I never thought of Giovanna again. Then you went to Bologna to your mother when she died, and you were away several weeks. While you were away,"—he was speaking now with great difficulty,— "Giovanna and I met several times, and—and—I was unfaithful to you."

She was kneeling, her head bowed down on the bed, and only a little shiver now and then showed that she was listening. He went on: "I saw her often after that, and then you came home, and I refused to see her. She was angry and upbraided me, but I only met her again once. She wrote me letters, and I have kept some of them." The increasing difficulty of speech warned him to be brief. "There are three, in a secret drawer in my bureau; you will find them; press the spring at the back near the wall. Ah, forgive me! say that you forgive me."

She never raised her head, but said in a low voice, "I

will destroy them if you wish it, Andrea."

"Yes, yes; but you must go now, at once," he said, "because the police will search the rooms. Some of the men I quarrelled with here are thieves in the town; the police will suspect I am one of them. It is not true; but they will search, and if they find the letters——"

"Ah, yes," she said, in a cold constrained tone; "we must not let this be known. I will go now, Andrea."

She moved as if to rise, but he caught her hand. "Say first that you have forgiven me."

"Yes, I forgive you," she replied, still in the same quiet voice. He sighed deeply, and his hand dropped on the bed. "Good-bye," he said.

"Good - bye, Andrea." She turned from him and went slowly to the door. He followed her with his eyes, but she never looked round. The door opened, and she was gone.

Francesca left the room almost in a dream. As she passed out the landlord asked her how her husband was. She answered at random that he was much the same.

"Shall I send for a priest?" asked the man.

"If you like, but I do not think he will see him," she replied, and passed quickly out.

Francesca walked hastily on, and as she went her power of thought seemed to return to her. What was this horrible thing that she had heard? Her husband untrue to her—her husband whom she had loved with such single-minded devotion! And Giovanna too, who had been her friend, the wife of his best friend! It seemed an age since she had passed along these streets before; then she was

anxious only; now she knew that all her fancied happiness had been a dream, that her idol was of commonest clay, that her trust had been shamefully abused. This was the truth, then, about their married life. It was the greatest failure—a thing for all to scoff at. And she had always been so proud of her happiness, her successful life. But at least every one need not know of her sorrow and her shame. The secret could be hidden; the letters could be destroyed; people should think that her husband was in truth what they all believed him to be. And then the thought flashed across her, What if she were too late,—if the police got there first? Supposing they found the letters, and it was discovered that the model couple, as the neighbours used to call them, were no better than the rest after all! The thought gave her wings; she hurried on along the narrow streets, over the bridge, and through the crowd which fills the piazzas and streets round the Palazzo Vecchio and the Duomo. It was a holiday, and loiterers were everywhere, impeding her progress, sometimes speaking to her. But she sped on, only just acknowledging their greeting, making her way steadily to her own home, hoping only to arrive in time. It was with a feeling of intense relief that she opened her door and went through into the bedroom where was Andrea's bureau. She knew it well, but had never suspected the secret drawer, for prying was far from her nature, and her trust in Andrea had been complete. She pressed the lock as Andrea had told her to do, but no result followed. Suddenly the thought came to her, "Could the whole thing have been a figment of Andrea's brain—nothing but delirious raving?" It was like a ray of light in a dark room; but a

moment's thought brought the certainty that there had been no trace of delirium or fever in his manner. She listened; there was a noise on the stairs; and this time, with renewed resolution, she bent herself to her task. She was successful. The spring was forced, and the drawer opened.

In it lay an envelope tied with silk. She took it out and looked at it. Should she open it? Francesca was an honourable woman, and her instincts were against reading the letters. But there came the thought that she might have misunderstood Andrea; that perhaps, after all, things were not so bad as she fancied. Who shall say what was her exact motive—whether it was good or bad? She opened the envelope and took out the letters. There were three. One was dated about a year ago, during the time she was at Bologna. It was an ordinary love-letter, rather long, containing expressions of affection, and railing at the fate which separated the writer from Andrea. The second was dated a few months back, and ran thus:—

"Will you never come back to me? Think of our happiness last year; do you no longer love me? Have some pity on me, I love you so.
GIOVANNA."

The third, written a little later, was still shorter.

"MY LOVED ANDREA,—Carlo is away. I shall expect you to-morrow. —Yours till death, GIOVANNA."

Francesca stood with the letters in her hand, gazing at them. They seemed to be written in characters of fire, which burned themselves into her brain. It was the confirmation of her shame and misery; no doubt could now remain; all the past, with its love and happi-

ness, had been no more than a mockery. But she had to decide at once, for the police were at hand; she hardly hesitated; the letters should be destroyed at all events. No one should know of the sorrow which had befallen her, and Carlo's happiness should be undisturbed. She flew to the stove, where there was a small fire, and in one instant the letters were blazing. Then, hastily, she left the room, knowing that it would be best that the police should not find her there. When she returned from an aimless wandering through the streets an hour or two afterwards, she found the police had come and had fruitlessly searched the room, and had gone away again without giving any further trouble.

The day of the funeral came, and at the funeral Mass, which took place in the little church where I first met Francesca, many of Andrea's friends were present. It was here that she first saw Giovanna. Carlo had been to see her at once; he had been kind and full of deep grief for the death of his friend, and of sympathy with her in her bereavement. It had all felt like a mockery, and it seemed to her that she could hardly bear his praises of Andrea as a friend or a husband, and his passionate expressions of grief. But the severest trial was still to come. Francesca was kneeling, trying to school herself to pray fervently, and to abandon the angry bitter thoughts which assailed her, when suddenly she looked up, and saw a woman's eyes fixed on her with a strange expression of curiosity mingled with contemptuous pity. She knew well those large dark eyes, set in a handsome, rather Jewish countenance, which was surrounded by a mass of coal-black hair. It was Giovanna, the woman

her husband had loved—the only person besides herself who knew of his treachery. Giovanna withdrew her glance as soon as Francesca looked up; but it was too late, Francesca had seen the expression, and knew too well the feeling that it implied. "She is thinking that I am a poor credulous fool, weeping and praying for my husband, whose affection for me was only a pretence, while she had his real love." But in the midst of her bitterness and jealousy the old religious feelings reasserted their power, and there swept over her a sense of the sinfulness of her thoughts, and of the duty laid upon her, not of mere silence, but of forgiveness. She gazed at Giovanna for a moment, then, as the bell gave warning that the supreme moment of the service had come, she buried her face once more in her hands, and prayed for pardon. But she had not counted the cost. The victory was not won; the struggle was only just beginning. Each meeting with Giovanna brought fresh jealousy with it—fresh torture. Whether it was imagination or not, Francesca believed that she assumed an air of superiority, that she always recollected Andrea's love for her, and his desertion of his wife. Giovanna was kind to her, and Francesca did not dare refuse her offers of hospitality, for Carlo believed them to be friends, and would have wondered had Francesca refused to visit his wife. He was a bluff, kindly man, very passionate and devoted to Giovanna; but he was inclined to be jealous, and Francesca knew that it would be easy to arouse his suspicions. So before him she was careful what she said; but, when alone with Giovanna, she could not refrain at times from making allusions and insinuations. One day she had gone to Carlo's

little frame shop to leave a message, and had found only Giovanna. She gave her message, and followed Giovanna into the sitting-room. Her glance at once fell on a photograph of Andrea, which was standing on the table in an elaborately carved frame.

"Is this Carlo's work?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Giovanna; "he has just finished it."

"And you will keep it here?" said Francesca, quickly. "Yes," observed Giovanna; "Carlo wishes to have Andrea's picture where he can always see it."

"And so do you, I suppose," said Francesca. Giovanna glanced at her, with a slightly uneasy look. But she rejoined at once, "Why should I not?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought, perhaps, you might wish to forget him." Giovanna was silent, and Francesca said no more.

Another day Carlo had insisted on her coming to take her mid-day meal with them. There was some desultory talk, and all went well till Carlo said, "Ah, poor Andrea! he used often to come here for his dinner when you were away a year ago,—let's see, at Bologna, was it? You had gone to nurse your mother. Poor Andrea! he was rather lonely, and liked coming here. You remember, Giovanna?"

Giovanna assented, and Carlo went on: "He used to say he would learn carving, and once he made a little frame. Where is it, Giovanna? he gave it to you, I know. Have you got it still?"

"Yes, yes, somewhere," said she, hastily; "never mind now."

"Yes, but I want Francesca to see it. I recollect, it's up in the bedroom. I saw it the other day. I will get it;" and he was gone.

Giovanna half rose, as if to stop him, but Francesca said, "Let him

get it; I should like to see the frame. You taught him, I suppose?"

Giovanna bit her lip. "Yes," she said, and she bent her eyes with a slight smile on Francesca; "and he was a clever pupil."

Francesca started; but at this moment Carlo returned with the frame. "It is hardly a work of art," he said, laughing, "but it has merits. Perhaps you would like to keep it. 'You will let her, won't you?'" he added, turning to Giovanna.

Francesca dropped it on the table with a crash. "Thanks! no, I will not rob Giovanna," she said.

"What is the matter?" said Carlo; "do you not like the frame?"

"Perhaps she is angry because Andrea did not tell her of his visits to us," said Giovanna.

Francesca felt that she had gone too far, and, incensed as she was, dared not trust herself to say more; so, muttering an excuse, she got up and took her departure. But such scenes as these were not uncommon; and while determined to preserve her secret, both for her own sake and for Carlo's, Francesca often allowed herself to dwell on the hateful words which she could not forget. What if she were suddenly to turn upon Giovanna with them? "Will you never come back to me? Have some pity on me, I love you so."

"Carlo is away, I shall expect you to-morrow." And she let these thoughts take possession of her, brooding upon them constantly, and making no effort to conquer them. At length one day, after a longer absence than usual, Francesca had to go to the little frame shop. It was late in the afternoon, the workman had gone home; Carlo was out, and Giovanna was alone. She was dusting the frames and putting them away for the night, and Francesca offered to

help her. For some time they went on, only an occasional remark breaking the silence. All at once Giovanna said, "When does your sister come to see you?"

"In a few weeks," returned Francesca.

"You have not seen her for some time?"

"Not since I was at Bologna, a year ago."

"Ah, yes, you were at Bologna a year ago," said Giovanna in a slow voice.

"A year; it's a long time," and she sighed.

"You went to nurse your mother, didn't you?"

Something in her words or her manner irritated Francesca beyond endurance. The strain on her nerves had been great, and very little was needed to throw her off the balance. She went nearer to Giovanna, and looking fixedly at her, said, "Yes, I went, to my sorrow, and to my husband's. Had I known what the result would be, I should have let my mother die alone sooner than leave Andrea—and you."

Giovanna started. "What do you mean?" she said in a low voice.

"You know well enough what I mean. You know that you ensnared my husband; that you——"

"Stop, stop! you must not say it; what do you know? It is false."

"Is it?" sneered Francesca; "then why did you write to ask him to come back to you, and say you loved him till death?"

Giovanna stood pressing her hands hard together. "How do you know I said that?" she asked.

"Have I not seen the letters?" asked Francesca, with a mocking laugh.

"You have seen the letters! I told Andrea to destroy them, and he promised."

Giovanna's involuntary avowal

roused Francesca thoroughly, and she was now quite reckless. "Ah, but what if he did not obey you—what if I have seen the letters? Oh, I cannot bear it! I must tell all to Carlo, you treacherous woman; false wife, false friend; I hate you, I hate you!"

Suddenly she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, and a man's voice close to her said, "What is this? What do you mean by speaking like this to Giovanna?" It was Carlo.

Francesca turned on him and said: "What do I mean?—why, that I have spoken at last, and told your wife what I know."

"And what is that?" said Carlo, with an indifference which still more exasperated Francesca.

"Why, that you are a fool with your belief in her. She and my husband knew each other well, too well; she was——"

"Stop!" cried Giovanna, who had mastered herself completely on seeing her husband. "It is a lie, Carlo—do not listen to her; come away," and she took his hand; but he hesitated, and Francesca cried—

"Oh, she will tell you lies in plenty if you go with her! But ask her to explain why Andrea came here so often."

"If that is all," said Carlo, with evident relief, "it is easily explained. You know what friends he and I were." And he went on with a half smile, "Are you jealous? There is no reason."

"There is reason," said Francesca. "I tell you that I know Andrea was your wife's lover."

Carlo fell back as if stunned, but recovering himself, seized Francesca by the wrist. "Woman!" he cried fiercely, "how dare you say such a thing? how dare you think it?"

"Think it!" retorted Francesca; "have I not burnt into my own heart the words of her letters?"

"Letters! What letters?"

"The letters your wife wrote to my husband.—'Will you never come back to me? Have some pity on me, I love you so. Think of our happiness last year.'"

"Silence!" he shouted; "if you dare to make such charges you must prove them. You are lying; show me these letters."

Francesca paused for a moment in her passion. "You want them? You shall have them. I will send them at once—to-night, when I get back."

"Don't think I believe you. I will believe nothing but my own eyes; and if you are deceiving me, if you cannot make good your words, I will have my revenge on you."

He rushed out of the shop and down the street without another look at Giovanna, who had stood with set face, motionless, during the latter part of the scene. But as Francesca turned to go, she said, "You may be content, you will have your revenge. I was trying to repent, to atone; now it is not possible."

Francesca hardly listened; she left the shop and walked back to her house in a whirlwind of tempestuous passion, feeling a mixture of fear and elation at the result of her daring. And she knew what she was going to do. She had a knack of imitating handwriting, and she remembered every word of the true letters. She knew that they had been written on ordinary paper, and had nothing peculiar about them. What could be easier than to imitate them—and where was the harm? There could be none in just rewriting letters which had really existed, and which, but for her wish to preserve her husband's secret and to shield Carlo, would never have been destroyed. Without delay,

therefore, she went home, and after carefully copying several times an old letter of Giovanna's which she possessed, she produced, after repeated efforts, copies of the letters which perfectly satisfied her. It was late when she had finished, and the post that night had gone. Besides, she did not wish to be hasty; she wanted to look at her work in the morning light, to be sure it would bear inspection. When she did so, and compared them with Giovanna's own letter, she was sure that no eye could have detected any difference in the character. She omitted no precaution, taking them to the post-office, and registering the packet to Carlo's address for greater safety. She supposed they would arrive late in the afternoon, and she had decided to go to Carlo's house then, in case Giovanna should have intercepted them. There was a long time to wait after posting them, and she went home and tried to work; but she was too restless to remain there, so she walked about the streets, pacing to and fro, waiting, waiting for the hours to pass. For the reaction had come after her long struggle. She had done her worst, she had been revenged; but already the misgivings which follow on any unrestrained outburst of passion had begun to assail her. At length, after some time, she found herself in the Piazza di San Marco, and, tired of the pavements and of the crowd of jostling people, she entered the old convent. She went through the cloisters and the cells, looking vacantly at the frescoes, feeling them far remote from her present mood of passion. At length she found her way into the chapter-house, and, utterly weary, sank down on a seat just in front of the great Crucifixion.

She sat there quietly, letting her eyes rest upon it, and, more from habit than anything else, she murmured a prayer. Then as she looked her interest became awakened, and she gazed at the kneeling saints and at the figure of the Crucified with a new feeling, a deeper insight. There, before her, she saw the ideal of love and the ideal of worship, and they spoke their message to her passionate heart.

I have said that Francesca had been a deeply religious woman, but since her husband's death, and the shock to her inmost nature which his confession had produced, her religion had been little more than form, and a thick cloud of indifference seemed to have come over her. Now, suddenly the cloud rolled away, and in a moment, then, there, she realised what she had done. For her this pure and reverent devotion was impossible; her sin had laid hold on her, she could not look up with those assembled saints to the cross. She saw clearly now the baseness of the motives which had led to her lie to Carlo, to her forgery of the letters. She knew that in Giovanna's last words to her there had been a ring of truth, and that it was she who had made her repentance next to impossible. She knew that Carlo's trust would be destroyed, even as hers had been—only that on him the effect would be far worse. "Oh, what have I done, what have I done!" she moaned. A wild thought struck her—could the letters be recovered? But no, she knew too well that it was impossible. "Holy Mother, holy saints, show me what I can do to atone," she prayed as she sat with wide eyes gazing at the kneeling figures round the cross. A few moments later she knew what to do. She rose and went straight

to the little church where I met her, hoping to find Father Girolamo, and to ask help and counsel from him.

And it was this story that she told me as we sat in my little room on the Lung' Arno, while the sun was setting in a cloud of glory. When she had finished, she looked up at me and said, "And now can the Signora help me?"

I went to the window and looked out; the spring air, fresh and strong, was blowing in, and brought to me the sense of reawakening life and unstained happiness. And then my glance rested on the small slender figure dressed in black, with brown curls pushed off from her brow, and the wistful glistening eyes fixed on me. I knew what I had to say to her; but would she have strength to bear it? There was no help for it—I must try. I took her hand, and bent down to kiss her. Then I said, "Francesca, will you do anything, anything in the world to set right the wrong you have done?"

"Anything, Signora. I would give all the little money I have. I would take any trouble. But what can I do?"

I said, "It is not a question of money or trouble. Can you go to Carlo and confess that you have forged the letters?"

She started back. "That, Signora! oh no, not that. Think how he would hate me, despise me; and he would not believe me either. Giovanna will have confessed; it will be too late."

"It may not be," I answered; "Giovanna is sure to deny it. She may even suggest that the letters are forged." She sat in silent despair for a few seconds. "Signora, anything else!—that I cannot do."

"But it is the only thing that will be of any good," I urged. "Father Girolamo would say so, I

know, if you could see him. Think—you are wrecking two lives."

"And what will become of me, Signora? Do you think that Carlo will not be revenged? He will tell the story, he will bring shame on me. No, I cannot do it—I cannot."

It was terrible, and yet I felt quite clear that only by confession could she regain peace. But the struggle was long—she could not face the certain shame, the anger of Carlo, the contempt of her friends.

"It seems as if all the punishment will fall on me, and yet I have not sinned as much as the others," she said. And then she went on, "Is it not right that the truth should be known? After all, it is the truth."

"Not if it will only do harm," I answered; "and what good can it do? Oh, it is hard for you, I know, but there is no other way; it is right that you should confess, Francesca. Do you not know it? can you not bear the suffering?"

There was a moment's silence, then she looked up and I saw the battle was won. "I will do it, but you will come with me," she said.

So we went together to the little shop, and once more Francesca entered it and asked the workman where his master was. The man pointed to the inner room, but muttered something about his being out of temper. I knocked, and hearing an inarticulate exclamation of some sort, entered, Francesca following close behind me. The scene which met my eyes made me rejoice that we had come at once. Carlo was standing by the table, his hand clenched, his features distorted with rage; while Giovanna knelt crouching on the ground a little way off, as if he had hurled her there in an access

of fury. On the table the two letters were lying open. On seeing me, Carlo made an effort to compose himself, and began, "The Signora"; but as his eyes fell on Francesca, he sprang forward and cried, "Why have you come? is it to triumph over me with your cursed letters? Would to God you had left me in my ignorance, or that I had never set eyes on you and your husband! Curse you! keep away from me, or I shall do you a mischief."

Francesca shrank back in terror, and I said, "Francesca wishes to tell you something, to confess something."

"What can she tell me that I want to hear? She will only bring more of her proofs. She is hardly likely to tell me that the letters are forgeries, as that wretched woman there says they are. Lies, more lies! By the saints, I have had enough! God! I would have sworn by her truth and by Andrea's."

There was a pause; Carlo had sunk down on a chair, his head on his arms. I looked at Francesca. She came swiftly forward and took up the letters. Then in a low hesitating voice, as if she were saying a half-learned lesson, she began: "Carlo, Giovanna is right. These letters—I—forged them."

Carlo sprang to his feet. "You forged them!"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"I was angry and jealous. I don't know,—oh, there was no reason. I imitated Giovanna's hand; I had a letter—here it is." And she threw it down on the table.

Carlo seized it, glanced down the pages, and compared it with the other letters. With a sneer he said: "I compliment you; it is very clever." He turned to Giovanna, who had risen and was

standing with her eyes fixed on Francesca. "Can you forgive me?" he said softly. "How could I have suspected you?" She came forward and put her hand in his, but said no word. He turned on Francesca: "So you were jealous, were you? You had lost your own husband, and our happiness made you angry. It was lucky Andrea died before he found you out. Ah! you tried to poison my life," he went on, with rising passion; "very well, I will poison yours; I tell you I will make your life a misery to you. I will make you repent this—I will have my revenge."

She hesitated a second. I stood there, my resolution almost failing me. I almost hoped that Giovanna might, in an impulse of repentance and generosity, confess all. She stood by the table silent, her eyes cast down, but with her hands nervously pressed together, her teeth tightly set.

Francesca made one effort; she drew a little nearer to her and said, "Giovanna, you will remember what you said to me yesterday."

Giovanna looked up; for a moment the eyes of the two women met. Then Giovanna made a slight movement forward; but if she would have spoken, it was stopped by Carlo. He turned in a fury, and sweeping Francesca back with his arm, he shouted: "Go! you are not fit to speak to my wife; leave the house. If you stay here I think I shall kill you. Go!"

Giovanna had fallen back, her hands pressed to her face, shrinking from his passion. There was no more to say, no more to hear. So we went, Francesca and I, out of the room and the little shop. It was all at an end—her self-sacrifice was accomplished.

And here my story ends, or rather, as in reality is often the case, it has no end, but simply disappears into the sands of everyday life. For of the history of these three people very little remains to be told. Carlo fulfilled his threat, and spread the story of Francesca's wrong-doing as widely as he could. It was taken up and exaggerated with every kind of insinuation, till she was avoided and scorned by many of her former friends. The one consolation she had was that her sacrifice had not been in vain; for Giovanna atoned as far as was possible for her sin, and nothing ever again marred her husband's happiness. Sometimes, in after-years, when I have thought of Francesca's grey melancholy life, I have been tempted to regret the counsel I gave her—to wonder whether, after all, it was necessary for her to take on herself all the punishment. But such thoughts have been very fleeting; for my knowledge of her character as it was before and after her fault has convinced me that I was right, and has shown me the purifying and ennobling power which lies in an act of courageous repentance.

KATHLEEN LYTTTELTON.

STUDIES IN TACTICAL PROGRESS DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

III.—GENERAL COMMENTS AND COMPARISONS ON, AND DEDUCTIONS FROM, THE CAMPAIGN OF 1870.

THE higher tactics of the Germans are remarkable for their extreme, almost brutal simplicity. There are no elaborately planned feints, no *ruses de guerre*, no subtlety of invention. All is plain and straightforward. Whether the enemy is found in position, or whether he is surprised in camp or on the march, he is attacked by the leading troops, who are supported in their turn by those in rear, and is held in front till one or both of his flanks are turned.

Let us first summarise the chief points of tactical interest in the battles of August 1870.

1. Early deployment of artillery masses, and concentrated fire on the enemy's batteries, then on his infantry, to prepare the advance of the assailant's infantry.

The effect of this artillery-fire was probably more moral than material. Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe, justly proud of the glorious services rendered by his arm, seems, to our mind, inclined to slightly overrate the actual material effect produced.¹ In this connection it is interesting to read the remarks of General Sheridan, an unbiassed spectator, with regard to the results of the artillery-fire at the battle of Gravelotte:—

"When we got inside the French works," he writes, "I was astonished to observe how little harm had been done the defences by the German artillery; for although I had not that serene faith in the effectiveness of

their guns held by German artillerymen generally, yet I thought their terrific cannonade must have left marked results. All I could perceive, however, was a disabled gun, a broken mitrailleuse, and two badly damaged *caissons*. Everything else, except a little ammunition in the trenches, had been carried away; and it was plain to see, from the good shape in which the French left wing had retired to Metz, that its retreat had been predetermined by the disasters to the right wing."²

2. General attack of infantry against the front and one or both flanks of the enemy. This attack commenced, in many cases, before there had been sufficient artillery preparation.

3. The employment of large swarms of skirmishers *resulting from the spontaneous dissolution* of the closed supports and reserves, who pressed forward to get within range and swelled the skirmishing line.

4. Consequent intermingling of units, difficulty of control, and dearth of immediate reserves.

5. The action of cavalry on the battle-field restricted; their employment being for the most part limited to reconnoitring and screening before collision, and keeping touch afterwards.

Now, in comparing the battle of Sedan with those that preceded it, the great and striking contrast is that it was fought entirely in accordance with a carefully pre-conceived plan. That the original

¹ Prince Kraft's Letters on Artillery, pp. 35-47.

² Personal Memoirs of General Sheridan, p. 384.

plan was afterwards modified is true; but in its initial stage, when the intention was to bar the retreat of the French except into neutral territory, as well as in its subsequent development, when the great and almost unprecedented decision was formed to surround an army in the field and prevent its retreat in *any* direction, everything was worked out in obedience to the impulse of a single controlling power. There was no abuse by subordinate commanders of the discretion conceded to them. They assumed responsibility with the same alacrity and pride as heretofore, but *within the lines of their duty*; not as Von Manstein did at Gravelotte, not as Von der Goltz did at Colombey. Their individuality was as marked as ever, but there was no mistaken appreciation of the confidence reposed in them. Whereas at Gravelotte the entrance into action of the different corps might be compared to a volley on the rifle-range spoiled by one man "pulling off" before the word "fire," at Sedan all pressed the trigger together. Thus, at 7.30 A.M., the two turning corps on the left (the Vth and XIth) had reached the first position assigned to them actually before the right corps of the containing army—the Guards—had come into line on the right of the Saxons on the Givonne side of the battle-field. So far, then, with the exception of the necessarily precipitated attack of the Bavarians at Bazeilles, the containing and turning operations were practically simultaneous. How different this from what we have seen at Gravelotte, where the turning movement of the Saxons was not fully developed until over seven hours after the IXth Corps had plunged into action—until

hours after the VIIth and VIIIth Corps had incurred terrible losses on the right of the field, and the Guards had been decimated before St Privat! The difference was as marked as is the difference in the play of good and bad whist-players. At Gravelotte each man played for his own hand; at Sedan each man studied his partner's hand as well as his own. At Gravelotte, as in all the previous battles, there was willing co-operation in the sense of readiness to rush to the assistance of a comrade, but it was not the thorough, organised co-operation displayed at Sedan. This co-operation, of which we have given one notable instance, was thorough throughout the battle of Sedan, not only as regards its larger character, but also in the working out of every detail. There was a new spirit, a new idea, a new understanding of the use of skirmishers and columns, which pervaded *all* ranks. All worked and pulled together like a well-trained team in a tug of war.

From the articles which appeared in the 'Revue militaire de l'étranger,' and from statements which appeared in many of the numerous works which were published shortly after the war, a very general notion prevailed that the experience of the Germans in the earlier battles had led to great changes in their tactical methods and principles at the battle of Sedan. This, however, was not the case; and the 'German Official Account' says with regard to the tactical conditions of the campaign at this period, that "no new phenomena of import become noticeable in the tactics of the contending forces."¹ That there were *modifications* is true; but no new infantry-attack formations were adopted and practised till

¹ German Official Account, viii, p. 414.

after Sedan,¹ though they were to some slight extent empirically tried at Sedan; nor was there any radical change with regard to the employment of the other arms.

As the order of march is so closely connected with the deployment of the troops for action, let us first compare the order of march to Weissenburg with the order of march to Sedan four weeks later; and for the sake of better comparison, let us take the Vth Corps and the IId Bavarians, both of which corps fought at Weissenburg and at Sedan. On both occasions the advanced-guard of the Vth Corps consisted of one brigade, with two batteries and some cavalry; on both occasions the corps artillery moved in rear of the leading brigade of the main body—that is to say, between the two infantry divisions of the corps. In the Vth Corps, then, the order of march was in both cases almost identical. In moving to Weissenburg the IId Bavarians kept their “artillery reserve” at the tail of the column—in rear of both infantry divisions—thereby justifying its old-fashioned title. At Sedan, though the same nomenclature was retained, the artillery reserve moved between the two divisions.

The Guard Corps at Sedan marched in two columns, each of one division. The corps artillery, moving with the 2d Division, followed *immediately* in rear of the advanced-guard. Similarly the Saxon (XIIth) corps artillery followed the advanced-guard of the corps. The general tendency, then, was to place the corps artillery in a more advanced posi-

tion in the order of march; and this was the result of practical experience.

A few words with regard to the distance between the advanced-guards and main bodies.

Sir Edward Hamley says that “the Germans in 1870, relying on the strength and readiness for action of their advanced-guards, reduced it to about half a mile.”² Von Verdy du Vernois gives *as an example* the advance of the 2d Division (Ist Corps) on Parschnitz in the campaign of 1866, showing the distance between the advanced-guard and main body as 1000 paces,³ or about the same as Hamley gives for the Franco-German war. Probably, therefore, this distance of “half a mile” or “1000 paces” may have been frequently adhered to; but it was undoubtedly much greater at Weissenburg—the distance laid down by General von Kirchbach (in his orders⁴ of the 3d August) to be observed between the advanced-guard and the main body of the Vth Corps being “3000 paces.” At Würth, too, at Spicheren, and at Colombey, the distance was greater; though it may have been half a mile, or even less in some corps, at Gravelotte and Sedan.

Now as to the modifications in the tactics of the battle of Sedan.

1. There is no rash exposure of guns *absolutely unsupported*, as we have seen at Gravelotte.

It must not be forgotten that at Sedan the artillery fought under exceptionally favourable conditions. “The ideal battle of cannon was never so nearly ap-

¹ Prince Kraft's Letters on Infantry, p. 4.

² Operations of War, p. 452.

³ Studies in Troop-Leading, Part I. p. 45, and App. 3 (plan).

⁴ Quoted in Home's Précis of Modern Tactics, p. 171.

proached as on that day."¹ Placed on surrounding heights, the guns simply poured their shells into a pit, as it were, full of human beings, so that each shell "exploded with full effect among the enemy below, instead of passing over him harmless, as they had often done when fired upwards at the hill of Gravelotte."²

2. Attempts are made to work more through artillery: the infantry is held back until the artillery has shaken the enemy, and exposure of closed bodies is avoided as much as possible.

Very different this from what happened at the Geissberg, in the Niederwald, and at St Privat.

3. Infantry "fights almost entirely in extended order."

These three modifications were due to the experiences of the earlier battles, and were simply the outcome of common-sense. The Germans had not at first "gained the bloody experience of the absolute necessity to adapt all formations both to ground and the opposing fire."³

There was a *fourth* modification which seems in a measure to contradict the first. We refer to the pushing forward of the guns of the XIth and Vth Corps. We may remind our readers that at about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 1st September St Menges was occupied by the leading column of the XIth Corps without a struggle. Two companies, prolonging the movement, occupied two farms near Floing, and soon afterwards forced their way into the northern part of that village. Meanwhile three batteries took up a position on the hill east of St Menges and opened fire.

General von Gersdorff (Von Bose's successor in command of the XIth Corps) ordered up his corps artillery, which was marching in rear of the second column of the corps, and "by 10 A.M. seven other batteries were in position beside the three former on the crest of this hill, and at 11 A.M. the four remaining batteries of the XIth Corps came up to reinforce this line of artillery. Thus all the 84 guns of the XIth Corps had been pushed to the front, and formed an enormous single battery, at a time when so small a fraction of the infantry had passed the defile that it would have been difficult for it to protect this line of artillery."⁴ The whole of the corps artillery of the Vth Corps was ordered up to support the artillery of the XIth Corps, and by 11 A.M. ten batteries had come into position fronting towards Illy, on the left of the XIth Corps artillery.

Now, although these guns were not "absolutely unsupported" by infantry, yet the infantry support was so slender as to render the operation highly dangerous; but the justification is to be found in *the demoralisation of the French*, and the confidence that the Germans, flushed with successive victories, felt in their own superiority. It was this same self-confidence that enabled the Ist Corps, only a few hours before, to take its guns "600 paces in advance of the infantry line,"⁵ to check Bazaine's great sortie at Noisseville.

But though this is the *only* modification which we ascribe wholly to the disordered state of the French and to the contempt

¹ Edinburgh Review, April 1871 (Col. Chesney), p. 563.

² Ibid.

³ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xvii. p. 462 (Colonel Collen).

⁴ Prince Kraft's Letters on Artillery, p. 21.

⁵ German Official Account, ix. p. 500.

the Germans had acquired for them, we must none the less discount a good deal in considering generally the extraordinary success which attended the German arms at Sedan. The marchings and countermarchings of Macmahon's army on the way from Rheims; the shameful surprise of De Failly's Corps at Beaumont; the *saute qui peut* which succeeded, culminating in the flight of fugitive mobs from all directions to seek shelter in the fortress; the utter disregard of all order and authority; the bitter dissensions and unseemly wranglings of the French generals,—all these things combined to lighten the task of the Germans, who had scared and entrapped their bewildered enemy, and felt that they could deal with him as they pleased.

When the wondering astonishment and breathless interest caused by the rapid succession of victories in the autumn of 1870 had given place to sober reflection, the broad fact which began to be impressed upon us was that extended order had taken the place of the old rigid formations. Skirmishing had previously been regarded as a method of clearing the way for the advance of the closed bodies, and its use as a universal fighting formation seemed to preclude all idea of tactics. This was in a measure true, for in dispersed-order fighting, as soon as troops came into collision, manœuvring ceased; the old waiting to take advantage of the errors of the adversary disappeared; it was no longer an "ordered and orderly fight" in the sense that it used to be. Yet although the first impression was that all higher tactics on the battle-field had ceased, now that the experiences of the war are more clearly put before us in detail, we see how, even when the fight was

at its hottest, a very considerable degree of influence was exercised on the troops by the senior commanders, especially in the matter of pushing in reserves.

The great advantage which the Germans held over the French was, that although untrained before the war to extended-order fighting, they had still been so thoroughly disciplined and organised that they were able more readily to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of fighting. In many respects, however, the French had realised the deadly effect of the breech-loader better than the Germans. Marshal Niel, the able soldier who had been engaged in the organisation of the French army, had made a close study of the American war, and had definitely adopted a defensive system of tactics with a view to taking the fullest advantage of the effects of breech-loading fire. He was also, unquestionably, much impressed by the successful results of the somewhat similar tactics employed by Wellington in the Peninsula—namely, receiving the French columns in line, overwhelming them with fire, and then charging with the bayonet. We have the evidence of De Chalus that this disposition of the French troops in the Franco-German war was so little to their taste that wherever they could they broke through it by improvised counter-attacks—especially in Macmahon's army. Bazaine, who had risen from the ranks, and who had been charged with the training of the army at Chalons before the war, was probably more impregnated with Niel's ideas—hence his passive defence of the Gravelotte position.

The defensive action so steadily inculcated by Niel, at once deprives the troops systematically adopting it of initiative, moral,

and dash. They know that they will be attacked, but are ignorant where the severest blow will fall; they only feel safe against a purely frontal attack. Hence it came to be a proverbial expression amongst the Germans—"The front is dangerous; let us try the flanks." Moreover, the defensive power of the breech-loader is also a possible source of offensive action, inasmuch as the assailant is able to hold the enemy in front, or check a counter-attack with a relatively small body of troops, while he can still gather superior forces to strike at that point where he desires to bring on a decisive issue; but it is essential that he should have a surplus of troops in readiness over and above those employed in carrying out the required object.

We have spoken of the advantage, in point of superior range of their rifles, which the French had over the Germans; but the advantage was in many respects a doubtful one. The French opened fire at comparatively long ranges, and the Germans were unable to respond to this fire; but when the Germans had advanced to within 600 yards of the French, and when the deadly periods of fire came on, the French often found themselves short of ammunition, while their opponents had a plentiful supply. Besides this, there was the bad moral effect produced on the French by the assailant's ability to advance in spite of their fire.

We have commented on the invaluable services rendered by the German artillery. Putting aside the question of material effect, the moral effect produced by the massed batteries was enormous. The Emperor Napoleon III. on his surrender, and Marshal Canrobert in his evidence in the *procès Bazaine*, both bore witness to the ter-

rible effect produced by the German artillery. The desultory fire of a single battery, when only a few shells tell, is less of a shock to the nerves of the defenders than infantry-fire; but the concentrated fire of a number of guns, where the same proportion of shells tell, is most demoralising.

What a sharp contrast is afforded by the action of the French artillery! At Chalons the French had been practising brilliant manœuvres, dashing to seize an artillery position, and rapidly unlimbering and opening fire, regardless of aim. Consequently, when it came to actual warfare, the action of the French artillery was the coming up of isolated batteries into action and random unaimed fire. They had not been trained, like the Germans, to practise during peace under service conditions. At the same time it is only fair to add that there were, we believe, some technical differences, such as shrapnel which only burst at certain ranges.

The *forte* of the German cavalry in the campaign of 1870 lay undoubtedly in its screening and reconnoitring duties, more especially later in the war, when it had really entered on the pursuit of the French. Yet here, again, we must bear in mind that the dispirited state of the French allowed of exceptional audacity on the part of the German cavalry. In spite of this, there are no instances of far-reaching rides round an army such as those executed by the Confederate cavalry in the American war—though the advisableness of such rides is open to doubt. When in the later part of the war, after the downfall of the Empire, the German cavalry found itself so frequently called upon to act as mounted infantry in guarding the flanks against the "armed

men" of Gambetta, a mistaken idea as to the functions of cavalry temporarily arose, and there was a cry for the arming of cavalry with a long-range infantry weapon. It may have been this which led to the frequent assertions made since the war that "the days of cavalry were over," that cavalry should be abolished as "useless lumber." This, as we shall show presently, when glancing at the modern notions of the proper use of cavalry, is in direct opposition to the views held by all the leading tacticians in Europe.

With regard to the three arms

combined, we need only draw attention once more to what we have said in commenting on the battles individually. While each arm had its own sphere assigned to it, and could be moved more or less independently, yet the main end in view was mutual co-operation and the full development of each arm. We have shown how in the earlier battles artillery and infantry co-operated, and how at Mars-la-Tour and afterwards, though on no occasion so conspicuously as at Mars-la-Tour, cavalry too was effectively and properly used in co-operation with the other arms.

IV.—EUROPEAN TACTICS OF TO-DAY.

As we have already stated, we have no intention of making any attempt to deal with this portion of our subject otherwise than in a brief and summary manner, for to treat it in any sense exhaustively would be to write a formidable work. To those who may wish to study in detail most of the points which we shall note in our abstract, we would recommend the following numbers of the 'Journal of the United Service Institution':—

Vol. xxxii. No. 145 (Col. Hildyard's Précis of Col. v. Löbell's Annual Report upon the Changes and Progress in Military Matters during 1887).

Vol. xxxiii. No. 148 ("The Recent Changes in the Drill of the German Army," by Col. Lonsdale Hale).

Vol. xxxiii. No. 150 (Col. v. Löbell's Report for 1888).

Vol. xxxiv. No. 153 ("Infantry Training," by the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B.)

Vol. xxxiv. No. 154 (a. "The Em-

ployment of Large Masses of Cavalry, of Movable Fortifications, and of Smokeless Powder, as illustrated by the German Autumn Manœuvres of 1889," by George Saunders, Esq., Correspondent of the 'Morning Post,' Berlin.—b. Col. v. Löbell's Report for 1889.—c. "The German Autumn Manœuvres, 1890," by Major Otto Wachs).

Also—Colonel Maurice's admirable article "War" in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' and the 'United Service Magazine.'¹

All the above are comparatively easy of access to would-be students.

Further, we would recommend, if they are available, Von der Goltz's 'Das Volk in Waffen,' Pierron's 'Méthodes de la guerre,' and Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen's 'Letters on Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry.'

Let us first take up the question of cavalry.

"It is the unanimous opinion of those qualified to judge, in every

¹ Since this paper was written, the able prize essay of the United Service Institution (by Captain Benson, R.A.), and Captain Maude's and Lieut.-Colonel Young's prize essays of the U.S.I. of India have been published. All three are valuable additions to the military literature of the day.

European army at the present time, that there is a great future before it, in spite of the power and precision of modern guns and rifles."¹ In the first place, the next campaign will be commenced by the setting in motion of enormous masses of cavalry. These will be used for the double purpose of screening the concentration and movements of their own armies, while endeavouring to pierce the opposing screen and gather information regarding the enemy's points of concentration, strength, and designs. This will lead to great cavalry encounters at the opening of the campaign, and of every subsequent operation of importance in the campaign.

On the field of battle, too, although opportunities will arise, as in past times, for the effective employment of small bodies, the real work of cavalry will be performed by cavalry masses. The long strain of a modern battle leads to periods of exhaustion. Infantry may be checked in, or resting after, an attack; may be fatigued and disorganised after repelling an attack; may have run short of ammunition. Such opportunities will not be lost by a great cavalry leader, and may lead to astounding results.

Hence it is obvious that, far from the days of cavalry being over, the time has come for the restoration to it of its original functions — suddenness, audacity, *elan*, extreme mobility.

"It is true that with the disappearance of the smoke-cloud, by means of which a surprise might be effected, an important moment will be lost to the cavalry," but "the clearer view of the battle-field in future will put the leader in a better position for deciding the most favourable moments

for the attack; the covering smoke-clouds hitherto have hidden both physical losses and moral defeat, and allowed an enemy to withdraw without exposing himself to tactical pursuit. In this way, perhaps, the power of cavalry will be increased. . . . Bodies in close order will have to keep still farther off, and cover still greater distances in undertaking flank and turning movements."²

Now, even more than formerly, infantry can only be attacked after it has been shaken by fire, and in nine cases out of ten the attack must be on the flank. Surprise is the most effective cavalry weapon. Pursuit once entered on should be vigorously carried out.

"Endeavours continue to be made to arrive at the best tactical formations which will ensure the greatest mobility, the most rapid deployment, and the least possible losses. Whereas formerly, by adopting certain formations, the enemy was to be kept in ignorance regarding the intended point of attack, and surprised by a series of evolutions following rapidly one after the other, ending in the attack of his weakest side, it is now clearly recognised that only the simplest formations are possible. That cavalry will not surprise the enemy which manœuvres the most skilfully; but that which goes most directly to its objective, deploys the most rapidly, and strikes its enemy at the sharpest gallop before being struck itself. It is precisely the simplicity of the formations that will favour these points; consequently those to be actually used are very limited in number, and are the simplest imaginable."³

The necessity of training cavalry for night fighting is insisted on, on account of the importance which may possibly attach to night operations in the future.

The swimming of cavalry, too, is another point to be attended to. Practice should be made with whole squadrons and regiments, so

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiv. No. 154, p. 1025 (Col. v. Löbell).

² *Ibid.*, p. 1024.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 1025.

as to save time; the clothing and equipment being sent over in boats.

The general consensus of opinion is that the lance is *the arm par excellence* of cavalry. The whole of the German cavalry is now armed with it. To march with the times, too, a magazine carbine is necessary.

This leads us to say a few words on the subject of mounted infantry.

Mounted infantry is most invaluable as infantry to move about rapidly from point to point on horseback; but to confound it with cavalry, or to imagine that it can be used as a substitute for cavalry, is, we think, a mistake. Conversely, it is wrong to invest cavalry with the double and distinct functions of cavalry and mounted infantry. You cannot train recruits in two opposite directions. You cannot impress upon them that their great mobility enables them to despise infantry, and at the same time instruct them to constantly dismount and compete with infantry as infantry. "The trained perfection of manœuvring," the eye for country and ground, the brilliant seizure of an opportunity against demoralised infantry or infantry whose attention is diverted, cannot be combined with mounted infantry work; for such combination is antagonistic to the very *raison d'être* of cavalry.

Such raids as were carried out in the American war by the Confederate cavalry (virtually a mounted infantry force) might very well be performed by small bodies of mounted infantry, unless in the case of the two opposing armies being stationary, when cavalry could be spared. But, for cavalry work pure and simple, let us have cavalry; and the

sooner "the authorities" recognise the urgent, the imperative necessity of increasing our cavalry force, the better for the British army and the British nation.

With regard to artillery tactics, we have little to add to what we have already said, for in all probability the experience of the past will be confirmed in the future. Since 1870 the effective power of artillery has been greatly increased, what with flatter trajectory, greater destructive power, Scott's sights, improved organisation. The main principles for artillery are the same—viz., a forward position on the line of march; every gun that can be brought up to be massed at the beginning of the action; concentrated fire. The great power of concentrated artillery-fire lies not in the actual slaughter of men, but in the sudden, *visible* loss which it occasions. It is this which shakes the enemy's *moral*. Great as is the material effect of well-directed artillery, the moral effect is infinitely greater; and it is moral power which decides the issue of a battle; for victory lies with that side which retains the power to move forward as a united whole if attacking, and to present a united front if attacked.

Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe gives 3800 yards as the normal (not extreme) range for artillery coming into action effectively, and then it should be pushed on to from 2700 to 2200 yards. Here the artillery duel proper will be fought. Artillery which has silenced the enemy's artillery should not advance nearer than about 1600 yards to intact infantry, but may approach to within about 1100 yards of shaken infantry. At the decisive moment of the action it should not shun the closest range.¹

¹ Prince Kraft's *Letters on Artillery*, p. 171.

It is possible that Colonel Scott's sights may have a very important effect on ranges in future, though to what extent cannot be decided until the next war. The increased power of the infantry rifles will probably necessitate an increase of the distances above given.

The ammunition must be drawn from the waggons, that in the limbers remaining intact. Let requisitions for fresh supplies be sent back as often as necessary, but do not let the guns be withdrawn because ammunition is running short, as the moral effect on one's own people caused by such withdrawal may be very serious.

Artillery must not withdraw before infantry; but *when worsted by artillery*, it may temporarily move under cover to reappear when the infantry attack commences; for the guns must be turned on the enemy's infantry the moment its advance is commenced, regardless of the fire of his artillery. For this fire on the enemy's advancing infantry an ample supply of ammunition must be reserved.

The retreat of artillery, then, can only be effected before the infantry attack or after its repulse, never in the face of it.

Experiments with smokeless powder in the German manœuvres afforded "overwhelming proof" that it is "a necessity of future warfare."¹

"It has been shown that, though there is still a smoke-cloud, it is so thin that a skirmishing line cannot be seen by it beyond 200 to 300 metres, and though visible with artillery-fire at the moment of firing, it disperses at once. Artillery, therefore, gains the advantages of clear sight, both for observing and laying, and of

being much less visible to the enemy, provided it is judiciously posted, so as not to show up on the sky-line. The advantages will be as against infantry and cavalry; against artillery the enemy's guns will be similarly situated. It follows that the artillery engagement must be more thoroughly carried out than before, until the guns of one side or the other are completely crushed. Even after this has been done, the preparation for attack by artillery-fire on selected points of the enemy's position must be more complete than formerly, for the fire effect of unshaken infantry armed with the small-bore magazine rifle and with smokeless powder, will be enormous.

"But there is another advantage gained for artillery by the use of smokeless powder, that the intervals between batteries and guns can be materially diminished, so that positions for massed batteries will be more easily found."²

As with cavalry and infantry, simplicity of formations, and the abolition of all that is superfluous, are advocated.

"The extended formation is the one now principally employed in action. The fight is commenced, and, in most cases, carried through to the end, in extended order. The extended line becomes, therefore, the principal fighting formation of infantry. Close formation nevertheless still retains its full use in the case of troops held in readiness for action and for reserves and supports to the fighting line."³

So run sections 19 and 20 (Part II.) of the German Infantry Drill Regulations of 1888; and this has been the leading idea, the basis of the training of infantry for the fight, in our own as well as in Continental armies for years past.

The changes which have led to the present formations and tactical

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiv. No. 154, p. 873 (Mr G. Saunders's Lecture).

² Ibid., p. 1028 (Col. v. Löbell). (Guns can be placed in tiers, as the smoke of one tier will not interfere with the laying of another tier.)

³ Ibid., vol. xxxiii. No. 148, p. 587.

down in our Drill-book, and in the corresponding earlier Drill-books of European Powers, have been gradually brought about. Scarcely a change of which has been made in the Drill-book by the edition of 1889. The Brigadier-General "which has not had the door for admission of innovation at least."¹ The Germans brought out a "reprint" of the book, in which the changes based on the experience with France was with the old-fashioned formations and movements, conservatism and Emperor William's pre-emption of old changes advocated and adopted wholesale is death. Meanwhile 'Règlements sur le service' of 1882 frankly changed conditions are. In 1887 a new instruction pour le commandement, "the leading which were, increased the offensive; heightening by the narrowing of attack; greater trying through an accloser order of the reserves, &c."² Death of his father in Emperor Frederick's initiatives in the German which he did not live out; and one of the the present Emperor on the 1st September new Infantry Drill in grateful memory [majesty, my father, to give their production

is due." The French Regulations to which we have just referred substantially embodied the German Regulations of 1888, and on the latter our Drill-book of 1889 is in a great measure based.

The principles underlying modern drill are, (1) simplification, so that no movement or formation may be taught which will not be of practical use on actual service; and (2) increased individuality—thus leaning towards the views put forward by Captain May.

In Germany this individuality has been (and is now even more) recognised; but, as we have stated in our opening pages, it is lamentably deficient in our army.

Hand in hand with this simplicity and this self-dependence must go, as in every well-trained organised body, discipline and order.

In the German Drill Regulations of 1888 the *zug* is for the first time recognised as a fighting unit. We have described the formation of the German company-column in 1870. The company, it will be remembered, was formed of two *züge*, each three deep when in line; and when company-column was formed, these two *züge* of three ranks became, by a somewhat elaborate procedure, three *züge* each of two ranks. Now the company is composed of three *züge*, each *zug* under a subaltern, and formed in two ranks. Thus the three-deep formation has disappeared. Each *zug* of sixteen files and over is divided into half-*züge*, and the half-*züge* again into sections. These sections in extended order are called groups. The company-column is formed, like our quarter-column from line, on a central company in battalion drill—i.e., No. 1 *zug* forms up (seven paces) in rear of No. 2 *zug*, and No. 3 *zug* (seven

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxix. No. 153, p. 615.

² Ibid., vol. xxxii. No. 145, p. 841.

paces) in rear of No. 1. "Company square"—"the last vestige in European tactics," to quote Colonel Hale, "of a formation which the Germans consider so well calculated to delay and restrict the development of the highest fire-action at the most critical moment, and to co-operate with the enemy's cavalry in its endeavour to provide a good target for its artillery"¹—is formed by the leading *zug* halting, the next *zug* wheeling outwards, and the third *zug* closing and forming the rear face.

We draw attention to this merely because the question of square formations has been a good deal discussed amongst us of late years; the Germans deprecate the use of even this small company square, which is allowable only under very special circumstances.

When ordered to extend, the leading *zug* in company-column (or any named *zug* in line) moves out, the other two *züge* forming the support in *line* or *column*. Reinforcement of the fighting line is made "by the insertion of fresh *züge* into the line itself, or by prolonging it. . . . The support, formed in column or line, marches without keeping step, and conforms to the movements of the fighting line. When under the enemy's effective fire, it marches 'in step,' and every change of formation is avoided."²

The most significant change is in the duties of the battalion commander, who no longer handles the battalion in the fighting line, the company commanders being responsible for the leading and handling of the four companies. "The whole system of infantry fighting," says the Preface, "is

based on the co-operation of the several companies with one another in the various phases of the fight."³ "Battalion fighting formations no longer exist."⁴

The following are the concluding paragraphs of the Brigade, Regimental, and Battalion Instructions in Part I. of the German Infantry Drill Regulations:—

Section 229, F Brigade.—"The deployment of the battalions for action rests in the hands of the regiment."

Section 225, E Regiment.—"The deployment of the company-columns for action rests with the battalion."

Section 219, D Battalion.—"The direction of the fight in the fighting line rests with the companies."

This denotes the consummation of the system of organised co-operation which had its origin at Sedan, and which has displaced elaborate drill.

Every officer and soldier in the German army is supposed to be trained to think for himself, so that on occasion he may be able to act for himself. The simple formations given are to be thoroughly mastered, so that their application to circumstances may come more readily. "Normal formations should be given up without hesitation whenever the varying circumstances require it."⁵

Whatever formation is adopted, the utmost development of fire should be aimed at, and the control of fire is in the hands of group-leaders and *zug*-leaders, upwards. The effective application of fire-action is the guiding element throughout.

In the case of infantry *v.* infantry, the German Regulations say that "the result depends, apart from moral factors, on the musketry training, fire discipline,

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiii. No. 148, p. 577.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 579.

⁴ *Ibid.*

² *Ibid.*, p. 578.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 584.

and the direction of firing. The commander's task is to bring as many rifles as possible into action, or to gain the upper hand by concentrating the fire effect of extended lines on decisive points."¹ With regard to the action of infantry *v.* cavalry, they say that "infantry should remain convinced that it has nothing to fear from cavalry, even in superior numbers, if it retains its coolness and firmness. . . . The most effectual manner of receiving cavalry is to bring the greatest available number of rifles to bear upon it;"² and as regards artillery, the fact that infantry only has superiority when the shortest ranges are reached, should induce it "to get as close as possible to artillery by availing itself of the formation of the ground. Infantry-fire should first be directed on any teams that may be visible, and then on the gunners."³

As we have said, the teaching of our Drill-book of 1889 was in a great measure on the lines of the German Regulations; but we hope that in the new edition a few more excisions will have been made, and the whole book written up to date in the matter of small-bore magazine rifles and smokeless powder. We by no means wish to advocate a slavish imitation of the Germans, who, after all, are not faultless. A good deal of what may work well in the German army may not suit the conditions of our army, while in other points—notably as regards savage warfare—we may be in a position to "teach them a thing or two." But we may well avail ourselves of the best points in the organisation and working of the best army in the world, and apply them, if we can, to our own little army.

The general method of attack is similar in all the leading European armies, and as the system laid down in our 1889 Drill-book is familiar to all our readers, we need not enlarge on the subject. The tendency has been to preserve a comparatively narrow front for the purposes of better control and direction, for the more convenient placing of supporting troops, and to ensure the steady advance being carried on by line after line, like waves, in order to admit of a strong coherent line reaching the position. Skobelev, we believe, said that a succession of even as many as sixteen lines may be necessary to ensure a successful attack on a well-defended position. The first line, or fighting line, includes the firing line with its supports and reserves. The second line, nominally for the purpose of delivering the actual assault, may be used up to knit the first line long before; so that the third line, instead of holding the position and entering on the tactical pursuit, may have to perform the duties originally assigned to the second line. Thus the possibility of a line having to assume duties other than those for which it is at first intended, necessitates an ample succession of lines to ensure the rolling on of a strong connected line up to the position itself.

The best position for troops held in reserve is in rear of the flanks of the first line, for they then are in a position to fulfil the double objects of protecting the flanks while they are out of the main line of fire.

In the German Drill Regulations the soldier is instructed not to halt during an advance without an order, and not to move from the point where he is posted on

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiii, No. 148, p. 588.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

the defensive. It is pointed out that it is far more important to secure the objects of the fight than simply to think of making use of accidents of ground.

Stress is also laid on the importance of having a sufficiency of troops in hand to commence an action; for to enter upon an engagement with insufficient forces, with the intention of reinforcing them by degrees (as at Spicheren and Colombey-Nouilly in 1870), means the constant engagement of inferior with superior forces.

Attention to preservation of rigid intervals, dressing, and such-like detail, is unimportant; the great thing is to prevent one portion of the fighting line from interfering with another by overlapping, and thus masking its fire. Hence the importance of good direction.

The points for attack and the selection of objects to fire at are primarily decided by their tactical importance for the time being.

The advance should if possible be made uninterruptedly, — it should be continuous. Firing on the move has little results, and the frequent halts under fire unsteady men, and may tend to increase the number of stragglers.

We may observe, by the way, that military histories rarely record the enormous amount of defection, straggling, hiding, &c., incidental to every battle. Sheridan in his *Memoirs* draws a graphic picture of old King William rating some of his runaway soldiers at Gravelotte. It is consoling for us to be told that the merit of British troops in this respect is that they will "remain" just two minutes longer than those of other nations!

The introduction of small-bore

magazine rifles and smokeless powder will no doubt influence tactics, but to what extent is as yet undetermined.

"The most evident advantage of the new powder lies in the small amount of smoke created, which allows of better aim, and consequently better shooting. . . . A further advantage is in the better leading of the firing troops, the clearer observation of the individual, and of the effect of fire. Unless required for other reasons, the absence of smoke also allows of the pauses, formerly considered indispensable during the period of rapid fire, being omitted. On the enemy's side it prevents his recognising at once the exact situation of the defensive position to be attacked. In conclusion, the battle-field is rendered far more open to observation. These advantages may be claimed equally by the troops employed in the attack and in the defence. Opposed to them there are certain disadvantages to be recognised. The uncertainty of the aim (determining the enemy's position) will be greater than formerly, which will detract from the advantage claimed for clearer observation. The difficulties of command will be enhanced by this circumstance; they demand a higher tactical ability and initiative from leaders of all ranks. The difficulty of recognising the enemy's position will demand a more thorough reconnaissance, and render the command more than formerly dependent on reports of others."¹

On the whole, the new rifles and the smokeless powder will leave the balance of advantage with the defence. For the attacking force will have great difficulty in discovering the position of the enemy's batteries and entrenched infantry, while being itself exposed during its advance to a deadly fire. Yet it must be remembered that this advantage would only hold good throughout in the case of a purely passive defence; and a purely passive defence is a thing of the past.

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiv. No. 154, pp. 1019, 1020 (Col. v. Löbell).

The offensive or active defence—which is our traditional style of fighting against Europeans, on account of the smallness of our army precluding the adoption of offensive tactics—at the moment the counter-attack is entered upon, becomes the offensive, and therefore transfers the balance of advantage to the enemy. Hence the advantage to the defence from the introduction of the new rifles and the smokeless and more powerful powder is not so great as it would at first sight appear to be.

In his *précis* of Colonel von Lobell's Report for 1889, Colonel Hildyard thus sums up the general conclusions to be drawn from the small experience we at present have of the smokeless powder and small-bore rifle:—

"The fire action will begin at far greater distances than formerly; fighting in extended order will be the only form adopted, not only for the opening and carrying through of the fight, but also for its decision. Movements of bodies of troops in the vicinity of the enemy's fire will be more difficult; columns must be no longer exposed to it. The extension of front of the fighting troops, no less than the distances between the several lines and the reserves, will be increased. Direct advance on the enemy, without his fire having been previously beaten down, will expose the troops to destruction. Frontal attacks without simultaneous pressure on the flanks will not secure any decisive advantage. The deployment will have to be carried out earlier owing to the increased difficulty of reconnaissance.

"The spade will be more than ever an arm in the hands of the infantry—even during the attack. It may at the same time be noted, that earth-works, such as shelter-trenches, &c., must be given a far stronger profile, looking to the increased penetration of the small-bore bullet. Whether night fighting will obtain increased

importance, as is frequently maintained, is uncertain, for fire is of small importance on these occasions. In any case, it is indispensable to accustom the troops to the peculiarities of fighting at night."¹

Major Otto Wachs, in his remarks on the German autumn manœuvres of 1890, says:—

"One does not intend to fight night battles in the future, a view which does not put out the possibility of assembling before daylight, and with daylight to begin with superior forces a decisive battle."²

As the remarks of this well-known writer, from which we quote, are among the most recent contributions to military literature, it is interesting to note what he says regarding the influence of the new rifle, as evinced in the German manœuvres of last year:—

"The low trajectory of the projectile from the new rifle, its accuracy in hitting the aim, and its wider sphere of activity, have caused the distances to be increased from where the beginning of the action takes place. . . . Till the beginning of this year (1890) it was thought a tactical fault if troops began to fire at a greater distance than from 400 to 500 metres. This has been altered suddenly by the 'Terturen'—that is to say, by the supplements to the 'Felddienst-Ordnung.' These supplements say plainly that it is forbidden for columns and lines to stand unsheltered if within range of artillery and infantry fire, and they order to begin firing at greater distances than before. These two directions change at once the tactics of the column and of the lines into the tactics of the shooters. According to the new rules, the infantry fought in the first line in swarms of shooters, and where the country was favourable the troops were allowed to rally. Years ago no one would have imagined that the time was so near that,

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiv. No. 154, pp. 1020, 1021.

² Ibid., p. 1037.

as happened in the last manœuvres, ten companies of one regiment were engaged as shooters while only two remained closed as a reserve. It happened that when an army-corps was in action whole brigades fought in masses as shooters."¹

Clearly, then, the whole question of infantry tactics is at present in a very unsettled and uncertain state. As regards fire control, Major Wachs contends that it is rendered easier. Yet we may assume that volley-firing by men in extended order will be as difficult as before; and though volley-firing, if it can be carried out, is most effective, especially on the moral of the enemy, we are inclined to think that independent firing, well controlled, will be the fire of extended troops, volleys being reserved for closed lines under cover and at the earlier stages. There is the same repugnance as before to long-range firing, the opinion of most men being that it seldom repays the expenditure of ammunition, while it prolongs the mental and moral strain, and decreases the reliance of the men in their weapons, if they see that their fire does not seriously impede the assailant's advance. Yet it may be that long-range fire will have to be resorted to, as Major Wachs hints; and if the opening of fire does not mean, as it used to, the comparative cessation of control, long-range fire from a defensive position must tell tremendously.

One point of importance which we have not touched upon is the absence from our infantry training of any system of grouping. The group system has for some years past been adopted by all other European armies. The commander

of the Forth Volunteer Brigade pleaded ably for the establishment of a group system in our army, in the admirable lecture to which we have more than once referred. The late Colonel Brackenbury drew attention to the importance of the subject in his valuable book 'Field Works.' Captain Maynard, in his 'Infantry Fire Tactics,' has shown the advantages of such a system. The question has been discussed in the 'Army and Navy Gazette,' and elsewhere. Yet, in this respect, we are *in statu quo*. The German group consists of 8 to 12, the Austrian 8 to 14, the Italian 10, while the French is a quarter-section. Brigadier-General Macdonald suggests a group of 8 or two sections of fours, the group leader being "either a corporal or an experienced man selected."² As far as possible the group, whatever its numbers be, should always be together—in the barrack-room, on guard, and on fatigue, as well as on parade. Of course in our army, with our apologies for battalions, with our numerous "duties," "fatigues," and "billets," with our frequent drafts for the foreign battalions, the establishment of the group system in this full and complete manner is next to an impossibility; but there is no reason why we should not inaugurate it and practise it as far as we can, at any rate on all "strong as possible" parades, in the summer months when there are no drafts for foreign service. Personally we should like the group of 8, but the group should consist of a multiple of 4; and if 8 is considered too small, let us have a group of 12, provided we can get a group at all. There can be no

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiv. No. 154, pp. 1033, 1034.

² Ibid., No. 153, p. 624.

doubt whatever that "a good grouping system eliminates as far as possible the tendency to confusion," and renders easier "the rallying out of confusion."¹

The training of our own as of other armies having been for years past for extended-order fighting, and extended order having come to be regarded as the inevitable, the only possible, method of attempting to advance against modern firearms, the publication in Germany, two or three years ago, of that remarkable pamphlet, 'Ein Sommernacht's Traum,' came like a bolt from the blue. It stirred all thinking soldiers in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, and provoked warm discussion. In England, owing, no doubt, in a great measure to the apathy of our Press as to what goes on abroad, the very existence of the pamphlet was known but to a few. Only recently has it been placed within reach of all by the publication, in the 'United Service Magazine,' of Captain Gawne's excellent translation—'A Summer Night's Dream.' The clever author of this able pamphlet tells us that when the Germans, in 1870, dissolved into skirmishing swarms in facing breech-loader fire for the first time, the men were beyond control of their officers; that the plucky and determined few maintained the fight, while the many became an undisciplined rabble. He cites many cases of abject cowardice. He contends that the desire for dispersed order *cum* discipline is a desire for impossibilities. Either we must "surrender order and discipline in the fight," "accustom the infantry to fight in disordered masses," and "organise disorder";

or we must "give up the attempt to control crowds which have neither discipline, regularity, nor leaders;" must "altogether forsake the dispersed formation and accept as our principle—cohesion, not dispersion; mass, not individual fighting; separate units, not mobs." In a word, he pleads the "abolition of extended order." "The extension of masses," he says, "is the evil soil in which the poisonous plant, the men's habit of hiding themselves away, flourishes so luxuriantly, and unfolds its ugly flowers." He advocates the employment of "*züge* in *single rank* and in close order" for the fighting line, the strength of the *zug* being not more than fifty men. His "close order" is, in fact, men in single rank shoulder to shoulder, so thoroughly disciplined as to fire only volleys by word of command, and to disdain cover, except what they happen to obtain when *ordered* to lie down. "In dispersion," he says, "it is difficult to be steadfast; in close order it is difficult to be weak."

The "Dream" sets forth in detail the suggested manner of conducting an engagement. Into these details, and "Colonel Hallen's" method of keeping the men together, we cannot enter, but must refer our readers to the pages of the 'United Service Magazine.' The intention is not to return to linear tactics, but to advance; to introduce "rejuvenated linear tactics, suitable for modern fighting, and consisting of handy single ranks, with no depth of formation;" to "restore again the shaken faith in thorough leadership."

A writer in the 'Morning Post,' some months ago, expressed the

¹ U.S.I. Journal, vol. xxxiv. No. 153, p. 624.

² See United Service Magazine for June, July, and August 1890.

hope that as warm a discussion as followed the appearance of the pamphlet in Germany would be brought about by its publication in England. Doubtless it excited a vast amount of interest and created a profound impression, which would have been very much greater still but for the misleading title of the *brochure*. As yet, however, the hoped-for discussion has not come about to any noticeable extent. Is it because the arguments advanced appear sound and incontrovertible? Is the majority of thoughtful soldiers still sitting on the fence, undecided whether to come down on the old and well-known ground of extended order, or to try the promised land of the 'Summer Night's Dream'? We cannot pretend to answer this question, nor shall we attempt to discuss the practicability of the proposals so powerfully and graph-

ically put forward. What individual opinions may be as to these proposals, there is no doubt that no more valuable contribution to military literature appeared for twenty years. We hope still that able men may come forward for the actual thrashing out of the suggestions proposed by the gallant Prussian officer, who, in the interest of his profession, has so courageously exposed the shortcomings of his countrymen in the campaign of 1870.

Whatever be the future of tactics, we hope, as we believe, that British officers and men will hold the honour of the country and that in spite of the meagre support and encouragement which they receive from the nation at large, they will prove themselves equal to the calls which are made on their skill, on their courage, and on their endurance.

ONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XVII.—UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

"*Quam sæpe forte temere
Eveniunt quæ non audeas optare?*"
—TERENCE.

Rev. Joseph Tinkler
ace after a brief inter-
s Bishop, and turned
towards the town, it
been supposed, judging
nd aspect, that he had
or only to be admon-
d been dismissed with

depressed, and there
ness in his walk. Yet
brethren would have
head proudly enough,
out very briskly in-
the circumstances!
fact, been offered the
ferment of the living
with its historic old
elightful rectory.

believed by ordinary
folk, such as you and
actually—while pro-
æful to, and warmly
e Bishop—hesitated
d asked for some time
to-morrow evening"—
his mind? Think of
between a poor hard-
te and a comfortably
rgyman, my dear sir,
to yourself any sane
ch an idiot! But he
, you see—does that
ss of an idiot?

op respected and ad-
scruples—so he told
es that make him any
hop? Well, no; but
experience that such
e generally fictitious,
e one or two rare cases
one) where they are
always overcome by
umstances or by pres-

sure of friends; so he shook hands,
and agreed to wait.

Tinkler was going back now
to his quiet lodgings, in order
to go through a severe course
of introspection, to question and
wrestle with himself, and then to
pray secretly and silently for guid-
ance. He did not know whether
his intellectual gifts, his attain-
ments, or his temperament, justi-
fied him; or whether his constitu-
tion was equal to the strain which
he imagined would be put upon it
by increase of responsibility. He
was so profoundly humble-minded
that to have thus, for the first time,
in his own power the option of
bettering his worldly condition,
frightened him. He felt sorry,
too, at the thought of leaving all
his parishioners, who were old
friends, and seeking fresh ones
among new parishioners. But
these same old friends would, as
the Bishop very well knew, be the
strongest persuaders to contend
against when asked for their ad-
vice; so he was content to wait
for Tinkler's answer, which was a
foregone conclusion long before
the question was put. The news
would be all over the town, and
public opinion would side with
Tinkler's friends, so that he would
be powerless to stem the tide. As
a matter of fact, Stole had been
directed to convey to the press
"authority for stating that the
Lord Bishop had offered to the
worthy and esteemed curate of
Westerly the important and valu-
able living of Scottowe, vacant by
the death of the late incumbent."

He looked now as if the weight of empire, with all its cares, risks, and responsibilities, had come suddenly upon him. It was a good long step into the town from the palace. Just as he reached the top of the High Street, the rain, which had been threatening for some time, came down suddenly and heavily, which enforced speedy recognition and necessary precaution.

Tinkler stopped to put up his umbrella. He found himself facing a shop entrance, in the porch of which—taking shelter from the down-pour—was Georgie, with her garments neatly gathered up, and her small feet encased in the daintiest of boots, looking all round the pink of perfection and neatness!

She greeted him—an old friend—with a pleasant smile, and a movement as though she would venture out to shake hands with him. He could not allow this of course, so he made for the porch out of politeness, and doubtless for the same reason she made room for him. He closed the umbrella, and held the point of it outside to drip, with his left arm in the wet, while he shook hands. She had heard the news of his advancement only a few moments before from Stole, but as he asked her not to mention it till next day, she said nothing; but the fact gave her a very much greater interest in Tinkler than she ever felt before. Don't jump at false conclusions and blame her. She could no more help it than you or I. We all like success; we tolerate mediocrity, and we despise failure. Success is always interesting. Even the evil-doings of a great criminal command our careful attention; and we can't avoid sometimes an unexpressed wish *that he may escape punishment.*

Are we therefore to be called
And why should you set he
at once as having a sord
ulterior object in view beca
showed this sudden interes
advancement of a worthy
The fact is, you know too
about her.

They talked and chattered considerable time about ev
matters and local topics, w
rain came down, and th
emerged from the back stre
lane stables (making their
ance like huge slugs out o
quarters) in the wet, and
up stray old ladies anxious
home without damage. A
the storm cleared off a bit
sudden glint of sunshine ma
crane out and look—one
the other down the street.
was nothing in their lookin
site ways, and it was not t
any one was approaching wh
make mischief, for there w
to be made; but you cann
very observant person if yo
not noted the same peculiar
any two persons under sim
cumstances.

They ventured out toge
last.

"You must not let me t
out of your way," she said.

"No," he replied, "you
I am going your way,—in
was just making for home

"Oh, how fortunate!
glad!" Home he called it
you—a mere lodging; just
room and sitting-room, and
himself. No wonder Geor
pity for him. She was so
was on the road to pro
I say once more she cou
help it.

The deluging shower bega
The umbrella had therefor
up; and, as a matter of c
politeness, he had to offer l
As a matter of common pre

she had to take it, and keep close up to him too, to prevent the drops from wetting her shoulders. Shop-boys and shop-girls sniggered and looked out of windows; but when they saw that the man was Tinkler they didn't trouble to put two and two together, because they knew that the same umbrella had been held by the same kindly hand over the poorly clad and the humble times out of number. Georgie did not care whether they sniggered or not; and he, good soul, didn't notice anything.

Old Mrs Mannix, the dress-maker, ventured a hazardous bet as they passed her door. "I'll lay my life," said she to a customer, "that the doctor's daughter is coming to her senses. Time is nearly up with the officers. She'll have to take what she can get or do without."

"She'd be a fortunate woman if she got him," said the customer.

"Oh! maybe so," responded Mrs Mannix; "that's neither here nor there!"

"He's one of the best creatures in the world."

"I find them sort gets their wives to become milliners—for dressing niggers mostly," retorted Mrs Mannix, "Dorkiris and the like. Parsons is aither fools or humbugs, and they all has the same sort of conversation, which makes it sometimes puzzling to separate 'em." She meant classify. "It's by the wives I find it out. The humbugs marry rich ones; and the pauper ladies, after they have had their fling, and can't ketch nothing better, goes in for the fools."

"But there is a large section left out of this calculation, Mrs Mannix; the ladies who have had their fling, but aren't paupers."

"You mean like her?"

"Yes."

"They mostly run to old maids if they don't ketch fools too: they're all as one; for husbands they *must* get. They ain't all clever enough for lawyers, Mrs Jenkins."

Mr Jenkins was an attorney, who had been one too many for Mrs Mannix in a case of disputed accounts against a client, which she hadn't forgotten.

"Do you know, Mr Tinkler," said Georgie, stopping him for a moment at a crossing to gather up her skirts again, "I often fancy you must be doing too much: working too hard, slaving about in all sorts of weather, looking after poor people, and attending meetings. You never get any rest, and don't take any care of yourself."

"Oh, not at all. Why do you think so?"

"Well, papa was saying yesterday that you looked harassed and overworked. He said he wanted you to come to dinner, and you were off on duty, and wouldn't listen to him. You ought to go to the seaside, or somewhere, for rest, like other people."

"I don't feel as if I wanted rest, I assure you; but—I—I—confess to you that, just at present, I am rather anxious about a certain matter—about what course to pursue under sudden and peculiar circumstances which have cropped up—very unexpectedly. I shall probably consult him to-day, or perhaps to-morrow."

"Oh, do! I hope you have not had any unpleasant news." Here there was just a very gentle pressure on his arm.

"It is nothing—unpleasant, but—momentous."

She looked up at him with those expressive eyes of hers, and with a questioning gaze which he could not resist. He wanted sympathy and friendly advice—here was the

first indication of the existence of the former. The gentle pressure on his arm was not relaxed; and Georgie certainly looked her best. He was a man, and not a mere brother. The moment was opportune.

"I have not told anybody yet," he said; "but I will venture to tell you." It never occurred to him that it was not, up to that time, possible to have told any one else, Georgie being the first acquaintance he had met since he left the palace.

"Is it a secret?" she asked.

"Well, it is and it isn't, really. But——"

"Oh! I'll keep it—for ever; you may rely on me."

"I am sure of that—absolutely certain. I merely mean that I do not wish it talked about—till to-morrow evening."

"Ah!" said Georgie, "I can respect your confidence for a longer time than that, I hope, without any very great effort. But can I be of any use to you? That is what I should like."

"You are very kind and good."

"Oh no; I try to be kind, of course, but I'm not good," said Georgie, deprecatingly, as became a young woman acknowledging her shortcomings to her spiritual head. "We are none of us good. Don't say that any more," and she shook her head at him most sternly. "You are such a generous kind man yourself, that you judge other people by your own standard."

The fine perception which could detect any tinge of insincerity in Georgie was wanting; and the utter absence of all guile led him to believe fully in her honesty of speech. Was he not justified in this? Had not the Bishop said quite as much, or more, a short hour previously. There was no collusion, and each was personally

disinterested as a witness in his favour. But now, as then, he felt abashed, as a modest man will who has throughout his life been unaccustomed to praise, and has done his best without it.

"I am very pleased, of course," he said, "to find that you think so well of me—so kindly; but really I don't deserve it."

"If you did not you would soon be told so, I promise you, by other people," said Georgie.

He looked full into her face. There was a charming open expression in it. "You must not flatter me any more," he urged.

"I don't flatter one bit—I never do—I hate it. When I say you are all these things, I only repeat what everybody says."

He shook his head deprecatingly; but still it was soothing to hear all this, after having ~~duly~~ protested against it.

"Oh, it is no use denying it," she persisted. "Papa says you'll break yourself down if you don't take advice in time. Mamma told him he ought to speak to you, and he said it was no use, so I determined to do so myself on the first opportunity."

"What if I were to take ~~the~~ advice—coming from you?"

"Oh, I so wish you would! I'm sure you would acknowledge that my prescription was sound. You ~~ou~~ overdo things."

"We cannot overdo our duty."

"That's all very well; but if you kill yourself you can't do ~~any~~ duty then."

No: but in that case should he not have his reward? Should he? That was the question. Had he any wish to die? Well, honestly, no—to-day less than ever. As he met her upturned gaze ~~once~~ more, his memory reverted ~~to~~ a time when he had dared to hope that his reward might begin in

this world, and that Georgie might be its chief ingredient. The soldiers scared him off on that occasion; but now! A strange sensation thrilled through him as of latent possibilities and unexpected developments—confusing, complicated, but, somehow, in the aggregate consoling.

"You promised to tell me something—a secret. Now I'm quite ready."

"Well, I am troubled and perplexed about an offer made to me to-day, by the Bishop. He has given me preferment—in fact, the option of accepting the rectory of Scottowe."

"Oh, I *am* so glad!" She stopped suddenly, to emphasise her joy. It would have taken a cleverer man than Tinkler to discover that the news had not burst upon her then for the first time.

"At the prospect of getting rid of me!" he said in a tentative way. He felt there would be pleasure in hearing her repudiation of the idea, and knew that she would repudiate it. He was fast becoming demoralised.

"Oh no: you know very well it isn't that. The dear Bishop! It shows that he can see for himself, at all events, and reward the men that really do the work."

"But I have not accepted, as yet. It is not certain that I shall. There are a great many——"

"What!" she exclaimed, speaking slowly and deliberately. "You don't really and truly mean to tell me that you were so—so—disinterested" (she was within an ace of saying stupid) "as to throw away such a—chance"—the last word escaped her, and there was no help for it,—"the chance—of doing so much good, and of extended usefulness." She did not get out of it so badly after all.

"I have asked for time—till to-

morrow—to consider the proposal, and to talk it over with my most intimate friends; and you are the first to whom I have unburdened myself."

"I'll soon settle it, if you leave it to me," said Georgie. "Now, just you promise me faithfully that you'll come and see papa and talk to him before you come to any fixed determination."

"Very well; I will promise."

She had got to the same conviction as the Bishop about the final result; though, like him, she thought it just as well to let the fish play with the bait, which he was sure to swallow. After all, this is the only way—if you come to look at it—in which a fish can be hooked. You angle for him; but he immolates himself. You can stand on the bank and gaff him, and do the landing by-and-by on your own account—and this was what she meant to do. Tinkler's fate was sealed; though he posed, to his own satisfaction, as a free agent. The Bishop thought him a good catch—as a worthy clergyman deserving promotion; she thought him an equally good catch—from an entirely different point of view.

They chatted on pleasantly enough till they reached her door steps, and the time came for parting. He felt as though he should awfully like just to kiss her hand as she laid it in his, but he restrained himself of course. It was so nice to be liked by anything pretty; so gratifying to be appreciated by Georgie—and a Bishop—on the same day. No wonder if he lingered while he said farewell, and repented it.

"I hope you'll feel really sorry when you leave us, at all events," said she.

"If I leave you I most undoubtedly shall; but we will let the

question lie over and remain in doubt till to-morrow."

He did not emphasise the *you* in any way, but it was unnecessary. He shook hands a second time, however, and lifting his hat (carefully sheltered under the umbrella), went his way.

She knocked and rang with her usual vigour, which always had the effect of making her nervous mother jump up in her chair. Then she stole a glance at the retreating figure down the street.

"Ah, well," she said, in a comforting sort of way to herself, "what matters? He is what people call a good soul." Here she scraped one dainty boot, and then the other, meditatively. "Yes; I know it really means that a person has either a bad figure, or a bad constitution, or is ill of the epidemic called poverty, which is each supposed to be counterbalanced by—'a good soul.' In his case it is the figure only; and it isn't every girl that can pick and choose. He can be managed, and made perfectly happy and contented; and he is as honest as the day. I could, if I were ever wicked enough, easily deceive him; but he would never think of trying to deceive me or anybody else—the good soul! Only imagine his living such a lonely life for so long, in those depressing lodgings—all by himself! He can't be permitted to do the

same in the big house at Somebody must marry; if I do, I'll not let him be sorry."

And Georgie went more serious girl than when she went out half before, and heard the i bit of news from the R mus Stole.

Stole himself was so sorry. He told every one should miss Tinkler very deed, which was literally the interpretation put regret by the public was right one; all the same, ed Stole's purpose. He was selfish; he found useful and obliging. Only—to mention an instance has occurred to me—at children's picnic, all the buns would have been de the hungry young man fore the prescribed time not that this kindly upon the hamper to keep down. Would his suc upon the hamper, or all to be sat upon by Stole?

Perhaps, when Georgie explain herself more fully, my common-sense reason discover better excuse for interestedness than for and will give due weight various items of self-sacrifice she will have to face.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain!"

—CLOUGH.

"Carpitque et carpitur una,
Suppliciumque suum est."

—OVID.

At breakfast Mrs Collyrium hardly ever appeared at her best. It is a meal, it must be confessed, *not favourably adapted to show off*

to the least disadvantage defects of a hypochondriac the queen of the Grotto of the 'Spectator,' she was

herself, always in eternal pensive-ness." She and Georgie were not in good humour on this particular morning. There was, therefore, a good deal of conversational skirmishing, which finally resulted in a downright passage of arms. It would be hardly fair to report the whole of it, and possibly might not be interesting. We will therefore use our discretion in the matter.

"Well, mamma," said Georgie, "what is the earthly use of always grumbling? Why don't you refuse all invitations, stop at home, and go to bed, if you don't feel equal to going out?"

"It is no pleasure to me, all the same. I assure you I merely do it, and have done it, out of a sense of duty to you. You manifestly derive a certain amount of pleasure from it, though it does knock me up for a week."

Georgie said "Pish!" in a very rude and contemptuous way, which quite sufficed to silence her mother for the time being; the pause being devoted to the despatch of business.

"Well," resumed Georgie, putting down her empty cup into the saucer, with a clang which almost startled her mother into letting her full one fall out of her nervous grasp; "I won't ask you to sacrifice yourself any more on the altar of affection. I'm quite sick and tired of it all."

"It certainly is time for you to look at life a little more seriously."

"That's just it. I've come to the conclusion that I must, positively and truly, do something. I was seriously thinking, some time ago, of advertising for a situation as a governess—headed TALENTS to LET—don't you know; just like 'Apartments to Let,' or 'Furnished Lodgings to Let.' You know the sort of thing; it would look first-rate in large print."

"Even if you meant what you

say, you could not hold such a post," said her mother, with a blandly aggravating sceptical smile; and helping herself to the discarded stale slice of bread (cut off by Georgie) as a silent protest against wasteful habits. "You are so very impulsive."

"Very impulsive! You mean bad-tempered, of course. Well, I'm not! I'm much obliged all the same. I thought you meant that I was too stupid. In any case I didn't mean what I said, so it does not matter. I have no notion of being a governess. I'd rather be a kitchen-maid. Heigh-ho!" and she sighed a big, loud, deep sigh. "I wish I could invent something for taking away pimples and moles, or removing what are called 'superfluous hairs.' There's Canon Fungus with a big thing on his left cheek, and several bulrushes growing out of it, and old Mrs Fungus with a lot of brushwood about her chin that I'm sure she'd give pounds and pounds to get rid of. Papa says that the patent medicines are all simply humbug, and yet people go crazed about them, and the knowing ones make fortunes."

"It is hardly likely that your father will leave you in such a position as to render it at all necessary for you to earn your bread. I don't know why you should suppose it possible."

"I don't suppose it, or suppose anything at all. You can't understand the feeling of wishing 'to be, or to do, or to suffer,' like the definition of a verb in Lindley Murray's grammar—something, or anything, for a change, just to get out of one's everyday humdrum life, and to step into something different; to become a rowdy, or a female chimney-sweep, or an actress, or a hospital nurse, or a nun, or anything to effect a radical

change, and get up a new sensation."

"One thing is quite clear, at all events, as I have frequently said, your father has a great deal to answer for. He has utterly spoiled you."

"I'm sure he spoils you a great deal more. He is too fond of you to give you physic; and he tries all his experiments on me instead. You see the result of his last new tonic: I simply devour everything within reach."

Devour! The word was enough in itself, without the association of ideas, to do away with any slight relish Mrs Collyrium might have had for anything on the table. She sighed one of her small but most eloquent sighs, and leaned back in her chair.

There was silence for another space, broken only by the clatter of her daughter's knife and fork.

"Positively, Georgie, it is oppressive," said she, refilling the latter's cup, "quite oppressive to see any one, especially a lady, eat such a breakfast. It makes me feel faint."

"I should be faint if I didn't," replied Georgie, leaning across the table for the bread-knife. "It is two days since I took papa's tonic. I can't help it, really."

"Oh, nonsense! you should help it. It is too gross: you give way to it."

"Of course: I eat when I'm hungry, and I stop when I'm—satisfied. Everybody does, I suppose."

"Excuse me, everybody does not: it is brutish, mere animalism."

"Well, I never set up for being anything but an animal, and I don't mean to; but I can't see that being a half-starved and hungry one implies any particular amount of virtue."

"I didn't suggest starvation," said Mrs Collyrium, severely; "but there is, let me tell you, such

a thing as moderation in all things. You always contrive somehow to put a wrong construction on what I say; or you give me a short answer if I venture to open my mouth."

"Ah! what's the use of going on so, mamma? You know very well I don't mean it half my time, when I say I do," replied Georgie, still more intent on her breakfast than argument; "but you are so awfully touchy, you know."

The reader will have surmised that mother and daughter were not sympathetic, but fiercely antagonistic. The mother was generally considered a charming person, and was liked by everybody except Georgie; yet, strange to say, she was the only person whom Georgie really disliked. Hardly a day passed without some sparring between them, which sometimes grew so hot as to call for the interference of the doctor. Mrs Collyrium generally came off second best, because her over-sensitiveness rendered her too open to attack, and she felt a wound where her daughter merely felt a scratch.

All this came to the doctor through an early marriage. He was paying the penalty of his folly by having rivals in his house, where he hoped to find peace.

The most unamiable trait in his daughter's character was, that she never spared, or made allowance for, her mother's feelings; and the mother, basing her conclusions on the experience which she had of Georgie, applied the abstract to the concrete, and concluded that society in general came in for the same treatment at Georgie's hands, which was far from being the case. There were faults on both sides.

The poor doctor was often bitterly attacked by his wife for not sufficiently upholding her authority, and accused sometimes by the

daughter of being prejudiced in favour of the mother, so that he had an anxious time of it; often after a hard day's work, when he would far rather have had peace and quietness. But what man properly so called ever obtains freedom from worry of one sort or another. The doctor was, nevertheless, a perfectly just man, and both women knew it, though in moments of irritation they mutually tried to fasten a grievance upon him. He never sided with either except upon conviction, and carefully laboured to explain himself when he did so—which often made more mischief than if he had held his tongue, because it was sure to give a triumph to one or the other, when both were in the wrong.

The state of things at home puzzled him now and then, and he used to wander into mental speculations on atavism and heredity—subjects which still require a great deal of clearing up and systematising; and he had not gone as deeply into them as Prosper-Lucas or Galton.

Georgie wasn't like either parent.

I suppose that the mental and moral qualities of both the male and the female may be neutralised by union, as in chemistry, and the result be quite something else. I don't put it too well, but I think my meaning may be gathered: anyhow, it was somewhat sad for the doctor.

Georgie's sex, too, was a disappointment to all three. If she had been a boy, things would have been very different. There would have been birch-rod and absence from home, instead of perpetual intercourse; and jealousy would have been impossible. She herself would have given worlds to be a boy; and went as near to being one as circumstances would allow. What a dashing soldier she would have

made if nature had only been kind, and given her more legitimate fighting to do than a mere war of words, with her mother to represent the enemy! She had striven hard to marry a soldier, with a view no doubt to commanding his regiment ultimately on her own account through him; but failure stared her in the face.

The garrison ball had put her out of heart and spirits, and on this particular morning she was unusually bitter and rebellious. When her mother resumed the attack, she was only too ready for action.

"You know perfectly well, Georgie, the difference between refinement and vulgarity, and how easy it is to be ill-bred. Besides all that, it grows on one so."

"Of course I know; but one must really be a bit ill-natured sometimes, or satirical, or whatever you call it; and one can't help being observant. But one says lots of things, and does lots of things too, that one would not be guilty of for worlds, if one dreamt for a moment that outsiders would know. We fight, mamma, you and I,—there's no mistake about that; but we don't do it in public—that would be truly horrible, and we should never forgive ourselves if we were found out, should we?"

Mrs Collyrium shrugged her shoulders merely, and said nothing.

"I was going to tell you agreeable news a while ago, when we went off the line, and got on to a side track. I may as well do it now. You'll be delighted to hear that I have wiped out one reproach at all events. You have frequently told me that I never know my own mind. Well, I became more intimate with it quite recently. I've made it up at last—on one point."

Mrs Collyrium waited silently for information, which seemed to slightly nettle Georgie, and drove her into blunt statement of fact.

"I've determined—to get—married."

"Have you a—any——" Mrs Collyrium started in her chair.

"No, I haven't," replied Georgie, taking her mother up short; "but all the same, I've settled who he is to be."

Mrs Collyrium shuddered, and shrank momentarily within herself. "He!"

"You are not surprised, mother, at anything I do—or say: you often tell me so."

"You are so painfully—coarse, child. If you please, let us change the subject."

"Well, if I'm coarse, I'm practical."

Mrs Collyrium shrugged her shoulders again.

"No, mother; please don't let us change the subject—just yet. I'm really serious."

Mrs Collyrium responded to this appeal by a stony but manifestly interested stare, lifting her gaze, but not moving her head. "May I ask," she said, "when you arrived at this determination?"

"Oh! yesterday; quite suddenly."

"Why?"

"Many things led up to it. At the last ball I found myself actually without a partner for three valses—an ominous fact which spoke volumes. One who does not take fair warning deserves and courts disaster. I must not play tricks with time."

"You seem to be very self-satisfied and certain."

"That's just what I'm not, but what I mean to be."

"Well, pretty confident—if you like that better. Matters are not so easily to be arranged as perhaps you imagine."

"Why?"

"Do you think that you have nothing to do but hold up your hand? Your assurance is amazing! Do you suppose that every girl can succeed in captivating and pleasing a man?"

"No, I don't," said Georgie, complacently; "but if I have succeeded in pleasing so many men, it's queer if I can't please one in particular, now that I have—made up my mind about him."

"You speak as confidently as if the thing were done."

"I do."

"And yet you have not had a proposal."

"No, not yet. You see it is such a very short time since I—made up my mind; but I'll see to it at once now. I'll get him to propose immediately."

"Georgie!"

"Yes. I'm going to bring it about! You think it isn't nice to hear me talk so." She gave her mother time to express her sentiments by another look. "Isn't it! Well, it is not nice either to be left out in the cold, and be laughed at by those who are wrapped up. Romance is all very well till the bloom is off it or off one's self."

"But you can't seriously mean that you are going deliberately to make a dead set at a man, Georgie—to run him down—to—to—deceive him?"

"I never said I would deceive anybody," she went on, with an angry stamp of her foot. "I won't deceive the man. But things have come to such a pass that if I don't—don't—get settled, I'll have to do something desperate or strange. I had it in contemplation recently, to nail up a coat and trousers on the door, as a scarecrow sort of thing, don't you know, warning the men off, just as game-keepers do stoats and weasels and

magpies, and objectionable vermin generally; but I thought I'd postpone the step for a bit longer. I'm mixing up things rather; but I'm sure you know very well what I mean. I say again, I won't deceive the man; but I don't want to deceive myself. There are objectionable ways of putting things, as you say, and perhaps I am rather too much given to dropping into those ways. I say this out of respect to your more refined nature; but the plain English of the situation is that it looks serious, and I don't want to be—sold, which most likely I shall be if I don't—do something."

Mrs Collyrium became lofty, as in duty bound. "There are certainly objectionable—very objectionable—ways of putting things; and to import slang and sordid self-interest, Georgie, into such a delicate question as this, is really too dreadfully objectionable."

"I don't see why mere sentiment should suffer in the slightest degree, but rather the contrary, by being made to conform to a sensible matter of business; and, in fact, from what I can see, it very often does; for when people talk of a 'good match'—which I find mothers generally approve of—it is simply business, and nothing more. The gilding is put on the gingerbread, but after all, the gingerbread is the real thing. Now, if I make a prudent match, and marry a good man, I may not unreasonably expect your blessing."

"I hope, with all my heart, that you may be so fortunate as to marry a good man."

"Fortunate! Oh, pooh! I mean to. Didn't I tell you I had made up my mind?"

There was an awkward pause. The mother's curiosity was roused, but she did not like to show it by asking the question which must

have been on the tip of her tongue. Georgie did not leave her very long in suspense.

"Shouldn't you really and truly like to know who the fortunate—victim is to be, mamma?"

"Still jesting, Georgie!" she said, with a severe smile.

"I was never more serious in my life. Don't be surprised when you hear his name—Tinkler!"

But, notwithstanding the caution, her mother was surprised. She raised both her hands momentarily, in an incredulous, jerky, desponding sort of way.

"Goodness!" she ejaculated.

"Goodness gracious me!"

"You *are* astonished, after all?"

"Why should I not be? It is not very long since you received the man's advances with a coldness amounting, in my humble opinion, to absolute rudeness—or something next door to it."

"Yes, I admit all that. But things were quite different then. I always had plenty of partners, and he was only a poor curate. But I have had, as I told you, warnings—serious ones; and he has been appointed by the Bishop to the living of Scottowe. That's what I learned yesterday, when I made up my mind."

Her mother sighed profoundly, and shifted uneasily on her chair.

"You look pained. Why should you feel so?"

"If you had accepted, or even encouraged, him as a curate, I should not have felt so humiliated on your account. I should not have been forced to apply the abominable word *sordid* to the action of my only child." There was a quaver in the voice; Georgie knew her mother too well to be deceived.

"But how could you expect me or ask me to encourage him while he remained a poor curate, mamma?"

I really could not do it, no matter how hard I might have tried."

"Because he was poor?"

"Yes—I honestly say it—because he was poor. I always did dislike poor curates to the end of the chapter, even utterly good ones, like Mr Tinkler."

Her mother's cold stare fell on her again, and seemed to ask in a silently pleading sort of way for some explanation that might not show her daughter in such a dreadfully unamiable light. Georgie soon put her out of suspense.

"For it always seems to me," she went on, "such a contemptible thing, mamma, for a man to be secretly pulling the poor devil by the tail all the week-days, and then to spend Sunday in openly abusing him. When a man gets a good living he's under no compliment to the devil then, and may abuse him without being mean, don't you know. It alters the aspect of matters altogether. That's exactly how I feel."

Mrs Collyrium was over-refined for Georgie. The latter's speech, therefore, left her argumentatively stranded. There was only one mode of escape which she always resorted to under similar circumstances.

"You had better discuss the disagreeable question with your father."

"Why disagreeable? I think it quite pleasant!"

"It is useless my continuing the conversation; but I can't help remarking that it seems rather premature, to say the least of it. You are speculating on an uncertainty."

"Yes; counting chickens prematurely is not sound arithmetic. I never was good at sums; but all the same, mamma, I mean to preside at Scottowe Rectory. I mean to marry Mr Joseph Tinkler; and,

when I've got him, I mean to be a good wife, and I mean to astonish you and some others by the exemplary manner in which I devote myself ever after to parish work. I'll have a first-rate choir to please him, and I'll look after schools, Dorcas meetings, girls' friendly societies—everything, in fact; and I won't be taken in by pious old humbugs like Mrs Fungus, and her old husband the canon."

"Mrs Fungus is a genuine, true Christian," emphasised Mrs Collyrium; "you must be well aware of it."

"Of course I am," responded Georgie; "any misfortune that falls upon her is a trial; when it comes on her neighbours or friends it's a judgment. There is no doubt about her right to the title."

"You have always been uncharitable to her," said Mrs Collyrium, stung into retort, "for no other earthly reason that I could see, except that I have a warm and sincere regard for her."

"Nonsense, mamma! How can any sensible person believe in a creature that pretends to have toothache, when we all know there isn't a tooth in her head—with a root to it. She doesn't get round me with Scripture texts, I can assure you. You know yourself the sort of life she leads the old canon."

"I don't know anything of the sort, and I don't wish you to attribute knowledge to me which is uncharitable and unchristian."

"Well, if you don't know, papa does. I don't intend to lead poor Tinkler a life like that; and I don't intend to humbug people as she does."

I have said that Georgie was coarse, and so has Mrs Collyrium, who hated coarseness, and doubly hated it when it bordered upon profanity. She now gathered up, with

offended dignity, the needlework on which she was always engaged, and as she did so, the doctor's latch-key sounded in the lock of the hall-door.

He met his wife at the foot of the stairs, and saw at a glance that there had been a passage of arms.

"Well, my dear?" he said, inquiringly and tentatively.

"Go in," she replied, in a distant and cold tone, which conveyed the often-repeated charge that he alone was to blame for Georgie's bringing up, "go in and speak to—your daughter." The voice and the phrase seemed to imply that there was no sense of partnership whatever in this matter of parentage.

"Yes, papa; come in," said Georgie, from the room.

"What's up now, child?" he asked, when they were alone.

"Oh, nothing very much, papa!—and yet there is—a great deal—a very important secret."

He stood with his lips apart—expectant.

"Are you curious to know, eh?"

"Yes, very."

"Really?"

"And truly."

"Well," and she stood on tip-toe and whispered into his ear.

"Stuff! What!—bless my soul!—to whom?"

"Mr Tinkler."

"Humph! That's extraordinary! You might do worse!"

"But—it's because—I can't do better! You dear old man! Now, promise that you will set me up with a good stock of forks and spoons, and all that. Don't be so alarmed! Plated ones will do. They'll look nice and bright and fresh for a while, you know, like the owners; and when the plating is wearing off them the shine will be wearing off us too, in accord-

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ance with 'the fitness of things,'—as you say sometimes."

Here Georgie gave him such an affectionate embrace that—looking into her face, and seeing a certain sadness in it, not in accord with the levity of her words—the tears came into his eyes. Before he had time to recover himself she had kissed him again, and was gone. She loved him very much.

"Women are queer cattle," he said to himself, going to his study.

The two he had to deal with gave him a great deal of trouble, it must be owned, from time to time. Why should they be jealous of each other, when he liked both in such an utterly different way? This was the question he often asked himself, and asked himself in vain.

Men, you see, can split hairs, and analyse their feelings, and classify their affections, and codify their emotions: women love or hate. Mrs Collyrium had a set phrase that always drove him wild. "Ah, my dear," she would say with a resigned expression, "it wasn't always so;" meaning that, now, it was all Georgie—while she herself was nothing, and didn't count. "Time was"—but then, that was before Georgie—when her feelings and her opinions and her wishes had "some weight" with the doctor, she was wont to say.

He wondered to himself whether all wives were alike in this respect. He couldn't tell, of course, without asking the husbands, which was out of the question, so he never ascertained to his own satisfaction whether his wife was singular, or whether she was one of many who expected husbands to go on spooning at fifty, when their heads were bald, as they did at twenty-two; or whether there were mothers, in a majority, sensible enough to re-

cognise the law of change; and to see the selfish littleness of female craving for perpetual worship, when age has necessitated the "scalpette," and brings to light all their inevitable shortcomings and littlenesses, at the same time that it gives them high duties to fulfil, and obligations which cannot be set aside.

Of course there must be change—there always is. Venus and Juno never did agree or hobnob it on equal terms. But the worst of it all is that the wife calls this change by such dreadful names, that the poor male feels abject and hurt, and lives on, even to old age, with a feeling that he is guilty of a cumulative kind of baseness which can only terminate with death.

If surcease overtakes the man in the very early stage of matrimony, the young widow wrings her hands in grief and sorrow, comforting herself with the conviction that she will be with him later on, for ever in the better world. If he had lived longer in this one, she might perhaps come to find equal consolation in the certainty—for which there is Scriptural warrant—that there is a perpetual state of divorce in the "Great Beyond." Meanwhile there is no limit here, either to marriage or divorce—which is some satisfaction.

In fairness to the doctor it must be owned that he had loved and worshipped even longer than most husbands do; yet this was not enough. When is it? Women are so voracious in this item of love, that few indeed, and rare, are those husbands who escape reproach.

The plain English of it all is, that the malady is one from which the male recovers, but the female never.

When he wins the "object of his affections" he is satisfied with victory, and prepared to settle down and enjoy the fruits of it; but she must go on repeating victories and accumulating triumphs over him, or she will not rest content. She thinks she retrogrades if she is not fully assured that she advances, and is loath to recognise the truth, that a time comes when there can be no advance, no more conquering; and, after it, a going down-hill, or even retrogression. She fights against the inexorable law of change; she beats the air, and the stray blows fall retributively on the bald head of the imbecile who so often in years of indiscretion told her that she was an angel, and lives to doubt it.

The doctor often devoutly wished he hadn't said quite so much long ago, or that his wife's memory had not been quite so retentive. At all events, he must see her now about this new revelation of Georgie's. It would be necessary to talk matters over, whether he liked it or not; so, having written a few prescriptions and a letter or two, he left his sanctum and went in search of his wife.

He didn't think much the worse of his daughter. I ask any common-sense father, Why should he? I ask any common-sense woman the same question. Put one such into the judgment-seat of the Court of Conscience, and see whether she will, without grave doubt and hesitation, affix the condemnatory *theta nigrum* to the name of Georgie. I don't think it.

The Rev. Joseph Tinkler was quite unaware of the preparation of this net, in which he would have enmeshed himself long ago if he had had the least encouragement. Georgie had two strings to her bow. She knew his weakness for music, and was confident that her siren

voice would penetrate the cotton-wool by which his sensitive tympanum was always protected.

The male biped may be altogether out in his calculation of averages and probabilities; but there are certain instincts by following which

a woman seldom errs, and which bring chance within the bounds of certainty. Georgie meant to be a prophet, not only in her own country, but in her own behalf,—which was much more to the purpose.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONSULTATION.

"I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Then did all sternness melt, as melts a mist;
And so reserve relented by degrees."

—HENRY TAYLOR.

The mission intrusted to her by Major Tynte did not long remain unfulfilled by Lavinia. In his letter he entered very fully into the past history of Hugh Scottowe; the bar-sinister of a previous generation; his intense family pride (which so strangely always manifests itself with tenfold force under such circumstances); his questionable, but not intentionally criminal, dealings with Hinch, which so nearly brought him within the grasp of the law; his enlistment, and his marriage; the state of his young wife's health—which was such as to urgently call for female sympathy and help—and her trouble at parting, under such trying circumstances, from her husband. The major felt that in appealing to Lavinia he did not appeal in vain.

As a matter of courtesy, Aunt Polly had to be consulted about the whole business. Now, though she was an extremely discreet and proper person under ordinary circumstances, she was not wise in the course she took when the facts were laid before her. She spoke dubiously about the whole business, counselling caution, which nettled Lavinia.

"Won't you make inquiry first, dear?" she asked. "Wouldn't it be well if you did?"

"Oh, of course!"

"Well, how do you propose to inquire?"

"I mean to go myself and do it," said Lavinia, decisively.

This was directly the reverse of the precautionary step which Aunt Polly desired, and left the difficulty still an initial one, from her standpoint.

"Couldn't you send Thomas? or Jane could go, after she clears away the things, just to—to bring you word, and have a look round."

"I'll go myself," said Lavinia, as decisively as before.

"Why?"

"Because Jane is better-looking than I am, and—she is not a lady. Ladies do not run half such a risk as servants do. But, in any case, there is no danger. The neighbourhood is not a low one. I know where the street is, and I am going in broad daylight. Major Tynte expressed a wish that I should befriend this poor lonely woman, and I mean to. There is simply nothing in the wide world which I could do that I would not do for him, putting common humanity aside altogether."

"My dear, he does not ask you to be—indiscreet. Suppose—I only say suppose—that this woman is not——"

Lavinia took her up short. "I

know what you mean, but I don't care whether she is or she isn't—not one straw."

"But——"

"Let me finish. You have only part of my answer — concerning myself ; the other part, concerning the major, is, that he is a gentleman. When he wrote he believed so far in me as to feel that what is called 'indiscretion' would not stop me. It would require a social five-barred gate to keep me back now from fulfilling his request."

"I didn't mean to keep you from ultimately fulfilling it. I only say suppose——"

"But I won't suppose ! When he wrote that letter he must have written it with a sense of obligation hanging over him. He was asking a favour : there is none now. He must have said to himself, 'Though she has rejected me, still I may rely on her to do me this one kindness,' and so he might : that was when we were—estranged. You know our relations are quite different now ; and if it was necessary to die for him, I would die—much less go on a simple mission of charity."

Poor Aunt Polly ! She had done so much, as we know, and had done it so cleverly, to bring about that last momentous interview with the major, which had resulted so satisfactorily, that it was very hard to be sat upon in this fashion, and she felt it momentarily. "Remember that I did not volunteer my opinion, Lavinia," she said, "and I did not mean anything I uttered to be tortured into indirect censure of yourself, or into dispraise of Major Tynite."

"I know you didn't, you dear old thing !" exclaimed Lavinia, embracing her with an impulsive suddenness which seriously disarranged her head-gear. "There ! are you in good humour again ?"

"Oh yes, yes, dear," said Aunt

Polly, endeavouring to rearrange what was left of her back hair, and to straighten her cap.

"Because if you are not, I'll do it all over again."

"Why did you consult me at all," she asked, speaking with a hair-pin between her lips, "if you meant all the time to have your own way ? you—creature, you !"

"Why ? Well, of course, I consulted you just as everybody asks for advice from people they are fond of."

"Without intending to take it !"

"Yes ; without in the least intending to take it—if it wasn't what was wanted. One always goes in for advice on chance, meaning to do as one likes in any case ; but if the advice happens to fall in with one's own views, it gives one additional courage and satisfaction. I should like to have had the moral support of being able to say—That's just what Aunt Polly suggested."

"But it just isn't—you aggravating creature !"

"No, it is not ; but it is a point gained to know exactly what you think, even though you pronounce against me."

"You would not let me explain."

"It wasn't necessary. Come away from the door, and let us sit down here. I want to talk to you in a whisper. Now, if this girl is not Scottowe's wife, she may all the more need a woman's help and good influences to save her from herself in her despair ; and, as I said before, all I can do shall be done at once—to-day—even if I have to follow her into the lowest haunts of iniquity. I don't mean to blench or fail. I am determined to show myself worthy of the trust reposed in me. You must not thwart me."

"I know, my dear. You mean you won't stand opposition."

"I do. I mean that; but I mean more. I mean that you must help and encourage me instead; and if I am abused, stand up for me. If I only get a good chance at Mrs Grundy, won't I scratch her face! and I'll expect you to do the same! Don't look at me as if you thought I was going crazed, because I'm not. I'm perfectly sane."

"My dear," retorted Aunt Polly, "don't you know that crazed people always think that?"

"Well, I am satisfied in my own mind of this—when the major wrote the letter, he was perfectly convinced that he was not asking me to do anything which would compromise me in the smallest degree: that is a sane and rational conclusion to come to."

"Well, it is, and I agree with you; but all the same, people are sure to say that it is queer."

"Who? Mrs Grundy—pish! What do I care?"

"But you should."

"But I shouldn't! Don't let us fall out again, as you know the consequences; and besides, as I said before, I want your help. You have great influence with Mr Pipperly."

"Oh, stuff!" said Aunt Polly, looking indifferently indignant, but pleased withal. This to the casual observer would seem an impossible aspect; but in reality it is not so.

"You may say 'stuff' as often as you like, but you know it is true," said Lavinia, holding up a warning first finger to indicate that her assertion must be accepted, and not argued about; "and I am very glad that it is true, because I mean to basely trade on it. I am going to ask him to advise me to do what he will consider a very foolish thing, and—I want you to back me up."

"Upon my word!" was the only

gloss which Aunt Polly found ready.

"I must have entirely my own way in this too; and I want you to keep him in order, and not let him give me too long a lecture."

"My dear, I have very little power over Mr Pipperly."

"You must exercise the whole of it, whatever the amount, against your own judgment and common-sense, and entirely in the way I wish."

Aunt Polly gave in. "I do really and truly believe," she said, after a long endeavour not to promise till she knew,—*"I do really believe that if you asked me to stand on my head, I'd do it for you at last."*

"I should be very sorry to ask you to do anything of the kind," said Lavinia, "because I am quite certain that Mrs Grundy would be horrified to a far greater extent than she is likely to be by any impropriety of mine. But, now that you have promised, I'll tell you everything, and let you into the plot. First of all, I mean to purchase the old hall and grounds of Scottowe."

"To live there?"

"Perhaps; but that's quite a secondary consideration."

"As a speculation?"

"Well, no; not that—at least not a monetary speculation, but as a sort of—of—moral speculation. I didn't think you'd have been half so inquisitive, or I should have been better prepared to explain."

"But it seems such a very odd notion."

"Does it? Why don't you call it foolish?—I know you are dying to. I won't be a bit angry."

"Well, it *is* foolish," said Aunt Polly, reassured by the last statement.

"Suppose I admit that? I'm going to have my way all the same. The place has been in the

hands of the lawyers for ever so long. I don't in the least understand the case, though I have been trying to make it out, and have read ever such a lot in the papers about it lately. People seem to be connected with it of whose names I never heard, and to have interests of a complicated nature. The only part of the proceedings which I cared about was the order made by the Court for its sale, and to-day I see the advertisements are out. I am going to bid for it—that is, I am about to ask Mr Pipperly to see after it, and to get somebody to bid on my behalf. First, he must go and see it. Not that I want him to; but he is so dreadfully upright that he won't be satisfied unless he does so, and comes back and does his very best to put me off—which he won't succeed in. Now, if you could only persuade him to do what I want without any botheration, I'd say that you were undoubtedly the very best of aunts!"

"My dear, he would not pay the smallest attention to me." It pleased her to hear these little speeches refuted.

"I'm quite certain he'd do more for you than for me or anybody else."

"Oh, stuff! You flatterer! He would not do *that*, I know. I don't consider it wise myself."

"That means that you would tell him to go against me. If you dare! Only just think: Scottowe is quite close to Tynterne, the major's place. At least it will be his, and it would be so nice to be near him," said Lavinia, as if she meant that they were to be merely neighbours.

"Oh," said Aunt Polly, "do give me credit, my dear, for some sense! When you have got *him* you won't care for Scottowe, I'll engage. There must be some other

reason for you wishing to have *the* place."

"Well, there is: I may as well tell you at once. I want to *save* it, and to give it back to *this* young soldier out of the regard I entertain for him."

"For him? And you have not even seen him!"

"I mean regard for the major."

"Well, if you call even that a reason, there is no use in talking sense to you any more. You must be really demented, child!"

"I distinctly remember," said Lavinia, raising a minatory first finger, "that when we stood over there watching the 201st going away, you resented the assertion hotly when I made the self-accusation. Should I have believed myself then, or shall I believe you now?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, for the life of me," was all Aunt Polly could say by way of explanation.

"Suppose we both acknowledge that we were mistaken. I'm not in the least demented, I assure you. I am only in love—ever so much—over head and ears, as people say. I am determined to fully merit the first confidence reposed in me by the man who has asked me to be his; and to do so most effectually I must buy Scottowe. It may go cheap, and it may not—but I'll secure it."

"You mean in trust—from what you said?"

"Yes; I mean in trust."

"Upon my word, Lavinia!—not going quite so far as madness, I must say I never thought you were such a goose. Even if you do buy it in trust, now, do you ever expect a common soldier-man to be able to pay you back?"

"Oh! I'm sorry to say I am a bigger goose than even this shade of a possible repayment implies," said Lavinia. "I didn't mean a

trust. I called the pur-
oral speculation a few
go; and as a natural
the trust becomes a
"

iculous nonsense, child!
an that you will buy it
own money and then
way!"

what I am really and
ig at. I was just beat-
he bush, because I was
eak out."

you are not afraid to
like in spite of every-

am a bit inconsistent
en: we are all so, more
I'm more so. But you
e strictly accurate, you
did not say in spite of
only in spite of you and
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ghed at the premature
ent of relationship; but
any a true word spoken
t as well as in jest.
y wondered just then
Lavinia knew; but, as
not tell by scrutinising
ountenance before her,
the subject back again.
e," she blurted out,
after all your trouble
e, that the soldier gets
never comes back from

at Scottowe of course;
ould have given worlds
ave uttered the words,
s too late to recall them.
ace blanched suddenly,
s filled with tears. The
of ideas could not be
r the connecting links
ose. The major was in
langer as the common
id the possibility that
ever return was momen-
much for her. Silence
or a while, till she re-
self.

"You poor dear thing!" Aunt
Polly then said soothingly, and
kissing her cheeks alternately
again and again, "you must not
mind a stupid old addle-headed
creature like me. I could bite my
tongue right off, so I could. You
just cheer up and come with me,
and we'll see and manage Mr Pip-
perly, and do our very best. Let
me look at you."

"Oh! I'm all right," Lavinia
explained. "Didn't you guess
that I was only shamming, just to
soften your hard heart. Now I
have succeeded, I am quite happy
and satisfied."

"But are you really and truly
all right?"

"Perfectly."

"Let me look." With a hand
on each temple, she gazed lovingly
into the deep honest eyes of her
niece. Then there followed an-
other free gift in the shape of a
final kiss, and the two walked off
together out of the room, and on
to the stair-landing.

"Now," said Lavinia, "you just,
like a dear, go and talk to Mr Pip-
perly, and prepare him for the task
that lies before him. He'll have
to go first to Scottowe to see the
place." She ticked off on her
fingers as she spoke. "Then he'll
have to come back here, to try and
dissuade me from buying. Then
he'll have to go up to London to
talk to the lawyers, and to com-
plete the purchase. He'll be as
mad as a hatter with me, I know;
but you are solemnly pledged to
be on the side of the goose."

"Very well. If I must I must.
Come to my room and rest, and
just take things quietly for an
hour or so.

"I mustn't, I couldn't, really,"
said Lavinia, going down-stairs.
She paused half-way on the second
flight, holding the hand-rail, and
looking up with that expressor

which, though so familiar to Aunt Polly, always touched her, — it was so soft and yet so strong, so love-seeking and yet so self-sustained. She leant over and spoke down.

"Tell me, then, where you are going."

"To see the woman—Mrs Scot-towe."

"No!" said Aunt Polly.

"Yes, really."

Then, as an alternative, "May I come?"

"Not on any account. I must go by myself first. I'll come back and tell you all the news; and then, perhaps, we'll go together." As if a sudden inspiration struck her, she added, "Perhaps I'll bring her to see you."

This staggered the elder lady, because it was just like what Lavinia would do; because as the house was Lavinia's it was what she had a perfect right to do; because if she did it, there would be no end of talk; because it was quite uncertain whether the woman was married or not, and if she once got in, it might be hard to get her out; because Jane might resent the intrusion, and there might be complications with Thomas (whose wife did not live in the house). All these thoughts crowding on one another were too much for Aunt Polly, and she retreated to the privacy of her own apartment to consider them in all their bearings, while she "did up" her back hair. Presently she heard the hall-door slam, and knew that Lavinia had gone. It occurred to her that she ought to send either Jane or Thomas out after her; but Lavinia might be angry, and there was really no danger. So she decided to possess her soul in patience, and awaited developments.

If the worst came to the worst, she could—no! come what might,

she would never desert Lavinia, nor lose sight of her till she became the absolute and priceless property of the gallant major.

Still she could not get this Scottowe business out of her head; it bothered her.

"It all comes from a foolish inconsiderate marriage," she said to herself. "A pair of imprudent silly lovers, without a penny to live on, just go and——" She never finished the sentence, because the search for a lost hair-pin diverted her thoughts. I'm sorry for this, because Aunt Polly was a person whose opinions I should like to have ascertained on this burning question of the foolishness of poverty, falling in love, and getting married, and the possible after-consequences, obligations, and responsibilities.

Fortunately for us commonplace people, the unwise are an enormous majority; our personal sense of inferiority would otherwise become unbearable to ourselves. "*Stultorum plena sunt omnia*." This was a fact before Thomas Carlyle proclaimed it. But the difference between the city mouse and the country mouse is only one of degree; and the wisest of metropolitan sparrows will build in a rain-shoot. The storm bursts and the floods come; her house and family are swept away. Her rustic cousin chirps, "How silly!" But if, after all, the weather only holds up, and the city mother rears her feathered family and starts them safely on "their own hook," how wise she is, compared to this country cousin, who built her nest in the hedgerow, and had her family murdered by marauding schoolboys. Therefore I say again, "*Stultorum plena sunt omnia*." The data on which we found our conclusions as to wisdom are not absolute or stable, but relative and shifting; and circumstances over which we have no con-

trol may shape precisely similar actions into either sense or non-sense.

There is no certain platform for "the superior person" to orate from. For my part, I prefer to take up my position among the majority; and when I see a result, I venture to prophesy.

With regard to marriage, the initial step may always be considered risky; but the most foolish venture from a worldly point of view, may—as I know—give the lie to croakers, while the reverse holds good with equal force, and the "great match," based on the keenest maternal foresight, ends, how many times too often, in disastrous failure? Therefore it is that any little wisdom one has, and on which one can rely, comes after the event. You say the cumulative experience of society and of everyday life should count: perhaps it should; but in some things it doesn't—notably in love. To be sure there is avoidance, abstention; but sometimes you can't avoid or abstain from temptation — and generally, you don't.

If you pull through all right, you are clever and to be congratulated; if you don't, you are a fool, and not

to be pitied: in either case the result gives the cue for the verdict.

I have heard Aunt Polly herself declare—to pursue the bird illustration—that she considered the ostrich silly because it lays its eggs in the sand, and then runs away from them. This I consider grossly unfair; and doubly so, coming from Aunt Polly. I hold that the ostrich is a religious bird, showing a large trust in Providence, when she leaves her offspring to be hatched by the sun. There are persons who prefer the method of the cuckoo. In any case we have to reckon not only with the ostrich and the cuckoo, but with the homely and more prolific goose, who makes shift to fulfil her obligations without forethought or cunning—and somehow generally manages to do it; with the unsuspecting hen, who rears a progeny of ducklings, and suffers agonies in her anxiety to keep them from getting wet; and with the free-and-easy duck, who waddles through life without troubling herself about the moral obligations of maternity. The subject is, in fact, too large for a mere fictionist to discuss at the end of a chapter; and we must reluctantly leave it where we found it.

NAMES IN NOVELS.

EVERY lover of Balzac knows the story of the famous search which ended in the discovery of the name Z. Marcas: how Balzac appointed Léon Gozlan to meet him in the Champs Élysées to do him an important service; how Gozlan, racking his brain to guess what this service might be, kept the appointment on a certain wintry day of June; how it turned out that what Balzac wanted was a name for the hero of a story he was about to contribute to the 'Revue Parisienne.' In the driving rain Balzac expounded his theory of names. He must have a name, he said, that would fit his hero in every possible respect, and he had exhausted his own resources without being able to find such. Names, moreover, could not be manufactured; like languages, they were a natural product, a growth.

"If the name exists,"—began Gozlan, zealously.

"It does exist," Balzac broke in with solemnity.

So there was but one thing to be done, to start there and then upon a voyage of discovery. Gozlan suggested a scrutiny of the names in the streets, and they set to work at once, Balzac taking one side of the road, his friend the other, both running, head in the air, into the passers-by, who took them for blind men. Street after street Gozlan kept offering the most appetising names, which, however, Balzac steadfastly rejected: the Rue St Honoré to the Palais Royal, all the streets abutting on the Gardens, Rue Vivienne, Place de la Bourse, Rue Neuve Vivienne, Boulevard Montmartre.—At this point Gozlan mutinied.

"Toujours et en tous lieux," cries Balzac; "Christophe Colomb abandonné par son équipage,"—then, turning to entreaty, pleads for just as far as St Eustaché. St Eustaché meant a detour through numberless streets, till they arrive at the Place des Victoires, "criblée de magnifiques noms alsaciens qui font venir le Rhin à la bouche." Again Gozlan threatens to abandon Balzac if he does not make an instant choice. "Just the Rue du Bouloi," urges the indefatigable discoverer; and off they go once more, until, in the last section of the interminable street, the novelist stood transfixed and quivering before the name Marcas.

"Arrêtons nous glorieusement à celui-ci. Marcas! Mon héros s'appellera Marcas. Dans Marcas il y a le philosophe, l'écrivain, le grand politique, le poète méconnu: il y a tout. Marcas!"

That was what Balzac sought—
a name which should, as he said, at once explain and depict **his** hero, a name on a par with **his** lot in life, which should not **be** tacked on at random, but should fit organically. He impetuously demanded a name which should answer to his hero's face, his figure, his voice, his past, his future, his genius, his tastes, his passions, **his** misfortunes, and his glory.

I suppose all novelists and story-tellers, whether or not they are **so** exacting as this, take some proper godfatherly or godmotherly care in the christening of their creatures. If they go no deeper, they at least observe the more superficial and obvious distinctions between character of bourgeois and gentle blood. They seek names appro-

priate to calling or locality, and so forth. Most take some pains at least about the naming of hero and heroine. One class of novelists appeals to a sentiment of romance, with high-sounding, historic names; another betrays the inevitable significance of nomenclature by scrupulously employing none but the most familiar. For myself, I own I like my lady-loves of romance to have names that the lips and the memory can linger over lovingly,—Lorna Doone, Lucy Desborough, Di Vernon, Beatrix Esmond; and there is sweetness as well as pathos in the simple signature of Clare Doria Forey, as Clare liked to write her name, because Richard's was Richard Doria Feverel. Nothing short of democratic training and Bostonian naturalism could have hardened Mr Howell's heart into inflicting upon his Lady of the Aroostook and her many admirers, for the sake of whatever dramatic point, the revolting surname Blood. Beautiful and picturesque names are no small element in the picturesque beauty of romance. We revel in a luxury of graceful names in Arthur's court—amongst the Guineveres, and Yseults, and Tristrams, and Launcelots. They have the flavour of fruit on the lips, and haunt the ear like music. Or, to come back to novels, generations of hearts have beaten time to the syllables Wilfred of Ivanhoe or Lucy of Lammermoor. The degradation of name is a bit brutal, even for parody, in the diverting 'Rejected Address' which transforms—

"'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'

Were the last words of Marmion,"

into

"'Od rot 'em,

Were the last words of Higginbottom."

Juliet was the daughter of a land of lovely names, or she would never have asked her hackneyed question. To northern ears the vowelled Italian names all sound beautiful and magnificent. One wonders, ignorantly no doubt, how an Italian Dickens would find himself in droll and grotesque names. There must be some temptation, one would think, to make all the boobies and villains Germans. Thanks to what Mr Matthew Arnold termed the touch of grossness in our race, we are bountifully provided with names of all shades of vulgarity and hideousness. With us no booby or villain, at all events, need go inappropriately named. But it is unpardonable in fiction to burden a charming girl with a vile name, and to make heroes of Higginbottoms is a mere wantonness of Zolaism. Art exists to console us for the hardships and anomalies of life.

Glaring offences most writers avoid. They succeed in securing at all events the superficial proprieties of nomenclature. But what Balzac sought was a propriety of nomenclature going very much deeper than this. He was a believer in a mysterious affinity, and reciprocal influence between names and people in actual life. Philosophers and the mob, he claimed, were at one in holding this view, so that there was no room left for a single heretic without the pale.

"Except for me," interjects Gozlan.

What!—didn't he believe that there were names which recalled special objects—a sword, a flower? that there were names which at once veiled and revealed the poet, the philosopher, the painter? Racine, for example—the very name depicted a tender passionate poet

On the contrary, to Gozlan it gave only the idea of a botanist or an apothecary.

"Well, Corneille? Corneille?"

No; from Corneille the stubborn heretic got simply the idea of some insignificant bird. And, unconverted, he joined, as a sheer act of good-fellowship, in the Columbus expedition, without a shred of faith in the promised land; nor, it must be confessed, was his scepticism shaken even by the superb discovery, which intoxicated the romance-writer. Balzac, equally unshaken, carried the courage of his conviction to the pitch of fearlessly guaranteeing actually at the man's door that the veritable Marcas would turn out to be a genius, a Benvenuto Cellini.

"Wasn't that going rather far?" hinted Gozlan.

"With a name like that," comes the sturdy reply, "it is impossible to go too far."

The real Marcas was a tailor. Balzac's head drooped for a few seconds. In a moment it was proudly raised again. "The man deserved a better lot," he said; "anyway, it should be his business to immortalise him."

Respectable authority might be quoted in support of Balzac's dogma from the days of the solemn naming and renaming amongst the Hebrews, down to the opinion of the immortal Mr Shandy. But whether we accept it, or feel inclined rather to range ourselves with the Gozlanites, there can be little doubt that, in the world of art at all events, there should be some subtle appropriateness in the naming of the *dramatis personæ*.

What should be the nature of the appropriateness? What should be the secret of the affinity? Should novelists permit themselves to manufacture

names with an obvious meaning, like Fielding's Alworthy for instance? or, like Balzac, should they search for mystic meanings in real names? In the first place, can there possibly be any affinity, apart from the special associations of a book, between a mere meaningless proper name and a character? Gozlan said No. He accounted for the significance that Balzac found in such names as Racine and Corneille, by the fact that they had been borne by those great men. The characteristics of the poets had become associated in the mind with the sound of the names. This is no doubt largely true. The influence of association in matters of this kind is astonishingly powerful, and it is an influence difficult to discount. Of such associations of ideas have not philosophers been found to create worlds and systems, which they have themselves pronounced to be very good? Take such names as Keats and Chaucer, for example. Would they not sound poor and mean, could we once rob them of their glorious associations? And the influence of association is all the stronger in the case of the men and women in novels, because we know them so much more intimately than we know our friends and neighbours in real life.

Chadband, Miss Miggs, Micawber, Pecksniff, Sairy Gamp—were these names, then, really once absolutely non-significant? Surely, in the mere name of Micawber there already lurk suggestions of a waiting for something to turn up. Enthusiasts have been known to protest that from Silas Wegg's bare name they divined the whole man, wooden leg and all. Not a bit of it, retorts rationalising common-sense; make the experiment in a properly scientific spirit, and see. Set a man innocent of Dickens to evolve

from the letters of the word Pecksniff the character of the Salisbury architect, or from the data of a misshapen body and sly domestic cruelty, ask him to construct the name Quilp. Well, and suppose he fail, his failure is by no means fatal to the theory. To begin with, nature undoubtedly affords abundant instances of mysterious affinities between apparently heterogeneous things. There is the story, so constantly told by psychologists, of the blind man who, on his receiving his sight by a surgical operation, straightway pronounced scarlet to be like the sound of a trumpet. Heliotrope owes its popular name to a curious identity of scent and taste. Novel-readers who follow the fashion may recall the passage in one of those Russian novels which are twice as natural as life, where the capricious child Natacha tries to explain to her mother in bed how she thinks of her lover Boris as being quite narrow and pale grey, whereas Bésoukhow was blue, dark blue and red, and made her think of a square thing. In very truth, scents, sounds, and colours have infinite capacities of spiritual suggestion. Herein lies the secret of the potency of the sensuous arts. What analysis could exhaust the possible suggestiveness of names? There are forebodings in the mere sound of the syllables, and mysterious intimations in the mere look of the letters, which baffle all attempts at rational explanation. And on this groundwork association has woven intricate threads of suggestion, philological, historical, romantic. Then, additional effect is wrought by a subtle conjunction of names. Trace the associations in the two names, Clive, Newcome. Watch how the music of Ethel Newcome's name is troubled into discord by prefixing to the sur-

name the monosyllable Barnes. Nonsense, interrupts common-sense. The monosyllable Clive had served just as well to trouble the music, if Thackeray had but distributed the parts differently, and made Barnes a hero. It is all the effect of associating man and name together. Well, but how comes it, then, that in so many names, in spite of association, we do not feel the affinity? To this day I am persuaded that Arabin was only an assumed name of the Dean of Barchester. Other names, again, there are which answer only to a part of the character. In Hetty Sorrel's name, for example, there is the kittenish grace and rustic charm; but where is the hard heart and vulgar vanity of Martin Poyser's niece? (Poyser, by the way, is an excellent name for that admirable couple.) And poor Major Dobbin's foolish name leaves out the gallantry and loyalty, preserving only and accentuating the notion of a certain thick-hided patience. If Balzac's faith ran something near to fanaticism, yet, so far as the world of art is concerned, it is surely founded on wisdom. It is true that it is only after name and character have been joined together by the inspiration of the author that they cannot again be put asunder; but the marriage only reveals, and does not beget, the elective affinity. There is a similar revelation of affinity, in spite of Schopenhauer's dogmatic utterance to the contrary, when music is married to immortal verse by a composer of dramatic genius. Common-sense would scarcely evolve Schumann's melody from Heine's *Ich grölle nicht*, or Heine's poetry from Schumann's music; yet that marriage of music and verse was none the less surely made in heaven.

Oftentimes, however, either there

has been lacking the genius to create or discover names of the miraculous potency of Z. Marcas, or novelists have lacked faith in the discernment of their readers; and recourse has been had to manufactured names with obvious meanings. Dickens, who had a wonderful faculty for creating or discovering, at all events for his ludicrous or vulgar characters, droll and *bizarre* names of startling aptness, has given us also Lord Frederick Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Dotheboys Hall, and a multitude of like inventions. How far is this a legitimate practice? There are people who go into ecstasies of admiration over the ingenuity and wit displayed in the invention of names like these. There are others who scornfully condemn the device as a symptom of poverty of imagination or mistaken art. Most readers, I fancy, will find themselves differently affected by different examples. Many a reader will be startled and offended by Wrench and Filgrave as names for doctors in George Eliot and Trollope, who would have an easy tolerance for Lord Frederick Verisopht, and would positively enjoy Jingle and the Veneerings. For myself, I revel in the Deuceaces and Bareacres, whereas it is a relief to me that Becky so soon merges her too significant name in that of poor Rawdon Crawley. And, upon reflection, the different judgments would seem to be due to no irrational caprice of taste. The kind of name felt to be appropriate depends upon the author's method of presenting his creatures. No sane reader quarrels with the Fidessas and Duessas, the Sansfoys and Sansloys of the 'Faerie Queene.' Every reader of sense derives the keenest satisfaction from the names of the diverting

population of Bunyan's *Vanity Fair*—Sir Having Greedy, my Lord Fair-speech, and Mr Facing-both-ways, Mr Love-lust and Mr Live-loose, Mr Heady and Mr High-mind. The reason is clear. Here we are in a world of allegory. The aim is to teach the reader, not to take him in with a show of reality. Here we are only one step removed from the old miracle-play, with its abstract virtues and vices brought on to the stage without any pretence of substantial personification. Bunyan's narrative may beguile us till we follow the combat between Christian and Apollyon with a zest like that with which we watch one of D'Artagnan's feats of swordsmanship, or Jan Ridd's prowess with his fists; yet all the while we remain aware that Christian is not a man, but a personified type.

Let us go a step nearer to the novel. Of the motley crowd who people the English comic stage, a large proportion are signed in the forehead with these directly significant names—from Madge Mumblecrust and Tibet Talkapace of Ralph Roister Doister, down to the Surfaces, Teazles, Crabtrees, Backbites, Absolutes, and Languishes of Sheridan, to come no later. What a world to live in, were it real! Carlyle had a vision of an unclothed world, where the robes should fall from king and courtier, leaving only so many forked radishes, with heads fantastically carved. But the ensuing chaos would be order compared with this world of exposed souls. The commerce of life would be at a standstill. What way could be found of being genial with Morose or confidential with Sir Giles Overreach, or with what countenance should we introduce Sir Amorous la Foole to the ladies of our family? We should have to stuff

our handkerchiefs down our throats on being gravely introduced to Sir Fopling Flutter and Major Oldfox, unless, perchance, unseasonable mirth were checked by the reflection that our own style and title had to be given in exchange as Dame Pliant or Sir Epicure Mammon. Why do not such absurdities, such patent unrealities, mar our interest in the great comedies? Simply because the world of the comic stage is not, nor is it presented as, the everyday world of decently disguised souls and bodies. This very unreality, the making transparent of opaque realities, is a chief element in the delightfulness of the comic drama. "The Comic Spirit," says Mr Meredith, in his introductory remarks to 'The Egoist,' "has not a thought of persuading you to believe in him. Being a spirit, he hunts the spirit in men: vision and ardour constitute his merit." It is noteworthy that it is only in his comedy characters that Mr Meredith allows himself the use of such significant names as that "masterpiece of scientific nomenclature," Sir Willoughby Patterne. For comedy, we settle ourselves in our seats and adjust our opera-glasses, and lay ourselves out to extract the uttermost measure of critical amusement from the sayings and doings of the cleverly constructed world beyond the footlights. Illusion of reality is not sought. Significant names are a part of the game, like the other conventions of the stage, from soliloquy to rouge and powder. They have many special advantages in comedy. They do for the comic dramatist what a well-known story did for the ancient tragedians, or for Shakespeare in his historical plays,—they give to the gestures and speeches of the actors pungency of irony and

piquancy of revelation. But a comedy must be something more than an allegory. There must be a counterbalancing measure of realism. The comic dramatist must make you so far take his *dramatis personæ* for men and women, as shall enable you to sympathise with their feelings and lose yourself in their fortunes. A proper regard for young Absolute will not allow us to remember too rigorously Lydia's disparaging maiden name; and we are glad to be beguiled by the realistic touch given by old Absolute that she was not one of the Languishes of Worcestershire, but was the Miss Languish who came with her aunt, Mrs Malaprop, into their country just before Jack was last ordered to his regiment.

According as the element of allegory or the element of realism predominates in the artist's method, will be the wisdom or unwisdom of employing realistic or allegorical names. Where allegory predominates, where our attention is directed chiefly to the skill of the dramatists in showing up the foibles of humanity, and winding mean and vicious actions into situations of laughable entanglement, then names which point the character and explain situation come naturally in place. But where it is sought to stir pity and fear and sympathy with the sufferings and heroisms of men and women; where, as in tragedy, self-conscious observation of the writer's art should be lost in overwhelming feeling for the hero's destiny, there, so far as I know, such names have never been adopted. Ben Jonson, much of whose work is, as Mr Swinburne has recently said, a study not of humanity but of humours, uses significant names almost exclusively in his comedies.

Shakespeare, on the other hand, is sparing in his use of them. Justices Shallow, Slender, and Silence, with Fang and Snare the sheriff's officers—the majesty of the law always fares badly in the hands of satire; the constable, Dull; Froth, a foolish gentleman; Martext, a vicar; and that ragged regiment of Falstaff's recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf,—almost exhaust the list.

Have we not here the explanation of the instinctive shock which we feel on being introduced by George Eliot or Trollope to the doctors, Wrench and Filgrave? We are taking Middlemarch and the Middlemarchers in perfect seriousness and good faith. We know the people well, and understand their life; we need no prompting to divine the jar between the old humdrum practitioners and Lydgate with his modern science. To be told that the humdrum practitioner is named Wrench or Filgrave is like receiving a slap in the face. We are rudely awakened, the illusion of reality is brusquely dispelled. The names are so glaringly made up; it is too unnatural to find these names crying in the wilderness, preparing in the medical desert of Middlemarch a highway for a truer science. Where the aim is to produce by art an illusion of everyday reality, where the artist desires to keep himself and his artistic scaffolding entirely out of sight, or only presents himself for the purpose of commenting on people and things which are supposed to exist independently of him, then the flinging in the reader's face of palpably manufactured names is the unpardonable sin of art, inconsistency. It is not to be pleaded that names of this kind do actually occur in real life, sometimes with startling appropriateness. That truth is

stranger than fiction, it is said, is but another way of saying that fiction may not dare be so strange as truth. And the best disciples of perhaps the greatest master of legitimate names in fiction have recently insisted that the realists should rather than themselves illusionists, abstain from reproducing the startling in reality. In Eliot's case the explanation seems to be, that she adopts significant names just for the parts, to serve instead of description which they would bear; just as at the end of the list of *dramatis personæ*, of "serving-men," "sheriffs," or a more unsavoury name, the playwright sometimes has "Fang, Snare, sheriff's officers." But, however legitimate in the hands of the old playwrights, it is a practice inadmissible in works like Eliot's 'Middlemarch' or Trollope's 'The Doctor's House.' There, small as the point is, it is a flaw. It makes the art intrusive just where it should be main concealed; it wakes the reader's suspicious criticism where such criticism should be lulled to sleep. It is a variance in the least naïve of those scrolls, which are so naively out of the mouths of personages in old pictures.

It is not difficult to see how much more of naturalism Dickens can introduce than Eliot and Veneerings. The art of Dickens is often the art of caricature, often it is the art of grotesque. His world is a grotesque, palid, lurid, ludicrous world of half-lives. He has brought together a population of quacks and quack-banks, and waifs and strange monstrosities, for whom he has chosen extravagant names as acceptable. The only natural and proper names are the names of the poor. Another reason, no doubt

many of his names fit the people with such convincing exactitude is simply that the people themselves have as little of a third dimension as the names. In his wonderful art Dickens found room for characters that are hardly characters at all—not men and women, that is to say, but rather phantasms, admirably suited to heighten the effect of his *mise-en-scène*; phantasms that crack their finger-joints like Newman Noggs, or play some other pantomime which will add just the ghastly, or droll, or *bizarre* tone which he needs for his effect.

But what shall we say of Thackeray and his Deuceaces and Bareaces and the rest? Thackeray is verily as great a realist as a great artist can be. He prides himself on presenting life as it is, unseasoned by the hot spices of artificial romance. Nay, he employs devices to entrap the credulity of the reader—the device, for example, of making Arthur Pendennis, whom we know independently, tell the story of his young friend Clive Newcome, and the noble meek-hearted gentleman with whom he had seen the boy at the Cave of Harmony. Yes, Thackeray is a great realist, if ever there was one. His characters are no decorative figments to amuse our fancy. They have become some of the men and women we know best, personal friends or foes of our own. It consoles us for living in these late days of a reformed Parliament, that we have lived late enough to have known Colonel Newcome.

They were no tears of unreal sentiment that we wept over his martyrdom; it was a very genuine itch we felt to kick Barnes. In Thackeray's case the justification of the artificial names, if it be right to speak of justification, lies in this, that with all the solid reality of the life portrayed, we are never allowed to lose sight of the author and his art in portraiture. He is ever at hand to underline the snobbery or laugh off the pathos. There is a strong strain of the satirist in him, and satire is akin to allegory; there is even a strain of the caricaturist ready to emerge in the midst of his noblest art. He is especially fond of putting on the airs and graces of the showman. His preface to 'Vanity Fair' is headed, "Before the Curtain"; and this great novel of real life concludes with "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." And we accept Thackeray's showman's humour. He chooses to treat a character as a puppet and call it Deuceace—that is his whim; we know the man, and believe in him none the less. We are not to be taken in with the made-up name. "The famous little Becky puppet," he wrote, "has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints and lively on the wire." No: for my part, I cannot allow Thackeray himself to treat Mrs Rawdon Crawley as a mere puppet; and that, I think, is why I resent her artificial maiden name.

W. P. J.

WOODCOCK, SNIPE, AND PLOVER.

THE woodcock in times past was a bird little known to the general public; to most he was a feathered myth, heard about but not seen. As a boy I have often listened with admiration and wonder, not unmixed with awe, to accounts given by some sportsmen relatives in our marsh-lands, of their having had the good fortune to shoot a cock or even a pair of these birds. That was spoken of as by a rare chance, and the "how, when, and where" was given with much exactness and detail. They never kept them for their own table, but invariably presented them to gentlemen who were known to enjoy such game. Curious and strong prejudices existed amongst our folk in regard to eating and drinking. Of woodcock I remember they used to say, "Birds thet was always suckin' stuff out o' pools an' dykes could not be good for much. Frogs did that, an' Frenchmen fed on frogs." The connection between woodcocks and frogs I always failed to discover, beyond the fact that both got their living in moist places. I can remember also the account that was brought home of the cooking and serving up of one particular pair that had been so presented; and the very wording of the note of thanks the gentleman wrote in acknowledgment of "the luxuries so kindly forwarded." The note was thought much of, and religiously treasured, as having been "writ by the squire's own hand." The manner of the bird's cooking was also told in strict confidence by the squire's cook. I recall it all as though it had happened only yesterday, and the expression of thankfulness,

echoed by all at our tea-table none of them had "got to eat frenchified muck as that." then the climax was reached one told how tomatoes—or, as called them, "love-apples," freely eaten by the same gentleman, cooked as vegetables, and raw as fruit, freshly plucked the vines. "'Tis a real wond gentlefolks doesn't pisen selves," was the universal comment on this statement. vegetables from a gentleman's den I have often known receive with scorn. "They never ha 'em, and they waun't agoin' t 'em now."

The woodcock is the prince of his family. Note him as he comes out from under the drooping branches of juniper and larch where he has been bunched on the dead bracken and with mottled leaves that match exquisitely pencilled plumage of browns, fawns, drabs, and greys, barred and scrawled with still darker tones, than either black nor brown. So perfectly does the plumage fade with the tones of his resting—that a man might almost take him in passing by—and, in such has often been the case. Only his glorious eye, formed that of the owl to catch all rays of light in the gloom, might betray the bird's whereabouts to the wandering naturalist, who slips round his haunts by day with movements as cautious as those of the rabbits that about near his hiding-place. Scientists have stated that the woodcock is a night-feeder, but have no wish to dispute that; but it is on comparati-

light and clear nights that he will do best. In dull weather, too, I have known him leave his snug covert to "fossick" about with that wonderful long bill of his, well furnished as it is with sensitive nerves, in the dead leaves of the scrub oaks. A plump, dainty-looking, well-set-up creature he is, as he trips here and there with head knowingly held on one side, his bright, full, moist eye glistening. That bit of velvety green turf beside the runnel shows him off to great advantage—in fact he is no longer a brown bird, the green shows him up as the beautiful creature he truly is, as delicately marked as the wry-neck.

A wood-pigeon claps off from the branch of a fir-tree near at hand: it is quite enough to startle our friend, and he squats down as closely as ever a toad—bee-snapping Gabriel, our rustics call him—squatted when he heard the owner of the bee-hives coming where he had been devouring the inmates wholesale. And now he is on his way again, turning and sorting the dead leaves from side to side, with an occasional upward flirt of his tail that shows the white and black markings, a movement that has proved fatal to numbers of his family in the olden times, when the falcon was used for their capture. In a work on falconry that I possess, I read how the owner of a favourite falcon went out with it to fly at the woodcock. Finding him at last in the glade—the bird's action of flirting up his tail having betrayed him—he flushed him, and threw off his falcon. One bird tried to mount right above the other until both were mere specks, and soon lost to sight, then both came to earth together, the falcon fast bound to her quarry. The flirt of the tail still betrays the

woodcock to the eager sportsman; and when his breech-loader has laid the bird dead on the turf, he plucks a feather from the wings and tail as a trophy.

As to myself, I have no design on the pretty creature; I carry only a good field-glass, with which I have been watching his movements from a hiding-place in the low tangle on a dull afternoon. At the first rustle, as I move, he is up and off, diving, twisting, and dipping in and out of the network of bare twigs without touching one of them, in a wonderfully adroit fashion; then he vanishes—a mere streak of grey and brown.

One is often asked what is the best way of watching the creatures: my answer is, "A suit of grey, a good field-glass in hand, and the quietest of movements." A two-foot rule and a measuring-tape, backed by the best library in the world, will not make a naturalist. A practical naturalist knows well that all birds and animals vary; and you will find as much difference, comparatively speaking, in the sizes and dispositions of a nest of young birds or a litter of animals, as you will in a family of human beings. They will not all reach the same size, nor will they attain to equal depths of colouring. Three conditions also make a vast distinction—birthplace, food, and climatic differences. This applies more especially to the birds that migrate more or less. Great numbers of woodcocks breed in the United Kingdom every year, but the great body of them come from foreign shores and return again to them, as many at least as escape capture. Woodcocks vary greatly in size and weight: well-fed birds will run from ten, eleven, and twelve ounces up to fourteen or fifteen; some again will not weigh much over eight ounces.

There have been well-authenticated instances of individual birds being killed weighing twenty-two ounces, and more; but as this article is not written from the sporting point of view, we need not enter into the matter fully here.

In certain districts the birds are variously marked; I have had woodcocks from the New Forest, from St Leonards, and Tilgate Forest, also from the coverts on the Surrey hills. They were certainly all cocks, yet not one was like the other, either as regards size or depth of colour. The bird from the New Forest was remarkable for the plumpness of his body and the shortness of legs. The friend who brought him told me that the woodcocks were all of the same stamp there, and they called them New Foresters to distinguish them from others. The cock from the coverts on the Surrey hills, where at one time they were numerous, was a larger bird than the one above mentioned, and it was grey in tone; when compared together the difference was striking. The St Leonards and Tilgate Forest birds held a midway position between the other two as regarded size and colouring.

In my rambles I have come on very quiet places, known locally by the name of Cockshet, or Cockshut, Hill or Glade. "Cockshoot," I presume, it was originally.

Woodcocks, if not disturbed, have favourite tracks that they take when they leave the hills for their feeding-places on the moors below, some glade that they will shoot through, right down to the moist ground. Here, in my own time, nets would be hung in such a manner that the birds would dash into them and get captured like flies in a spider's net. Springes of various kinds were also used for their capture; but I gather from what the

old people of the locality have me, that the "cockshoots" were the more successful. The birds have vanished as well as those who worked them; the name is left.

The same method, only on a much larger scale, is employed in the capture of wild-fowl—the same tribes especially—on the flats of our sea-coasts. Large numbers are taken in this way; those who set the nets get to work before the gulls and the crows do. All waders can be caught if they are pushed to it; the cock paddles occasionally. The thing it is now certain he does is to carry the young to and fro between the nest to the feeding-ground. The female alone has been credited with this feat; but I believe the parents do the carrying. A cock chick is so small, the thing would be nothing. Still it is wonderful that it should be able to do it at all.

In quiet places the mother bird feeds her chicks by day. I have seen this generally the case when the birds have been formed in or on some soft tuft or tussock, just off the soft belt of the moorland. I am inclined to believe that in the southern counties the woodcock breeds early, for I was once seen with a female bird and her brood were running about in and among some half-melted patches of snow near the edge of forest-land bordered on the moor. It was their favourite haunt of mine, that was the feeding-place of the woodcocks. At a time have I been there when the sun had got behind the great fir-covered hill, making the hills look like a huge purple mass, the mists rising gently above the ground around it, giving the landscape a bloom like that on a bunch of grapes. Fresh and cool it is on the moorland farm, with blue

curling up from its quaint old chimneys, and the last glint of light falling on the farm meadows and the moor beyond them. From the farmyard a wooded lane, or rather a moorland road, ran round the foot of the hill. Down this covered way the cocks would come flapping and shooting into the moor beyond. At the foot of the hill, where only the little trout-stream separated it from the reclaimed meadow-land, the ground was so spongy and the bogs were so treacherous that the farmer's lads had to get long planks to put down when they wanted to gather the water-cress that grew there in lank luxuriance. Giant cress it was, yet "tender as a babby," the boys said. A wealth of wild life once existed there, but it has vanished, for the boggy ground has been drained.

I fear my readers will give me credit for romancing when I tell them how this actually took place, to my own knowledge. A man with money came and rented the whole of the district alluded to. He wanted to have more woodcocks and snipe, with a few other creatures about; so he drained their feeding-places in all directions, close to the breeding-grounds; because, as he said, it was wet to get about on! The birds could not put up with such treatment; they forsook the place, to his great wonderment, after all he had done for their benefit. After a time he too left the district. He bungled certainly, so far as the wild creatures were concerned, but in another way he had been of use to his fellows, without suspecting it; for good grazing lands and corn grounds now stand where formerly the bogs quaked. Now and again I hear of a brace of cock being shot there, or a wisp of snipe sprung; but that is nothing compared to

my time, when the moorland children snared both snipe and woodcock in the season, and the parents disposed of numbers of them in a mysterious direction. In the course of a morning's walk I have come on scores of snares set in or near the runnels in the moor. A strict principle of honesty between cotter and cotter existed as to these; each man or boy knew his own springes, and he never meddled with those of a neighbour. Whether this be the case now or otherwise, I am not prepared to say.

Before dismissing our long-billed friend, I would just remark that his absence is only a part of other changes, the wild spots he loved having vanished also. As a game-bird with the sportsman he takes high rank; as an article of food-supply he is of no real value, being simply a very small luxury on toast.

Much has been said about snipe, and by the most distinguished of our naturalists; for in certain districts of the United Kingdom he exists, or did exist only a few years back, in great numbers. To my mind he is a more game-looking bird than his larger relative, the woodcock. So far as sport goes, he is more to be considered, for he is, I believe, distributed all over the country in suitable localities, whereas the woodcock is, so to speak, more local in all his arrangements. You will generally find him in any likely wood, or on any moor, unless he has been much harried. The snipe, so far as I know him, shoots all over. All sportsmen are keen after him, being both a good bird for eating and good for sport also. Snipes are beautiful, both as regards shape and colour; but their tones of colouring run in stripes of yellow and warm brown, mixed with white and pale drab, the very tints of the withered herbage that they

hide or rest in. So closely do their colours agree with their surroundings, that you might be within a few yards of half-a-dozen of the birds without perceiving one, until they sprang up, shouting "Scape, scape," at their very loudest, and twisting like corkscrews. Very fractious they are in their movements: at one time you are not able to get within fifty yards of them, at another they will allow you to get close to them.

As far as food goes, snipe and woodcock feed much alike—that is, on worms of all sorts. The idea of living by suction has been exploded for a long time; it was once firmly believed in. A tame woodcock will dispose of as many worms in reason as you like to give him. To speak of tame woodcocks, snipes, and sandpipers sounds rather an anomaly; but some of our sportsmen naturalists have kept all these, and with success.

The mists of tradition that have hung over natural life are slowly clearing away; soon a mass of literature that has been bolstered up and foisted on a confiding public will be only waste paper. The "gentle reader" has been bidden to accompany the author to the outermost Hebrides or to the mist-covered mountains of Scotland to see such and such a bird in its native haunts, when one could see the same bird, perfectly at home, in one's own neighbourhood. Of course Scotland, and Ireland more especially, are the great breeding and gathering places for the snipe family; but they do not all go there. There are morasses and bogs in the southern counties of England where the birds congregate in large numbers.

One great bog I knew that used to be covered with dwarf bushes of alder, flags, and rushes, with mosses and the plants that thrive

in such spots: it was within an hour's walk of a thriving town, and there dozens of snipe could be heard humming and bleating day long, during the nesting

The wholesale robbery of nests for money, like many other pernicious practices of the present growth, was quite unknown amongst us then. A mother fond of a parent, will, nowadays, collect for his son a full collection of British birds' eggs, with the intention that it will give the taste for natural history. In such a case, but it was not necessary; you may give a boy but not capacity.

By the way, the cause or origin of that humming sound made by the snipe in his descent has been discussed by the ablest of modern naturalists. They have, however, failed to come to a satisfactory conclusion about it. The wing and tail feathers of the snipe are on the table before me as I write; and after various experiments with them I have formed my own opinion on this matter, however, I do not venture to publish it lest I be thought presumptuous. One point is certain, the sound does not proceed from the throat of the bird. When peewit was struck down at me whilst I had been walking amongst the reeds and young, it has been said that the humming which I heard was caused by the wings and their rapid sloop. So close are some of them come that I can see the shiver of the flight-feathers. Where birds have not been so much disturbed in their breeding stations, they take no more notice of man when he passes than would of the donkey that tramples the head of the thistle about their nest or young. I have seen Neddy flick his long ears and dashed down at him, and

make a bolt of it, sounding his horn as he retreated. The occurrence of that land told me that the reason they were so fearless was that in his father's time they had been fed and reared their young without being molested, and he gave them the same protection. Those are certainly the most fearless snipe that I ever made acquaintance with.

The peewit's hum, which is only heard in the downward flight, is caused by the wings and tail: the outer tail-feathers of the peewit are not curved, those of the snipe are. Snipes, when they manoeuvre and turn downwards like so many swallows, make a humming rustle in the air descent. When I hear the utterance of the snipe's hum dismissed, as I do at times, a vision of cool dark-green leaves and patches of golden bloom comes before me, and I see quiet fields spangled over with weeds, and the blue and white flecked overhead. If I could be there more and hear that sound, I would not be curious as to how it was accomplished. Most vast quantities of snipe that are captured for the game-dealers are killed or springed; and they come from the Continent, where capture and that of other wild for this country alone is an important industry. Commonly few of those sold are killed in the United Kingdom.

It is this on the strength of information. The net is worked much like lark-net in this country. Sportsmen often make use of associating snipe with reed-beds; he likes the shy places where he cannot find cover at the water's edge. He is like most other snipe, yet their living from the water's margin; no matter

how much they may wade and paddle in it, they like a dry place to nest in. The snipe, after he has had a good feed and has washed the dirt off his bill and feet, generally retires to some dry tuft or tussock for rest. Like those of all waders, his wings move him vast distances with apparently little fatigue: it is only when really heavy snow sets in, followed by keen frost, that the snipe comes to grief. In such seasons hundreds perish, starved to death.

They are not found now where they were once plentiful, because their haunts have been turned into corn-fields; the partridge calls to his mate where the snipe hummed and bleated high overhead, for the benefit of his long-billed partner as she sat on her large handsome eggs far below him.

If birds come upon a suitable locality as regards cover and food, they soon frequent it. From one small pool, where there was a warm spring, that never froze even in the hardest weather, surrounded by fine alders and willows, I have put up wild duck, teal, and moorhens, water-rails and snipes, to say nothing of the herons that visited the spot. This was in hard weather. As to siskins and redpolls, or redpoll linnetts, the alders were alive with them.

The owner, a miller, gave me permission to shoot there; and he or his son usually accompanied me, for it required two of us to shoot there properly. After a mallard had plumped down dead with a splash, or a snipe had given the last flick with his wings as he lay spread-eagled out on the green weeds that never got frost-bitten about that spring, one not used to the place would think it was little use staying there. But we knew better; in a short time, from our hiding-place, we would

see the snipes shooting high overhead once or twice, and then they would pitch down into their favourite haunt once more. The mallards were more cautious: they would dash round many times, in large circles, before they plumped down again, but after a time they did this to be roused again as before. We did not kill every bird we fired at, nor did we get all we did kill, although we had a good water-spaniel. It was a treacherous spot for moving about on; the water was full of weeds. We lost some of the mallards, for a bird may be mortally hit, and yet have strength enough left to dive when he falls. He gets entangled in the thick weeds, is too weak to clear himself, and so dies there, where he cannot be reached. It may happen too that he drops just out of bounds, on another man's part of the water. One finds some folks so very tenacious of their rights in all such small matters of flotsam and jetsam. It is not worth while arguing with these. In my younger days I have been guilty of using a small amount of physical force, judiciously of course, before I could get others to look at the peaceful side of the argument in the same light as myself; but those days are far away now—one can only be young once.

That dainty, smart, little fellow, the jack-snipe, is a rarer bird, so far as numbers go, than his larger relative—though any little irregularity in the ground, a rise or a depression, that will shelter a skylark, will hide him from observation. The hollow left by the hoof print of horse or bullock in the soft turf is sufficient. If a tuft of grass droops over it he is at home. When he frequents the water-meadows, any one of the tiny rills that intersect them in

all directions—having just enough water in them for a loach or a stickleback to wriggle up—will provide him with food and a happy hunting-ground. He will stick like a leech to a spot that suits him. For a bad shot he is a most valuable bird; lads delight in jack-snipe shooting—for he may be fired at and missed for half a day, without deserting his favourite bit of water-meadow or his splashy rush-field. He is richer in colouring than his larger relative, having beautiful bronze, green, and purple tones in some of his markings. A small fellow truly is little Jack, yet he manages to keep himself in good condition—weighing, however, only about two ounces at his best. If he reaches a quarter over the two ounces, it is something grand for him. Up to the present time his nest or eggs have not been found in England, to my knowledge at least. Reported instances have been given; but after careful examination the eggs have been proved to be only small specimens of those of the common snipe, or heather-bleater as he is sometimes called. Little Jack-snipe, like our common sandpiper or summer snipe, will trip and probe along the edge of any drain near a town for his food-supply. A railway station has no terrors for him; the rush and rattle of trains will not daunt him or his larger relative, if there happen to be a drain or two near, or, still better, a large culvert. There is something very attractive, in the shape of food for snipes, to be found in sharp weather at the mouth or sides of a warm drain, from a town or railway station.

I own to a high degree of irritability against the system of capturing birds and their eggs to supply so-called collectors—saving the mark—in season and out of

Bird Act is in force preservation of birds breed here, nor ever a sore subject with shooters and all true naturalists. One thing r as our rarer British cerned, any mouching s his living in a way to himself and to ovides specimens for, and their full nests, his sleeve at the Bird

Act; for I know there specified that ncommon can show ngle half-hour in cer- without being shot. creatures had all of ewildering, dodging little jack - snipe it better for them. In t of ten they would

system of extermina- gard to members of family, to which the undoubtedly belong, to ventilate. There that, for they come ast sanctuaries and unds far away, in , as they have done othing will stop the birds in its due the fens are drained reat extent, so that are now limited, and nust pass on to other they can find all that

Those that do find spots here and there ry, now few and far heir original wildness, in see unmolested by their agents.

ird the stone curlew, e a link between the the plover, is to a local in his habitat. habits are like those le bustard. Sandy

wastes, rough, broken, bare country, great stretches of no-man's-land, suit him best. He is a bird of passage, but I have known him shot in the dead part of a very hard winter; so they do not all depart. The researches in ornithological science of late years show that the most dogmatic statements of some authorities (?) require to be qualified a little. It would appear as though our country were going through a climatic change; the summers are not so hot, nor the winters—saving part of the last one—so severe as they used to be in my young days. That may account for some birds being found now that were not found then. The question is, Were they looked after then as they are now?

The grey plover is found near the coast-line; he, like his very near relative the golden plover, has a black waistcoat in the breeding season. In his winter dress he is hardly to be distinguished from the other, at least by ordinary shooters. One mark alone will tell the difference at any time: the grey plover has a small hind toe, the golden plover has not. As regards the breeding-place of the grey plover, recent search has proved that the Siberian tundras, or marshes, is one locality. Man has yet to discover that bird Eden, where a particular section of the waders in lagoons have bred undisturbed for successive ages; rushing thence in countless hosts to frequent the shores of the whole known world, giving life, with their beautiful forms, lively actions, and shrill voices, to most dreary places. Perhaps one should call their voices penetrating rather than shrill; no matter whether the air be calm or the storm rage, they can be heard.

Let one who is a true lover of

birds examine for himself the wings of a woodcock, snipe, or plover, or any one of the sand-pipers, and he will wonder at the perfection of anatomical construction which gives the birds such power of making distance, as we estimate it, a matter of small moment. We can judge from their flight, as we see it, very imperfectly what their speed is: of what it may be when they are up in the air, far above human sight, at full migrating speed, we can form no opinion. They know their own path, and their time to follow it; but "the way of a bird in the air" has long been a mystery, and to a great extent remains so.

The golden plover nests in this country, in the northern parts of England and Scotland especially. It is a far commoner bird than the grey plover, and it is the former species that supplies the game-shops with a dainty luxury.

The last member of the plover family that I would mention in this slight sketch of some of their number is the innocent ring dotterel or dotterel plover. He is associated with my earliest recollections, and, as I write, a long

shining stretch of sands comes before me, bordered by sand-hills or dunes, sprinkled over with bents and thistles. A blue cloudless sky is overhead, and nothing breaks the monotony of the level flat except the rotten ribs of some ill-fated vessel, which stick up, worm-eaten and festooned with barnacles; and no living thing is near except a motionless boy watching the dotterels that ran and piped about quite near to him.

Without waders the shores and flats would be dead and lifeless; they are for ever searching for food in one shape or another, only desisting when the waters cover their feeding-grounds. A most important part is played by them in devouring, as they do, hosts of marine creatures that would prove injurious even to some of the denizens of the sea itself if they were not kept in check by the waders.

A fellow-naturalist remarks that woodcocks and snipes do not visit the tide. This may be true in a general way; but in hard weather—such, for instance, as the birds suffered from so terribly last winter—you will find both of these feeding with the shore birds.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

MNEMOSYNE.

of memory has many none of them all viny or so truly as those of sound. It might that sight would link rely than these to the sing is believing, we seen is to know. In most exact language —*οἶδα*, I know, is the of the verb *εἶδεν*, to reless, blind men have tly memories; vision ct of distracting as pplying thought. It of Ministers at ques- the House of Com- l their answers, so as uracy; but those who House when the late was Postmaster-Gen- remember how un- sightless official used g statements full of detail.

ght, being subjective, s. Scent and sound, uid, are equally sub- nt, and so far might be not more trust- it is as recorders of ts; but they differ in respect, that their t affected by a sense u. The perfume of a sound of a trumpet werful to a grown child; but a child lake, a house, or a pressed with the size t compared to him- grows in stature, the grows on a propor- . At middle age a t his eyes and behold e left thirty years s never been there

since, yet all the well-known features present themselves as clearly as if he still stood among them. He resolves to devote a day to revisiting the old place; perhaps he has a son to enter in the same establishment where learning was drubbed into himself. When he gets there, is his recollection confirmed? Infallibly no. Even if familiar houses have not been pulled down and rebuilt, or the twilight lanes he used to idle in have not been transformed into busy glaring streets—if self-conscious villas and rectangular garden-plots have not covered the hillside whereon he knew nothing taller than the foxglove, or more formal than the breadths of fern—there is a change defying definition. Though not a brick may have been laid nor a tree felled since he last stood there, he is as much perplexed as Rip van Winkle. The distances are all false, the heights are all altered; trees, houses, and hedges stand in the well-remembered relation, but everything seems as if viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. There is the cricket-ground, and beyond it the brick wall of the garden; it used to be recounted as a heroic feat how Buller, one of the under-masters, once made so mighty a swipe to “long on” that he drove the ball right over the wall, and through the roof of the head-master’s vinery. Now what strikes the visitor is the perilous proximity of the glass to the wickets.

No; it is no longer to the man the same place it used to be to the boy—not the scene which in the interval has so often passed

before his after-sight. His own growth, alike in mental scope and in pounds avoirdupois, has made it impossible for him ever to be in the old relation to it again, so as to see it in the old proportion. An early Italian poet, Zappi, sings, "When I used to measure myself with my goat, and my goat was the taller, even then I loved Clori;" and throughout Zappi's life that goat remained the taller.

Alas! if that be so with houses and fields, much more is it the case with faces of friends. A man grows through youth to manhood and middle age; little by little the features of his associates change as his own change: the untiring sculptor adds line upon line so stealthily, here a little and there a little, that Tom still seems the same Tom to Dick and to himself as when they played in the eleven together; the same old jokes as of yore show no signs of wear and tear; still, perhaps, to each of them the future seems as much better than the present as ever it did.

"I say, old fellow," Dick says to Tom one day, "I declare your hair is turning grey!"

"Oh, I know, dear boy," answers Tom, jauntily; "all my family have that way with them, you know. Why, the governor (bless the old boy!) used often to tell me that he was as grey as the Bass Rock when he married, and he wasn't much over thirty then, I expect."

Or, perhaps, Tom's eye rests meditatively on the fifth button of Dick's waistcoat, as they stand palavering in the street.

"Holloa, old man!" he exclaims seriously, "you're not getting a ——?" and he passes his finger along the line of beauty. "I declare you are, though; 'pon my sacred Sam, you are! you're getting quite a bow-window."

"I? not a bit!" returns Dick, straddling confidently and pulling down his waistcoat; "that ass Stitchway never *can* cut a white waistcoat decently. Oh, one always puts on a bit of weight in summer, you know, but I'll soon work that off in August."

And so they mutually humbug each other, and neither of them notes the relentless arithmetic of time, till, perhaps, one Sunday afternoon, having strolled into Tattersall's yard, the naked truth of chronology is flashed upon them.

"Who the deuce is that nodded to me just now?" asked Tom of his friend Dick—"that fat old fellow there, with a red face and grey whiskers. Strikes me I know his face, too, but hang me if I can put a name to it!"

"Don't know, I'm sure," replies Dick, who is busy consulting the catalogue of to-morrow's sale; "never saw the beggar before in my life."

Presently the "beggar" comes towards them. "Why, Tom," he exclaims, "I declare I believe you've forgotten me! Well, it is a long time since we were in Lower Fifth together, still you might remember Harry. And you, Dick—why, man, you'd never have got out of that scrape with the catapult but for me."

They stand together again—Tom, Dick, and Harry—as they have not stood together for a quarter of a century, and, for the first time, Tom and Dick realise the fact that they are old fogies. Yes; not a shadow of doubt about it: they have the damning evidence of Harry's appearance to convict them. The sands have been running so silently all the time, the change in themselves has been so gradual, that, seeing each other

never suspected
t was going on,
is Harry, whom
ered as they last
-faced, slim, and
Achilles, grown
watery eyes, and
f age, to remind
f them is within
he half-hundred.
qual to the same
o one another—
ade that simple
knows he is the
and Harry, he
looks as old as
e is as much a
f them.

l of us sooner or
ddenly, the dole-
t youth has sped.
often embittered
on of coming age,
oftenest brought
face with know-
—like Tom and
ll languages have
is pathetic crisis.
dge, grow restive
feel to be an in-
pirit still young
l to durance in a

, woful Ere,
th's no longer here.
s so many and sweet
hou and I were one.
nd conceit,
thou art gone."

ents it too, but
outh of *la belle*
hopelessness of

onne et fière,
tost abatue ?

front poly,
ls, sourcilz voutlyz,
regard joly,
plus subtils ;

Ce beau nez droit, grand repetiz, .
Ces petites jointes oreilles,
Menton fourchu, clair vis, traictis,
Et ces belles levres vermeilles."

But Alfred de Musset, too gentle
to resist, mournfully shakes his
wise head and sighs :—

" Qu'ai-je fait ? qu'ai-je appris ? le
temps est si rapide,
L'enfant marche joyeux sans songeant
au chemin ;
Il le croit infini n'en voyant pas la fin.
Tout à coup il rencontre un source lim-
pide,
Il s'arrête, il se penche, il s'y voit un
veillard."

If eyes are such treacherous
witnesses of what is passing daily
before them, it follows that their
evidence must ever be an untrust-
worthy basis of memory. What
service were his eyes to George
Romney in preparing him to meet
again the wife he had deserted
thirty-seven years ago ? They had
learnt in the interval to study in-
tently the figures and features of
all the smart ladies who had sat
to him ; to revel in the statuesque
poses of the " Mistress of the
Attitudes," Lady Hamilton,—how
could they retain a faithful pic-
ture of the rustic Westmoreland
lass, as she was when he first
loved ? how much less could they
help him to recognise her in the
homely grey-haired dame, to whose
forgiving care he committed him-
self, broken with disease, when
fine-weather friends forgot him ?

The untrustworthiness of eye-
sight arises from its subjectivity.
All the senses, indeed, are sub-
jective, but some are not so easily
betrayed as others. The senses
of smell and hearing are vigilant
sentries ; nothing stirs memory
more surely than a perfume. Re-
visit after long absence a house
once well known, and though rooms
may have been repapered and re-

painted, though the familiar furniture may have had to make way for the latest freaks of upholstery, though new pictures hang on the walls and strange voices echo through the corridors—still there hangs about it the same odour, peculiar to that house and to no other, recalling countless associations that no unaided feat of cogitation could renew.

Although this is all too well known to bear repetition, and is alluded to here, not as the result of observation, but as what every one is familiar with, yet no one has ever explained why every house possesses its own distinguishing scent, differing from that of all other houses as indescribably yet as perceptibly as the *timbre* of one human voice differs from all others. This is probably the case even in those houses where uniformity of character and circumstance produce identically the same impression on the olfactory nerves of the casual stranger entering them.

Horace Walpole complains to one of his correspondents of the monotony of town architecture and furniture in his day. He says he never can tell at any moment whether he is in the house he is in, or in the one he has just come out of. But this could only be true of those houses where he was an infrequent caller, for his keen observation would soon have enabled him to detect individuality in the atmosphere of each. This *aura* is distinct from the well-known smells dominant in different classes of dwellings, such as the odour of "peat-reek" impregnating the cottages of the north; while in some parts of England houses of that class are redolent of bacon, in other parts of apples. In like manner, in a certain class

of small town-houses, lodging-houses, and the lesser grade of suburban villas, the visitor is certain to encounter the smell of roast mutton. This is as sure to happen as that he will be stung if he kicks over a bee-hive. If he dislikes pain he had better give the bee-hive a wide berth; if he objects to the smell of mutton he should keep outside houses of this description, for there it has been, is, and will be for evermore. It would make no difference could it be proved that mutton had not been cooked in the house for a month, or that the whole household lived upon herbs—that scent is indigenous to buildings of this class, and is altogether independent of domestic incidents.

But assuredly there is a subtler aroma which the chance visitor cannot perceive. The peat-smoke, the bacon, the apples, roast mutton itself, but produce the dominant air; along with each there runs a delicate *obligato*, touching the sense of any one who has lived or loved or suffered in that dwelling, and evoking ghosts with which the grosser effluvia have nothing to do. Any one can prove this for himself. If there is one room in any country-house that is likely to smell the same as the corresponding room in another country-house, is it not the smoking-room? Enter half-a-dozen smoking-rooms in the course of an afternoon, or as many as you can that are invested with associations for you, and say if there is not a difference between the smell of each. Of course they all smell of tobacco; but if you are not struck by the characteristic odour of each—the second scent; if you are not thrilled by a host of by-gones; if you do not hear the voices of the dead as though death itself

was no more; if you cannot feel the warm clasp of fingers long since fleshless, nor see bald pates once more covered with shining curls,—then you should take immediate precautions against creeping paralysis, locomotor ataxy, or premature senile debility.

Perhaps, after all, you need not take alarm; modern methods have tended in some respects to modify and disarrange the importance of the senses. No one thinks of cultivating the nose, although no trouble and expense is spared in training the ear and educating the eye; as an avenue of understanding and enjoyment, the faculty of smell is utterly ignored in our scheme of education. When Jacob the supplanter stood by the sick-bed of his blind sire, we read how Israel thought he recognised the odour of his first-born, and it pleased him. "See," he said, "the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." Modern prudery recoils from such a mode of recognition, simply because modern noses have been allowed to grow insensible to all except pungent or overpowering smells. Rightly trained, the sense of smell would indefinitely extend our æsthetic perception, and we might even learn to derive pleasure from some of the odours which our untutored faculties now make us consider unpleasant. The mere smell of kid gloves prevails to send an elderly gentleman into a tender ecstasy, in virtue of its association with a dancing academy, where, in his earliest teens, he lost his heart to a pink-cheeked maiden.

But enough of smells for the present; as a subject for special study, there prevails as yet in genteel society a remarkable degree of prejudice against them.

Sound, however, is under no such ban; all properly instructed people smile at the Scottish country gentleman who was kept awake by the nightingales the first night he spent at Florence, and complained that "he couldna sleep for the roarin' of some beasts in the bushes;" and sound has a connection with memory almost as intimate as scent has. As I write these lines, I hear under the window a strain that stirs a different train of recollection from that awakened by the blackbirds and thrushes which conspire to monopolise this month of March. It is the wintry little song of the robin, and it carries me back over a score of autumns to one bright October morning, keen with the nip of earliest frost, rich with newly stored stackyards, and radiant with splendour of changing woods.

I am once more in the noblest of all the English counties, Northumberland, more lavish than all the others in charms for the lover of scenery and of history—for the devotee of rod, of gun, or of boot and saddle. Yes—Meltonians must not snort disdain at this assertion; it is not intended to draw a presumptuous comparison between Belford enclosures and Ashwell pastures—between Coquetdale and Whissendine: yet these north-country foxes take a lot of catching, having, indeed, the knack of running straight in a degree not always conspicuous in their southern kindred. It needs a stout heart beneath his waistcoat, quick eyes under his hat, and a well-bred nag between his knees, to keep a man on terms with the Tynedale or Morpeth packs when scent lies hot on the Border uplands. Those who have conned the pages of Nimrod's

'Northern Town' may have learnt that hounds can race and men will follow in latitudes far north of the classical shires. It is in Northumberland more than in any other county that hunting, shooting, and fishing of excellent quality exist side by side.

I retrace my steps on that far-off October morning, till I stand, rod in hand, and cased to the armpits in waders, where Tyne rolls his dark flood between Bellingham and Wark. I was to begin that day on the doctor's stream, which laves the foot of the doctor's garden; for the said doctor (peace be to his kindly soul!), though a keen fisher, never used to turn out before mid-day, and, having none of the angler's proverbial jealousy, cared not though his stream had been whipped over before he came to it: he was pretty sure to show as good a record as any one who had preceded him. Perhaps the secret lay in the doctor's peculiar style of fishing. Most salmon-fishers believe in a low point and a sunk fly, in single gut (except in heavy water), in frequent changes of fly, and in using only one fly at a time. Not so the doctor: in sunshine as in shade, this original always used unstained treble gut, and fished with two flies on his cast of an unvarying pattern, very bushy, with grey wool bodies and long upright wings made of dyed feathers, resembling no living thing in the heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. These extraordinary compositions he used to fling out at right angles to the stream, and, with upright rod, draw them towards him along the surface of the water. That this heterodox method did not prove so unprofitable as by all the canons of angling it should have

done, may be judged from the fact that at the time of this, my first visit to North Tyne, the doctor had already scored upwards of one hundred and fifty salmon during the season.

Well, to return to my own proceedings: of course there was the usual argument with the attendant who "knew the water" as to the best fly to use. Salmon-fishing would be reft of half its delightful mystery if fishermen allowed common-sense to persuade them that, inasmuch as their lures must pass between the fish and the light, almost all theory about the colour of flies must be utterly illusory. Robert Robson (would that type could represent the exquisite Northumbrian burr in his name!) was loyal to the time-honoured patterns—the dun turkey and grey mallard; I, on the other hand, had made it a rule wherever I went to put up flies as different as possible from those locally in use, thereby, as may be supposed, often incurring thinly veiled contempt for my ignorance. As in those days dull and neutral tints were held sacred on most rivers, it followed that my polychrome collection used grievously to scandalise responsible riparian authorities. Robson fingered the Jock Scotts, Pophams, silver-greys, and other masterpieces with an indulgent disdain which even his excellent manners could not conceal. Finally he closed the box and remarked, as he drew a stained envelope from his breast-pocket, "The wetter is rayt. Her small, sir, and the sun is verry braitht to-day; I would advise you to try a small flee I have here," and he handed me a dingy, mean-looking insect about an inch long. "Our fish does not seem to heed the gaedy Irish flees," he continued, as I fingered the native manu-

facture fastidiously, trying in vain to smooth its hackle into some sort of symmetry; "I never seen any good come of using the like."

However, I had the fortitude or irreverence to put up a small Poynder of my own, and was soon up to my middle at the head of this fine stream, stretching the line bravely over what Robson assured me was a "vorry smittle [sure] place." Fish were showing themselves all over the pool. I could see them plunging like round-shot as far as the bend where, a quarter of a mile below, the river wound out of sight between high wooded banks; but although I fished most carefully over three or four that were rising close by, they paid no attention to the fly. At the end of twenty minutes or so, Robson called out from the bank that I should take off the stranger and try them with the "din tor-r-key"; but I replied, though with secret misgiving, that a fish which would not look at a Poynder would not look at anything. By this time I had fished a hundred yards down the stream: the current ran more languidly, and the surface seemed oily in the strong sunshine; the likeliest water was behind me. I noticed a dimple behind the fly, as if an over-curious troutlet had followed it round, when suddenly the line stopped—then came the well-known elastic drag, the reel spun round, and I was fast in a fish.

How different is the run of a salmon in a wide river with plenty of elbow-room, from the half-hearted struggles of one hooked in a narrow channel where he is from first to last under the point of the rod! This fellow played boldly, throwing himself well out of the water, showing himself to be a red kipper, turning 15 lb. on the scale when

we got him out. Another about the same weight hooked himself a little lower in the pool than the first, and as I was bringing him to shore the doctor came down the river-bank to watch the proceedings.

What a comical figure he was, and how clearly that robin has sung him to life again!—a little chubby, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired man in enormous waders, with a pair of twinkling blue eyes and excessively long whiskers hanging on each side of a shaven chin, the whole crowned with a broad-flapped hat of whitish felt, stuck all over with fuzzy salmon-flies and innumerable ends of gut. His appearance suggested irresistibly the sentences which were wont to be used as a test for French pronunciation: "Original des originaux! comment te désoriginaliseras tu?" "Je suis un original des originaux, et je me ne désoriginaliserai jamais que lorsque tous les originaux se seront désoriginalisés." Taken as a whole, his most remarkable features were the whiskers and the waders; and it was precisely these two which once combined, as he subsequently described to me, to land him in a curious fix. He used to wade very deep, till nothing remained visible above water except the hat, the whiskers, and the arms wielding aloft a Castle Connel rod. Thus immersed, he one day hooked a heavy fish which spun out the line at a great pace. In one of these runs, the handle of the reel caught in the doctor's right whisker, wound it close up to his cheek, and there was the poor little man with the reel bound closely to his jowl, and every flap of the salmon's tail communicating a thrill of anguish to his captor. At length he managed to struggle ashore, sent a boy up to his house

for a pair of scissors, and, having shorn the imprisoned whisker close off, succeeded in landing his fish.

Having begun it, I may as well complete the record of this, the first of many days since spent on North Tyne. Leaving the doctor in possession of his own stream and the pool below, which I had not touched, Robson led me down to where the river plunges into the gorge of Hargroves, reputed the best autumn cast on the whole of the Tyne. Here the little Poynder accounted for two more fish, besides stirring several others; and then, out of indulgence to what Robson called his opinion, and I his prejudice, I submitted to his attaching a plain grey mallard to the cast. The result, I feel sure, must have often provided for him the subject of complacent narrative, as going to prove the superiority of local knowledge to exotic arrogancy. Midway in the channel, where the river sweeps under the cliff of Hargroves, rises a huge boulder, round which the water roars and churns unceasingly. This rock bears the name of "Roaring Meg," and so high is the reputation it bears as a "smittle" spot, that probably any Tyneside angler who might be offered the choice of fishing five-and-twenty yards of water anywhere between Kielder and Prudhoe during an autumn day, would declare for ten yards above and fifteen yards below Roaring Meg.

I had fished this favourite spot once, if not twice, without stirring scale or fin. My own conviction remains unshaken, that had I persevered a third time with the same fly, the result would have been as propitious as that of exhibiting Robson's fetish proved to be. But that can never be tested now. Just as the little grey mallard

swung round in the strong water above Roaring Meg it was seized below the surface, thirty yards of line were torn from the reel, and a splendid clean fish threw himself out of the water below the great rock. It was the best fish of the day, and I could feel no resentment at Robson's caustic observation as he removed his fly from the lip of the salmon, "Maybe we'd ha' done better to fish wi' the grey drake raight through."

Bonny Tyneside! how I love that robin whose feeble note—

"Whispering I know not what of wild
and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo
sing,
When Ilion like a mist rose into
towers"—

has carried me, *procul negotiis*, to where your lordly reaches wind among the groves of Hesleyside! How grandly your towering cliffs flush into scarlet and gold before the November gales begin roaring across the North Sea; and how good it is to muse upon the kindly manners and quaint sayings of the race that own your beautiful valley as their home!

Situated as we are, perhaps it is doubtful how far we should conduce to our happiness or usefulness by intensifying beyond a certain point the vividness of recollection. Themistocles held the art of oblivion in higher esteem than the art of memory. Man has been synthetically described as an animal who weeps and makes others to weep, and most of us have some day to weep when we remember Zion. In most lives there is something it is wiser to forget—much unwisdom, many a disappointment, partings, lost opportunities, and hasty words—the degree in which that may be done depends much on

temperament; the more sanguine minds, though they cannot escape regret, do not repine. There is as much difference in the quality of grief as in the compass and quality of different voices:—

“Oh, my boy!
Thy tears are dewdrops, sweet as those
on roses,
But mine the faint and iron sweat of
sorrow.”

Over-sensitive spirits sometimes allow the remembrance of a heavy loss or single grievous fault to embitter the whole current of existence. Two persons lately stood on the shore of the Clyde on a bright summer day. A steamer came down the blue firth, pouring from her funnel volumes of black smoke, which trailed behind her in the calm air for a couple of miles.

“Isn’t it monstrous,” exclaimed one, “that that odious boat should be allowed to defile such a fair landscape? Surely those who live here, and still more those who come to the seaside for health, have a right to insist on legislation to put down the nuisance.”

“As for the blemish on the landscape,” replied the other, who happened to be a man of science, “I agree that it is barbarous in the last degree; but as to the injury to health I am not so clear, because if you could collect several miles of that smoke-trail and compress the solid matter, you would find it would all go easily into a single teacup.”

So it often is with the grief or remorse that is allowed to trail through and darken the whole course of a life. Analysed and vigorously dealt with, it would be found that it has been allowed to assume importance quite out of proportion to its intrinsic weight.

Then comes the question, was

Dante justified in pronouncing the oft-quoted judgment which has passed into aphorism?—

“Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”

Prosper Mérimée has left a record of a discussion he once had on this passage with his friend, Henri Beyle: “Il prétendait que Dante avait tort, et que les souvenirs du temps heureux sont partout et toujours du bonheur. Je me souviens que je défendais le poète. *Aujourd’hui, il me semble que Beyle avait raison.*” Dante’s sentiment is musically echoed in the verse of a modern Scottish poet—

“O, I wad fain forget them a’—
Remembered guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o’ licht far seen by nicht
Mak’ the near mirk but mirker still.”

Only you see the Scot, less scholarly than the Italian, has allowed himself the hazardous luxury of a metaphor—a kind of two-edged instrument that takes to be handled carefully. “Gleids o’ licht”—i.e., flames—though by contrast they intensify the gloom, do enable us to get through the night more safely and comfortably than we could do without them: though they may be too far off to dispel the darkness, yet their cheering influence tends to lighten the oppression. Dr Ross sounded a truer note when he used to say that as sunshine is stored up in coal-measures, so past joy and gladness may be stored up in the soul as a light-giver in dark days. How many lives would be barren of joy, or even of hope, but for the light reflected from a happy childhood!

This will be more clearly seen as the process of memory is more closely examined. Scientists ex-

plain how everything we witness, endure, or consciously enact, makes an impression, indelible except by disease or senility, on tissues in the convolutions of the brain. We must all have been conscious at times of the unexpected revival of such impressions, brought about by some external influence, when scenes, deeds, words which had long been as if absolutely forgotten, and as if they had never been, suddenly come to mind, either vividly or at first faintly, but capable, by mental effort, of being brought into clearer relief. The impression has been there all the time, but the mind has been too much occupied with other and newer impressions to be conscious of it.

It is easy to illustrate this by a simple experiment. Of all the materials common to every room in every house, glass is at once the least impressionable and the most enduring. If a name or word be traced with the pressure of a clean finger upon a clean window-pane (the glass must be perfectly free from all film of moisture or dirt), the writing will be invisible; but for many days, even weeks, afterwards, it will appear distinctly if the glass is breathed upon, gradually fade away again, and reappear as often as the breathing is repeated. This helps us to understand the mysterious process of memory. Some external influence acting on the senses produces an effect on the brain similar to that of the breath on the glass, reviving impressions made long before, the very existence of which was unsuspected, which no unaided mental effort could evoke. This is as true of a person with a good memory as of one with a bad one; the first has his "negatives" arranged in better order than the other, and

by practice has accustomed himself to handle them frequently and revive the record with which they are charged.

It is difficult to overrate the advantage of rightly ordering and exercising the memory, so vastly is the value of life thereby enhanced both as a possession and as an instrument. This is indeed the highest form of culture, though, alas! modern methods of education seem devised to huddle into the brain the greatest possible number of impressions in the shortest possible time, rather than to allow leisure to store them so that they may be conveniently resorted to afterwards. This is the answer to the puzzle so often presenting itself, why so many "double firsts" subside in after-life into creatures of no more than average brilliancy. The knowledge is there, the impressions are there, but they have been crammed in in such hot haste and consequent confusion, piled one upon the other, that it is only by chance that their owner derives any advantage from them in the conduct of life. Yet it would never occur to any reader to hesitate in choosing between a limited number of volumes conveniently arranged in shelves, and ten thousand heaped pell-mell on the library floor.

Some of the best work in the world has been done by those who were reckoned dullards at school and undistinguished at college. The fact is that the education of these only began when the harassing system of cramming came to an end. The value of knowledge consists not in possessing information, but in having it so arranged that it can be produced when the occasion requires.

If anybody doubts this, let him consider the case of a man who may be supposed to have received a

deeper impression than any other of which human beings are susceptible—namely, one thoroughly in love. Depend upon it, that portion of brain-tissue impressed with his mistress's image is breathed upon pretty frequently in the course of each four-and-twenty hours. He can produce it at will, and, as often as he has a spare moment, out comes the mental photograph, and he revels in contemplation of the fair vision. He knows so exactly the spot occupied by this plate among the others, and is so accustomed to take it out for the solace of his soul, that even when the will is at rest and he asleep, trickles of thought flow over it, and Edwin dreams of his Angelina. But it is only by poetic licence that he can declare she is *always* in his thoughts. She is nothing of the kind. If he is a proper lover she is oftener there than anything else; but were it true that his thoughts never turned aside from her image, the man would be a ninny, not a lover: he would forget to pull up his boots, to pay his servant's wages, to go out to dinner, or to attend to necessary business of any sort, and would probably be killed at the first crossing. But he is a devoted swain all the same, and proves it by the certainty with which, as often as his mind is free from other needful heed, he breathes on the glass, and straightway appears, not Phyllis or Amaryllis, not Lydia or Chloe, but Angelina.

As with the enamoured Edwin, so with the true lover whose mistress is Knowledge. There is no fear but that the plates are sensitive enough to receive all her impressions; the important matter is so to arrange them in the storehouse of the brain, that at any moment the breath of thought may be directed upon the right one to

produce the image required. From Simonides of Cos, who lived five hundred years before Christ, down to our own day, men have busied themselves in devising mechanical aids to memory. Roger Bacon, Raymond Lully, Petrus de Ravenna, Lambert Schenkel (whose feats of memory were so extraordinary as to cause him to be persecuted as a sorcerer), Winckelmann, Leibnitz, Richard Grey, and many others, have propounded systems of mnemonics, in each one of which reliance seems to have been mainly placed on eyesight as the only sure index, the influence of scent and sound being altogether ignored. The usual method prescribed by these masters was the wedding together of ideas, names, phrases, and events with visible objects, such as the buildings in a town, and especially with articles of furniture in the different rooms of a familiar house, so that the sight or recollection of each should evoke the image of the subject connected with it. Cicero mentions with approval the prescription of Simonides: "I owe thanks to Simonides of Cos, who, they say, first formulated the art of remembrance. . . . It is true that the natural faculty of memory cannot be created by such exercises if it does not exist; but undoubtedly, if it is latent, it can thereby be roused." When the Children of Israel passed over Jordan, Joshua made them set up twelve stones—"That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones?" they should hear the narrative associated with them.

It is a light thing, after venturing to demur to the utterance of so great a seer as Dante, that one should find himself at issue with one of Cicero's authority in thir

matter of memory : certainly the reflections put forward in this paper on the intimate connection of scent and sound with that faculty are at variance with the conclusions arrived at by the great orator. He confirms, in the "De Oratore," an observation by Simonides to the effect that those things fix themselves most firmly in the mind which are supplied and confirmed by the senses. So far there is no difference between us ; but it is not easy to follow him when he goes beyond Simonides, and lays it down that of all the senses, eyesight is the keenest and most to be relied on as the basis of memory. One longs to argue it out with him, and to ask if poetry itself does not owe its origin to the assistance to memory furnished by rhyme and metre ? If sound is not charged with association, how is it that the passions of men are so deeply stirred by music ? What lashes a rabble into riot so surely as the "Mar-

seillaise," with all its memories of blood and tears ? What touches the heart of the exile to such tenderness as the songs of his native land ? And how, even in this utilitarian, ultra-economic age, when the word has been passed to put down all panoply and display, can the maintenance of military bands be justified except by acknowledging the magic of chivalrous association that exists in martial music ?

It is to our loss that we neglect the training of all the senses as handmaids to memory, for to most of us it arrives, soon or late, to echo the sigh graven on an urn at Leasowes :

"Heu ! quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari, quam tui mem-
inisse."

("Woe is me ! so much less it profits to converse with the living than to dwell on the memory of the departed.")

HERBERT MAXWELL.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS.

AMONGST the hardy perennials with which we associate the names of our legislators, Professor Bryce's yearly *Access to Mountains Bill* is not the least known. For nine years, as Mr Bryce sadly told the House of Commons, it has been struggling to come to the light, and in nine successive years it has perished—choked by malevolent chance or by the exuberance of parliamentary verbosity. This year it seemed that the time was at length arrived. On Tuesday, February 10th, Mr Bryce had the first place on the paper of the House of Commons with the following notice:—

"To call attention to the hardship suffered by her Majesty's subjects, in being debarred from walking on large uncultivated tracts of mountain and moor land, particularly in Scotland, and to the necessity of securing their right of access to such tracts; and to move—That legislation is required whereby, subject to due provisions for the protection of property and of the privacy of dwelling-houses and pleasure-grounds, the right of access to uncultivated mountains and moorlands shall be secured to her Majesty's subjects."

Everything looked clear. The *Tithes Bill*, which was then occupying the energies of the House of Commons, should, according to its previous rate of progress, have been well on its way to the Lords. But in the House of Commons nothing happens but the unexpected. A remarkable access of vigour in the opposition of the Welsh members characterised the report stage of the *Tithes Bill*. Still more surprising was the vivid interest in the measure suddenly developed by Mr T. Healy and other Irish members.

Into the causes of this change we need not enter. Its consequences were, that Scotland was once more trampled on by a tyrannical Government, and the day bespoken by Mr Bryce was appropriated to the general uses of the nation.

Once more the fortunes of the ballot befriended Mr Bryce, and he obtained the first place in the ballot for Friday, May 8th. But again the cup was dashed from his lips. The prolonged discussion in Committee on the *Irish Land Bill* made it necessary for the Government to demand the whole time of the House. The unfeeling Mr Smith declined to make any exception, even in favour of so old a friend, or to find Government time for the discussion, and even the most sympathetic of private members seem no way disposed to give it precedence over their own hobbies. There appears, therefore, every probability that another nine years may elapse before Mr Bryce has at last the chance of submitting his motion to the judgment of the House of Commons. Under these circumstances, it does not seem premature to forestall parliamentary discussion.

It must be confessed that the proposal is at the first blush an attractive one, especially perhaps to Southern ears. Englishmen who find themselves in Scotland as lawful and exclusive occupiers of its mountains and moorlands are few. Those who desire from them that enjoyment which is not exclusive are many. The problem which Mr Bryce has set himself is to improve the position of this latter class. Many a tourist whose only knowledge of the Highlands

is in the months of August and September, and who finds himself hampered by the restrictions of deer-forests, thinks wistfully how "purposes of recreation or of scientific or artistic study" should set him free of the country, and blesses Mr Bryce. For it is to be observed that in Mr Bryce's hands the question purely concerns tourists, and, as a fact, almost entirely English and foreign tourists. Curiously enough, he does not include crofters in his view. To most people it would appear that if there is any grievance at all it will be felt by the crofters. If there is any system of undue exclusion, then it is those whose lot has been cast by birth among the mountains who have the highest claim to their free use. But this is not the view of Mr Bryce. His resolution of the present session is vague on the point, and treats of her Majesty's subjects at large as on an equal footing. But the bill introduced year by year by Mr Bryce, and this year dropped only for a technical reason and to give place to the resolution, is presumably to be regarded as the full expression of his views. The preamble of that bill expresses clearly the objects :—

"Whereas large tracts of uncultivated mountain and moor land in Scotland, formerly pastured on by sheep and cattle, have of late years been stocked with deer, and attempts have been made to deprive her Majesty's subjects of the rights which they have heretofore enjoyed of walking upon these and other tracts of uncultivated mountain and moor land for purposes of recreation and of scientific or artistic study :

"And whereas doubts have arisen as to the respective rights of the owners of uncultivated mountain and moor lands in Scotland and of her Majesty's subjects generally as regards the use of such lands and the

access thereto, and it is expedient to remove such doubts and to secure to her Majesty's subjects the right of free access to such lands for the purposes of recreation and scientific or artistic study, subject to proper provisions for preventing any abuse of such right."

And the principal enacting clause is the following :—

"Subject to the provisions hereinafter contained, no owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moor lands in Scotland shall be entitled to exclude any person from walking or being on such lands for the purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study, or to molest him in so walking or being."

Thus the bill does not touch the case of those who have occasion to traverse the hills, not for purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study, but in pursuance of the needs of daily life. If any case of general or widespread exclusion of such persons could be made out it would win general sympathy. But Mr Bryce makes no such attempt. He passes by the crofter altogether. With an enthusiasm that may be excused in the hero of Ararat, he is absorbed in the interests of the climber, and merely throws in as a makeweight the pursuit of scientific or artistic study. Here undoubtedly he is on his firmest ground. An artist at his work is a fixed object, and peculiarly liable to the interference of a fussy or ill-natured proprietor. Botanists and geologists should have free range. But the number of artists and of persons engaged in serious scientific research in the Highlands is extremely small, and the number of forests where such men would be refused access still smaller. Instances of foolish rudeness to distinguished men have

been known, but such cases can be left to look after themselves. *De minimis non curat lex.* And further, it must be remembered that there are other scientific workers who will not enjoy popular sympathy and do not deserve encouragement. It is fair to say that under the provisions of the bill both the oologist of Birmingham and the enterprising botanist who exterminates rare plants are excluded from its scope; but it is obvious that any relaxation of the general rights of occupiers will make easy the road for such scientific marauders, who may not all announce their purpose beforehand with the candour which has happily brought to nought the recently proposed expedition for harrying the birds' nests of the Shetlands. But primarily and in the main, Mr Bryce constitutes himself the champion of men on pleasure bent. He makes an attack upon one class of her Majesty's subjects who use the mountains of Scotland for the recreation of sport, on behalf of another class of her Majesty's subjects who would use the same mountains for the recreation of climbing.

Put in this form the case for the bill seems scarcely conclusive. Mr Bryce would probably urge that the one class is few, the other many. But this cannot be conceded without proof. It may be granted, indeed, that those who think they would climb are many; but what is open to question is whether the number who actually would climb Ben Alder or Ben Macdhuì, and who are prevented by causes which Mr Bryce's bill would remove, is greater than the number who at present enjoy their sport on these mountains. Even with the most accessible moors the same doubt arises. I have walked for many

years unchallenged over the moors behind one of the largest of the Clyde watering-places, and do not remember ever to have met a soul. This objection, however, even if well founded, is not final. Mr Bryce would reply that while the one use is only limited by the number of persons desirous to take part in it, the other is exclusive and involves the closing of large tracts of country against all but a few favoured individuals of her Majesty's subjects. Upon this assertion we may fairly join issue, and into the truth of this contention we will proceed to inquire. For my own part, I am content to approach the question from the same point of view as Mr Bryce. True, I must confess to having walked those uncultivated moorlands with a gun, to having shared the keen anticipations of grouse-drives on those mountains, and to knowing the all-transcendent excitement of deer-stalking. But I look at the question primarily as a lover of hills and a climber of them, and as concerned for the interests of those that love them and that climb them. Many such there are, loving the Scottish hills, and familiar with them in their winter, spring, and summer as well as in their autumn aspects. Alpine climbers and Englishmen are apt to think lightly of Scottish hills. They have only been upon them in September under the guidance of gillies, and for the purposes of sport and not of climbing. But let them try the same hills in March, or even in May and June, when the snow and ice still lie on the higher faces, though the daylight has nearly reached its longest; let them remember that, in the words of a well-known climber, though a mountain has but one top, yet the number of ways to that top are

infinite, and that on true climbing principles that way only is to be discarded which is easiest; let them attack Scottish hills in this the spirit of the Alpine Club, and they will find that Alpine pleasures are attainable nearer home than in Switzerland. From men who treat the Scottish hills in this spirit Mr Bryce gets small thanks. They are feeling no substantial grievance. They experience no general or systematic hindrance to their freedom. They have much more unquestioned liberty than the law concedes. They care nothing for the concession of the right to access, which is not in fact obstructed. But they fear the general setting by the ears which would be the outcome of Mr Bryce's measure. They believe that as its result they might find themselves with smaller facilities for mountaineering than at present; for there are many indirect hindrances which landowners and sporting tenants, if really driven to the defensive, could throw in their way. By the putting down of inns, by prohibiting the hospitality of keepers and shepherds, by the erection of walls and barbed fences, and in other such ways, more serious obstacles could be thrown in the way of the climber than he now finds in the whims of individual curmudgeons.

In the absence of any statement from Mr Bryce, it is hard to define the exact scope of his complaint. In terms, his resolution applies to the whole three kingdoms, with special reference to Scotland. His bill, on the other hand, is limited to Scotland, and the narrative of the preamble lays all its stress on deer-forests. To these last we will return presently. It is in regard to them and to moors near towns that, if anywhere, a grievance exists. Meantime we will deal with the

rest of the country. In the first place, we may probably consider the attack as regards the moors and mountains of England, Wales, and Ireland as a mere feint. No complaint is heard from any of these countries, and, from the limitations of Mr Bryce's bill, we may fairly conclude that none exists. In the next place, there are the hills of the south of Scotland and the grouse-moors of the north. From these, again, no complaint is heard. It is proverbially hard to prove a negative, but perhaps it may be allowed to quote the experience of one or two typical individuals. No testimony on this subject is more valuable than that of Professor Veitch, whose evidence cannot be objected to as that of a sportsman, and whose knowledge of the southern Highlands of Scotland probably exceeds that of any man since Sir Walter Scott. In reply to an inquiry, he says:—

"I may say I have had nearly half a century's experience of walking over waste, uncultivated land, and moorland in the southern counties of Scotland, and I have never once been challenged for trespass during all that period. The counties most frequented by me have been Peeblesshire, Selkirk, Roxburgh, Berwick, Lanark, and parts of Dumfriesshire. The glens, hills, and moors of those districts I have found perfectly free to the pedestrian at all seasons.

"It is true that I have usually abstained from grouse districts about the 12th of August and for some little time thereafter, as I had no desire to seek my pleasure at the expense of the pleasure of others. But I can say that at no time have I met with any challenge or molestation on the part of keeper or owner.

"With the Highlands of Scotland and its practices I am not so well acquainted."

As to the Highlands of Scotland, apart from the deer-forests, perhaps

the best evidence to quote is that of Professor Ramsay, as keen a mountaineer at home as in the Alps. He writes:—

"For all persons who do not wish to annoy their neighbours, all grouse-moors, all pasture-farms are practically open to the pedestrian as it is. Unless a man wants to traverse a beat where sportsmen are actually shooting, no difficulties are placed in the way of persons crossing moors or open grounds, except, perhaps, where these are in the neighbourhood of towns. But in such cases restrictions must be imposed."

Professor Ramsay's views are of the more importance because he is the president of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and thoroughly acquainted with the views and experiences of its members. That Club is of itself an important piece of evidence. It was founded recently with the following objects:—

"To encourage mountaineering in Scotland in winter as well as summer; to serve as a bond of union amongst all lovers of mountain-climbing; to create facilities for exploring the less known parts of the country; to collect various kinds of information, especially as regards routes, distances, means of access, time occupied in ascents, character of rocks, extent of snow in winter, &c.; and in general to promote everything that will conduce to the convenience of those who take a pleasure in mountains and mountain scenery."

The Club lays down as a fundamental principle of its constitution, "The members of the Club shall respect proprietary and sporting rights, and endeavour to obtain the co-operation of proprietors." Its membership is about a hundred, and it includes many of the most zealous climbers and walkers in Scotland. The Club issues a journal giving accounts of the doings of its members. From this journal,

and also from personal communication with a considerable number of the members, it is probably safe to say that the view of the bulk of the members is that expressed by Professor Ramsay, and in the following letter from the treasurer of the Club, Mr Gilbert Thomson, C.E., who writes:—

"My own experience is that I have never been challenged in going where I wanted, and I have done a fair amount of climbing at all seasons. Of course I should not expect to go unchallenged through a grouse-moor in August, or a deer-forest in the stalking season; but there are many hills which are neither one nor other. The members of the Club to whom I have spoken on the subject are all much of the same opinion—that we should be better to trust to the common-sense of proprietors, who, as a rule, are willing to give any reasonable facilities, rather than to any compulsion. If the law gives us a pound of flesh, we shall doubtless get it; but at present we get more than that pound by courtesy, and we could not expect in future to get more than the bare letter of the law. There is, I think, a general feeling that we should give and take, and that, as we have practically freedom to do as we like during the greater part of the year, it is very reasonable that the proprietors should not be disturbed during the short period necessary for their sport. Of course there are exceptional cases of men who give no permission, and in regard to whose territory I suspect most members of the Club would have no scruple at any time of the year. I don't think that many of us, however, would like to see all proprietors harassed on account of a few. Speaking for myself, I believe that were Mr Bryce's bill passed, the difficulty of access to many parts would be greater than it is now, by indirect hindrances, such as discouraging inns, &c."

Testimony of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely to show that through the greater part of Scotland there is no grievance re-

quiring the intervention of the Legislature. But it must be borne in mind that if legislation is unnecessary, it will certainly, as Mr Thomson points out, be mischievous, because it will set people to stand on their rights in a province of law where those rights are singularly ill-defined and overlapping, and where peace depends on mutual forbearance and reasonableness. The truth is, the law of trespass in Scotland stands in an anomalous position. It conveys a command without a sanction. It is pithily expounded by Mr Rankine¹ :—

“Except in the exercise of a public duty, or of some public franchise or private right, no one is entitled, without the permission of the proprietor, to enter his land or house on foot, on horseback, or in a vehicle ; or his private loch or river by swimming or in a boat. It is of no consequence whether the land be enclosed or not.”

But, on the other hand—

“As the law of Scotland never recognised the infliction of imprisonment for debt, so it knows of no penalty for a simple act of trespass ; but in the same way that a debtor was imprisoned as a rebel for allowing himself to be put to the horn, the trespasser may be severely dealt with, as in contempt of Court. He may indeed jeer at the time-honoured placard which threatens him with rigorous prosecution as *brutum fulmen*. But the proprietor or possessor of the land or building entered has the right to turn him off, ordering him to quit the land in a given or in any direction.

“In case of refusal to obey, the use of violence will be equally unjustifiable, and will equally found a claim for damages whether the intrusion be founded on an alleged right-of-way or servitude, or, on the other hand, be an impudent trespass not justified by any claim of right. . . .

“In cases of simple trespass, the only remedy at law is the purely civil preventive process of interdict, . . . but decree will not go out unless the complainer can prove a reasonable apprehension of the repetition of the same or similar intrusion.”

It is obvious that this state of the law gives boundless possibilities of friction, and in fact reduces matters to a deadlock between landholder and trespasser determined to insist on the utmost of their rights. Smooth working depends on the general moderation and good feeling of both sides. Mr Bryce's proposal only increases the opportunities of collision, if, as would be the probable result of his bill, the parties are set at arm's-length. How does Mr Bryce propose to prove to an incredulous gillie on the lower slopes of a mountain that his purposes in ascending are those of recreation or scientific or artistic study? If the gillie chooses to maintain the contrary, and to assert that Mr Bryce is in reality there for the purpose of taking eggs or for the pursuit of game or other wild birds according to the time of year, or on his road to an illicit still, or that he would not resist a rare fern or a plant of white heather, how is Mr Bryce to vindicate the innocence of his intentions? In such matters the bill leaves, and must leave, a discretion in the hands of the keeper. To do otherwise would be to leave the poacher, the smuggler, and the oologist unchecked. If, then, the proprietor chooses to make himself disagreeable, and to exclude mankind, he will find it as easy to do so by challenging their motive as at present by challenging their right. He would lay himself open, no doubt, to an interdict, upon satis-

¹ Land Ownership in Scotland, p. 123.

factory proof led before the sheriff that the purposes of the would-be climber were as stated; but such a contingency would be somewhat remote, and in any case too late for the day's expedition.

Hitherto we have spoken of the country at large, but there are two cases which must be dealt with separately—land near large towns, and deer-forests.

In the neighbourhood of large towns, if the excuse of recreation gave a positive right to traverse uncultivated lands, very serious damage might be done by gangs of lads to cattle and sheep, as well as to young trees and to game. The right of action which the bill leaves in such a case is poor consolation. It would be very difficult to prove the definite injury caused by leaving a gate open, or chasing sheep, or frightening a cow near calving. It would be almost impossible to bring home to any individual and to recover damages for injury caused in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by carelessness or ignorance and not by malice. In the great majority of such cases it would be throwing good money after bad to attack a lad not worth the powder and shot.

If farmers and tenants were acting unreasonably and with undue severity, and were, in fact, seeking to confine her Majesty's subjects to her Majesty's highways (the only places, perhaps, outside their own houses, where in strictness they are of right), then it might be necessary to force these inconveniences upon them. But, in fact, there is no serious allegation that they do not act with due discretion. In the neighbourhood of Glasgow, for example, I can testify from personal experience to the freedom of cross-country walks.

Cross-country running clubs, too, are numerous. The Clydesdale Harriers, for example, numbers about 700 members, mainly resident in Glasgow, and do not find difficulty in the pursuit of their sport. Occasionally such clubs cause annoyance. It is not pleasing to a man to find that a pack of fifty young men have run through his covers two days before the big shoot of the season. It is irritating to him to find a trail of thickly scattered handfuls of paper running through his shrubberies and for half a mile along the verge of his avenue. But these are instances of individual carelessness subsequently fully apologised for; the clubs are most anxious to avoid any annoyance to proprietors and farmers, and even in enclosed country find proprietors and farmers fully disposed to give facilities for their sport. On the other hand, cases occur where proprietors are over-greedy. All along the Clyde the strip down to the sea is feued for villas and villages, and brings an income to the proprietor a hundred times larger than its moorland value. In some cases the proprietor is not satisfied with this, but seeks with high stone walls and rough-tongued keepers to close the hill against the inhabitants of the shore. There is an old proverb that a man cannot have his barley both in meal and in malt; neither should he attempt to have his land both in grouse and feuars. Such proprietors contrast badly with the Duke of Hamilton, whose conduct has made Arran the treasured playground of the West of Scotland. On that island, deer-forest though it is, the stranger has absolute freedom of range during the whole year, and access to some of the most beautiful scenery and

the finest rock-climbing in Scotland. It is to be hoped that the Duke's sport does not seriously suffer, but in any case he is compensated by the popularity which his liberal action gives him.

But what is primarily in the mind of Mr Bryce is the deer-forests. Though limited to a portion of Scotland, these cover a great and growing area. A stag could range almost without leaving a forest from Ben Cruachan on Loch Awe to Suilvain on Loch Inver; from Lochnagar, the corner of Forfarshire, to Ben Slioch over Loch Maree. Almost every mountain between the Great Glen and Strathcarron, between Fort William and Ullapool, besides the great tract stretching from Loch Etive to the Cairngorms, and almost to Mount Battock, easternmost of Scottish hills, lies in forest. This tract already includes most of the hills interesting to climbers, and it is yearly extending to take in the remainder.

If it were true that these hills were shut absolutely, and shut altogether to the general public; that attempts were being made to confine even the inhabitants to the public roads, or to get rid of them altogether,—the case would be a very serious one. This is the popular idea of a deer-forest, but it is happily far from truth. In reasonable hands, and in suitable places, deer-forests do not interfere with crofters. The stag keeps to the mountain; the crofter to his patches of cultivation by the sea-shore, or low down

in the glens, or at furthest to his grazing on the lower slopes. "Depopulation cannot be directly attributed to deer-forests."¹ In reasonable hands deer-forests are open to the public for nearly three-quarters of the year. It is only in July and during the stalking season—August, September, and the first half of October—that it is of importance to exclude the casual wanderer. The reason for closing forests in July is best explained in the words of a Highland proprietor:—

"Though one would not mind a solitary man coming in a civil way, yet it would be death to the mainland forests were the stags driven out of the sanctuary in July. In the islands it is different, as they could not go; but on all the mainland hills, as the stags are settled in bands on the tops, the effect of disturbance would be that the man with unpicturesque hills would get his neighbour's stags sent over to him. The Government people recognised this in sending the sappers, and instructed them to be out of forest ground before the beginning of July."

Once more we may quote the evidence of Professor Ramsay. Speaking of deer-forests, he says:

"For these, quiet is essential during the three stalking months, but at other times of the year I have found that proprietors and keepers are ready to give all reasonable facilities to persons whose object is recreation or other innocent purpose. In May, June, or July, let any pedestrian present himself to a gillie, and ask how he may best be put through a forest, and he will get all he wants. . . . In May

¹ Crofters Commission, 1884, Report, p. 85 *seq.*—With sheep all the low ground is required for wintering; with deer there is no such necessity. The clearances of which the memory is not forgotten were not for deer but for sheep, the favourite nostrum of the day for the Highlands.—See evidence of Mr George Malcolm of Invergarry, and Mr Darroch of Torridon (Evidence, vol. iv. p. 2822, 2889).

last, with the knowledge of keepers, I was able to go where I liked through the most secluded of forests."

Even stronger are the views of Mr Munro, yr. of Lindertis, whose enthusiasm for climbing and whose knowledge of Scottish mountains are unequalled. Writing from the island of Rum, under date February 5, 1891, he says:—

"I am very keen about hill-climbing, and have wandered through most of the Highlands of Scotland and over all the biggest hills at different seasons of the year, and I can truly say that I have invariably found proprietors and tenants alike civil and liberal. At this moment I am stopping at a lodge and climbing the hills of this island through the courtesy of the proprietor, with whom I am not personally acquainted. On more than one occasion I have been invited by proprietors to come up and spend the night at their houses instead of the inn, even when they did not know my name; and I have never experienced anything but civility and consideration both from the lairds themselves and from their keepers, stalkers, and shepherds, who are always most ready to give hospitality, often evidently without any expectation of remuneration. My views and experiences are, I believe, shared by most climbing men, and from a climber's point of view alone I look upon legislation on the subject as not only uncalled for but actually objectionable."

As this letter proves, the man who shows due regard for the conditions of sport can enjoy the country to the full without detriment to the enjoyment of others, and finds himself welcomed with cordiality. On the other hand, the man who insists on traversing the hills in ignorance or disregard of those conditions, will probably, for the sake of a few minutes' pleasure, inflict serious and most annoying injury on the pleasure of others. By a glimpse of his figure outlined

on the sky-line a mile off, he may spoil a stalk that has lasted a whole day. With a little luck he may give his wind to every deer on a mountain-face, and send a whole herd off the forest for a week. Considering the shortness of the stalking season, and the fact that every stag killed is reckoned to cost the proprietor at least £50, it can hardly be wondered that such men do not find themselves encouraged. The case is thus totally different from a grouse-moor, where the interference with sport can be only temporary and trifling; but even in deer-forests the claims of the public and of sportsmen are not irreconcilable, provided reasonableness and good-feeling exist on both sides.

For the most part, such relations exist; but there are, of course, exceptions, and it is to be feared that the amount of unreasonable action of this kind has increased of late years with the increasing fashion for deer-forests, and the gradual shutting up of larger and larger tracts for this purpose. It is not proprietors or residents whose conduct is to be complained of; but year by year more forests are let to strangers and Englishmen, to men who know nothing of the country or of their neighbours, and who care nothing for the public opinion of the district or of Scotland. They do not know what amount of exclusion is reasonable. They seek to shut their forests against every one, and for the whole year. When on the spot, they make difficulties in granting an insignificant permission; and when away, leave general orders for exclusion with their keepers. Fortunately, keepers are often more reasonable than their masters, or the difficulty would be much more acute. Of these an

American, Mr William Louis Winans, is the strongest instance. This gentleman holds over 200,000 acres in Strathaffric and Kintail, covering some of the finest mountainous country in Scotland. Every one has heard of his stopping roads and breaking down bridges, of his deer-fences, of his watchers doubled and posted in bothies at short intervals along his march like sentinels round a Soudan zareba, to defend a tract in which it is said that no one, not even himself, has fired a shot for years. These are matters of common talk; and he would be a hardy advocate who, if these things are true, should attempt to justify such conduct as "proper and legitimate exercise of the rights of property." A single story, the facts of which were proved before the sheriff, and decided on by the Court of Session, will show the nature of the man. The case I refer to is that of William Louis Winans against Murdoch Macrae.¹ That case was an action for interdict brought by Mr Winans against Macrae, to prevent the trespass of a pet lamb. The evidence was to the following effect: Mr Winans was lessee of Kintail, possessing about 200,000 acres of shooting, the greater part of which he had turned into a deer-forest. The public road ran through Morvich, and the defender's cottage and half-a-dozen other cottages were close to the road. The road was not fenced. The defender had built his cottage some twenty years before the date of the action. He paid no rent for it, nor for a small detached piece of ground used for growing potatoes. Mr Mackenzie, the proprietor of Kintail, deponed that he could not say whether the house

was built on the estate of Kintail or not, though it was surrounded on all sides by that estate. The plot of potato-ground was, according to the defender's evidence, held by permission of the former tenants of Morvich, who, it further appeared, were in the habit of allowing the defender and the other cottars at Cairngorm each to feed a sheep or two and a cow on the farm. When the pursuer became tenant of Morvich, he took steps to have this custom of grazing put an end to. The defender, who had two sheep at the time, put them away within a short time of receiving notice to do so. The incident on which the case turned is best told in the defender's own words, which were accepted as accurate by the Court of Session:—

"Within the last three years I have kept sheep. I had two hogs last spring. Mr Winans' head-keeper, Mr Ross, ordered them away, and I sent them away. I did not intend to keep any more stock after that. I remember that I was one day cutting peats near the march at Leanassie and Morvich, and I found a lamb. I found it beside the river which runs at the march. I identified it as my own lamb. It was three weeks old at the time. This was in the beginning of summer. . . . The lamb was in a very poor state when I found it. It was very weak. At the time that we were collecting the sheep for clipping it lost its mother and never found it afterwards. I took the lamb home. I did not drive it before me, but took it home in my arms. . . . My wife used to feed it with milk when we had milk, and when we had none she used to beat up eggs and sugar and give it a mixture of both. I have seen my wife feeding it many a time. . . . It grew gradually strong by the nursing of my wife, and it used to run about. It became such a pet that it would follow us wher-

¹ Court of Session Cases, 4th series, vol. xii.—June 3, 1885.

ever we went. It would follow every one of the children. I have seen it run after the shepherds and their dogs and go along the road after them."

The action was brought for interdict to prevent this lamb leaving the highroad and trespassing on the deer-forest. The defender's justification of his motives was this:—

"If you will allow me, I will state the damage the pet lamb has done. If this is allowed, a great number may be allowed to follow on the same principle. There are nineteen cottars, and there is no reason why, if one has a pet lamb, they should not all have pet lambs, why each should not have one or even ten."

But he admitted that the cottars themselves would prevent the deer coming to that part of the forest, which, it was said, was suited for the deer in winter. No question of right entered into the matter. The pursuer averred that the defender neither had nor asserted any legal right of grazing. The defender in reply admitted that he neither had nor had asserted any such right. We are confined to the lamb and nothing but the lamb.

The unanimous judgment of the Court may be best given in the forcible words of Lord Young:—

"I am of opinion that there was no trespass by the pet lamb of which a man could complain in a court of justice. I think a trespass—that is, an invasion of a man's right—may be committed by means of a pet lamb, for it may be put where it can do harm. But if you have 200,000 acres of rough land, with a public road running through it, and a cot at the side of the road,—the land being unfenced,—to fence that land against children or against a pet lamb by an interdict of a court of justice would, I think, be an outrageous proceeding. It is impossible to keep children confined to the highroad, it is impos-

sible to confine pet lambs to the highroad, as it is in like manner impossible to confine a cat or a dog. Life in that part of the country would not be possible if these unenclosed lands were fenced by interdicts of this Court against trespasses of this description. Interdicts are granted by this and other courts of law where appreciable wrong to a man, whether in his property or in his other rights, is threatened. Here there was no appreciable wrong. This lamb, saved and brought up in the manner your lordship has described, when a few weeks old followed the cottar and his wife and children, and even the dogs, along the road, scampered on to the grass occasionally, and, I daresay, took a blade of grass, but did no appreciable wrong whatever; and I decline by any interdict to protect unenclosed lands against trespass of that kind. To talk about the lamb growing into flocks of sheep and herds of cattle is really to talk in a way which makes no impression on my mind whatever. If a man wants to protect his lands from being invaded in this way—against children toddling on to the grass at the roadside, or a lamb going on to it, or a cat or a kitten—I say, if he wants to exclude that, he must do so by other means—by fencing the lands, for example, and not by applying to her Majesty's judges for interdict."

Such a story makes the blood boil. It can only be likened to the story of that other pet lamb told by the prophet to David.

"The poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." Truly, in the present case, too, when we hear how the rich man sought to take away the poor man's pleasure, we are inclined to echo the cry of the warm-hearted king, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die."

The misdeeds of such an individual tend to make the whole system odious. But this is an extreme and an extraordinary case. Such a man is condemned by the universal public opinion of Scotland, by deer-stalkers even more emphatically than by the rest.

Mr Winans, however, is not the only offender; he has his followers in the west. They will not be found among the lairds or men long accustomed to the country. Strangers they are and Englishmen, men who have recently bought a Highland estate, or more often, who are merely sporting tenants of it. Such, for example, was the gallant officer who, as the climax of his exploits, sought to close Canisp against the Geological Survey, declaring geologists "of no use except to frighten the deer and upset the Bible."¹

But tempting as is any scheme to abolish Mr Winans and his like, it must be remembered that hard cases make bad law, and that it would scarcely be reasonable to alter the general law of trespass in order to checkmate such isolated instances of selfishness.

It remains to consider whether legislative action of any kind is required. A scheme sometimes proposed is to establish a close time for deer-forests, to throw them open by Act of Parliament for nine months in the year, and to give more summary powers of exclusion to proprietors during the remaining time. This is a modification of Mr Bryce's scheme which would avoid injustice to the owners of deer-forests. But as compared with the present state of things, this plan would advantage no one

except smugglers and poachers. The innocent public would gain nothing, for to them the forests are already in fact open for the time in question. The proprietors would object to a statutory right being given to persons whose intentions might subsequently be found to be far from innocent; and finally, he would be a bold man who, without very tangible consideration to offer, should propose to the House of Commons to confer upon proprietors any fresh powers of punishing trespassers in deer-forests.

Unfortunately, it happens that the three months of the stalking season are also the three months of tourist traffic. Scotsmen who love the mountains can and do visit them in spring and summer, when the hills are free to them, and Scottish mountaineers, therefore, do not complain. But August and September is the day of the English tourist. Far be it from Scotsmen to complain of his presence. Through him come the swift steamer, the frequent coach, and all the comforts of the Salt-market. Let him be encouraged by all means, but let him not imagine that Scotland exists for his convenience. It is a delicate matter to weigh and balance the abstract claims of her Majesty's subjects in all places of her dominion to the use and enjoyment of the Scottish mountains. Those who live amongst them, whether crofters or landlords, must have the first claim. Scotsmen at large have the next. As between two gentlemen, each from five hundred miles away, the principle of propinquity does not apply. We are thrown

¹ This story is too good to omit, but the sequel should also be told—that after the first trouble was over, the gallant gentleman was most civil to the Survey, giving them fishing, &c.

back on a concrete argument to most minds of more importance, and that must go far to govern the whole question. A pays £1000 for certain sporting rights, and spends £1000 more on the country in the pursuit and enjoyment of those rights.¹ In addition to the money which he spends in wages, he reduces the burden of rates by one half. B pays nothing for his tourist rights, and spends £20 on the country in the pursuit of them. Which is it expedient to encourage, so far as can be done, without unfairness to other persons?

Fortunately the alternative does not arise in a practical form. Broad Scotland has room for both. Every sporting tenant is not a Winans, and the great bulk of proprietors respect public opinion where no attack is made upon the proper and legitimate exercise of their rights.

But there is one point where Parliament can interfere with definiteness and advantage. While the passing of Mr Bryce's bill would only serve to set all parties in the Highlands by the ears, and to loose all the waters of strife, yet in certain cases the public have definite rights, to the assertion and maintenance of which they are entitled. There exist through many of the glens and over many of the passes public rights-of-way which are in danger of being lost sight of. In some cases these are dropping out of use, in others they are being actively interfered with; and all kinds of artifices are used to disguise the old paths, and conceal the fact of their existence. There is danger that many of these

rights will be passively let slip for lack of any one to champion them. It is of the first consequence for the public enjoyment of the Highlands that they should be kept alive. They are of great value to the inhabitants, who, however, cannot, and often dare not, enforce them against a rich sporting tenant. They open much of the finest scenery in Scotland, and would go far to satisfy the wants of the active-bodied tourist.

Moreover, even in a deer-forest they do not interfere with sport so much as might be supposed. Deer learn to disregard what happens on a road they know. They watch with calmness a man or a coach passing on the highroad below them. A friend tells me he has shot a stag undisturbed by a train which at the critical moment of the stalk passed within a few hundred yards. Even on a bridle-path through a glen, they often do not concern themselves with men walking along; while if the same men should stop and begin to spy, they would at once become uneasy.

At present what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and rights of way take their chance. Gallant efforts at defending them are made by the Scottish Rights of Way Society and others; but the questions are too complicated, and the burden of fighting them too heavy, for any voluntary association or private person. The duty of superintending rights-of-way should be put in the hands of public responsible bodies. It is a task for which the county councils are eminently fitted. We can predict with certainty that they will not squander the money of the rate-

¹ In many parishes the sporting rental exceeds 50 per cent of the total rental. Taking twenty-five of the poorest mainland parishes, I find that the proportion averages 46 per cent.

payers upon needless law costs. The mere fact that a strong and responsible body is in charge of these rights will bring effective moral pressure to bear upon proprietors inclined to tamper with a public path. On the other hand, if there is a substantial question of law to be decided, it will be of the greatest advantage to the landowner to have a responsible opponent instead of the casual man of straw whom he may now be compelled to fight. Two bills embodying this principle are now before the House of Commons, the one introduced by Sir Charles Dalrymple, the other by Mr Buchanan. Into their details it is needless to enter. Either would be a valuable measure. Either would tend to secure the public in the enjoyment of rights which already belong to it. It is true that these bills might in some cases lead to contests, but contests cannot always be avoided. Where contests

arise they will be pitched battles on a clear issue and leading to large results. They will define for all time the general rights of the public to the use of a particular path. Contests under Mr Bryce's bill would lead to nothing. They would be fruitless fights of guerilla warfare, for they could settle nothing except the intentions of a particular person on a particular day. Any pedestrian would be liable to find himself at any moment embarked in a quarrel. Any landlord might find himself called on to vindicate the discretion of his keeper in a law court. Hence the bill would cause an amount of irritation entirely disproportionate to any advantage to be derived from it. At present tact and good feeling, on the whole, prevail through Scotland. Long may it be before Mr Bryce, by carrying his resolution, has the chance of setting the heather on fire.

J. PARKER SMITH.

THE OLD SALOON.

It is a long time since the present writer has sat in this familiar chair and handled the books on this well-known table. What will the public say if a critic ventures to tell it, that for a long time there have been very few books? All the same, of the making of books there has been no end. Printers and publishers have, we suppose, been as busy as usual. The young lions in the newspapers have not lacked their food. We read with our own eyes, in an advertisement only the other day, of a dashing work of travels that has gone through two or three editions, that it was "a gallant book"! "and that if a man wanted new hope and courage he might find it there,"—the man being sixteen or so, let us suppose. But even with this proof of genius before our eyes, we are obliged to renew our plaint. For novels, which at the present day are far the largest branch of literature, though we pretend to despise them as if they were scarcely in it, there is always something to be said. They are the worst and they are the best things going. In the ocean of folly there is always a rock or two standing up here and there—some of the old friends still, let us be thankful, and these two young demoniacs to put the old ones on their mettle, Mr Rudyard Kipling and Mr James Barrie. We feel the glow as of an old workman, refreshing the very cockles of our heart, at the sight of these young fellows baring their arms to their work. What sinews they have, what a swift strong touch, what intense and overmastering capability! Mr Barrie's demon is of the angel kind. It brings to light a whole district, an

entire village rapt in a soft illumination in which the secrets of every heart are revealed: and makes it apparent that the bad secrets are few, that a confused inclination towards the good is in most minds, for which all humankind may thank him; but "I think Rudyard Kipling must be the devil, to have all that power up his sleeve," says some one. He is a *bon diable* too, that reckless young Berserker, flinging out his armies and battalions to fight the world. What soldiers! not trimmed for ladies' society. And, by the by, one does not see that the young person, that critic feared of all the writers who would like to be improper, does our demoniac any harm—certainly not at least with his warriors, his war correspondents, his men. We would wish for ourselves that his ladies, those Delilahs of Indian stations, were dropped into the sea. If they are true, the more's the pity; but nothing so bad is ever fundamentally true. But then the men!—to be able to make a man or two, a living red-hot soldier, even a poor little tipsy hero of a drummer-boy, what a gift it is!

But this is an unpardonable digression. We should like nothing better than to set you forth these two young men, O gentle reader, the heirs and hope of the craft; and perhaps it may be so permitted one day. But, in the meantime, what we have to deal with is very different from these young heroes. The books before us are not those that light up the eyes and make the reader's heart thump in his bosom. Fiction is what fiction does, and that is a great deal in life. But those

great truths which are fact, in the lives of men, the records of the good and great, are more than fiction. Indeed every life is an epic in its kind, often not very capable of the telling, often so twisted up with other lives as to be indistinguishable amid the warp and woof of humanity, often demanding too much elucidation and explanation to be a practicable story; but always the most interesting among all the methods of literature when the necessary conditions of that expository agent can be fulfilled.

The life of Archbishop Tait¹ might not appear at the first glance one which would much attract the general reader. That it means the history of the Church of England in his time has been said with much truth; and tired as we are by squabbles and trials—by the hideous invention of the aggrieved parishioner on the one side, and the half-theatrical martyr in prison on the other, who is like the prisoner of the Vatican in voluntary durance, because he will give in to no man, specially not to his bishop—we are perhaps not deeply anxious to read, before it settles well into the past, the history of the Church of England. We confess, on our own part, to a great reluctance to tackle the lives of contemporary public men, which are chiefly a record of public events a little too old for immediate interest—having had that so recently at first hand—and much too young for history. But there is much more in Archbishop Tait's life than a mere narrative of ecclesiastical progress during the last

fifty years. It is not a work of genius: the writers have not, perhaps, been able, or even attempted, to present to us one of those vivid portraits that illuminate an age, or make a single figure stand out as if painted by Titian. Such achievements are very rare, and demand a great artist. And perhaps Tait was not the man for such a portrait. But there is here not only a most excellent narrative of the events in his life, with their great influence on the history of the time, but a clear grave image of the man as he lived and as he died, consistent, never losing a strong personal identity, such as is thoroughly satisfactory to the mind. Higher colour would not have been appropriate to the subject. It has not the relief of the Archbishop's robes, the red-and-white which tempts the painter, but is entirely set forth in those more serious tones which are the usual clothing of men in an undecorative age. But the grave personality, the individual character, is never lost. "A still strong man in a blatant land," is the best description that can be given of the portrait thus set before us. The Archbishop was not faultless; he had his weaknesses, as characteristic as his strength. Sometimes his moderation was, though it seems a contradiction in terms, carried too far. He was mistaken, perhaps, in some of his measures. He would scarcely be a man if this was not the case. By times he was too anxious to find the practicable *juste milieu*—the compromise that would work. By times, perhaps—but this almost, as might be said, fictitiously, for the advantage of the Church,

¹ Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. By Randall T. Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, and William Benham, B.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury. Macmillan & Co., London.

pressing an authority to which he was himself indifferent—he stood too much on the power of the bishops, and their right to enforce subjection—a power which seems to crumble away at the first assertion, and finds nothing but rebellion where submission ought to be. But the almost faultless temper and simple dignity of the man are admirably preserved through all, and we are made to see him in his plain dutifulness, without exaggeration, and with no adventitious interest or romantic light of enthusiasm thrown upon his plain but powerful career and character. It is by a simple truth, almost more impressive than art, that this result has been attained, and it is one highly creditable to the joint authors of this important biography.

Archbishop Tait was reproached to the very end of his life by his opponents for his Presbyterian mind,—a curious accusation to be brought against one who held his office so high. But anger is not discriminating, and perhaps what these critics meant was that he had an impartiality of judgment and broad sympathy, which is more fully developed among those who have close relations with members of another communion than among those who have been trained to believe that the kingdom of God is to be found only in their own. He had not a Presbyterian mind. His mind, we should say, was strongly Episcopalian, prelatie, loving above all things the sober authority of the Episcopate, a thing conventionally odious to Presbyterians. But he had the absence of prejudice which is natural to a man acquainted by absolute knowledge with the high mind and noble lives which can exist in a region of spiritual consciousness quite different from his

own. The son of a religious and good Presbyterian is not likely to consider his father's house as cut off from spiritual life because the Apostolical succession is not a doctrine held in it. To this divergence of his life from its original atmosphere he probably owed his extreme toleration and desire to reach a basis of agreement whenever that might be possible, and to oppose all violent measures with his utmost strength. This, unfortunately, is by no means a characteristic of the Presbyterian mind, which is as little addicted by nature to toleration as any mind can be; but a fiery assailant in a Church paper, or a red-hot curate at a High Church assemblage, was not likely to pause upon that.

Archibald Campbell Tait came of one of those excellent yet unremarkable families who are the strength and the salt of national life—well-born, in the best sense of the word, of previous generations of educated and responsible men and women—well-bred, at once in the fundamental sense of a life bound to serious occupation and service to mankind, and in the superficial sense of “the best education,” though he had always something of the Scotch indifference to recondite scholarship. His election to a scholarship at Balliol (where he had gone a short time before as Snell scholar) seems to have at once determined his career, turning him into the more highly cultivated paths of English ecclesiasticism from those homelier ways in which he had been born. It is curious, however, to note that his family had, up to the time of his own father, been Episcopalian, belonging to one of the old remnants of the Church which had never yielded to the form of doctrine and discipline established in Scotland at the Revolution. Very easy and

genial was the fellowship between the Established Church and the old non-jurors in that day. The Apostolical succession gave warmth to their own bosoms, let us hope, but imparted no ecclesiastical arrogance to those old native bishops and clergy who recognised the minister as a brother, and whose agency disturbed no parochial peace. No militant Directorship, or presumption of higher authority, was among such kindly old Scotsmen, Scotch of the Scotch, as John Skinner; neither was it known at a much later date, among men represented by Dean Ramsay, one of the last of those native and kindly priests. Intolerance came in with the new development, which made the old Scotch Episcopal chapel into "the English church," so-called in Scotland, and filled it with a new class of missionaries in *partibus infidelium*, contemptuous of the forms of faith which they did not know, and asserting strongly their own superior claims.

The fact that Archbishop Tait, for instance, was perfectly calm amid the uproar, so strangely foolish we cannot but think, which raged in the Church of England over such a practically harmless measure as the Burials Bill, was no doubt due to the fact that his forefathers had slept peaceably side by side with the "dourest" Presbyterians in the old kirkyard at Langside, and that no opposition had ever arisen to that natural and touching amity of the grave. So much as there was of change in his belief, or at least in the outward garments in which that faith was dressed, occurred on the verge of manhood when he came to Balliol, and his steadfast adherence to his principles was always conspicuous. Seven years after, when he was already tutor of his college,

the tempting opening of a Glasgow professorship, with its high fees and much leisure, had a great fascination for him; but notwithstanding the example of various other English Churchmen who had cheerfully swallowed the Westminster Confession, then a necessary formula for any occupant of a professor's chair in Scotland, Tait steadfastly declined to compromise his truth and honour by thus professing a nominal acceptance of standards under which he could not fight. "I have nothing to do with judging other people, but it seems to me that a man who, intending to remain an Episcopalian, sets his hand to such an unqualified declaration, does neither more nor less than write one thing and mean another." There was enough of that in another direction in those stirring days in Oxford. Either on one side or another the young don would have none of it.

It is curious to find how in the very soberness of his mind, deeply imbued as he was with a Scotch dislike of *gush*, and sensitive to the absurdity of overestimates of all kinds, the young scholar of Balliol (a personage not generally likely to make light of his own claims or think small-beer of himself) declares himself sick of letters of congratulation on the subject of his scholarship—"Written in as high-flown style as if I had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury at once, or been invited by the Poles, on account of my extraordinary merits, to accept the sovereignty of their kingdom. I am sure when these letters are published in my Memoirs they will be found a thousand times more bombastical than those which I receive when promoted to the first named of these dignities." This was no doubt said lightly enough and in jest, in the serene com-

posure of nineteen ; but it is a very curious utterance in the light of after-years.

Tait was throughout his life a fortunate man. At twenty-three he became a Fellow of his college. The reader does not need to be reminded what the period was in which this young man entered active and responsible life, for the air has recently been agitated by too many echoes and revivals of that exciting time to leave any one who has any title to the qualifications of reader, in oblivion of Tract xc., and all the tumults which arose from it. We confess for our own part that all the interesting subtleties of the mind of Newman, and his picturesque position, which is so dazzling as to confound the judgment, do not conciliate us to this much-discussed tract, and that the plain man's simple inability to see how he could "write one thing and mean another" is to ourselves much more sympathetic. We do not, however, intend to enter upon this question, which has already been so widely discussed, except to note that by the date 1841, at which it was issued, Tait at thirty was in so influential a position, as Senior Tutor of his college, as to be able to inspire and lead the Protest of the Four Tutors, the first strong barrier put up against that wonderful and exuberant flood. It was in Oxford, at least, the unpopular side to take. His own generation was drawn away to a great degree by that romantic and attractive influence, and some of his own most intimate friends were deeply influenced by it, and for life. Tait called no names, imputed no motives, at this or any other time ; but he set himself like a rock against the current which, in his plain and strong judgment, was sweeping onward not only to theo-

logical changes of the most radical description, but to what was of even greater importance, a loosening of the common bonds of truth and honour. He was not, perhaps, of the form of intelligence which can understand these subtle deflections, or harmonise them with any rule of morals. He believed black to be black and white to be white in such things, even though in practical life he was ever (perhaps) too much disposed to prefer the practicable grey in practical matters. This was his first public act ; and there is no doubt that to be one of the Four Tutors was not, in his especial world, to commend one's self to popular admiration and liking. It almost cost him his wife, the helpmeet who was so truly adapted to him, and of so much importance in his after-life. Fortunately so temperate in its strength was this first public utterance that it did not cost him his friends, although the natural progress of events and opinions carried many of them in a direction so different from his that familiar intercourse became less and less possible.

One of the best things in this admirably compiled book is the account given by Dean Lake of Durham of his lifelong friend at different periods of his career, which are at once graphic and understanding. Tait was his tutor, though but a few years older than himself, and impressed his friend early with an appreciation of unusual qualities. "He was then" (on leaving Oxford) "a man of marked character rather than of the genius which distinctly influences others — thoroughly Scotch in its independence, its caution, and its reserve of expression, but also with a reserve of power which belonged to the man himself—a character which was sure to grow."

His first step into life out of the university was the head-mastership of Rugby in succession to Arnold—a step sufficient to take away any man's breath. It is impossible not to wonder even now on what ground he offered himself, or why he was accepted for such a post. No young man of thirty in the world, one is tempted to think, could fill such a place, and scarcely any one from a foreign sphere, who had not been formed under the overmastering prestige and influence of Arnold,—a man who was not only a beloved teacher but a superstition. "It was mainly at the instigation of Lake and Stanley" that this step was taken; but both these authorities were stricken with awe and alarm, partially comic, at the consequence of the step they had advised, when, to their terror and wonder, their candidate, not a Rugby man, not sharing Dr Arnold's views, not a fine scholar, the climax of objection, was actually appointed. They express their alarm with youthful frankness,—a candour which, though it was deadly serious, is very amusing. "Oh, my dear Tait," cries the first, "I do not envy you if you get it! I quite quake for the awful responsibility of putting on that giant's armour. However, I really believe you are far the best. My main fears are for your sermons being dull, and your Latin prose and composition generally weak, in which latter points you will have, I think, hard work." Arthur Stanley is still more comic in his appalled sense of the tremendous responsibility. All the vivacious twitterings of his letters (very schoolboyish, one must acknowledge) come to an end in the overwhelming thought of his friend's temerity. This is what he says:—

"The awful intelligence of your election has just reached me. At any

time it would have been a most serious responsibility to me: from circumstances which have transpired in the last week, it is absolutely overwhelming. I have not heart to say more than that I conjure you by your friendship for me, your reverence for your great predecessor, your sense of the sacredness of your office, your devotion to Him whose work you are now more than ever called upon to do, to lay aside every thought for the present except that of repairing your deficiencies."

There is something half ludicrous, and which no doubt brought the twinkle of ever-lively humour to the new head-master's eye, even in the midst of his own very serious sense of responsibility, in the despair of his proposers over their success—which would not be less when Stanley's rueful apology reached him:—

"Forgive me if, in the first agony of distress, when your election brought before me what I had lost—not only in him at Rugby, but in you at Oxford—I may have spoken too sadly. You must not expect that I could go scathless through so terrible a convulsion as this has been."

There is a note of the hysterical in these outcries which is in curious contrast to the serious composure and inalienable good sense of the object of them. Tait no doubt knew his Stanley well, and understood what this terrible convulsion meant. He himself stands with a perfect modesty through all, feeling the seriousness of the position, the responsibility, the extreme difficulty of the task before him, yet standing fast with no emotional perturbation. "Without incessant prayer I am lost," is what he himself says in the privacy of his daily record. "Almighty God, give me strength of body to stand the labour of this place, and strength of mind to conduct myself in it aright."

The boys at Rugby, who in

hood felt "the care of all
arches" upon them; the
all moulded and impressed
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It a charge as ever man
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and to modify that super-
"There was truth as well
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Neither Queen nor people
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c of London which was
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posts in the Church, was
t due to his own merits,
excellent instinct of the
r who appointed him. But
d scarcely have attained
vation so soon but for the
ts—the little band of an-
ferers, five little daughters,
n he was deprived in one
t. Such an affliction im-
the most indifferent. The
writer recollects seeing
hop of London very soon

after his appointment, and being
touched and awed beyond expres-
sion by the lines of sorrow and
patience, the look of a man barely
escaped with his life from an over-
whelming catastrophe, which was
in his face.

His career in London is one of
which there could scarcely be two
opinions. He penetrated the whole
vast diocese with a swift and
thorough organisation; and though
no man has yet solved the tre-
mendous problem of how to con-
vert such a seething world of
human trouble, restlessness, and
suffering, into the harmony of a
dutiful and religious life, his exer-
tions made, the utmost that man
could say, such a difference for the
better as was not only highly per-
ceptible during his lifetime, but
has remained after him. The
Bishop of London's Fund is in it-
self a great thing; but greater still
is the enormous stimulation of
parochial work, and the great num-
ber, energy, and zeal of lay work-
ers, which has so entirely changed
the face of things within the last
quarter of a century. Much of
this is no doubt owing to the addi-
tional earnestness, which is the
happy result both of the Ritualistic
movement in the Church and of
that opposed to it. It is not often
that religious controversy of the
hottest and most impassioned kind
is attended by such a fortunate
accompaniment; and it is but a
due recognition of the real piety
and burning zeal of the High
Church party to allow that their
movement, which is concerned
about so many trivial things, and
which elevates vestments and can-
dlesticks into matters of moral
and religious importance, has at
the same time been the source of
most thorough missionary work,
and the highest philanthropic ex-
ertions for the good of the poor
While acknowledging this, ho

ever, it is necessary to add that a very great part of the activity now existing is to be attributed to the action of Tait as Bishop of London. He began his work not only by building churches, which his predecessor had already done, but by labouring personally at the work of filling them, not only with the usual respectable congregations who go to church by nature, but with those of the highways and byways whom he "compelled to come in"—by all manner of additional services, open-air preaching, and other modes of stirring and attracting the attention of those classes which it is so difficult to reach. These were the expedients of Methodists and Dissenters in the days when Bishop Tait entered upon the work of his diocese. He made it apparent that every effort for the evangelisation of the masses was church work,—that missionary labour at home was quite as noble as missionary work abroad, as self-sacrificing, and even more necessary. He procured the opening of Westminster Abbey and St Paul's for those afternoon services which have secured so large an attendance. He set the example of seeking out and making a personal appeal to the population of such great districts as Bethnal Green. Those proceedings stimulated every kind of effort, some of them perhaps more fantastic than useful, such as the services held in theatres, which was a temporary feature of the new influx of life; but they were also the beginning of the innumerable works now being carried out in every quarter of London, so that it may almost be said that no man, however wretched, is altogether out of the reach, save by his own obstinacy or by misadventure, of those saving agencies, public and private, which pervade every region of the greatest of cities. These

efforts were not always to the Bishop's mind. Exeter Hall and the theatres on one side, the ornate rites which attracted a gaping public on the other, were difficult agencies for a sober ecclesiastical ruler to deal with, and the Bishop's first charge is in this way an excellent exponent of the principles by which so much of his after-work was regulated.

"I wish to be very explicit as to the general principle I have followed in permitting or sanctioning these various efforts. When persons have come to me to propose any work of Christian usefulness in the diocese which has commended itself to the earnest approval of any considerable number of earnest and honest members of our Church—if it has seemed to me to aim, on the whole, at good ends, and to be undertaken zealously and in good faith, and to have some fair prospect of advancing Christ's work, I have not hesitated to give my sanction to it, though its arrangements and mode of action might be very different from what I should myself have suggested. I have thought that it was the duty of my office to present no obstacle to the fair development of each man's zeal, provided I believed him sincerely desirous of dedicating it to the service of the Church in which I am intrusted with authority; and if persons differing widely from myself, through respect for my office, have thus requested me to allow them to put themselves under my protection, and professed their willingness in turn to have their peculiarities restrained by my authority, I have not thought myself at liberty to decline. This metropolitan diocese is a world in itself, and its schemes of Christian usefulness must suit all tastes. Let all zealous efforts honestly undertaken with the view of advancing our Church's means of reaching souls be fairly tried. Properly watched and guarded, they will soon show whether or not they are likely to advance God's glory."

Cautious and Scotch to the utmost degree, the scoffer may say

—what High Church orators call the Presbyterian mind—was the Bishop's indication of efforts "that seemed to aim, on the whole, at good ends," "to have some fair prospect" of doing good—a most carefully modified statement. And yet what was it other than that utterance with which the highest authority of all subdued the vehemence of the intolerant apostle?—"Forbid them not: for he who is not against us is with us." This was the rule of Bishop Tait's composed and sober soul.

It was curious that such a man should have witnessed, and, to a great extent, regulated and kept in check, the two great movements that have disturbed the Church of England in his time—that of the so-called High Church or Ritualistic, Oxford or Newman or Romish, according as different classes entitled it. He was, as has been said, one of the "Four Tutors" who lifted the first protest against that extraordinary influence which threatened at one time to change the character of the Church of England altogether, his moral sense being altogether revolted by the method of interpretation suggested by Tract xc., and perhaps his honest plain intelligence lacking sufficient grace of imagination to understand the singular spirit who was its author. It is almost a relief to feel, after the outburst of writing with which the world has been full, that there was one good and indeed great man to whom the strange character of Cardinal Newman was an enigma which awakened more impatience than interest. It was, however, only what seemed to him as playing with truth which revolted Tait. His after-dealings with Ritualists were throughout of the most patient kind, and his

desire to avoid prosecutions and embittered controversy very great. It was for this purpose that he put forward, in what an impartial mind must feel to be a most reasonable way, the rights and position of the bishops, claiming for them an authority on ecclesiastical questions which, if there is any meaning in the office of bishop at all, should surely be accorded, as it is indeed their *raison d'être*. He states this claim, at once powerfully and simply, in almost the first instance which came before him at the beginning of his career as Bishop of London.

"The point beyond which a private clergyman must not go in following his own private judgment in the forms of public worship must surely, in the very lowest view of episcopal authority, be settled by the bishop; and I cannot but hope that when your diocesan, having given his best attention to the law and customs of the Church, forbids an innovation, you will drop the practice objected to, though you may think it right for your own justification to place on record that you do so merely out of deference to an authority which you feel bound to respect, and to which indeed the Prayer-book distinctly refers you in all points that admit of any doubt. I have told you that I have no intention at present of bringing such matters into a court of justice, believing that I best consult the wellbeing of the Church, already too much disturbed by the agitations of questions of ceremonial, by endeavouring to rule, as long as I can, by the quiet and private exercise of that power of godly admonition with which I am intrusted. Let me call to your mind that if, notwithstanding the legal grounds I have stated to you, you still suppose my exposition of the law to be erroneous, your dutiful acquiescence in my decision does in no wise prejudice the general question; while I believe you will on calm consideration find such acquiescence satisfactory to your own conscience, and far more likely than a contrary course

to further the great object you have in view—of your gaining and retaining a wholesome spiritual influence over your people's souls."

Thus the Bishop magnified his office, with a claim not of any official infallibility, but of that natural authority inherent in it, which indeed, as we have said, is its *raison d'être*, the chief and most worthy cause for its existence at all. It is very remarkable that the extreme members of the High Church party, with their very strong belief in the Church's authority, should have unanimously denied and resisted this power of the Bishop, not even pretending to yield him any submission at all. "I must respectfully decline to obey this command, as I believe that in issuing it you have (unintentionally of course) transgressed the limits of that authority which the Church of England has committed to her bishops," says the clergyman to whom the above letter was addressed. "And so say all of us," might his brethren have repeated in chorus. It was perhaps an instance of the "Presbyterian mind," and its simplicity, which made Bishop Tait believe that, having been set to rule in the Church, he had a right to be obeyed. His letters to the many recalcitrant clergy with whom in the course of his episcopate he was brought face to face, and who flatly refused to obey his commands or listen to his advice, are models of fine temper and anxiety for peace; but in no one single case do we find that his appeal to their judgment or their sense of dutiful subordination had the least success, which is an exceedingly curious subject of speculation and inquiry. For why should there be bishops in a Church if every man is to be a law to himself? and by what kind of strange self-contradiction is it that men who strongly

oppose all right of private interpretation on the part of the people should thus maintain their own right to judge for themselves, in independence of all authority? Perhaps, however, Bishop Tait's temperate appeal to their good sense and duty was not the best means of moving these hot spirits. A fulmination of imperious command might have suited the case better.

The legislation upon this subject, which was one of the crowning points of the Archbishop's life, is explained, and, we must add, defended very clearly and with much moderation as well as force, in the chapter upon the Public Worship Regulation Act. To say that it is defended with great elaboration and carefulness is to allow that the Act in question did not fulfil the purpose which was intended, of securing an easy and inexpensive treatment of such practical questions as those of Ritual, and thus of bringing a comparatively powerful solution to one of the problems of the time. The most obnoxious thing in that Act was the creation of the aggrieved parishioner, that impious zealot who can steal a wafer from what even he allows to be the table of the Lord, in order to convict of illegal practices the clergyman who administers it to him, "in remembrance that Christ died for thee." This monster was certainly never contemplated by Tait; and we should for our own part allow him no benefit of clergy should he fall into our hands. And the most curious thing in it is the passionate refusal of the clergymen of the Church of England to allow themselves to be judged by their own authorities. To the historical observer who is not ecclesiastically minded, and

who may happen to be no partisan either of one side or the other, there is a certain amusing feature in this passionate opposition,—the very same men who stay obstinately in prison rather than yield to the authority of a lay court becoming almost frantic at the suggestion that a spiritual superior, their own lawful ruler, should try their offences and regulate their practices. We ask with amazement, By whom, then, do they wish to be judged? or is it the wildest congregational independence which the private members of one of the strongest hierarchies in the world desire?

The Archbishop's bill was so changed in its passage through the Houses of Parliament as to be almost unrecognisable, and in that passage lost most of its distinctive features; and it has not stood the supreme English test of working well. But the fundamental objection of the clergy to giving to their bishops that obedience which they had all vowed to render, and their revolt from episcopal authority, could not be more clearly shown. It shows how little confidence the ecclesiastic has in his own officers. Such an absence of loyalty and allegiance would bring any other portion of the body politic to swift destruction. Is it not the most incontrovertible proof of a something in the Church which forbids the action of ordinary laws, that even rebellion and mutiny do so little harm? It is an unlovely spectacle; and a hundred times the *actum est de ecclesia Anglicana* has been pronounced. But it never comes true. Not only "the gates of hell," but many apparently fatal follies with which, if we may venture to say so, heaven itself is to be accredited, so far as good men and good intentions may

be allowed to represent heaven, are never able to prevail against her.

The Ritualistic movement, however, with all its strife and confusion, was not the only or the worst form of danger with which Archbishop Tait had to deal. It is remarkable that within his life and episcopate both of the greatest religious commotions of our time should have sprung up. The effect of the sophistry of Tract xc. had scarcely died out in lengthening circles from the surface of the public mind, when it was again disturbed by a still more alarming missile from another quarter. The 'Essays and Reviews' fell like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky upon the not very reflective or deep-thinking English public, which had been conscious indeed of subversive German views for some time, but thought as little of them as their existence in a language comparatively unknown and demanding no immediate attention justified. But when several clergymen of the Church of England came forth to enunciate these views the commotion was overwhelming. The tone of common thought and general intelligence since then has been so modified, that it is difficult to comprehend the passionate emotions raised by that book. For our own part, we allow that a wholesome and lively prejudice against all who had anything to do with the publication exists in our own mind, along with a strong sense of the fact that we should probably have very little to say against them nowadays in view of the change that has come over the whole face of the intellectual and even religious world in respect to the questions involved. Few people now consider the truth of Christianity as bound up with the accuracy of the first chapter of

Genesis, or believe that the authenticity of the Gospel is established solely by miracles. In this way the work of the pioneers of the new criticism has been chiefly of effect in elevating our conceptions of religious faith, and showing how much nobler and higher is the ground upon which it is founded.

The first idea, however, suggested both to the authorities of the Church and the general reader by this book, was that, in the words of Bishop Wilberforce, its writers "could not with moral honesty maintain their posts as clergymen of the Church of England." It was exactly the same question which had been put with so much vehemence in respect to Newman and those connected with him. A superficial, perhaps, but at the same time a very simple and practically unanswerable question. How could men who professed views of her ordinances and beliefs which she had herself expressly denied continue in her bosom? How could men who questioned the Scriptures read in her daily services and the doctrines preached in her pulpits, continue to teach and interpret these? It is a fatal thing for a Church to repress the action of the mind and use the knife upon every eccentric growth, but still there is no logical answer to that demand. Scotland, always absolute, and more bound by rigid reason than the broader and more tolerant practical mind of her partner in national life, cut and hacked freely, cutting off for much smaller divergences of opinion some of the best and most devoted of her sons, and was all the worse for it both in temper and judgment. The action of the rulers of the English Church, and of Tait, then Bishop of London, in particular, was exactly the reverse.

After the first strong disapproval of the volume to which he, along with his brother bishops, gave utterance, all his exertions were devoted to calming the storm, and leaving the offenders to their own better and cooler judgment of the mistake they had made. Prosecution, of course, was the first thing thought of by the majority of the Church—very naturally and most logically, as we have said. But this was profoundly against Bishop Tait's views. "We have had," he says in his private diary, "a great duty to express our disapproval; a great duty, also, I think, to guard the accused from ill usage; a great duty to the Church to guard its doctrine; and also to watch for its children likely to be led astray by any appearances of persecution." A more ideal mind for a bishop could scarcely be.

There was, however, a secondary and personal question involved in this which gave him great distress, and which affords what would be rather a humorous, if it were not so serious, a view of the manner in which his friends were disposed to try this long-suffering and gentle-souled man. Dr Temple and Mr Jowett were both contributors to the volume in question, and their respective essays were blameless, as well as that of the Rector of Lincoln College—the well-known Mark Pattison. It was the express proviso of the publication that each writer was responsible only for his own production—a proviso which no doubt satisfied every man's conscience, but which was practically useless so far as the public, not given to any very close perception of the nuances, was concerned. To give to the book in general the disapproval it deserved, and to make continual exception in favour of the innocent or partially innocent

portions of it, was too much to be expected of the Bench of Bishops—although Bishop Tait, in his individual utterances, always distinguished between. When, however, the letter of the Bishop's was published, Dr Temple, offended by his own apparent condemnation by his friend, and Dean Stanley, offended on Dr Temple's account, both fell with the utmost violence upon their brother. The reader has seen how his friends lectured and snubbed him on his election to Rugby. They congratulated him on his appointment to London with a good deal of the same condescending encouragement, mingled with a half doubt of his capability for the distinguished post, which at the same time they considered him the best man to hold. This curious mixture of appreciation and superiority is apparent in all their intercourse with him. They were probably all the more ready to express what was in them, because the strong and quiet man took all their advices so sweetly, supported all their assumptions, and yet characteristically took his own way. At this particular moment the fiery little Dean—Canon as he was at the time—fell upon Tait like a small thunderbolt, followed by Dr Temple in deep resentment and the dignified civility of great wrath. The paragraph in the letter of Dr Temple beginning, "If you do not wish to alienate your friends, do not treat them as you have treated me," is written not only in the language of resentment, which might have been natural, but *de haut en bas*, with a tone of moral superiority which it is difficult to conceive as coming from one friend of equal pretensions and age to another, and quite inconceivable as addressed by a simple clergyman to the bishop of the most important

see in England. But perhaps there is something in the position of a schoolmaster which perverts the vision and gives to every man who opposes him something of the air of an offending schoolboy.

The mild Bishop gave to these assailants the soft answer which turneth away wrath. In the midst of all his immense labours he paused to explain his action, undiscouraged by the bitter words which even Stanley, so universally accredited with all the Christian graces, did not hesitate to pour upon him. There is no lack of firmness and steadfast adherence to his own opinion; but no one, we think, can read this correspondence without feeling that the Bishop had the best of it, any more than they will be able to suppress a movement of surprise at the tone in which his friends permit themselves to take to task a personage of such high position and a man of such liberal yet steadfast character. Naturally, while he was thus exposed to the indignation of men who resented the fact that he did not back them up, he was assailed on the other by all the missiles of a wordy warfare from those who accused him of being their secret upholder and champion. The tolerant man gets credit from neither side. Tait did his utmost to prevent any prosecution of the essayists whose works he had unhesitatingly condemned. When that prosecution came, he exerted himself strenuously as a member of the Court of Appeal for the acquittal of the accused, and succeeded. He thought the recorded disapproval of the heads of the Church a sufficient chastisement. It would be difficult to say that he was wrong in this, for persecution is the very soil of heresy; but it may be doubted whether, in a strictly human sense,

it was not a mistake. He acted a similar part when the case of Bishop Colenso came in hand.

It is always a particular pleasure to her faithful people to catch a glimpse of the Queen, whether in a carriage or in a book. "Nobody like her" for the eager crowd, "even," as people say, "when the Princess is there," to whom England is grateful for preserving her beauty and youth. It was a surprise as well as a pleasure to find her Majesty here in the first exercise of a matured statesmanship, overruling with her personal influence an internal conflict like to be very bitter, and making not only peace but a way in which life might be possible, and the work of the kingdom go on without a violent wrench. Whatever the measure might be which was the disturbing influence, it is strange to think how any criticism could be possible on this action of the Queen and the Archbishop, so every way appropriate to the characters of both. We do not need now to be told that her Majesty's heart and life are full of the imperial work which belongs to her, and that her presence where she stands above all parties, "seeing the game" on all sides, and ever watchful to avert a catastrophe, is of the deepest importance to the State, besides affording an ideal example of the use and office of a Sovereign in the most liberal of constitutions—which is of infinite service to the imagination and to history. Could a young man, one wonders, save by special potency of genius, ever fill this place which is so beautiful and appropriate in our aged Queen? It is one of those express advantages which belong to female sovereignty, also no doubt to the experience of an age

seldom attained in full power and conservation of all faculties by a reigning monarch. The relations between the Sovereign and the Archbishop were at all times beautiful, and the very last act of his life was to write with trembling hand a last message of "earnest love and affectionate blessing" to his Queen.

We have lingered long upon this admirable biography, which, amid so much that the general reader may find laborious in the records of the Church, contains a picture full of truth and life of a rare and noble character—a very true, natural, and, in his chastened and sober way, great man. The tremulous accompaniment of personal feeling which is in the atmosphere, the minor key of repeated and overwhelming bereavement which subdues all the triumphs of life—yet the prevailing tones of patience, humour, and observation which keep it in harmony with the brightest things, are expressed in the most unobtrusive yet effective manner. The book is worthy of the man, and it would be difficult to say more.

We are afraid that it would scarcely be possible to say so much for the work of Mrs Sutherland Orr.¹ Robert Browning is a great poet; but if he was as attractive and attaching a human creature as Archbishop Tait, his biographer has not been able to show it. Is it perhaps true that it was not so?—that the poet was less of a man, less of a hero, with fewer human sympathies, and a less significant and interesting being than the ecclesiastic? This is a thing that nobody can tell. To his most intimate friends he would naturally be dear because he was their inti-

¹ *Life and Letters of Robert Browning.* By Mrs Sutherland Orr. Smith, Elder, & Co.

mate friend, but the world in general is influenced by the portrait presented to it, and in this there is unfortunately little claim upon its sympathies. If Robert Browning was no more personally than Mrs Sutherland Orr's representation of him, it may be a question whether it would not have been wiser to leave us with the very sufficient evidence of his works as to his great qualities, without thus bringing down the ideal of the poet to ordinary flesh and blood. The disillusion of biography has been complete in so many recent cases, that writers ought to be warned in time from undertaking such a thankless task, unless with a certainty of being of service to their subject. Why should we be compelled to admit that a writer of fine genius and noble powers, one of the most humorous and comprehensive of intelligences, was in the flesh a dull woman? and why should we be driven to allow that a great poet was a commonplace man? This is a spite of fate to which we ought not to be subjected. If this is all there is to say, it would have been much better that it should not have been said.

Those who are desirous to know whether there was any truth in the rumour that Mr Browning was of Jewish extraction, or that he was influenced in later life by the powers of Dissent which surrounded his cradle, will be able to make up their minds on these subjects by perusal of this book; and they will also be able to trace the different places in which he lived, and the people whom he met in his long career; as well as the dates of his poems, and of other interesting events in his life, which are all important, no doubt. It was not a life in which there were many incidents. His marriage was of a somewhat romantic and

unusual kind, and his wife a personage as interesting to the public as himself. He shared at least his eminence with another, and if not second to Lord Tennyson, was never at least more than on a level with that great master of verse. But Mrs Browning was unique, the acknowledged first of women poets; so that the mere fact of their union is a dazzling kind of record for a parish register. But there does not seem ever to have been any struggle with life in the case of either. Browning was permitted in his youth by a kind and comprehending father to choose that unpromising trade of Poetry, the mere suggestion of which makes most fathers foam at the mouth. And he was not obliged to live by his trade, which, seeing that it brought him in nothing for many years, was a lucky circumstance. This was an excellent thing for him; but it is less desirable for his biographer, who has really very little to tell, of the youth who produced "Sordello" and "Paracelsus" as the first fruits of his genius, but who, though wounded no doubt by the cruel indifference of the public, never missed a comfort or pleasure in consequence of his non-success.

Would, we say (in the interests of the story), that he had gone threadbare like the sons of the Muse in earlier days; would that he had worn out his last pair of boots in his search for a patron or a publisher! Crabbe, for instance, is a poet of a grim and sombre cast, and he ended his life as a comfortable clergyman; but what an entertaining, amusing, pathetic story is that of his peregrinations and tribulation before any one would look at his work! Mr Browning had no such episodes in his early car

He had no record of schoolboy distinction, no university life. The little bourgeois household, ennobled by a collection of books, and the mild learning and erudite studies of its master, Robert Browning's father, gives a glimpse of something in the sequestered vale of life which might have illuminated that landscape, but it is not carried out. We can imagine a very charming picture of that house at Hatcham, with its "long low rooms" filled with "the elder Mr Browning's six thousand books," and the "large garden opening on the Surrey hills," and the amiable and philosophic toad which "burrowed" (but do toads burrow?) "under a white rose tree," and came forth to hold communings with the young poet when he "announced himself by a pinch of gravel dropped into its hole." All this is pretty; and who can tell what mysteries that Ascidian—who might (for toads, as is well known, are the most long-lived of animals) have been his great-great-grandfather for anything we can tell—communicated to the musing youth? It might have had as great luck in the world as that immortal *Crapaud*, whose piteous tale is to be found in Victor Hugo, but did not, the more's the pity. We have the elder Mr Browning's step-mother and her numerous family, who are not interesting, instead. Once Thomas Carlyle, accompanied by old John, his brother the doctor, two very strange figures for Hatcham, appeared there at dinner, where also we see and wonder at "a Captain Lloyd, indirectly associated with the 'Flight of the Duchess';" but how was that innocent gentleman associated with her flight?—as its partner the reader will of course suppose. A libel case might be built upon these words,

if it were not that the description of the hero is so vague. It turns out, however, that Captain Lloyd's connection with the erring lady was only the very harmless one of coming in to see the family at moments when the poet was tired of his work. "Mr Browning vividly knew the click of the garden gate, and the sight of the familiar figure advancing towards the house breaking in upon his work and dispelling its first inspiration." This proves incidentally that the poet worked like a common man, and that the "Flight of the Duchess" was actually written in pieces, like, let us say, a magazine article; and we who were disposed to believe that such a *chef-d'œuvre* dropped like Minerva in all her burnished armour from her father's brain!

A little later we have the impressions of Mr W. T. Fox—a very well-known man in his day, Unitarian preacher and member of parliament—of the young poet. "His simple and enthusiastic manner engaged attention and won opinions from all present; he looks and speaks more like a youthful poet than any man I ever saw." What Mr Browning might look in his youth we cannot tell, but he did not look like a middle-aged poet in his middle age, nor an old poet in his later years. He looked like an agreeable and intelligent Englishman generally interested about most subjects, and keeping his lyre and his singing robes strictly for home use, which we imagine is what he wished to do. Lord Tennyson, it is true, looks more like a poet than ever any man was; but then he kindly takes care to dispel the illusion as soon as possible to the uninitiated. Mr Browning was always the soul of courtesy, never wanting in that supreme grace.

He was born "soon after a

great comet had disappeared from the sky ;" and on the night of his death "a new star appeared in Orion"; but he was, we should say, the last man in the world to be attended by such meteorological circumstances. Those great poems which have slowly but surely conquered their place in the mind of the country, not by any shrieking of the enthusiast or flash of supernatural illumination, but by the fact that, in spite of often involved phraseology and halting rhythm, they have in them in many cases the highest poetic insight that has been known since Shakespeare—have nothing at all of the comet in them. He descends into the deep places of the soul with that lamp, and lays bare what he sees there—whether the workings of an evil soul elaborately making itself out to itself, the most subtle yet the most universal of all processes, to be not evil; or the heavenly explanation of a noble one of its own natural simple impulses, as in Guido Franceschini and Caponsacchi; or those musings of the great spirit which knows itself to be a failure, most pathetic of all things upon earth, like Andrea—or which perceives this in the failing of all followers and friends, like Luria; or the high innocence and passion, the white light of human feeling at its most exalted and purest, as in Pompilia. To see those beings from without is one thing, and a great and noble art. Such are Elaine and Enid, and even, though only in part, Lancelot. But to see them from within is another—an art more penetrating still, a revelation which is almost too dazzling, and which the ordinary spectator often blanches at, bewildered by the intensity of the light. How does a man get to do that? Answer, ye shades of Darwin; answer, all schools of all

philosophies! There are no miracles, say the sages—and this is how Mrs Sutherland Orr, for example, who is nothing if not philosophical, sheds her little light upon the problem:—

"It might sound grotesque to say that only a delicate woman could have been the mother of Robert Browning. The fact remains that of such a one and no other he was born; and we may imagine without being fanciful that his father's placid intellectual powers required for their transmutation into poetic genius just this infusion of a vital element, not only charged with other social and individual qualities, but physically and morally more nearly allied to pain."

The reader will see from this that when a bank clerk who is fond of books marries a woman with no health to speak of, a poet is likely to be the result.

Nothing could be more romantic or agreeable to the imagination than the manner in which Mr Browning met his future wife. She was a great invalid, as is well known, unable to move from her sofa, able for little but poetry, whether classic or native, and finding all the happiness of her life in books, and her own inspired reflections and suggestions—sparks struck out from them, and from the fire of her own ardent spirit. In one of her poems, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," showing how a great lady mated herself with an artist, she had noted her admiration of the new poet, who up to this time had made so little way in the knowledge of the public:—

"And from Browning one Pomegranate, which when cut down through the middle
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined humanity."

What more fit than such a winged messenger through the dark to bring the two together?

The invalid was at first very unwilling to receive a visit from the new friend thus acquired. His letters were a pleasure to her in her seclusion, but she was alarmed by the thought of receiving a stranger. But when this reluctance was broken through, the two spirits leaped together with a rush of mutual sympathy. It seems quite unnecessary that we should be told how much pity there was in Mr Browning's sentiment for his wife. Their union was perfect and unbroken, although unusual in every circumstance. Perhaps had it not been that she was ordered to spend the winter in Italy, and that a most eccentric father, though eager to surround her with every luxury at home, would not permit that necessary removal, even this ardent young man might have shrunk from the responsibility of marrying and carrying off so fragile a creature (notwithstanding that the experiment of marrying a delicate woman had been so signally successful in his father's case). But the doctor's order made a great difference, and the result was that the invalid rose from her sofa, and with scarcely an interval stood up to be married in the prosaic interior of St Pancras Church. Talk of romance in real life! Of all places in the world to look for it, the smiling middle-class precincts of Regent's Park, sacred to nursery-maids, where in the excitement of the approaching extraordinary crisis in her life Elizabeth Barrett got out of her carriage and stood upon her feet on the grass for one thrilling moment to make sure that it was possible—would be about the last. Nor is St Pancras Church, with its grim caryatides and awe-inspiring classicism, a likely spot for the marriage, which should have been accompanied by all manner of heavenly harpings and silver

trumpets, of two poets. No one knew of it save the bride and bridegroom and one faithful friend with whose attendance a few days after the new wife stole out of her father's home in the twilight of a September evening where the family were at dinner." she had another companion, a dog, the Flush of her tender vision, who, having the circumstance explained to him, stole out with his mistress in strict silence, resisting all temptations to bark. The young husband, thirty-two years of age, an alien troubadour, but a serious Englishman with an excellent understanding of the practical requirements in relation to his genius—met and took charge of this helpless and unworldly group, in no more romantic scene than a London street, and thenceforward guarded them faithfully and tenderly till death parted them.

We remember to have met her from an enthusiastic girl, a friend of Mrs Jameson, who met her in Paris and travelled southward with them, an account of this wonderful journey, upon which Mrs Barrett did not linger. How they went to Vaucluse, the home of poetry, to place how the poet-husband placed his poet-wife in Petrarch's seat, crowned her with the daisies and sprays of the poet's laurel, and poetry, love, and a dazzling glow of sentiment, which to the doctor illuminated for ever that brilliant moment of her own and beautiful youth. The classical father at home thought his daughter "should have been living in another world," where she thus stepped trembling into the Paradise of this; and with a grim obduracy, which is more like the theatre than actual life, he forgave her, and never saw her again—a tragic piece of comedy which happily, however, does

seem to have weighed very heavily on her life.

Everybody knows the "One Word More" which formed the dedication of Browning's "Men and Women" to his wife. A more exquisite poem was never written. The desire of every one, "once and only once and for one only," to produce something which is a special homage to the beloved, like Raphael's sonnet, which he wrote with the pencil used to draw his mild Madonnas, and Dante's Angel, which he painted away from all the smoke and gloom of his dread Inferno—is one of those original intuitions of the heart which break constantly through the great labouring of thought which is his habitual exercise. She, "his moon of poets," turns to him another side from that which the world knows. He lays at her feet a varied gift—something at least which, if not another art, is at least different from what he has ever done before. The noble and chastened love of true marriage could not have a more beautiful exposition.

Mrs Browning lived for fifteen years, surrounded by her husband with everything that affection and care could do to make her fragile life happy. And it was so. He took care of her as if she were the goddess on her pedestal and he her priest, making light of his own gifts in comparison with the genius which he imputed to her. The present writer remembers well meeting the pair in Rome in the later years of Mrs Browning's life. The delicate little woman with ringlets hanging over her face in a fashion long antiquated, and never very beautiful, with eyes which she fixed upon her interlocutor in a manner more impressive than agreeable; and the burly, manly, not remarkable-looking (at that time) husband, who talked

like other people, and made no pretence of being a lion, are very clearly visible in the light of memory. So much of Mrs Browning's face as could be seen between those dark ringlets possessed no beauty except in the eyes: and his appearance to a young observer was exasperatingly "like other people," as we have said. In after-life his white hair and beard gave much dignity to a really fine head. It is regrettable, though very natural, that the portrait which is given in illustration of the memoir should have been taken from his son's portrait of Mr Browning, which, though a good portrait, exaggerates what has been called his "Jewish look." There are photographs of him existing which give a much better representation of the man.

Mr Browning was not a good letter-writer, if we may take the letters here as an evidence. They are not characteristic—that is to say, there is no particular character in them at all—which, for a man who could not use his own medium of poetry without leaving his name writ large upon every verse, is curious and remarkable. The letters are careless and ordinary, even when speaking, as they do but rarely, of poetical subjects. Here and there occurs a fragment like this, which we quote with pleasure; but they are few. It is written some time after his wife's death, when he was producing with rapidity poems such as the "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," which have not, we think, though they must be included in every edition of his works, done much for his fame:—

"I feel such comfort and delight in doing the best I can with my own object of life—poetry—which I think I never could have seen the good of before, that it shows me I have taken

the root I *did* take, well. I hope to do much more yet; and that the flower of it will be put into Her hand somehow."

For this one touch of tender and true feeling we forgive the sort of thing that follows—forgive it to the man who, though he was a poet, was no doubt obliged to chronicle small beer for his acquaintances—but scarcely to the biographer.

"Cartwright arrived here a fortnight ago—very pleasant it was to see him. He left for Florence, stayed a day or two, and returned to Mrs Cartwright (who remained at the inn); and they all departed prosperously yesterday for Rome. Odo Russell spent two days here on his way thither—we liked him much. Prinsep and Jones—do you know them?—are in the town."

What light is this sort of thing supposed to throw on any man's character or life?—to be sure "dear old Landor" is mentioned further on, but not to any satisfaction: and why in the name of wonder should we be supposed to care for a hotel list of the people who passed through Siena in the year 1859?

After some twenty years of neglect, Browning's fame became at once a thing established and unchangeable; by what queer revolution of public opinion or bursting forth into the light of those seven thousand who have never bowed the knee to Baal, or, as he himself thought, by the rising of a new generation, it would be difficult to tell. The change, when it came, was sweeping. It is true that for long before, his name had been placed with that of Tennyson, the greatest distinction this age has to give. But his books were neither sold nor read; and his fame remained most barren and inoperative, especially among his own countrymen. At last, however, the practical test of suc-

cess, which had been so long wanting, confirmed his eminence as a poet. The cause of this was perhaps not so recondite as he himself and the special coterie of his worshippers thought. The general public will not buy poetry which it does not understand. "*Sordello*" and "*Paracelsus*" were too much for that general public. Life was not long enough for the study of these poetical enigmas; but when their author chose to write so as it could understand, it was prompt to stop and listen. The "*Men and Women*" turned the tide: no one needed to spell over these wonderful poems or ask an interpretation from any pundit. And then came the "*Ring and the Book*," one of the most marvellous pieces of skilful workmanship, and the triumph was complete. It would have been so, no doubt, long before, had the unostentatious but quietly supreme general reader found something which he could understand. The "*Sordellos*" are all very well for the enthusiasts, to whom it is an additional charm that no one but themselves comprehend the foundations of their faith; but the writer who insists upon demanding the common acceptance of enigmas like these must make up his mind to neglect, however really great he may be.

Mr Browning spent the last thirty years of his life in London, and entered largely into society there—almost too largely, people were apt to say. "My dear," said a caustic critic to an anxious inquirer who asked what poor Mr Browning was doing after his wife's death, "he is dining out." It was from no want of honour for her memory: that memory was too strong and poignant to permit him ever to enter his beloved Florence again after her departure left it desolate: but rather from the instinctive grasp of a nature which,

on principle, refused to brood upon sorrow or entertain pain, at the human succour that lay in his way. His sociability, his biographer thinks, was in great measure due to a nervous impulse which drove him into society because he would so much rather have been alone. "That effusiveness of manner with which he greeted alike old friends and new arose also from a momentary want of self-possession." This means, we presume, that the poet was subject to the English malady of shyness, and exorcised that demon only by going to the opposite extreme. Mrs Sutherland Orr adds, "He never failed in a sympathetic response or a playful retort; he was always provided with the exact counter requisite in a game of words,"—a phrase which reminds us of the art of conversation in an American novel, rather than the natural human utterance of a well-bred Englishman. What it is intended to mean, we suppose, is that Mr Browning was a good, but not a specially distinguished, talker. He was to be seen everywhere about London a few years ago,—in the houses of the great and the houses of the small, wherever men and women congregated and talked, wherever there were pleasant people to be met; it might almost be said, wherever there was a crowd—we should say, with an almost indiscriminating readiness to accept any invitation, were it not that, as a matter of fact, eminent persons in London society are singularly indiscriminating, and are to be met often in places most inappropriate, where nobody would expect to see them—lured thither, perhaps, by the mere chance of meeting others of their own kind similarly out of place, or by the opportunity of hosts hoping to gain a social step by their means. Whether drawn by one or other of

these inducements, certain it is that Mr Browning's characteristic head and figure, spruce, cordial, and vivacious, were to be seen everywhere almost, always accompanied, at least in later days, by the faithful sister who was his constant companion. Everybody remembers his death in the Venetian palace, which it was so great a pleasure to him to secure as his son's home; and how his last volume of poems, containing his last words to the world, was published on the day he died; and how Venice carried him in state over the lagoon to be laid in St Michele; and how his native country claimed him, and he was brought back to England and laid in Westminster. He had not been understood, nor had he received his due meed of fame for half of his career. In compensation, no poet, perhaps, has had so great a public recognition at the end of his life, or so noble a burying among his peers.

He had already told us in his last written words how to regard him. Will you think of me, he asks in the Epilogue, which he himself speaks at the end of his long drama, eighty years of human labour and progress—at midnight, in silence and sadness—pity me, perhaps, for being dead? Pity me, being what I was! What was I?—

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward;

Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's
work-time,

Greet the unseen with a cheer;
Bid him forward, breast and back as
either should be;

'Strive and thrive,' cry; 'Speed on,
fare ever

There as here!'

Of these valiant words Mr Browning's biographer says that "it is difficult to refer the Epilogue to a coherent mood of any period of its author's life." Perhaps she thinks the poet raved when he thus asserted his own lofty confidence — his cheerful anticipation of continued life and work and endeavour in the world to come. We are glad that we are not of her opinion. This trumpet, sounding out of the unseen, in high scorn of any ending, in assurance of triumphant continuance and all the joy of living, does not come without premeditation at what we call the end of the great poet's career. It is his own summing up of what he had been and was yet — not in hope only, but full conviction and intention—to be.

The cheerful and cordial painter whose fragmentary sketches of himself and his time now lie before us,¹ was not great either as an artist or a public man; but he is an excellent example of the school of painters now rapidly passing away—the early school of the Victorian age, good men and true, excellent citizens and most respectable Englishmen, who were irreproachable in all the relations of life, but not exactly calculated to hand down the tradition of art from one generation to another. Mr Redgrave had this in him, unlike the brethren of his kind, that he did not go on serenely painting mediocre pictures and exhibiting them "on the line" to the end of his days, but was withdrawn in middle-life into an official position, and therefore did not weary the public down to the last gasp of waning capability with his name. Nothing

could exceed the cheerfulness and pleasantness of the view he affords of the profession of which he was always a most worthy member. It was not perhaps characterised by any enthusiastic devotion to art, but its friendliness, its good fellowship, its mild jokes and social amiability, could not be surpassed. The Academy, as represented in Mr Redgrave's pages—as also in the 'Reminiscences' of Mr Frith,—is not perhaps so lofty and dignified as the outside public, accustomed to see it in its glory, among the flowers and plants and red cloth, receiving its guests at the top of the staircase at Burlington House, on its yearly festivities, might with awe imagine it to be—preoccupied with recondite questions of light and shade, and perspective and proportion, not to speak of all the mythologies and all the histories, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, from which its subjects are taken. Art is, in the showing of its followers, and in fact, as we know it in private life, the most cheerful of professions. Something tangible in its tools, the materials in which it works, the ever enlivening touch of manual work in which it has the advantage of literature for instance—help to give brightness to the atmosphere; and colour has a delight that is all its own, which satisfies the eye and the mind, altogether apart from the fact that it is or is not perfectly successful in expressing what is intended by the intellectual impulse. Indeed the most modern theory of art detaches it almost entirely from anything intellectual, treats subject with contempt, and makes the success of painting depend entirely on the harmony and beauty of composition and tone. In Mr

¹ Richard Redgrave, C.B., R.A. : A Memoir compiled from his Diary. Cassell & Co.

Redgrave's day, indeed, this was not the case: his was the time when monarchs or heroes first met their brides on every canvas, when the political martyr was led forth to execution in the correctest of costumes, when Moses came home with his green spectacles, and Oliver Goldsmith was rescued from his creditors a dozen times in one exhibition. This made it all the cheerier, however, for the merry painter: and the record of the jokes, grim and otherwise, at hanging committees and Academy dinners, sometimes at the expense of the unhappy who were shut out, but often at that of the cheerful brethren themselves, is, if perhaps it may sometimes pall upon the reader to whom life is painted in graver colours, always lively, and sometimes amusing. It was more picturesque when the actors were clad in velvet and brocade, and wore all the colours in which they worked; but Titian, we know, was quite as merry, and the Dutch painters jolly dogs, ready for any frolic. Persons who have to fight out their effects with the less engaging tools of pen and ink, have not such a genial time of it.

Mr Redgrave, like so many painters of his day, had a hard struggle in his youth, and worked his way into the exhibitions and the Academy by means of such a very irregular course of study as perhaps affords an explanation of the temporary character of the success achieved by himself and his compeers, and the partial discredit into which the early Victorian epoch has fallen. The limited training, the hard work in other directions with which it was accompanied, the energetic struggle by means which were sometimes heroic into the production of pictures, while yet the painter was much at sea on many vital principles of his art, were all

greatly to be deplored in their influence upon the national school, although they might give occasion for the exercise of some of the noblest moral faculties, and in that point of view were as much to be commended as their results were to be deprecated. According to the theory of self-help, nothing could be more admirable. It is the theory which used to be the admiration of the world in the Scotland of a past generation, when the admirable self-denial of the ploughman's son, who cultivated the Muses on a little oatmeal, and struggled through a university course so as to fit himself for the position of a minister of the Church, could not be sufficiently held up to admiration: though indeed it resulted in a limitation of learning in the Church of Scotland, and of the educated sense which perceives deficiencies and smooths down roughnesses, from which that Church has much suffered. It may be said that the training was still less exact in the early days of art; but this is doubtful, for the early schools were workshops in which a boy served his apprenticeship, not struggling independently through work of other kinds to pay his way, but wholly occupied in one manner or another with the art which was to be his life, seeing it everywhere around, setting the master's palette whose works he was one day to emulate, and getting himself saturated with the very atmosphere of painting.

Very different were the experiences of Mr Redgrave. He began "to study drawing at night and at all spare hours," while still acting the part of boy-clerk, collector of debts, and receiver of orders, during the chief part of his time.

"I began with chalk-drawing without knowing even the proper materials to use. When I had somewhat mastered it I took to oil-painting, with

only the knowledge obtained from the house-painters in the manufactory. It is true I had learnt drawing at school for a year or two, and water-colour painting such as it was at that early day, and as taught by one who was originally an engraver. But this instruction threw little light upon the technical part of oil-painting; and when I say that I painted my first landscape in oil with long Japanese brushes such as house-painters make lines with, it may be supposed that my ignorance was great, and that I had everything to learn. Some time after this I had six lessons in oil from a miniature-painter—a man whom I soon found to be as ignorant as myself."

In his twentieth year the young man began to study from the marbles in the British Museum; at twenty-two he was admitted as a student to the Royal Academy. "From this time," he says, "my means of study were all I could wish, and observation of those around me was alone sufficient instruction." How he was able to take advantage of this instruction, however, was as follows. He soon separated himself from his father's crowded household, and began the battle of life alone:—

"I had to work hard, and for a time my life was a struggle; but I always managed to save a little and to help others. It is true I was for many years a real slave to teaching, being employed many hours of every day, and devoting my evenings, after my two hours in the Academy schools, to preparing examples and other labours incident to teaching. I never, however, gave way, and I was gradually able to devote first one whole day and then two days in each week to painting. This trial to my health, however, was very great. I often left home at nine in the morning, walking always to my work; for, be it remembered, my teaching time was long before the town was threaded by omnibuses or the suburbs and villages reached by railways; and consequently, in addition to my lessons,

I sometimes walked fifteen miles a day to give them. Soon after I became a student at the Academy and commenced teaching for my livelihood, I began to make myself acquainted with the villages and commons round London, and in my summer holidays I practised sketching in water-colours. Year by year I worked in that medium until, on my marriage trip, I took to sketching in oil, and then after a year or two to landscape-painting in oil, which practice stood me in good stead when other commissions were scarce or ill-paid."

Nothing could be more admirable, in a moral point of view, than this most praiseworthy struggle; but as a training for art, and especially for the position of one of the representative painters of England, it is curious. Genius triumphs over everything, but Mr Redgrave was not a man of genius any more than many other meritorious painters who were his contemporaries. Yet he had a picture well placed in the Academy exhibition when he was twenty-seven, and in 1840, at thirty-six, he was elected an Associate. It is, we believe, by his landscapes that Mr Redgrave is now chiefly known; but his success was not gained by that tranquil and beautiful art for which English painters, with the national love of nature, have always had a tradition of excellence, but by pictures entitled "Fashion's Slaves," "The Poor Teacher," "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," and so forth, in what we now call the British public style. "All could feel touched," says the editor of the memoir, "by the representation of a young and pretty girl, just at the time when she would naturally rejoice in gaiety and merriment, immured in a vacant schoolroom to take her solitary tea." Another was the "Sempstress," which, he declares cheer-

fully, "I painted on an entirely new principle, and one which I think is pleasant in the working, and likely to be very lasting." The "glazing with megylop, dark drying oil and mastic," will make the painters of the new school open their eyes.

Mr Redgrave received an appointment in 1852 in the "Department of Practical Art," which was the beginning of the important movement connected with the South Kensington Museum, and the result of the stimulus given to all kinds of art manufactures and the accompanying necessity for schools of design, and an enlarged system of technical art-education, by the great Exhibition of 1851. Thenceforward his time was much occupied by that great and ever-increasing undertaking, and his appearances in the Exhibition became more and more rare. He was thus delivered from many of the anxieties of a painter's life, and retired more or less (though he continued to paint until the very end of his life) upon his modest laurels, enjoying the honours and festivities of the Academy, and sharing in the grim labours and responsibilities of the Hanging Committee until the end of his life, which came peacefully in 1888, when the painter was eighty-four. Dr Smiles could not have better subjects than in this good man and many of his contemporaries. As for the future Vasari of the age of Victoria, if there should ever be such a person—— But Messer Giorgio himself has many a moderate good workman in his lists, and painter who, but for that graphic narrative, would scarcely have been known to fame.

Mr Redgrave's biography vindicates its right to a place in the chronicles of the age—a place

allotted by the easiest standard of merit (!)—by recording various pleasant stories of his brother Academicians, from that of Constable's rejected picture, which the Hanging Committee, not seeing his name, "crossed"—awful fate!—and which he carried off under his arm in dudgeon, notwithstanding their apologies; and Turner's bearishness on various occasions; and Webster's adventures in the parish stocks; and the wonderful escapes and *minauderies* of J. R. Herbert, R.A.—to more modern saws and instances. Here is a strictly professional anecdote, illustrative not only of the individual, but of the very remarkable height of morality and respectability in Art, existing at the time:—

"The first varnishing days I spent at the Academy, I was trying to spoil my 'Castle Builder,' when Howard came up and said in his frigid way that some of the members considered the dress indelicately low. Then Turner appeared and mumbled, 'What a-doing?' I told him of my rebuke, and that I was endeavouring to paint the dress up higher. 'Paint it lower,' said he; 'you want white,' and wandered off. I immediately saw that the coloured dress came up rather harshly against the flesh, so I painted at once over a portion of the dress a band of white. Howard came round soon after and said with a little more warmth, 'Ah! you have covered it up; it is better now.' It was no higher, however, but the sense of nakedness and display was gone. Turner again drew near, and gave a gratified grunt at my docility and apprehension, which he often rewarded after by little hints."

It is delightful to find the Academicians so prim. We wonder did they turn back any of the ladies whose dresses transgressed decorum on the night of the *Soirée*? Mr Horsley and the British

matron are "not in it" in comparison with this.

Here is a bit of criticism also curiously characteristic of a time when the "old masters" were so much less known, and criticism perhaps more free than it would venture to be now. Mr Redgrave is conversing with Leslie, R.A., to whose opinion he very much deferred:—

"On some reference being made to Francia's pictures, he spoke lightly of them, and said he had looked at them in company with Ruskin, and had asked him to explain what he had admired so much in them. Ruskin replied that there was nothing sensual in them. This, said Leslie, was only negative praise. He then admired the sky, and those little lumps of sky which represent clouds. I asked him why he thought so much of them. He said they were so thoroughly serene, there was not a dream of a storm in them. 'I told him,' said Leslie, 'that this was quite possible, since they were totally unlike clouds; but there,' pointing to a Claude, 'is a sky equally serene and beautifully true, and yet you do not like the works of that painter. Francia might have put such a sky to his figures.'"

It is delightfully characteristic to see what short work the Academician makes here of a critic not generally believed to have so little to say for himself. Our own arguments seem always so convincing, no matter (it appears) who is on the other side. Mr Ruskin, however, we are afraid, though he is treated here so cavalierly, and seems to take his setting down with such unlikely meekness, has had reason of his adversary. Most people would shudder nowadays to hear any audacious painter speak lightly of the divine light and clearness of Francia's skies.

We will wind up with one, or

rather two charming bits of sheer nonsense. The first is from old Samuel Rogers, banker and poet:

"Rogers said to him, 'I have been walking to-day in the Champs Elysées, and I was met by an old lady who stopped and looked fixedly at me, and said, "Sir, isn't your name Rogers?"' Pausing a moment he was interrupted by his friend, who said, 'Well, and was it?' This reminded Charles Landseer of a like incident. 'A few nights ago,' he said, 'I was in the pit of the theatre, and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington came into a box. Some persons—evidently country sightseers in town for a few days only—were sitting next to me, so I said to them, "That is the Duke of Wellington who has just entered the box." "Indeed, sir!" they simultaneously said, "the present duke?"'"

These anecdotes are, we fear, the best of Mr Redgrave's contribution to the history of his time. We are so easily satisfied as to the qualities of books nowadays that they will make this quite inoffensive volume pass muster—happy for us that it is but one! We are grateful for the forbearance of the editor who did not make it two, as it is, heaven knows! with so many loose scraps of material about the world, quite easy to do.

Sir Walter Scott says somewhere in his journal on the occasion of a visit to London, that he finds his own learned brethren of the bar and bench to beat the professional wits in respect to amusing and sparkling conversation, but that for wit and fun the bishops beat even the judges. Certainly, for interest of a human kind, not to speak of public importance and the weight of many great questions, the bishop in this little group of books is far in advance of either painter or poet.

THE SESSION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IF the desire for a short session of Parliament, so universally expressed at the close of the penultimate session, has been somewhat disappointed, and the attempt has failed to secure such a result by means of an earlier meeting of the Legislature, it is not upon her Majesty's Ministers that the blame can be justly thrown. Their programme of measures to be introduced was, if sufficient, scarcely to be called ambitious; and their conduct of public business, although frequently censured by the Irreconcilables, showed a sincere desire to secure adequate discussion of their proposals, without an undue concession to the powers of obstruction. But the loquacity of certain members of the House of Commons, only equalled by the self-sufficient egotism which prevents them from recognising the gravity of their offence, alike against parliamentary decorum and the public interests, has once more prolonged the session to an unreasonable length, and although powerless to prevent legislation altogether, has hampered and delayed the legislative work, and to no inconsiderable extent has once more crippled the legislative machine and discredited the representative chamber. Long speeches are seldom desirable, and on both front benches are to be found men whose excellence does not lie in their brevity. But long speeches from back-bench bores, without either wit, eloquence, or special information to render them tolerable, are inflictions which are among the disadvantages of representative institutions. They not only waste time, but contribute to

exhaust and wear out men who are compelled to be in attendance whilst they are delivered, and whose health and strength are valuable to the country.

The verbose and persistent bores who have of late years so greatly increased in numbers and in obtrusiveness, have proved the necessity of the closure, and have had their obstructive powers to a certain extent curtailed by its exercise. In a popular assembly, however, such as the House of Commons, no cut-and-dried rule or restriction can be wholly efficacious in the prevention of unnecessary delay, needless divisions, foolish amendments just short of irrelevant, and the wearisome chattering of irresponsible nobodies. Much must be endured, much must be forgiven; and although common-sense and good taste may be conspicuous by their absence during some of the tedious debates inflicted upon the House by crotchet-mongers and bores, all must be patiently borne by the Ministers of the Crown, even down to the baseless imputation upon them of responsibility for the loss of time which, in spite of their utmost endeavours, has been again and again occasioned by the objectionable class of members to whom we have alluded. From this point of view it is hardly possible to speak too highly of the patience, tact, and good-humour which have been displayed throughout the session by the leader of the House. Mr W. H. Smith has fully maintained the character for good sense, urbanity, and discretion which he had already gained for himself;

and the close of the session undoubtedly finds him in the possession of still higher claims to the respect and esteem of the House of Commons and of the country.

But although expectations have been disappointed and prophecies falsified with respect to the duration of the parliamentary session, her Majesty's Government have no need to excuse themselves on account of legislative failures, or to regard the work of the year otherwise than with satisfaction. Three great measures have been carried through Parliament, concerning each and all of which there may indeed be room for much diversity of opinion, but which bear incontrovertible testimony to the care, energy, and zeal with which they have been prepared, discussed, and passed into law by the several Ministers charged with their passage through Parliament. The Tithes Bill, the Irish Land Bill, and the great scheme for free—or, to use Lord Salisbury's own expression, "assisted"—education, have all occupied the time of Parliament for many days; and, regarded merely as evidence of work done by our legislators, constitute an unimpeachable record of Ministerial perseverance, and represent a performance on the part of Parliament which may creditably compare with that of many bygone sessions.

The Tithes Bill, introduced mainly in consequence of the scenes of violence and riot which had too often accompanied the collection of tithe rent-charge in Wales, had for its object the maintenance of law and order in those parts of the country which had suffered in this respect, and the removal of friction between the clergy and their parishioners,

by enacting that the owner of titheable land should in future pay the tithe-rent charge directly to the tithe owner, instead of making the payment through the occupying tenant. All good citizens will doubtless rejoice if the desirable results anticipated by the Government should be successfully attained; and it is to be hoped that an end may be put to those deplorable scenes in Wales which, whether they advance or retard the disestablishment which has so many supporters in the principality, cannot but be prejudicial to the best interests of religion, and subversive of the first and fundamental principles of Christianity. So far as England is concerned, little if any complaint had been made with regard to the collection of the rent charge, nor with respect to the friction between the clergy and their parishioners which is supposed to be created by the payment of the same by the occupying tenant to the clergyman instead of to his landlord in the shape of an increased rent. The new Act will, of course, to a great extent destroy the possibility of such friction, inasmuch as it will render it unnecessary for the clergy ever to come in contact with such of their resident parishioners as are not owners of titheable land. There are those who may not deem this state of things to be an unmingled good, but all will approve the change if it should in any way bring about an improvement either in the position of the clergy or their parishioners; and no one can doubt the good intentions of the Government in its introduction.

Of the Irish Bill it is impossible to speak without according to Mr Balfour the praise to which he is

so justly entitled. The complete knowledge of the subject which he has evinced throughout the lengthened debates upon the measure has only been equalled by the combination of tact, courtesy, and firmness which has added so much to the great Parliamentary reputation which he had already achieved. Even before the commencement of the session Mr Balfour had won golden opinions for himself, by the energy and wisdom which he had displayed in his dealings with Irish distress, and especially by his visits to the districts in which that distress was principally to be found, and his evident resolution to make himself acquainted with facts and circumstances which had hitherto been either unknown to Irish Chief Secretaries, or had only reached their ears in an exaggerated and distorted shape through such polluted sources of information as the inflammable reports of political enthusiasts or interested agitators. Mr Balfour's visits to the congested districts, and to localities in Ireland wherein ignorance and poverty had long reigned with undisputed sway, have probably been fraught with vast advantage, present and future, to the population who heard for the first time of the goodwill towards them entertained by British statesmen and the British nation. The employment to be afforded by means of the light railways (so wickedly opposed by some of those self-seeking "patriots," who saw in the content of the people the probable loss of their own political influence), and the other measures taken by Mr Balfour for the relief of distress, were hailed with delight by those for whose benefit they were undertaken; and it is probable that no British statesman, and certainly no Chief Secre-

tary for Ireland, has ever so rapidly made friends for himself among the warm-hearted Irish, or done more to create and promote that "union of hearts" which is sometimes held up as a result to be anticipated from some party programme, but which is far more likely to arise from substantial improvements in the condition and habits of men who have been left too long to the political agitator, and who may perhaps learn from recent events that their best and truest friends are of a very different class. It was, therefore, with good heart that Mr Balfour came from his noble and gallant efforts to relieve the Irish poor to the consideration in Parliament of his attempt to put the Irish land question upon a sound and satisfactory footing.

We shall not pretend to enter at any length into a subject so difficult and so complicated as that with which Mr Balfour had to grapple. Nor is it by any means worth while to deal with the recriminations indulged in, upon one side and upon the other, during the debates which followed the introduction of the measure. To what extent and in precisely what manner the Gladstone or the Salisbury Government had proposed to pledge British credit, and to what degree the Tories were inconsistent in proposing, and the Gladstonians in resisting, the bill of this session, are questions which may in a party discussion be interesting enough, but have little to do with the actual merits of the measure. Both parties had apparently, before the commencement of this session, come to the conclusion that the multiplication of the owners of land in Ireland was a desirable object, and that to facilitate the acquisition by tenant farmers of their holdings

was a fit and proper step to be taken, in order that this object might be attained.

Before the year 1880 it would doubtless have been inconsistent, and even surprising, if a Conservative Government had, with such an object, proposed to Parliament a measure upon the lines of that introduced and carried by Mr Balfour. But the legislation of the year 1880, and of subsequent years, has established the fact that Irish land is to be dealt with by the legislature in an exceptional manner, and upon principles distinct and different from those upon which such legislation had formerly been based. It is therefore a fair and legitimate retort of Conservatives upon their opponents that, the latter having laid down the lines upon which Irish land legislation should henceforward proceed, there is no inconsistency in moving forward upon those lines, and adapting your legislative proposals to the spirit in which recent legislation has been carried out. There is, for instance, no inconsistency on the part of Conservatives in accepting and recognising and basing legislation upon the fact that the judicial regulation of rents has, since Mr Gladstone's Act of 1880, become the law of the land, although at the same time there is probably no Conservative who does not agree with the solemn and deliberate condemnation of the very same thing which Mr Gladstone himself delivered in 1870, when he loudly and resolutely denounced judicial rents and fixity of tenure as absurd and impracticable ideas. The Parliament of Great Britain is not in the habit of laying down principles of legislation one year and repealing them in the next, and upon the principles laid down in and since 1880 the legislation

of to-day must of necessity be based. Whether Mr Balfour's bill will or will not work is a question which experience alone can determine, but this much is certain, that it has been undertaken in a resolute, earnest, and generous spirit; has received the closest scrutiny and most careful consideration from friend and foe; and has been generally recognised as an honest attempt to settle a question fraught with inherent difficulties, and only susceptible of satisfactory solution if dealt with in a broad and comprehensive spirit.

The third great measure of the session was that which dealt with free education, and gave rise to discussions which would doubtless have been greatly prolonged but for the peculiar circumstances of the case. The Gladstonians, pledged up to the eyes in favour of free education, dared do nothing to impede the progress of the bill. The Conservative objectors were, as far as their voting power is to be taken into account, an unimportant section, and the Government soon discovered that their majority on every point was secure. A large number of Conservatives found themselves unable to oppose the bill, though entertaining, more or less strongly, the objection that to relieve poor parents of the payment of school-fees was neither desirable nor desired, inasmuch as it removed from such parents a responsibility which properly belonged to them, and would work detrimentally to voluntary and denominational schools. Another argument, likely to be forcible with a large class of the smaller income-tax payers, was that, inasmuch as this payment of school-fees would necessitate the retention of the income-tax at a higher figure than would otherwise

have been the case, the practical result was that income-tax payers, many of them barely able to pay for the education of their own children, would be paying for the education of the children of a class for the most part as able as themselves to pay for the like purpose, and who had not asked for the remission. Moreover, it was strongly urged by the Liberal party in the House of Commons that in schools whereof the fees were to be henceforth paid by public money, the management should be under public control. In fact, a large part of the Nonconformists and the advocates of school-boards throughout the country saw in the Government bill a proposal, or at least an intention, to prop up and support the authority and management of the clergy in rural schools, and to put a barrier in the way of the future increase of school-boards and undenominational education. The arguments on the other side appeared no less cogent to the supporters of the measure. It was argued, in the first place, that since the State compelled a poor parent to send his child to school, there was much to be said for the contention that the State should pay for the loss of the child's labour to the parent. It was hinted that many of the poorer income-tax payers might with advantage send their own children to board-schools, and that, in any case, the education of the people was a legitimate object to which to apply the proceeds of the income-tax. It was moreover urged that, although the demand for public or local control over voluntary schools receiving grants on the abolition of school-fees was plausible, the arguments in favour of such a demand would not stand the test of investigation, and that it really resolved

itself into a question of religious grievance and the working of the conscience clause, with respect to which no case of religious oppression had been established, whilst the parents of children attending voluntary schools had already an appeal to the local authority in case of grievance.

Whatever the relative force and value of these arguments, it is undoubtedly true that the passage of the bill was facilitated by other than argumentative considerations. The Opposition, not daring to run the risk of being accused before the constituencies of having opposed "free education," gave the measure sufficient support to secure its success, and contented themselves with a protest, by means of an "instruction," moved by Mr H. Fowler, in favour of making provision in the case of districts where there is no school under public control for the introduction of the principle of local representation in the supervision of schools receiving free grants. This instruction having been defeated by a majority of 101, they satisfied their consciences by prophesying that, after the next general election, a Liberal Government would put matters right, and that the measure of this session was but the thin end of the wedge, certain to pave the way for the general and universal establishment of school boards and representative control throughout the country. Thus they parted with the measure without risking its withdrawal or defeat by means of any unnatural coalition with the discontented section of the Tory party. Meanwhile the latter were less numerous than had been supposed possible, on account of those general considerations of public policy which outweighed their

doubts and dislikes with regard to the particular measure before them. Some there were, indeed, who stood boldly to their guns, and, reckless of consequences, declined to vote for anything approximating to that free education which they had honestly denounced at their elections as mischievous, unnecessary, and fraught with danger to the religious teaching of the country. But the number of these conscientious sticklers for consistency was sensibly decreased by two main considerations. First, that the cry of free education was one which would be irresistible in many constituencies at the coming general election. Second, that if the question should come to be solved and settled by their opponents, the settlement and solution would probably be far more disadvantageous to the voluntary schools than the scheme of the present Government. True, the somewhat sudden adoption of the free education platform by the Conservative leaders had too much of the appearance of an attempt to appropriate and utilise a good cry for the elections; but once admit that legislation of some kind or other in this direction had become inevitable, and it was better to have it under the guidance and direction of your friends than of your enemies. So the great bulk of Conservative members dutifully followed the Government into the lobby, and the measure was passed by a sufficient majority, and the question settled at least for the present.

One noticeable and pleasant feature of these educational debates was the manner in which the Vice-President of the Council came to the front during the discussions upon the measure under his care. Sir William Hart Dyke has long

been known as a man of cheerful manner and genial temperament; but even those who knew him best were scarcely prepared for the success which he certainly achieved during the passage of the Education Bill. His courtesy and urbanity were conspicuous throughout; his tact in the management of the measure was ready and remarkable; whilst his knowledge of the details of the subject, his judgment as to the points upon which concession was possible or resistance necessary, never seemed to fail him, and the result was certainly to confirm and increase his Parliamentary reputation to an extent which must be highly gratifying to his numerous friends.

It cannot in fairness be denied that the passing of the three measures to which we have alluded has not been accomplished without the creation of a certain amount of uneasiness in the Conservative mind throughout the country. Whilst the Tithe Bill was probably understood by comparatively few people, and was unlikely to arouse much excitement, one way or the other, in a party or political sense, the Irish Land Bill was not calculated to evoke Conservative enthusiasm, and the Education Bill stood in this respect in the worst position of the three. It was freely condemned throughout the country by many supporters of the Government, and by a still larger number was received with lukewarm interest, and only accepted as a dire necessity of the situation. The measure was openly spoken of as a concession to the Liberal Unionist Party, an abnegation of Conservative principles, and a departure from professions and pledges which had been solemnly and unequivocally given. It would be alike idle and

mischievous to deny the existence of these feelings, or to pretend that the policy of the Government has been thoroughly popular with the Conservative party. Such a state of things must be admitted and recognised before it can be altered and improved. Yet improvement and alteration must be effected before the next general election, and this can only be done by frank and fair discussion at the present moment. The truth is, that the very cordiality and completeness which characterises the alliance between the Conservative and the Liberal section of the Unionist party, exposes that party to a dual difficulty, and may easily imperil the success of its policy. The one danger is easy of perception, though scarcely so easy of avoidance. There seems to be so great a concurrence of educated opinion in favour of Unionist views, and so great a division in the Home Rule camp, that a feeling of over-confidence is engendered, than which nothing is more likely to lead to defeat and disaster. Feeling certain in their own minds that any policy of Home Rule has only to be proposed in legislative form in order to spread renewed division and confusion among the Home Rule camp, and that such a policy is for that, if for no other reason, predestined to defeat as before, Unionists are too much inclined to put aside the question altogether, and to vote at isolated elections for this or that crotchet which may be good or bad in itself, but which, if worked by crafty agents, is made the means of dragging unwary men into the support of a candidate who in reality differs from them upon the great question of the integrity of the empire. Moreover, our Union-

ist friends are apt to forget that elections are not now decided by what are technically called the educated classes, but by the masses of the people. Many of these latter are under the direction and dictation of trades unions — that wonderful product of the present Liberal generation, which enthralles and enslaves the individual in its pursuit of the fancied rights of the section of the community to which he belongs. Those who are so enslaved and enthralled do not give their votes according to their views upon the union between Great Britain and Ireland, or the integrity of the empire: their votes are cast in accordance with the views of the candidate upon some question connected with labour or capital which happens at the moment to be the pabulum upon which the trade union is being fed. A still larger though less effectually organised portion of the masses consists of men with little or no political opinion of their own, but swayed by the eloquence or the promises of professional agitators, and worked upon by some considerations of personal advantage to be gained for the moment by themselves and their class by their support of this or that candidate. To teach these men their electoral responsibility, to bring before them the grave issues involved in a Parliamentary contest, to elevate them above the passing whim or passion of the moment, would appear to be an almost hopeless task. Yet it is a task which must not only be undertaken, but one which it is the duty of Unionists to undertake. Falsehood must be encountered by truth, misrepresentation by the calm and clear statement of facts; above all, it must be shown and proved to the masses

who now command and control the polls that their truest friends are to be found in the Conservative ranks, and that although regard for the interests of the masses has been constantly in the mouth of Radical orators, the legislative action which has done most for the people has been generally of Conservative origin, and the work of Conservative statesmen. The Factory Acts, the Acts passed for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, the sanitary enactments, all prove the truth of this assertion, and the more closely it is examined and tested the more will it be established as an incontrovertible fact.

But in order to bring home to the masses the truth which is so constantly derided and denied by our opponents, as well as for other purposes connected with the coming general election, that which is more required than anything else is the organisation of our forces. Organisation should at this moment be the watchword of the Unionist party. Without effective organisation nothing can be effected; with it, victory is within our grasp. There are two special points, besides and apart from the diffusion of political truth among the masses, in which such an organisation might and should be usefully employed,—one, the careful selection of candidates for special constituencies; the other, the equally careful and judicious treatment of the crotchet-mongers. For if the latter are taken in time, and handled in a diplomatic manner, much mischief may be avoided which is certain to occur if matters are allowed to drift. There are, of course, some men who will stick to their crotchet to the last; but even these are not hopeless, if things are not suffered to go on

until it has become a point of honour not to recede. No man likes to be made to appear ridiculous before his neighbours; and this is exactly the appearance which a man presents who, agreeing with one candidate upon the great question of the day, votes for another with whom he differs thereupon on account of his agreement with him upon some other topic of admittedly lesser importance. This may be, though never entirely a sensible, still perhaps an excusable course in the case of an isolated election, by the loss of which a Government may be warned, but its existence cannot be imperilled; but it is a course which, at a general election, is totally without justification. To minimise the evil which would arise from such a course, and to avert the first of the dual dangers to which we have referred, the organisation which we advocate should be made a first object with our leaders. It may be alleged that such an organisation already exists; but if so, it should without delay be improved, extended, and ramified in every possible direction, if we mean to avoid defeat at the general election, and the miserable excuse, when too late to be of service, "Our opponents were better organised than we were."

The other danger to which we desire to draw attention is of a somewhat different character. It is the danger of a jealousy between the different sections of the party itself. Down to the present moment no such thing has in any material degree affected the strength of our alliance. But it cannot be denied that during the recent debates there has cropped up a feeling which might easily lead to such an unhappy result. By the

stalwarts of the Conservative party the action of the Government has been spoken of as too much savouring of subservience to the Liberal-Unionists, whilst the latter have been widely and loudly accused by the Gladstonians of having become more Tory than the Tories themselves in their support of the Government. With regard to the latter accusation, it is of course part and parcel of the Gladstonian policy to persuade the public that the Liberals who have refused to follow Mr Gladstone upon the Home Rule question are no longer deserving of the name of Liberal, and to show them that there is no middle course between Gladstonianism and thorough identification with the Tory party. The net is vainly spread in the sight of any bird, and this particular net is not one into which the Liberal Unionists are likely to walk. It is, therefore, rather to our Conservative friends that we should appeal against any feeling which may tend to weaken the solidity and strength of the Unionist party. It is perfectly true that there have been occasions, even during the present session, upon which it would be difficult to reconcile the action of the Government with entire adhesion to the principles by which the Tory party are supposed to be governed. But it must always be borne in mind that the Conservatism of the present day is not, and cannot be, identical with the Toryism of the earlier part of the century, which practically consisted in opposition to every change, and in the defence of privilege and monopoly against popular progress and commercial freedom. This state of things has entirely altered and passed away, and we are constantly urging the constituencies to believe that Con-

servatism is to the full as progressive as Radicalism, with the one qualification that we desire that our progress should be upon the lines of the constitution, and that we should, along with change, secure improvement. This is the true basis of the Conservatism of to-day, and it is one which is becoming better and better known and understood in the country and among the electoral body.

But if it be so, and if the real question between the two parties is one of safe progress on the one side, as against rash and inconsiderate change upon the other, it is idle to condemn every progressive movement suggested by a Government composed of the Conservative leaders, and to shake one's head mournfully over every step taken with a view to give practical proof that the Conservative party is that from which useful and popular reforms are most likely to be obtained. Those who deprecate such steps, and who accuse, or at least suspect, their leaders of apostasy from the political creed which they profess, should remember that in the days upon which we have fallen popular opinion must be considered and conciliated; and the extent to which concession may be carried with safety, as well as the necessity of departure from a too rigid adherence to party dogma, are points upon which the leaders are better able to judge than the rank and file, and with regard to which the former may justly ask the latter for their confidence and support. The constitution of Great Britain is elastic, and susceptible of adaptation to the varying circumstances of different epochs and ages. No cast-iron constitution would suit the progressive temperament of a free people like our

own, and the political party which should aim at such a model would simply ruin itself in public estimation. If, then, the elasticity of our constitution, and the frequent necessity of alteration therein, be admitted, surely the time, the method, and the extent of the alteration may be safely left to those whom we recognise as our political leaders. These men have the best opportunities of judging the fittest manner in which to popularise Conservatism without sacrificing its fundamental principles. Moreover, the discontented Conservative should recollect that if upon certain questions public opinion is evidently bent upon legislation, it is far better to have the treatment of such questions in the hands of our friends than in those of our opponents. It is amusing to see the writhings and contortions of the latter when any measure is proposed by the present Government which they cannot oppose without danger to their chances of re-election. Several such measures they have been unlucky enough to encounter, and their only expedient is to declare that the Tory Government has stolen the Radical programme, and that it is to the latter party that the credit is really due. No measure has afforded a better example of this state of affairs than the Free Education Bill, and it has been amusing to witness the irritation of those who have had to bear this violent encroachment upon that fund of political capital of which they had intended to secure the monopoly. It may perhaps be doubted, however, whether either party will reap much political advantage in connection with this particular subject. It is one of the properties of a democratic system that the

popular interest in any particular question does not long survive after the question itself has been settled. New events follow in rapid succession, new questions spring up, and fresh issues soon drive out the memory of those which have been fought out and decided. It is impossible to foretell at this moment what will be the topic uppermost in men's minds when the dissolution of the present Parliament actually takes place; but whatever it may be, it is extremely likely that it will at that moment throw into oblivion the credit or discredit of any particular measure of recent legislation.

It is not, however, upon particular measures, good as many of them have been, that Lord Salisbury's Government rests its claims to the sympathies and support of its fellow-countrymen. Upon a broad retrospect of the political horizon, we shall find that these claims rest upon a safer and wider foundation. If we compare the present position of our country with that which she occupied during Mr Gladstone's last administration, we shall see at a glance much to be proud of, much for which to be thankful, and very much which should strengthen our determination to keep in power the Government which has deserved so well at our hands. If we cast our eyes abroad, we can but feel that our relations with foreign nations stand infinitely better since Lord Salisbury has administered the affairs of the Foreign Office. The most bitter and factious of Radical cavillers have been unable to find a weak spot in the armour of the Foreign Secretary; whilst all that is good and patriotic among the Opposition has joined with one consent in the

recognition of Lord Salisbury's constant determination to preserve friendly relations with all foreign Powers, but at the same time to uphold with no less steadfast resolution the honour, the prestige, and the influence of this country. Against Lord Salisbury's high character and unblemished honour the feeble attacks of such puny assailants as Mr Labouchere could do nothing; and his mischievous attempts to demonstrate that Lord Salisbury had slighted or neglected France made no more impression upon the public mind than his silly insinuations that the Foreign Secretary had committed this country to the support of the Triple alliance between Germany, Italy, and Austria. That alliance, or indeed any union of Powers which has for its object, and is calculated to secure, the continued peace of Europe, cannot but be regarded with satisfaction by Great Britain, whose interests as well as sentiments are all bound up with European peace. But the principle that Great Britain steers clear of European quarrels in which she has no concern is a principle which is admitted as much by Tories as by Radicals, and no one but a crotchety mischief-monger would conceive the idea that a British Foreign Secretary would be likely to commit his country to a course which would be in direct violation of that principle. These questions and cross-questions upon matters of foreign policy are one of the evils of our Parliamentary system, because it is in the very nature of things that diplomatic proceedings cannot be carried on like a debate in the House of Commons, and it is often impossible to answer questions satisfactorily with a due consideration for the public in-

terests. But the confidence of the country in Lord Salisbury is little likely to be shaken by the conceited impertinences of beings of the Labouchere tribe, and the close of the session undoubtedly sees the Foreign Secretary in a position as strong as it can well be made by the universal approval of the manner in which he has conducted our foreign relations.

In this connection it may be well to call to mind the warm and hearty congratulations with which the young Emperor of Germany has been received during his recent visit to this country. Of course we must take into account the near relationship of the emperor to our own beloved queen, which of itself would have ensured a welcome from the people, who have always so well understood and so highly appreciated the character of their sovereign. Moreover, the high qualities which the youthful emperor has already shown himself to possess, and the evidence which he has given of his desire to promote the progressive improvement of his people, and consequently to secure that European peace which is so essential to such an object, afforded good reason why he should be popular with the people of Great Britain. But there was in the reception accorded to his Imperial Majesty something more than personal popularity. There was the cordial feeling of amity alike towards the sovereign and the people of Germany, which springs not only from affinity in race but from a consciousness of the many feelings and interests which are common to both nations, and from an innate conviction that in the prosperity and progress of Germany lies the best security for the general peace of Europe. That Lord

Salisbury is believed to entertain this opinion is another reason why his countrymen repose confidence in his administration of foreign affairs, and it is an opinion which may be entertained without the slightest offence to other Powers, and without the smallest diminution of respect and friendship for our other allies. The best testimony to Lord Salisbury's successful administration of his department is to be found in the paucity of debates upon foreign affairs which have taken place, bearing always in mind that this administration has been carried on under the scrutiny of a keen and vigilant Opposition, to whom it must be conceded that (apart from the few notoriety-hunters to whom we have alluded, and who really count for nobody) they have honourably foreborne from unnecessary and mischievous debates such as have sometimes been raised by irresponsible meddlers who care nothing how much they may hamper or damage British interests, provided they can injure or annoy a political opponent. The leaders of the Opposition must be credited with this forbearance, but of course it affords evidence that no occasion has arisen upon which Lord Salisbury's conduct of affairs was sufficiently doubtful to make it necessary for his opponents to fulfil the ordinary functions of an Opposition by calling it in question before Parliament.

Leaving foreign affairs, it may be permitted to us to congratulate ourselves upon the change which has come over Ireland, and the vastly improved condition of that country. The diminution of crime, the increasing contentment of the people, and the greater respect paid to the law, all tend to show the truth of Lord Salisbury's

greatly misrepresented words, that "twenty years of resolute Government" would be the panacea for many of Ireland's woes. Of Mr Balfour, as the Minister specially responsible for the conduct of Irish affairs, we have already spoken, but it is impossible to say too much or to speak too highly of his administration. Amid the storms of abuse with which he has again and again been assailed, Mr Balfour has quietly but firmly held his own, and done his duty. The result has been that, little by little, the abuse has lessened, the bitter virulence of the attacks have subsided, and there are not wanting indications that abuse of Mr Balfour is no longer a safe card with which to win the sympathies of an Irish audience. The Irish people are no fools. From time to time they may be deceived and misled by selfish agitators, and politicians craving for notoriety. But they cannot be hoodwinked for ever, and the time is sure to come when they will recognise and duly appreciate the difference between the frothy utterances and empty promises of "Nationalist" orators, and the substantial advantages bestowed upon them by Mr Balfour, and by the legislation of the Imperial Parliament under Lord Salisbury's administration. For the Government has gone steadily on with its remedial legislation for Ireland, and has proved its good faith and desire to meet the legitimate wishes of the Irish people. The latter may rest assured that so much of the further development of self-government can safely be given them will be given without unnecessary delay, and the more determinately they resist the insidious voice of the scheming agitator, and apply themselves to the faithful discharge of

the ordinary duties of citizenship in a civilised country, the larger will be the measure of self-government accorded to them by a Parliament which will grudge them nothing which is consistent with the integrity and security of the empire. The break down of the famous — or infamous — Plan of Campaign seems pretty well accomplished, and the evicted Irish tenants can judge for themselves how little they have gained and how much they have lost by listening to the advice of those false friends who have striven to make political capital for themselves out of the misfortunes of their fellow-countrymen.

It is not our concern to pry into the secrets of the Nationalist Exchequer, with a view to decide whether Mr Parnell or the enemies of Mr Parnell have been responsible for the withholding of funds from the evicted, or for the failure of the Plan of Campaign. It is, however, impossible to touch upon Irish affairs without having regard to the great change which has been brought about in the whole political condition of the country by the Parnell episode. It is happily unnecessary even to allude to the uninviting details of that episode, the memory of which will be quite sufficiently kept before the public as long as the newspapers continue to report the choice scraps of gutter eloquence which from time to time fall from the unbridled tongue of Mr Tim Healy. It is results alone with which we have to deal, and they are very remarkable results which have so far followed the severance in the ranks of the Nationalist party. The first apparently certain result is this, that Mr Parnell can only command a small fraction of the representation of Ireland, which until very recently

was to such a large extent in his hands. He can probably, if he pleases, secure the return of supporters of the present Government in several Ulster constituencies, by starting an ally of his own against the "Tim Healyite" candidate, or even by advising his friends to withhold their votes from the latter. Moreover, by a similar division of the Irish vote Mr Parnell can probably secure the defeat of Gladstonians in several constituencies in the north of England, and possibly in Scotland. This, however, unless matters greatly change before the general election, would seem to be the extent of his power. The days are past and gone which saw Charles Stewart Parnell the acknowledged leader of three-fourths of the Irish representatives, and possessed of such power as to justify the title of the "uncrowned king of Ireland" bestowed upon him by some of those who now repudiate him altogether. This is the first result of recent events, and it is one which, if it stood alone, would deserve to be noted, as having effected a notable change in the position and prospect of Irish affairs. There is, however, a second result which is fraught with serious considerations, and is of no light import to the future. We allude to the position into which the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland has come since the Parnell imbroglio. It will be remembered that the Hierarchy took no steps to prevent or oppose the re-election of Mr Parnell as the Irish leader, or the public endorsement of that re-election at the Leinster Hall meeting, after the Divorce Court proceedings had become known. But although their subsequent denunciation of Mr Parnell and all his works was delayed until Mr Gladstone, after due deliberation,

had agreed to support the English Nonconformists in their demand for his dismissal, their excuses for the delay appear to have been practically accepted by their flocks, and their denouncement has no doubt materially damaged the position of Mr Parnell with the Irish constituencies. The Catholic Bishops, who refused to denounce the Plan of Campaign, and who in this connection almost to a man slighted and disobeyed the direct commands of the Holy Father at the Vatican, have now come forward into the political arena, ostensibly for the purpose of marking their condemnation of a crime by ostracism of the criminal and his supporters.

But with whatever purpose their action has been taken, the fact remains—and it is one of the greatest results of the recent crisis—that the Catholic bishops and priests of Ireland have left the non-political position which they have adopted for many years past, and have once more become active factors in the political life of Ireland. The matter is too important to be passed by without notice. The power which a Catholic priest exercises over his people is not one to be ignored or forgotten. It is a power upon which the extraordinary number of Irish voters who claim to give their votes openly as illiterate persons affords a remarkable comment. Moreover, it is a power against which no counteracting influence can avail anything. We may be sure that in the Carlow election, as in the Kilkenny and Sligo elections, this power was actively employed, and had no little to do with the results in each case. If this be the fact, we have a striking comment on the probable character of any Parliament which would be

elected if Home Rule should ever become the law of the land. It would be a Parliament of which the vast majority would be elected by the Catholic priests, and under the influence of the Catholic Hierarchy. And even in the United Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland we may now reckon upon having some seventy members returned by, and subject to, the same influences. We have then, as the main results of recent Irish transactions, the substitution of the Roman Hierarchy for Mr Parnell as the virtual controllers of the Irish representation, and thus will be presented the strange spectacle of a close alliance between the friends of the Church of Rome and that body of political non-conformity in Great Britain which has generally considered itself among the main bulwarks of Protestantism, but which will have for the future to modify its dislike of papal supremacy if it intends to maintain unbroken the alliance of those incongruous atoms who constitute the Gladstonian party. Where and to what lengths this alliance would lead us, if it should unhappily obtain a majority at the general election, is a question which the wisest of us would find it difficult to answer. It will doubtless be held together, for the mutual advantage of its members, until after that event, but it is of too unnatural a character to survive many sessions of Parliament.

This consideration, however, must not make us forget the importance of preventing the accession to office, even for a limited period, of the leaders of this minority group of politicians. Their success can only be achieved by electioneering strategy—namely, by selecting candidates whose local

position, or support of some particular measure specially in favour with the constituency, may outweigh considerations of general policy, and by the artful adoption of some popular cry at the moment of the elections. Nor can the success of such politicians be permanent. As soon as they should attempt the work of constructive legislation, they would crumble to pieces in a moment. But although this is the case, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the result of several bye-elections has proved the strength of the unholy alliance against Lord Salisbury's Government, and that their power is not to be despised, but boldly encountered at all points between this and the hour of trial. Conservative or Liberal Unionists who may feel disappointment at any part of the policy or any one of the measures of the present Government, would do well to put to themselves this pertinent question—What would be the result of replacing them by a Gladstonian Ministry? Should we, upon any one subject, be presented with measures more in accordance with our own views? If we have misgivings as to the sufficient safeguarding of our voluntary schools under the Education Act of the late session, is there the slightest prospect that anything more favourable to our views would be obtained from a Gladstonian Government? If we doubt whether the rights of property have been adequately protected by Conservative land legislation in Ireland, can we for a moment forget that a large section of Gladstonians are prepared to violently invade those rights in England the very moment that public opinion may appear ripe for such an invasion. If, again, on the other hand, we

are satisfied with the improved condition of Ireland since the accession to power of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1886, how can we contemplate with patience the resumption of the reins of power by those Gladstonian statesmen who are practically pledged to hand back to the defiers of law and order the position and influence of which they have been deservedly deprived? For we must not mistake the true position of affairs, or forget that the support which Mr Gladstone and his friends have given to attacks upon the Irish constabulary, the magistrates, and other officers of the law, and their open association and alliance with the advocates of the Plan of Campaign and the abettors of lawless defiance to all constituted authority, has rendered it next to impossible that they can again govern Ireland without serious risk of outbreak and bloodshed. They cannot satisfy their Nationalist allies upon matters of ordinary government in Ireland without practically surrendering the power of government into their hands. They cannot satisfy these same allies, any more than they can appease the Parnellite section of Nationalists, by any Home Rule measure which stops short of giving to Ireland a far more independent existence than the British Liberal party is prepared to give. As the support of the latter is more important to the Gladstonian leaders than that of the Nationalists, it is probably the latter who would be disappointed; but, during the struggle to reconcile the two in such a manner as to maintain a Gladstonian Government in power, concessions would be made to one section or to the other, prin-

ciples would again be ruthlessly sacrificed, and the interests of the country would suffer during a pitiable struggle for the retention of office by politicians who have already forfeited the confidence and the respect of their countrymen.

With such a prospect before us, it surely behoves us to gird up our loins for the strife, to forget past doubts and disappointments, and exert ourselves to the utmost for the good cause of Conservative progress. The time will doubtless come when the advocates of Home Rule will be driven to admit the futility of the revival of two Parliaments for one kingdom. If they would speak the truth, they would even now admit that not one Irishman in a hundred cares sixpence about the matter. There are some, no doubt, who would like to drive British rule out of Ireland altogether, although they would gladly retain the British capital which would infallibly vanish at the same time. There are more, probably, who would like still another effort at land legislation, if it would bring land more nearly within their reach, and enable them to enjoy it without the expense of purchase. Moreover, there are Catholics who would gladly banish Protestants from Ireland, and Protestants who long to perform the same kind office for their Catholic fellow-subjects. But the people who care for Home Rule—that is to say, for an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin—are few indeed, and this is perfectly well known to all who have taken the trouble to make inquiries into the matter. Home Rule is a dead horse. It has served its purpose in forming a stronger Parliamentary party than Fenianism or any other school which has existed for the same purpose during the last hundred

years. It has assisted to turn out and to keep in power several British Ministers, and it still assists many a Liberal orator in the peroration of his speeches to electors in various parts of the country. "Government of Ireland by the Irish," "extension of self-government to Ireland," "equality between Ireland and Great Britain," are all phrases capable of being used with effect to uneducated or semi-educated audiences, upon whom, if well put, they may often produce a considerable effect. But for all this, as a practical part of politics, Home Rule, in its first and primary sense, has ceased to exist; and although hereafter some development of Irish Local Government, or some arrangement which may flatter the laudable vanity of our Irish fellow-subjects, may be clothed with the name of Home Rule in order to satisfy the self-consciousness and preserve the apparent consistency of the statesmen who have swallowed Home Rule as a political panacea, and have some difficulty in getting completely rid of it, yet dead it is, and none better know it than some of those who still rant and roar about it as if it was a real, living, active factor in the political situation.

It is well to note, however, the crafty manner in which the Gladstonian party misrepresents the condition of the Home Rule question. No longer ago than the 13th July, in writing of the then pending Wisbeach election, the 'Daily News' declared that "the greatest obstacle in Mr Gladstone's way in 1886 was that he had sought to employ British credit in buying out Irish landlords. His opponents have since *adopted his principle*, and Mr Balfour has carried through the House of

Commons a bill for effecting the same purpose at increased risk in a less defensible way." Now here are two statements which, if they were true, would of course very much strengthen the Gladstonian position. If the main grounds of Mr Gladstone's defeat upon the Home Rule question in 1886 were his proposals with regard to Irish land legislation, and if Mr Balfour has practically confessed Mr Gladstone to have been in the right, by adopting similar principles in his legislation upon the same subject, of course Mr Gladstone's wisdom must be patent to all. Unfortunately, however, these statements are misleading and untrue. During the debates of the late session upon the Irish Land Bill, the wide and essential differences between the bill of Mr Balfour and the proposals of Mr Gladstone in 1886 have been so clearly pointed out, that the ignorance which attempts to identify the two must be wilful in the extreme. No one acquainted with the subject denies for a moment that the securities afforded by Mr Balfour are substantial and sound, whilst those proposed by Mr Gladstone rested upon a flimsy foundation, and afforded no real security. This, however, is a comparatively trifling misstatement as compared with the graver and more reckless untruth involved, if not absolutely stated, in the words which we have quoted. It is directly untrue to state or to insinuate that the defects of Mr Gladstone's Land Bill were the "greatest obstacle in his way." Of course, what is intended to be conveyed is that the constituencies in 1886 had no objection to Home Rule and did not reject it, but that it was the Land Bill which caused Mr Gladstone's defeat at the polls. This is the

nonsense which is being constantly crammed down our throats by Gladstonian teachers, whereas nothing is more certain than that the broad idea of Home Rule—i.e., the idea of a Parliament sitting in Dublin, and controlled by those who had given such constant evidence in the British Parliament of their hostility to British interests—was the idea which the constituencies of Great Britain emphatically rejected at the general election of 1886. It cannot be too frequently brought to the memory of the electors of this country that the experiment of an Irish Parliament was tried during the latter years of the last century under favourable conditions, and that it failed most completely to satisfy either England or Ireland. Our readers may judge for themselves what chance there would be of a better result if we had an Irish Parliament controlled by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, with a sufficient infusion of the Fenian element to lessen the slender chance of peaceful proceedings. It was the fear of such a Parliament—the strong feeling that Protestant Ulster must not be left to its mercies—the knowledge, moreover, that the views of many, if not of the great majority, of Irish Home-Rulers extended far beyond the creation of a Parliament which (as Gladstonian candidates freely declare to-day) is to be "subservient to the Imperial Parliament,"—it was these things which inspired the constituencies to drive Mr Gladstone from power, and the question of his Land Bill had an infinitesimally small share in the result.

These misrepresentations are what Unionists have to meet and to expose. Truth travels slowly, but when it is once recognised and

accepted, it will prevail. In the very same article from which we have already quoted, we are told by the Gladstonian organ that Mr Balfour's "coercion" had for its object "to assist in the collection of rents, and to keep up the price of land"; and that as to his "so-called success in misgoverning Ireland," "the whole affair is a flagrant and disgraceful sham." Was there ever a more wilful perversion of truth? That which is called coercion is simply the enforcement of the ordinary law; and if tenants, many of them holding their farms at rents fixed by Mr Gladstone's own land courts, refuse to pay their rents, surely the ordinary law should be enforced in their case, as in the case of any other debtors. The Gladstonian argument would appear to be that a contract to pay rent in return for hired land is a

less sacred and binding contract than any other, and that a breach of such contract is rather creditable than otherwise. Mr Balfour's so-called (and most falsely called) coercion is simply the protection which every civilised country throws over its peaceful and loyal subjects, and its effects are visible in the improved and pacified condition of the country. If the Gladstonians declare this to be "a flagrant and disgraceful sham," it follows that, in the event of their success at the general election, they would seek to reverse the present state of things, and to hand over the interests of Ireland to the tender mercies of their Nationalist allies—i.e., the agitators, the Plan of Campaigners, and the priests. From such an unhappy and disgraceful result, Good Lord deliver us!

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CCXI.

SEPTEMBER 1891.

VOL. CL.

DIAMOND-DIGGING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr Joseph, do let us
a little matter. Write
me for £26,400 for this
diamonds, and let us
with it." But the dia-
mer retorts that the sum
is a trifle of £400 above
ice; that he has recently
money by his "parcels";
I departed he was still
n, with the agent of the
Company, the sarcastic
which is the very salt of
riorating avocation, ma-
ying and selling. The
a dispute consisted of
ty little heaps of insig-
oking white stones, rather
than dirty bits of bottle-
ctically of no intrinsic
t possessing the attribute
g human vanity to such
at in order to grub for
ost of able business men
anged English civilisa-
outh African privation;
arked enormous sums,
ondrous machinery, and

taken into employment several
thousands of human beings.¹ I
purpose describing in detail the
various stages of digging for, sift-
ing, sorting, selling—and I may
add, stealing—these stones, as il-
lustrated by the "De Beers," the
principal mine in Kimberley.

Although there is no secret
whatever in any part of the oper-
ations, it is obvious that the most
stringent precautions are neces-
sary to prevent the easy theft of
such *multum in parvo* treasures
as precious stones; and therefore
it is reasonably required that all
visitors shall be provided with a
permit to inspect the works. The
diamondiferous area is enclosed
and screened by means of high
barbed wire-fencing and lofty cor-
rugated-iron hoarding, as skilfully
disposed as one of Vauban's fort-
resses; and is further safeguarded
externally at night by numerous
armed patrols, and by powerful
electric lights casting a glare on
every spot otherwise favourable to

Kimberley mines find work for 1500 white men and 12,000 natives.
CL.—NO. DCCCCXI.

intending marauders. After having been somewhat carefully scrutinised, I am admitted through a narrow gateway, and find myself confronted with a gigantic, apparently almost bottomless pit, compared with which the crater of Vesuvius would be puny, and which marks the earlier scenes of open ground labour. In course of time huge masses of earth began to slip down from the sides, entailing such peril, and—far more important to the eager owners—such a clogging of work, that the original process was abandoned in favour of sinking shafts and subterranean mining. Equipped in miner's slops, supplied with a bare candle, and chaperoned by one of the superintendents, I am shot down an ordinary incline to a depth of 700 feet below the surface, whence we further descend another 90 feet by means of slippery perpendicular ladders, leading down piercings just large enough to admit the body. Here we reach a widened level at the very heart of the diamond-bearing earth, which is hot, stifling, and intensely dark. Long low tunnels radiate through a scene of which the principal features are rushing trucks, flickering lights, and shouting workmen, common to all large mining operations, and calling for no special description. Only by degrees do I notice characteristics of detail so strange as to cause these mines to differ from all others. Hundreds of Kaffirs are plying pick and shovel, wheeling barrows, and tilting trucks, with a might-and-main earnestness rare amongst natives. Although they differ greatly in size and shades of darkness, owing to the variety of tribes gathered together from far-apart districts of South Africa, they are, on the whole, of fine physical develop-

ment, with smooth lustrous skins and tense brawny muscles, and sweltering profusely under their tremendous exertions. Scantiness of clothing was to be anticipated; but in no part of the world, not even in Japan, have I seen a multitude of human beings so perfectly nude, and at the same time so perfectly unabashed as to be suggestive of the unconsciousness of the very beasts of the field. They work in shifts of twelve hours' duration, Sunday being a general rest day, and each native receives about 5s. a-day—an enormous sum for these aborigines, which gives rise to a keen competition for employment. Large gangs are supervised by single Europeans, who strongly exemplify the moral influence of race. Instant, cheerful, unquestioning obedience is the rule: occasionally a rough hustle, or a smack with the palm of the hand, is bestowed on the laggard or the careless; but when justly administered, this is never resented, and a careful observation of the demeanour and friendly verbal intercourse between superintendents and labourers failed to reveal to me any signs of habitual bodily tyranny. Without doubt, outbursts of the white man's brutality occasionally occur. During my stay at Kimberley a European was tried for having caused by violence the death of a native, and after a fair trial was acquitted. Yet, on the whole, there is no reason to believe that our rule is characterised by cruelty, and an air of happy contentment was generally prevalent.

Quitting the enlarged level at the bottom of the shaft, I grope through one of the low radiating tunnels, which twist about in a fashion reminding me of the catacombs of Rome. Diamond-mines

are free from most of the dangers associated with other subterranean workings. There is no rush of fire-damp, and no wire-gauze is needed for the unprotected candles; no deadly emanations of gas, no sudden overwhelming of water, and no falling in of roofs—shoring-up being only needed to a very limited extent. Almost the only fatal accident of magnitude recorded in the annals of these mines occurred three years ago, when some timber caught fire, and over three hundred imprisoned natives were choked to death. The ruling passion for gain then proved strong up to the last: many bodies were found in attitudes which showed that their dying gasps had been expended in efforts to plunder their comrades of the little leather purses which most of them wear suspended round the waist. An explorer of the labyrinth must be all eyes and ears. The intense darkness seems to be augmented by the alternate glimmer of our spluttering naked candles, and the fierce glare of an occasional electric light: at one time I stumble ankle-deep into a churned-up slough of despond; at another I have to exercise the utmost activity to avoid being annihilated by the trucks, which rush, with deafening reverberations and at railway speed, along the narrow inclined tramways, each conveying a load of earth and conducted by a Kaffir shouting out warnings. In a short time I am streaming with perspiration, soaking with roof-drippings, splashed from head to foot with grease and mud, and in my bedraggled miner's costume present an aspect compared with which that of a Whitechapel dog-fancier would be refined and respectable. But at Kimberley, both above and below ground, Englishmen are wont to put their hand to the plough, wisely resolved to perform their

work thoroughly, and regardless of the externals of their normal social status; and here I find many a better man than myself similarly transformed. I speak a word or two to some Europeans who are heads of gangs, and whose appearance would justify attributing to them the minds and manners of barges: they respond with the timbre of voice and the diction of highly educated gentlemen. I tentatively lead up to their antecedents, and I discover that many of the speakers are members of well-known English county families, and had been formerly residents of well-known English country homes, but that through stress of circumstances and the temptation of the De Beers payment of a guinea a-day, they are now bravely working as weekly labourers. One of the head officials told me of a tallyman who was occupying the intervals of counting trucks by reading, and to whom he remarked in a friendly manner, "A novel makes a pleasant change down here." "Yes; but this is not a novel," said the reader, holding out for inspection an elaborate treatise on conic sections. Then he explained that he had been a university man, had taken his degree, and had subsequently adopted the profession of civil engineer, but that owing to family misfortunes and poverty, he was now glad to accept the remunerative employment of tallyman in a Kimberley mine.

At the extremity of one of the tunnels was an enlarged chamber where receptacles were being drilled for explosive charges destined to break through some unusually obdurate rock, and here I was enabled to take leisurely note of further details concerning the Kaffir workmen. My questions were translated into native "pidgin" Kaffir, a jargon compounded

of the numerous dialects of the various tribes. The men seemed cheerful and bright after a fashion, but their replies lacked intelligence, and betrayed a low order of intellect. I must however, in justice, premise that this particular group was composed of the most inferior specimens of natives. For instance, I found that 9 or 10 comprised their highest familiar notation; 15 and upwards puzzled them; higher figures could only be expressed by a clumsy periphrasis; while 200 or 300 was quite beyond their realisation, and was vaguely conceived as "a very great number." "How old are you?" I inquired of one; but the overseer explained that none of them have the least idea of their own ages: their sole landmarks are certain important events which befell their tribes, such as some particular war, a great famine, a general drought or cattle-sickness. "Only last week," he added, "a Kaffir being asked a similar question, and replying in total ignorance, a European interposed — 'Let me look at your teeth. I will soon tell you. Why, you must be 100 at least.' The native immediately assembled his fellows around him, and told them that the Baas (master) had pronounced him 100 years old, in an ecstasy of pride at the attainment of an age which he considered added so much to his dignity." One Kaffir rejoiced in a snake-skin charm round his neck; another wore a string—his sole article of vesture—tied to his thigh, whence depended a small leather pocket containing five or six shillings—a large sum for a wild native—and his working ticket. The only drinks allowed are tea, coffee, or water; and I was struck with the simple and clever device for a constantly cool supply of the last, by means

of common bags of coarse canvas, which, when soaked, became sufficiently impermeable to retain the bulk of the fluid, but sufficiently porous to admit of a continual oozing and icy evaporation.

While we were casually conversing, I was startled by a terrific roar, followed by a reverberation and quivering of the walls and arches as though convulsed by an earthquake, and by a violent rush of wind which instantly extinguished every light in the vicinity. "Doubtless a hideous catastrophe," I reflected: "some portion of the mine has fallen in; we are imprisoned like rats in a trap, and shall feed on each other's carcasses until released by a lingering death." Profound silence in the pitch-darkness, only broken by the heavy breathing of the native workmen, and after a few seconds by the scraping of lucifer-matches for relighting our candles. Nobody seemed in the least discomposed and the answer to my awestricken inquiry was, "Oh, nothing at all only dynamite blasting in an adjacent chamber." I afterwards found that these explosions were of frequent occurrence; but on one occasion, to resist the impulse of startled jump taxed the strongest nerves.

Let us turn our attention from the personal to the material which thousands of human beings in this district are toiling day and night about 800 feet below ground. The diamondiferous earth, termed the "blue," is reached at a varying depth, and is for a hardened but friable corundum. It is detached with comparative ease, and the process of loading trucks, each of which holds 100 lb., is carried on unceasingly on a very large scale, and with utmost rapidity. The trucks are hauled to the top by

steam machinery; and if we follow their further destination, the scene changes in sudden and wondrous contrast from dark stifling tunnels to bright sunshiny farms, where the soil is turned up, and watered and harrowed, and vivified by the action of wind and sun, and where the resulting crop is—diamonds. On reaching the surface the “blue” is tilted into railway waggons, and by means of divergent lines of rails and wire-ropes, is hauled in vast masses into the adjacent open country, where it is distributed over the flat to a depth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The extensive area so occupied is protected by barbed-wire fencing 10 feet high, and is guarded by patrols both by day and by night. The effects of the weather cause the friable lumps to disintegrate still further, the process is aided by alternate harrowing and watering, and in about six months all but the most obdurate fragments, which are left for further treatment varying from three months to a year, are reduced to a size which admits of their being subjected to the washing-machines. Trains of carts convey the harvest to machinery sheds, where it is subjected to processes which in corn would be analogous to threshing, winnowing, and sifting. Roughly described, an endless chain supporting large pans carries the diamond-earth up to a platform, and thence pitches it, automatically, into cisterns of water; revolving metal arms stir and break up the mass; the muddy liquid flows away, and the solid residue passes over a succession of large vibrating sieves with different-sized meshes, thus effecting a separation into four sizes. The largest is composed of pebbles somewhat smaller than walnuts,

is turned over by searchers on the chance that it may contain some unusually large diamonds, and is then carted away as rubbish. I may remark that the amount of *débris* from various sources is so considerable that its disposal is somewhat of a puzzle, and is the origin of gigantic earth-mounds in various parts of the country, and that the superficial crater of one of the mines, the “Kimberley,” is marked by the spontaneous, never-ending combustion of waste shale. The other three sizes are subjected to a process devised at Kimberley, and absolutely charming through its efficiency, simplicity, and ingenuity. Without illustrations, a complete description of this “pulsator,” as it is called, would be impracticable, but the following statement may serve to explain its general principle:¹—

[Be it remembered that the diamondiferous mass is made up of substances of different specific gravity, whereof the greater part, which consists of natural soil, mica, and other components, is the lightest; while the small residue, consisting of garnets, “olivine,” iron pyrites, and diamonds, are much heavier. We must also bear in mind that the property of a fluid is to transmit a pressure applied to it in every direction, irrespective of distance, area, bulk, &c. Now imagine a No. 1 pan half filled with water, and just above the fluid a fixed zinc perforated plate. The plate is covered with a layer of buckshot, and above the buckshot is some of the sifted earth in which the diamonds are lurking. The apparatus is completed by an adjacent open No. 2 pan of water, which communicates with No. 1 by a broad tube. Set the machinery at work. A large flap of wood

¹ The reader who hates explanations can skip the part between the brackets.

bestows a smart box on the ear—speaking in hyperbolic language—on the water-surface of No. 2 pan; the fluid quivers with indignation, transmits its quivering downwards, then through the broad connecting-tube, and so on to the water in No. 1 pan. Here, too, the water vexedly throbs up, squirts through the perforated plate, hustles the layer of buckshot, and thereby stirs up the superincumbent diamondiferous layer. But the irritated fluid rapidly regains its composure, is followed by the buckshot in a great hurry, then by the heavier particles amongst which are the diamonds, while on the top of all leisurely reposes the lightest useless residue which has been successfully eliminated. I estimated the number of these pulsations at 110 per minute. Now stop the machine; let all the water drain off the zinc plate; remove the thick top layer, which is worthless, and then gather together the deposit spread over the buckshot, and to which all the diamonds have fled.]

The name "pulsator" is very appropriately bestowed on this clever piece of mechanism. Gently placing my hand on the top of the mass being treated, I am startled by a sensation of lifelike throbbing throughout the whole of the substance—precisely such as one might suppose the throbbing of the femoral artery of an elephant in a raging fever. For the sake of simplicity I have omitted two or three ingenious little details. For instance, the size of the stir-about buckshot varies in proportion to that of the component particles of the stuff to be "pulsated," but each machine acts with such unerring fidelity that never by any chance is a diamond allowed to loiter in the top rubbish-layer. "Here," said my guide, picking out

a tiny white pebble, "is a 1½-carat stone, worth about £2 in its present condition," and he flicked it away as carelessly as though shooting a pea into a pig-tub. "I congratulate your Company on its affluence," I remarked with would-be irony, "since it can afford thus to throw £2 into the dirt." "You are mistaken," was the rejoinder; "that diamond will inevitably be brought to light again. To test the accuracy of our working, we are wont constantly to throw marked diamonds into the pulsating-pan, and we never fail to recover them."

On the assumption—which is generally received as approximately accurate—that the previous processes of elimination have reduced the original bulk contained in a truck to its one-hundredth part, the proverbial difficulty of finding a needle in a bottle of hay is applicable here, and henceforth the diamond-charged residue is scrutinised almost particle by particle. The seeking or "sorting" house consists of a long hut, with tables so disposed as to be searchingly illuminated by the rays of the sun. Here are assembled, in comparatively noiseless activity, a multitude of black convicts, with a sprinkling of white sorters. A Kaffir half fills a common hand-sieve with the precious material, pours some water over it, swirls it about with a peculiar jerk which tends to send the heavier diamonds down to the bottom, and then with a bump empties the sieve upside down in front of a European. Most of the diamonds present appear on the reversed surface of the topsy-turvied heap; but numerous stragglers are also found by turning over *seriatim*, with a bricklayer's small trowel, the bright pretty pile of olivine (a species of jade), garnets (false), non-magnetic

iron, and diamonds, which, slightly dripping to aid selection, glitters in the sun like a child's box of beads. Each searcher is supplied with a common little tin box, into which he drops his findings. I peer into one of them taken haphazard: it contains about a dozen small stones, representing the results of one man's searching for three or four hours, and is approximately equivalent to the value of £1600. The monotony of investigation naturally brings about a tendency to become careless; and in order to keep attention on the full stretch, variety is afforded by frequently changing the sorters to different-sized siftings; so that at one spell the prizes to be discovered consist of stones no larger than peppercorns, while at another they are as big as hazel-nuts. The facilities for theft by European workers are obvious, inasmuch as searching of their persons—as in the case of natives, to be hereafter described—is out of the question; and there is no doubt that the Company is consequently subjected to heavy losses, which some experts estimate as being as high as 10 per cent—i.e., £10 worth is stolen out of every £100 worth discovered. Numerous placards forbid visitors to handle the gravel. "How do you know," I inquire, "that I, a perfect stranger to you, have not already secreted two or three diamonds under my tongue or up my sleeve?" "No fear," is the smiling reply; "unknown to yourself, you are being carefully and incessantly watched." And this startling discovery that I am shadowed prompts me to be less ready to trickle handfuls of diamonds through my fingers, and to tuck up my cuffs ostentatiously, to disarm suspicion that I may be exercising a little legerdemain.

After the English sorters have secured the greater part of the contained treasure—have, as it were, picked the plums out of the pudding—the *débris* is passed on to the native convicts for the discovery of the casually remaining currants. They turn the stuff over twice, and their findings are dropped into boxes with padlocked covers. One which I examined contained nine or ten seed-stones, as the result of five or six hours' work; but their total value was reckoned at about £50. The prisoners receive a special money reward in proportion to their success, amounting, as far as I remember, to 1½d. per carat. It is manifest that without some such inducement they would scamp their investigation.

For diamond labour the Company hires from Government sixty-five Kaffir convicts, of whose maintenance it bears the entire expense, and whose condition in the prison, which I subsequently inspected, might almost be called enviable. They are grouped together by tribes; the separate and silent system is ignored; they are well and warmly housed; an occasional whack from the warders habitually constitutes their punishments; and their food comprises, together with other allowances, the enormous daily meat-ration of 1½ lb., *plus* a large supply of bread. The traditional rollicking "life on the ocean wave" dwindles into dullness compared with a "life in a convict-yard" at Kimberley. They are every night searched to the very skin to prevent them pilfering diamonds.

Thus we have followed the stages of mining, farming, washing, sifting, searching, and finding, during which diamonds have been discovered in small numbers, but generally of exceptional size, in

the mine, a few more in the "blue" exposed in the open fields, but by far the greater number in the sorting-houses. Next, the scene reverts to the rooms in the De Beers office, where all the stones are sent for sale. Considering the vast treasure it contains, the building is of a flimsy nature, with little provision against fire or thieves beyond one or two safes, and a few loaded revolvers on the table, ready to be snatched up for instant use. Mr Joseph, we may assume, is still arguing the question of £26,000 or £26,400 before one parcel; but on another adjacent table are spread out other diamonds worth about £60,000 in their rough state. These are arranged in about eight rows, each containing seven or eight little heaps, and, moreover, so disposed as to be graduated both according to colour, from white to darkish yellow—and to size, from pin's heads to nutmegs. A large proportion are characterised by a curious mathematical regularity of shape—perfect octahedrons being the most frequent, with occasional dodecahedrons; but it is out of the question to muster up any admiration for them in their present condition. They have been cleaned by immersion in a solution of boiling water and acid; yet they still resemble bits of common dull glass, and can only be rendered interesting by a peremptory demand on prophetic imagination. Even a 400-carat diamond, found the previous day, marking an era in the De Beers discoveries, and which is now produced out of an old tin box easily to be prised open by a schoolboy with his knife, cannot produce a vestige of enthusiasm among the Company, although it

makes a stir among the outside public. It is a perfect octahedron of a distinctly yellow colour, about the size of a partridge's egg, and even when cut will be of a weight far in excess of the Koh-i-noor. Though of very high value, it can never become of world-wide repute, inasmuch as it is not of the first water. Indeed there is reason to surmise that only a minority of the Kimberley findings are brilliant, and that all such are absorbed into the Brazilian diamonds which constitute family jewellery handed down as heirlooms of great value. "How can you distinguish true from false diamonds?" I ask. "By common-sense," is the contemptuous reply of experts so trained by long experience that they jump at accurate conclusions without being able to trace the process thereof. It was pointed out, besides, that by crackling large stones together in the hand the noise produced is of a peculiar sharp grating sound. Admirable! only unfortunately few of us possess enough large diamonds to enable us to carry out the experiment. The expense of cutting and polishing is estimated as high as 60 per cent of their value, and the loss of weight incurred thereby frequently amounts to two-thirds of their original carats. Among the curiosities of the collection are fancy stones of queer shapes and colours—deep yellow, dark purple, and prismatic shades. But all diamonds—good, bad, and indifferent—are transmitted to Europe at the present rate of 40,000 or 50,000 carats weekly, and ultimately find their way into the hands of the Amsterdam cutters.¹

By degrees the De Beers Com-

¹ The value of the diamonds produced from the four principal Kimberley mines in 1887 was £4,033,332.

pany has bought up the four principal mines in the district, which are included in the limited space of four square miles, and comprise the Kimberley, area 31 acres; Du Toits, 35 acres; Bultfontein, 27 acres; while the De Beers proper, the most valuable of all, spreads over $18\frac{1}{2}$ acres. In addition, it has a large proprietorship in Brazilian mines. The directors therefore strenuously insist, with every appearance of sound reasoning, that the purchase of their shares should not be regarded as a speculation like gold-mine property, but as a safe and permanent investment. They claim that, being the chief diamond-producers in the world, they can so regulate the issue of stones to the market that they can maintain a steadily uniform price, and that their unworked "blue," even at the present level, will suffice for many years' harvest on the existing scale. But as yet the bottom has not been plumbed, and the deeper the shaft the richer the produce. I may mention the theory, which, however crude, is not entirely without verisimilitude, that the diamondiferous material has been thrust up by igneous agency from immense profundity through a superincumbent mass; that the same agent had long ago crystallised the diamonds; and that if we could dig down to that crust we should find the precious stones sticking to the roof like pieces of suet in a pudding. Nor is it argued—can there be the smallest doubt?—after such long and extensive experience, as to the uniform average richness of the earth. For instance, the accepted estimate that one De Beers truck-load will produce $1\frac{1}{2}$ carat is useful and true in theory only, but that a thousand loads will bring to light 1500 carats is perfectly accurate in practice.

One morning when I was inspecting the works, the 400-carat stone to which I have already alluded was discovered, and great was the curiosity and interest excited throughout Kimberley generally. But the mining managers were supremely indifferent: the find would merely help to balance the average, and its direct influence on the gross receipts would be quite inappreciable. Should there be any temporary surfeit of stones in England, the demand in America, and especially in the States, is steadily increasing, and there is an encouraging prospect of a fresh field for sale in the vast and populous Chinese empire. On the other hand, the counter-arguments must be conceded, that it is quite within the bounds of possibility the demand for diamonds may simultaneously diminish throughout the world; and there exists the still more serious contingency of the discovery of fresh and extensive surface-washings, so inexpensive in working as to lessen materially the value of the Kimberley mines with their costly machinery.

With some sensation of relief I turn from poring over these—shall I say stupid?—stones, to the remarkable system of native labour organised for their collection. I have already alluded to the extreme facilities for pilfering them; and to counteract this as effectually as possible, a large native compound—an enclosure within the mining enclosure—has been established, comprising an area of $1\frac{1}{2}$ acre, surrounded by corrugated-iron sheeting, about 10 feet high and very difficult to climb. Incessant watch and ward, iron portals, bolts and bars, are safeguards against the escape of insiders; and all outsiders are subjected, like ourselves, to a scrutiny of our appearance and an

examination of our passes, ere admitted within the precincts of that anomaly—a prison for free men. One working shift is being actually employed in the mines; but the remainder, 1400 or 1500 in number, constitute a strange collection of numerous tribes, collected from every quarter of South Africa, which would engross the interest of an enthusiastic ethnologist. Nor is the sight altogether displeasing: laughing and talking, basking and sleeping, eating, smoking, and playing, are in full swing; but the concourse of so many perfectly nude blacks represents a type of life so strangely removed from civilisation, that we need all the dictates of humanity and religion to prevent our constantly forgetting “after whose image” all these men are made. An English superintendent conducts me through the establishment, and by degrees the impression of noisy chaos is changed into an appreciation of the system and order maintained. In one corner are quarters reserved for the European warders; elsewhere is a large butchery, where good mutton is sold at 4d. and beef at 3d. a pound. The superior tribes—that is to say, the most industrious, intelligent, reliable, and stalwart, such as the Zulus—are flesh-eating, and habitually consume as much as 1½ lb. daily; the inferior—as, for example, the Korannas and Bushmen—subsist entirely on mealies and other vegetable diet. Here is a canteen on an extensive and comprehensive scale, furnishing the natives with every article of daily life they have learned to require by association with Europeans, and with every description of grocery for which they have a fancy. Beer, spirits, or alcohol in any form whatsoever, are, however, rigidly excluded; and although Kaffirs are prone to

excessive intemperance, and here have plenty of money at their disposal, they readily accept the restriction—one more instance of the advantageous practicability of suddenly depriving habitual inebriates of their poison. The receipt of high wages powerfully develops the craze for gambling, as innate in blacks as in whites. A group is collected in a shady corner absorbed in a game of childish simplicity with cards, which a Kaffir deals with the neatness and rapidity of a professed prestidigitator. The stakes are 5d. per deal—as ruinously high as unlimited loo would be to Englishmen—and the winners clutch at their gains with a frenzy quite at variance with the ideal impassiveness of the savage. Elsewhere, in the open, cooks are preparing food in large caldrons for their respective tribes. A hasty inspection of some of the nauseous seething messes conveys to me the impression that the chief constituents are heads and entrails. Tribes are kept apart in separate huts; for were there an indiscriminate mixture, one half would quickly be at the throats of the other half. The interiors of the dwellings mark curiously the gradations of savagery. In some—for example, among the Zulus—comparative neatness, order, and cleanliness prevail; their blankets and rugs are brightly striped, their rags are brilliant, their sleeping-places have some semblance of being human resorts, and even faint traces of attempted decoration can be detected. In others, notably among the Baralongs and Batlapins, the interior are like nothing else than the lairs of grovelling beasts of the field. One habit, however, seems common to all. Whatever the heat of the weather or warmth of the spot, the sleeping savage is careful to envelop completely in his blanket

not only his body but his head, leaving not the smallest chink for breathing, so that it is marvellous he is not asphyxiated. The higher tribes of Kaffirs are, however, clean in their habits, and delight in wallowing in the large compound tank provided for them, and are remarkably free from *bouquet de native*; whereas a single whiff of a Chinaman is sickening, and proximity even to a bath-loving Japanese elicits an involuntary "pew."

My conductor assures me that although the number of Europeans is a mere fraction of the total of black residents, not the slightest difficulty is experienced in maintaining order. This is due partly to the multiplicity of tribes, each one of which regards with distrust the others, and declines to combine; partly to the constant influx of fresh arrivals and departure of old hands; partly to the entire absence of women and children; and finally, to the fact that all are healthy adults, whose time is pretty well taken up in working, eating, and sleeping. Moreover, a certain number of tribal princelets, who receive wages but never do a stroke of work, materially contribute to suppress quarrels. My guide appeared to be on excellent terms with his charges, rousing numerous sleepers whom I wished to question, by gently pulling their ears, and eliciting from them willing if not intelligent replies. Among the representatives of races, taking them roughly in order of superiority, were Zulus, Basutos, Delagoa Bay men, Fingoes, Hottentots, Baralongas, Batlapins, Korannas, and Bushmen. These latter give rise to a sombre repugnance, almost amounting to a shuddering aversion, in that they are examples of the lowest depths of a degraded humanity. A characteristic distinction be-

tween monkey and man is the power possessed by the latter of opposability between the forefinger and thumb. This power is lacking in the Bushman. "Pinch my finger," I said to one of them; "pinch much harder." In vain; the pressure would scarcely have injured a fly. Now, an anthropoidal ape possesses many human characteristics, but is essentially a monkey; a Bushman possesses many apish characteristics, but is essentially a man. A miserable, dwarfed, decrepit, repulsive man. One whom I measured was only four feet three inches in height, with a skinny feeble body to correspond, a screwed-up chest, drumstick legs and arms, very small cerebellum, prognathous jaws, high cheek-bones, acute facial angle, and lack-lustre eyes. His features were totally devoid of expression; his demeanour, when examined and handled, was more stolid than that of a sheep; his language could barely be called coherent; and in fact, it was difficult and painful to realise that this poor brutish animal must be classified in a genus which comprises a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakespeare. The only instance I witnessed of Bushman intelligence was in a tiny infant in Kimberley hospital. The creature was about the size of a puppy, and equally bright and vivacious, illustrating the theory that in a race of low intellect intelligence is in an inverse ratio to age.

To supply the incarcerated Kaffirs with any means of intellectual occupation—to give them books, paper, writing materials, &c.—would be like presenting ruffles to a man wanting a shirt. I inspected the small nominal school; it was a mere farce. I espied two or three Methodist hymn-books in



possession of so-called converts; but alas! here, as elsewhere in South Africa, the expression "native convert" is, in cases which are sadly numerous, synonymous with "outward show and inward deceit." To put the matter crudely, yet I believe not inaccurately, between Christianity and the Kaffir faith intervenes a wide and debased gap. It is not difficult for missionaries to drag the savage down from the elevation, however slight, of his own creed; but instead of endeavouring forthwith to raise him to the pinnacle indicated by Christ's teaching, they are too frequently content to acquiesce in a small measure of individual success, and to leave him wallowing in the aforesaid gap. I refer the reader to Mr Bodley's admirable "*Ride in Kaffir Land*"¹ for the further consideration of South African missionary undertakings, so imperatively required of us as a duty, so noble in their conception, and, alas! sometimes so feeble in their execution.

The compound hospital is admirable; the percentage of sick among sturdy labourers in the prime of life, and leading a model healthy existence, is naturally small. Every comfort and every essential requirement of modern medical science is here forthcoming; and albeit the Kaffirs are somewhat puzzled at a gratuitous compassion for suffering, they rejoice and believe in their English doctors.

Almost every traveller has encountered certain marvellous experiences which, if he be prudent, he will forbear detailing, under the penalty of being considered a bold-faced liar; and I only venture to allude to the following circumstance because it can be corroborated

by many independent witnesses. The Kimberley Kaffirs are extremely fond of cigars, but they smoke with the lighted end in their mouths. When this peculiarity was first mentioned to me, I supposed that my informant was cracking a somewhat vacuous joke; but to my amazement I saw numerous instances of the reality in the compound. The native first lighted his cigar by the ordinary method, then turning it round, he deftly arranged the hotly glowing end in his mouth, and tucking away his tongue in his cheek, proceeded to inspire and expire the fumes, very gradually consuming the whole of the cigar. The smokers assured me that the process was warm, comforting, delicious, and far superior to the usual mode. On subsequent trial I found that the knack is less difficult to acquire than might be supposed.

The Kaffirs, when hired, enter into agreements for minimum periods of three months, and during these terms they are never suffered to quit the mining enclosure on any pretext whatever. They do not appear to find this restraint irksome; some, indeed, voluntarily thus pass three or four years in unbroken captivity, while others at the end of their contract sally forth for a week's swinish orgies, and then return to renew their engagements. During their incarceration they are at all times liable, and are sometimes subjected, to sudden search, but the thorough and crucial investigation is carried out during their last seven days' residence. On reaching this margin they are separated from the mass of their fellows, closely confined in a large hut set aside for the purpose, and watched day and night like

¹ Blackwood's Magazine, February 1891.

er sentence of death. within its precincts, I forty naked fellows either he ground comfortably squatting, in the con- dity of do-nothingness so o all torpid intellects. wears a pair of thick es, padlocked round the never for a moment re- eing fingerless and re- boxing-gloves without ey render the hands al- s for purposes of hiding and stealing. Their ian is one sturdy Eng- ie picture of boredom, unassisted is perfectly to maintain order, stop and to some extent mes for thieving. At he gives me an example in which his captives d before being set free on to certain other ef- asures. Awakening a a friendly pull of the r" is his first injunction, ith the naked savage yins to hop, skip, and ough executing a horn- ese movements would es ensconced about the ll on the ground. Next ian minutely searches ars, toes, and every part arge's body; then he fingers into the native's rummages about the inside the cheeks; and suspect is required to tongue in case any stone been secreted about the re 'The History of a written, like that of its on, 'The History of a oal,' it might furnish us scenes in such strange to leave to us the al- f a smile or a sneer. —A squalid African hut; verseer is compelling a

naked Kaffir prisoner to go through grotesquely degrading antics; a dirty little white stone, only use- ful to be strung like an ornamental bead, drops from the poor black carcass; overseer triumphantly pounces on the discovery.

Scene 2.—Six thousand miles distant; a London ball-room with all accessories of civilised splen- dour; the stone reappears cut, and in the shape of a brilliant enhanc- ing the charms of some young love- liness, and prompting the instinct which bids us worship and honour her beauty, as though it were something divine.

Notwithstanding all the pre- cautions I have indicated, the blacks occasionally succeed in best- ing the whites. Some have the knack of stowing a diamond for a few minutes a short distance down the throat, and when the search is over, working it back into the mouth by a muscular movement. I am shown several tin boxes used by the natives for holding the rag or two they may possess, and wherein stones have been most ingeniously concealed behind the metal lining plate or the handle. On one occasion a liberated Kaffir was passing the last outside sen- try, swinging a small open flimsy basket, such as children use in England when gathering cowslips. "Let me look at it," said the warder, without any real suspicion, and in the mere vacuity of idle- ness. The wicker handle was a little loose; it was lightly tacked on to a small slip of wood at the brim, and when pulled aside it was discovered that a neatly con- cealed cavity had been scooped out, and a valuable diamond de- posited therein. Equally ingeni- ous means have been devised for baffling the outside detectives, and for smuggling stones from Kim- berley to a remote and safe!

A diamond is wrapped in a piece of meat and given to a dog, which is conveyed out of the district and slaughtered, when the stone is removed from the intestines. Sometimes carrier-pigeons are utilised; and for a long time the parcel-post was rendered an accomplice, by means of an ordinary book with a hollow cut out of the central pages, wherein the booty was ensconced. The detective department is elaborately and effectually organised, and breaches of the diamond laws are very properly punished with extreme severity, five years' penal servitude on the Government works being a not infrequent sentence. A convict digging at one of the Cape Town forts hid a very valuable diamond, which had escaped discovery when he was apprehended, in a corner of the parapet, as the surest place of concealment. He was unexpectedly transferred temporarily to another work, and on his return found that a large mass of earth had been carted over his *cache*. The diamond has remained unrecovered up to the present day, and the 4-gun battery is invested with a halo in consequence of its latent treasure, quite irrespective of its value for annihilating an enemy's ships. Again, no one is allowed to deal in the rough stones without a special licence; only cut jewels—which exist in very small numbers in Kimberley—are open to free traffic. Were a casual wayfarer to pick up a chance diamond on a waste piece of land, the retention of it or any attempt to sell it would be penal. Yet, as I have already mentioned, the "I.D.B.," as it is called—illicit diamond-buying—is carried on to a serious extent, and I could quote one of the most prominently prosperous individuals in South Africa, who, as is generally admitted,

amassed, in former days, a considerable sum by the nefarious traffic, and who is now flourishing in several public capacities, though, according to the rules of justice, he should be behind the bars of a jail. Some years back detectives lighted on a very hotbed of "I.D.B.," but were unable to obtain legal proof. At dead of night some disguised members of the force betook themselves to the thieves' den, and offered for sale a certain number of the precious stones. Only a woman was forthcoming, who handled them, admitted that they were genuine, but professing herself unable to do any business, restored them to the fictitious sellers. The detectives withdrew baffled, but were considerably more baffled the next morning on discovering that the intended victim had so cleverly exercised her sleight of hand as to have substituted her own imitation diamonds for the valuable stones originally tendered.

Thus far I have endeavoured to explain the working of a diamond-mine in its perfected organisation, with all the appliances of modern mechanical science; but without following the sarcastic exhortation "*Commençons au déluge*," I must admit the expediency of describing the nature of its infancy some twenty-one years ago, when the entire district was a drear, scarcely inhabited wilderness. By a fortunate coincidence, at the very date I paid my visit to Kimberley, a new adjacent diamond-field, the Wesselton, had just been discovered—an event which may not occur once in a decade; and I was a witness of the feverish excitement, the rush to, and the initiatory working of, a fresh mine. In company with the Government inspector, Captain Erskine, I drove four and a half

miles, through a country resembling Aldershot Heath in 1855, to the site in the open slightly undulating veldt. Radiating from a central area where the ground was being actually turned up, were innumerable "claims," 30 feet square, each marked out by four pegs bearing the name of the claimant. They had been stuck in in a manifestly hasty higgledy-piggledy manner, one plot frequently overlapping another, and some day will constitute a useful accumulation for firewood, since there seems little doubt that the ground is already vested property. The crazy rushers, however, who a few days ago were streaming across the veldt like files of ants, apparently consider that "*le propriété c'est le vol*," and in its turn should be "*volé'd*" accordingly, and have petitioned the Government that the field should be handed over to public digging, with about the same right which would justify the deprivation of a house proprietor's kitchen-garden for the benefit of street scavengers. The rushers had returned to their usual avocations in Kimberley, but in attempted substantiation of their claims, had left a guard of Europeans, who profitably employed their time snoozing in an adjacent tent, with a daily pay of seven shillings each for doing nothing. That part, however, which I may call the nucleus spot, was being worked by the lawful owners, and was the scene of feverish activity. Digging, washing, sifting, and searching were carried on in an amusingly primitive fashion, with the help of a few small wheezy engines, with mules and donkeys turning windlasses, and with Kaffirs working with wheel-barrows, shovels, and watering-pots. I estimated the total number of blacks and whites present at 300;

and the requirements of this wild rabble of delvers for wealth were represented by some rickety tin structures, a few rags of tents, and an accumulation of liquor-barrels and bottles. "Blue" had as yet been barely reached, and efforts were restricted to washing the yellow soil; but already the cuttings and piercings were in a condition imminently perilous to the workmen, and until the mine had been proclaimed, the Government inspector had no authority to enforce measures for safety. Up comes one of the foremen with a couple of largish diamonds, unquestionably genuine, and of the approximate value of £70, which he alleges have just been found in the washings, and which, in language worthy of Billingsgate, he declares are the mere harbingers of other priceless findings. "Look at those black villains eyeing me," he adds, indicating the repulsively covetous glances of some native bystanders who had heard his story—"I must be off to stop their thieving;" and away he rushes in an apparent frenzy of excitement, to continue his quest of "delfed stones, the wailer's heap."

Before dismissing the mines, justice demands I should allude to the Beaconsfield Institute three miles distant, and to which access will shortly be provided by cheap conveyances, established for the benefit of the numerous Europeans who have taken up their abode in these wild regions. The extensive grounds have been planted with an immense number of ornamental trees, and laid out in a manner which in two or three years' time will result in delightful gardens. The handsome, large, red brick buildings are divided into dwellings for families, and into a club and boarding-house for both mar-

ried and single. Here every provision has been made for supplying meals, for washing, and for reading, writing, and recreation, on a complete scale of civilised comfort. Granted that the Institute more than pays its own expenses, its establishment reflects high credit on those who designed and carried out the scheme, and notably on one of the chief mining shareholders, Mr Cecil Rhodes, the present Premier of Cape Colony.

Another admirable adjunct of Kimberley is its town hospital. I speak advisedly in declaring my opinion that in no other part of the world have I seen a similar institution so attractive to a non-professional visitor, from its kindly administration, its graceful comforts, and its pitying efforts to relieve all sufferers—so that it has undoubtedly won the confidence and affection of all classes, both inside and beyond the district. The expense of its maintenance is high; but Kimberley is the headquarters of numerous speculators and financial magnates, and probably a generous superstition prompts many a large contribution in tacit recognition of fortunate *coups*. Some of the wards are entirely self-supporting, and are made up of private rooms for patients who are willing to pay a higher price—an indescribable blessing for those who have endured the bitter evil of illness in a strange country, far separated from relations. Some wards are partly self-supporting, and still more are entirely free. A careful classification of races is naturally most essential; and as I pass through the corridors, I observe that the inmates comprise all classes and all ages, from the infant to the old man, and from the wealthy European gentleman

to the semi-animal Bushman; while the variety of the diseases ranges from the rickety Koranna baby to the appalling leper adult.¹ Probably some of the cases would prove of interest to the greatest scientists of the leading London hospitals. A Bushman boy of fourteen, walking about with a conspicuous cicatrice in his throat, is pointed out as the subject of successful tracheotomy for malignant growth. I am assured that the extraordinary number of 80 per cent of these fearful operations are successful in this "Carnarvon Hospital." The chief medical officer, Dr Smith, to whom a large share of credit for the efficiency of the hospital must be awarded, stated that the natives possess a recuperative power, when subjected to corporeal wounds, which is characteristic of animals rather than of human beings; and he instanced the recent case of a native suffering from an incised wound in the abdomen, seven inches long, and so deep that the viscera were exposed though not injured. No means were available for antiseptic or any special treatment; cold water and common bandages were the sole expedients; but the wound healed by first intention, and in seven days the patient was walking about as sound as though he had never received a pin-prick in his life. The nurses, who possess advantages beyond the common of attractive appearance and ladylike demeanour, undergo a strictly orthodox, practical hospital training; and so high is their repute, that their services are not infrequently telegraphed for from fever-stricken, drain-soaked Cape Town, 600 miles distant. That scrupulous cleanliness and order should prevail throughout was a matter

¹ In the veldt districts leprosy is by no means uncommon among the natives.

course; but I was not prepared for the aspect of decorative comfort, of luxurious brightness, of the almost smiling spirits of the adults, and of the ecstasies of merriment among the children. To those who have contributed to infuse such happiness in the midst of wonted pain and sorrow, I venture to think we may fitly apply that quotation whereof the first words are, "Inasmuch as ye have done it"

In truth, Englishmen have every reason to be proud of this South African town as worthily representing our nation. Free from much of the rowdiness and sharp practice of many gold-mining districts, from the surly loutishness and savage treatment of natives which render odious certain Boer settlements, and from the bar-and-billiard propensities of a very considerable section of torpid Cape Town manhood, the law-abiding characteristics of Kimberley are unimpeachable, its energy and enterprise are incontestable, and the

gentleman-like highly educated tone of its society is unsurpassed throughout this part of the world. If I must needs qualify by some cynical detraction a description which otherwise might appear a mere eulogistic rhapsody, I can only refer to the prime motive power of all Kimberley's expenditure of toil, money, and ingenuity—the collection of small shining white stones, almost valueless except for the capricious adornment of youthful beauty which requires no such adventitious aids, or for the illustration of the ugliness of aged hags. The irony of the consideration can scarcely be exceeded by the matchless sarcasm of Captain Lemuel Gulliver when he parodies our craze for alphabetical titular distinctions, by representing the best and wisest of the Lilliputians as crouching and crawling, hopping, bounding, and grovelling, for the award of a piece of blue thread.

HENRY KNOLLYS,
Lt.-Col. R.A.

THE SONGS AND BALLADS OF FIFE.

ALMOST all the ballads and songs of Scotland have some local colour, which shows itself in their atmosphere, their landscape, their heroes and heroines. When they became popular they were sung in various versions, and the singer shifted the scene and altered the story to suit his audience. Professor Child's masterly edition now in course of publication, which we envy America (though not without the aid of Mr Macmath and other Scottish contributors) for having produced, has proved a fact already known to the initiated. It does not bring out with equal clearness what the editor perhaps deemed a truism, that every ballad must have had a local origin, which, if we could discover, we should also arrive at its original form. So many of these ballads were first printed, and even first copied in writing, long after their composition, and are claimed for so many different districts, that the attempt to fix their birthplace or earliest locality, if successful, would throw light on their origin and history. This is a difficult subject, on which we do not here propose to enter. Our present aim is to trace the ballad literature of one district of Scotland, not commonly supposed to be so rich as several others in this form of popular poetry, and illustrate by its aid the character of the natives. The Border and the Highland or Jacobite minstrelsy, the ballads of Nithsdale and Galloway, the ballads of Buchan, Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and some other districts, have been published in well-known works; but we are not aware of any collection of the ballads of Fife. These have, however, a marked

character of their own. They present examples of some of the earliest and some of the latest ballads which have become classical. They contain several, if not of the best, as to which opinions will always vary, yet certainly of the second best of all our Scottish songs. "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," "Christ's Kirk on the Green," "Maggie Lauder," "Hardyknute," "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Bonny Earl of Moray," and "Auld Robin Gray." Their styles are probably more various than in any other part of Scotland. While the comic vein predominates, the historical, the pathetic, the tragic is also represented. We shall refrain as much as possible, consistently with the object in view, from quotation of Fife ballads which are to be found in the principal ballad-books from James Watson's down to the new edition of 'Whistle-Binkie'; but the reader will not regret to find modern prose occasionally enlivened by an echo of ancient song to recall the incomparable originals which inspired the best Scottish poets from Henryson and Dunbar to Fergusson, Allan Ramsay, Burns, and Scott.

The earliest, indeed, of our Scottish poets, Blind Harry—for Wyntoun was a chronicler in verse, not a poet, and James I. was only a king whom love led to stray amongst the poets—was himself one of the many ballad-singers at the Court of the Stewart kings. Most of their names have perished. The deeds of Wallace changed his muse from the ballad to the epic, and gave Harry the Minstrel a share in the immortality of his hero. It is more

than probable that he had begun by celebrating some of these as well as those of other heroes in the form of songs. While Fife cannot claim either Blind Harry or Barbour as natives, it is noteworthy that the MS. in which their works are preserved was written by a Fife man, John Ramsay of Lochmalonie, in the reign of James IV. The hall of Falkland doubtless often heard the minstrel's voice.

We do not intend to be precise in the definition of a ballad. It will suit the present purpose not to distinguish it, as has sometimes been rather arbitrarily done, from a song, but to describe both as short poems, capable of being recited or sung. The recitations of the minstrels differed much from the long-sustained monologues or dramatic readings of the modern craft of reciters. They were generally delivered by the musical, not the speaking voice, and frequently accompanied by some simple instrument. The minstrel almost inevitably suggests the harp, though some other instrument or the voice alone was often used. The best, though these are not the earliest songs, had what we express by the indefinable word, an "air," as well as words—a something which no words can convey—like air invisible, but like air, the atmosphere in which, for the moment, both the singer and his hearers live and move.

The most ancient of the shorter poems which we can distinctly trace to a Fife origin is "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," the little inland village whose name is a shibboleth of the lost dialect which was a cross between Celtic and Saxon, and whose industry, first of the plough, afterwards of the hand-loom, was so marked a

type of rural Fife. The "kyn" of the still older ballads of "Rauf Colzeare" and "Johne the Reif" were natural favourites in a district of coal-mines and farms; but their tone and dialect show they grew in a more southern clime, and were only transplanted to the colder soil of the kingdom of Fife. "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty" must have been written in Fife, after the labour of the field had given place largely to the labour of the cottage. It is certainly earlier than 1568, for it appears in the Bannatyne Manuscript. If its ascription in the same MS. to Sir John Moffat could be implicitly trusted, it was the composition of a chaplain of that name, who said or sung the morning Mass at the High Altar of Dunfermline Abbey in 1494. Nor would its comic style have been out of keeping with the taste for mirth the manners of that age allowed the jolly friars to indulge in as a solace from graver cares. It is a tale of rustic life in the middle ages, appropriately attached to the little vill or village near the Court of Falkland, at one time part of the estate of the Celtic Earl, which had passed to the Crown by forfeiture, and at the date of the ballad was cultivated by many small tenants. One of these is the chief character in the ballad. Its theme may be briefly told. A husband and husbandman of this village, disgusted with ploughing on a day of wind and rain, such as still often drenches the Fife field-labourer to the skin, proposes to his wife when he comes home that they should change parts—that he should keep the house and she should drive the plough. She agrees, but warns him of all he would have to look after: the bedding of the bairns, the kneading of the dough,

the herding of the kye, the churning of the butter, the herding of the geese, the kindling of the kiln, for "we haif," she reminds him, "ane deir ferme on our heid."

All goes well with her ploughing, and as

"Sche lowsit oxin aucht or nine,"

it must have been the common plough of the village she had to drive. But with the goodman all goes ill. The greedy gled licks up five of the seven goslings; an ill-willy cow wounds him when he goes to drive the calves home. He tries spinning, but bends too near the low. He jumbles the milk in the churn for a good long hour until he sweats, but

"The sorow crap of buttir he gatt."

While trying to drive a sow with a club, he kills the two goslings the gled had left. Forgetting to put water into the pot, the fire burns the bottom out. The kiln blazes up, through his putting too much kindling on. The bairns who have been paidling in the burn soil the sheets, and when he tries to wash these, the burn carries them off in a spate. It is plain he has mistaken his vocation. A man cannot do the work of a woman.

The moral is easy to anticipate :

"Quoth he, quhen I forsuke my pluche,
I trow I bot forsuke my sell;
And I will to my pluche agane,
For I and this hous will never do
weill."

Such was the solution of the question of the sexes in fifteenth-century Fife. A few homely touches bring before us, as in an etching of Geikie, the daily lives of the Scottish husbandman and his wife.

The "Wowing of Jok and Jenny," attributed by Bannatyne to "*Maister John Clerk*," is so

similar to "*The Wyf of Auchtermuchty*" in dialect and humour, that we may reasonably conjecture, though we cannot prove, that it belongs to the same locality and the same period. It is a comic inventory of the tocher of a bride and the goods of a bridegroom in the same class of life as the husbandman of Auchtermuchty. The satire turns on poverty, but it is poverty taken kindly rather than felt keenly in the hours of "wowing," and in spite of it,

"Syne gaid togidder bayth Jynny and
Jok."

Perhaps there is a covert reproach addressed to the lords of the land that the condition of the poor labourers living on it should be so miserable; though the more common reading is that Jok, like rich wooers, displays his goods and chattels to allure his bride. Another of these early ballads, "*How the Dumb Wyf was taught to Speke*," while it does not itself bear any distinct trace of a Fife origin, was maliciously allocated to that county by the lines Kirkpatrick Sharpe supplied at its beginning—

"Thair dwelt a laird in Fyffe,
Sic men ar countit madde,
Quha weddit ane gude wyffe,
Ritche, dumb, and wondrous sadde."

The tale is common since or before Boccaccio, but there is something original in its development, which shows how the cure which "ane great grim man" recommended to the laird, being ignorantly applied, the dumb wife not only spoke, but swore, and without rhyme or reason

"Now deaffis up all the hous."

Meeting the "grim man" a second time, the husband in vain seeks for a remedy to bind the tongue

he has unloosed, and gets for his only consolation the advice:—

“Gang hame agane,
For it is ill ower all;
Latt thy wyf speik her fill
Sen scho thereto was borne;
For wyffis will have thair will,
Thocht ye and I had sworne.”

The best of these old comic songs was no doubt “Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” for the superiority of which over English ballads the Scot used to fight with his southern neighbours. The point of the combat as well as the combatants have changed, as in other ancient battles. English satirists have withdrawn from the field; but it has become a favourite dispute amongst Scottish critics who was the author and what was the scene of the Jolly Fair and romping games which set the mode and gave the rhythm for so many later Scottish poems. Certainly earlier than 1568, the date of the Bannatyne MS., scarcely by possibility the work of James I., to whom it is ascribed by Bannatyne, but even less likely of James V., to whom it has been transferred by some modern editors, it was probably composed about the same time as, and to rival, the kindred poems of “Peebles to the Play” and “Falkland on the Green” referred to in it. The parish of Leslie in Fife has for long claimed it, and Allan Ramsay supported its claim; but this has been stoutly contested by an Aberdeenshire Leslie, which also possesses its “Christ’s Kirk,” and by other places. Our own impression is that the writer purposely left the locality doubtful—a wise stroke for popularity, as every place with a village green for games, and a kirk dedicated to Christ, might assert, as the ballad does, its superiority either to Peebles or Falkland. The title of Fife to “Falkland on the Green”—a song unfortunately

lost—cannot of course be disputed; nor that Fife had many villages where, from the days of the first to the fifth James, there was dancing and revelry, playing with the ball, and shooting at the butts—the sports alluded to or described in “Christ’s Kirk on the Green.”

It is a picture of merry Scotland as it was before the late advent of the Renaissance brought forth a more refined and artificial style, in the pensive sweetness and pure morality of Henryson, and the mingled mirth and melancholy of Dunbar, to be so quickly followed by the tragedies and satires of the Reformation, whose Puritan spirit banished for a time the older strains of Scottish song. One of the poets last named is the finest flower of the poetry of Fife. Though Henryson chiefly cultivated the narrative style of Chaucer, or, as became the schoolmaster of Dunfermline, the didactic fable, he has fortunately left two ballads, amongst the best of their class, “The Garniture of Gude Ladyis” and “The Bluidy Sark.” Both are allegories, and both reveal the pious student of New Testament Scripture. In the latter respect they were a presage of the coming Reformation. Without the slightest imitation, the former beautiful song recalls St Paul’s description of the Christian’s armour. We may quote the first and last stanzas:—

“Of Honour hie sould be hir hude,
Upon hir hede to weir;
Garnist with Governance sac gude
Nae demyng sould hir deir.

• • • • •
Hir Shune sould be of sickness
In tyme that scho nocht slyd;
Hir Hose of Honesty express,
I sould for hir provide.”

The alliterative style of the older poetry still lingers, and forces the conceit in the two closing lines,

which are inferior to the rest of the piece.

"The Bluidy Sark" is a ballad of the simple tragic order. The king's daughter, who "of all fair-hede bore the flower," is seized by the foul Giant, who was "the loathliest on to look that on the ground might gang," rescued by "a worthy prince that had no peer," who captures the Giant, but is himself so "evil wounded that he behoved to die." The dying lover bequeaths the bluidy sark to his mistress, bidding her

"First think on it and syne on me,
When men come you to woo;
The ladye said, By Mary free,
There to I make a vow."

The Christian moral is almost a surprise, which the reader may be left to discover for himself.

Probably as old as Henryson is the anonymous tragic ballad of "Lammikin," which heightens the gloom of the gaunt ruins of Balwearie, the castle of Sir Michael Scot, the wizard of Fife. Professor Aytoun, no mean authority, was indeed of opinion that no one "has discovered the locality of the castle which Lammikin built and baptised with blood." But failing any other strong competitor for the honour, which a grim ballad like an ancient ghost confers, we do not see why Lord Wearie's castle should not be Balwearie, though the present stones can hardly be those Lammikin laid, nor any of the trees which still stand there that on whose boughs the birdie sang sweetly:

"But little, little cared false Nourice
for that,
For it was her gallows-tree."

There are touches of pathos in this song which surpass anything in later ballads often preferred to it, as when the lady before her own murder—

"Lifted up her baby,
She kist it cheek and chin,
And kist the lips ance rosy,
But nae breath was therein."

Nor has the civil war of classes ever found more poignant expression than in the nurse's answer to Lammikin, when he asks her to scour the basin for the lady's blood, as "she cam' of noble kin"—

"There needs nae basin, Lammikin,
Let it rin through the floor;
What better is the heart's blude
O' the rich than o' the poor?"

Compare this with the vapid and feebly venomous diatribes of the socialistic orator, and you recognise the difference between the voice of the lioness and the hissing of the serpent.

Sir David Lyndsay, who once was the most popular bard of Fife, has, unfortunately for his lasting fame, left no ballads. He was too learned for their simplicity, too interested an actor in the passing personal politics of his time for their universal humour. The ballad literature of the Reformation period in Fife was, as elsewhere, a new genus, retaining the old name and form, but in substance a different thing. It was either satirical—as in the ballads of Robert Sempill, issued from the press of Lekpreuk, which may now be read in the scholarly edition of Dr Cranstoun for the Scottish Text Society, and which had, as James Melville tells us, so wide a circulation in Fife. Or it was religious, as in 'The Guid and Godly Ballads' of the Wedderburns, which, we are glad to see, Professor Mitchell of St Andrews, the most competent editor who could have been found, is about to issue in the publications of the same Society. It was indeed one of the avowed intentions of the Reformers to drive the old amatory and romantic ballads out of the

field, and to substitute spiritual songs, set to the same tunes, much as revivalists of the present day have adopted older secular melodies. The Reformers were to a large extent successful. The old ballads lost for a time their widespread popularity; but they were not extinguished. Bannatyne, Maitland, and Asloan were collecting them with assiduous care at the time when the Reformation was in full current. The very effort to suppress them by force or stratagem, by a common law of human nature led to a reaction. The Catholic and Episcopalian minority favoured their preservation, and their spirit passed, as has not been sufficiently noticed, to the Royalists or Cavaliers in the seventeenth century, and to the Jacobites in the eighteenth. For a time, however, the Presbyterians had an almost exclusive command of the Scottish press, and the older ballad literature of Scotland was handed down, often in corrupt or altered versions, in a few manuscripts, or by oral tradition. It contained too much of the life-blood of the Scottish nation to die. In the 'Annals of Scots Printing, from its Introduction in 1507 to the Beginning of the Seventeenth Century,' for which students of Scottish literature owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Dickson of Carnoustie, and Mr Edmond, formerly of Aberdeen, practically no ballads, except Sempill's, appear after the Reformation, and indeed little poetry, except the works of Sir David Lyndsay, the Hymns of Alexander Hume, Montgomerie's "Cherrie and the Slae," and 'The Gude and Godly Ballates,' of which the title is significant; 'Ane compendious Book of Godlie Psalms and Spiritual Sangis collected furth of sindrie partis of the Scripture, with diveris utheris Ballatis chang-ed out of Prophane Sangis in God-

lie Sangis for avoyding of Sin and Harlotrie, with augmentation of Sindrie Gude and Godlie Ballatis not contenat in the First Edition, 1587.'

It was not for more than a century that James Watson, in 1706-11, followed by Allan Ramsay in 1724, ventured to put in print some of the earlier ballads, fortunately omitting most of those which could be deemed coarse or profane. But as the earlier ballads had all along continued to be occasionally sung, so a few new ones, in the same style, had continued to be written. A ballad which has been included in many collections, though it must be owned it scarcely deserves the name, belongs to Fife because of its reputed author. George Bannatyne, the secretary of Knox, our earliest authority, speaks somewhat enigmatically as to the authorship of the "Ballate direct, as it had been from the captane of the Castle, complaining, as he lay upon the Crag of Edinburgh, and because we never understood the vaine of his poesie of before ye sall reid gif ye pleis that ye may judge out of what arrow bag sic arrowis are shott." The ballad which follows is in the metre of "The Cherrie and the Slae." If it was indeed the work of Kirkaldy of Grange, it is his only poem preserved, and as such has a unique interest, though it would be difficult to defend it from the character of "a rowstie rhyme," which Knox's secretary gives it. Nor could a poem of which the author is the hero, come within any recognised class of ballads. Bannatyne's version proves it to be contemporary with Grange's gallant defence of the Castle under the standard of Queen Mary, and the metre makes the conjecture tempting that Montgomerie, not Kirkaldy, was the author. I

it is far inferior to Montgomerie's popular poem. It deserves note that Burns mentions he had seen the music to which this very peculiar metre could be set. We should now scarcely conceive it possible that such a ballad could have been sung.

In the reign of James VI. the Court was not more favourable than the Kirk to the production of ballads. It was indeed the aim of the Royal Prentice in the art of poetry to introduce new metres and a new style, and the circle of courtier poets—Montgomerie, Hume, Ayton, Alexander, and Drummond—wrote sonnets, odes, lamentations, elegies, epigrams, and epitaphs, but few ballads. Their artificial versification had its merits; but they were not the natural charms, the simple pathos, the wild woodnotes of the ballad. These poets rarely even attempted songs, and few of their poems could be set to music, the appropriate, though not invariable, accompaniment of the ballad. The printing-press superseded the minstrel, and the poet could no longer rely on the voice as his interpreter, or sing with the bold directness and sudden transition which in an earlier age drew tears or laughter. Scotland, too, had no theatre on whose stage, as in England, the drama could provide a frame in which might be set the exquisite jewels of Jonsonian or Shakespearian song. The ballad, though its life was threatened, was fortunately preserved in two separate channels which ran through different strata of the Scottish nation. The inextinguishable sense of humour, coarse and boisterous at times, but always natural amongst the common people, could not be repressed even by the strictest Calvinism. Its flow, which

had its sources in such productions as "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," continued, though it often seemed to disappear, till it was revived by William Hamilton, Allan Ramsay, and Robert Fergusson. It received a new strength and ampler volume from the original fountain of the muse of Burns, whose overflowing genius, like the spate which turns a tiny burn into a torrent, almost hid the parent source. The Civil Wars of the seventeenth, and the risings on behalf of the Stewarts in the eighteenth century, produced many striking incidents and a few heroic deeds, and gave birth amongst the nobility and gentry to a new romantic minstrelsy. The Lays of the Cavaliers and the Jacobites struck a more refined vein of poetry, which, at first popular only in a section of the higher classes, conquered by its intrinsic merit the whole nation, just as the popular poetry of the peasants for a similar reason won its way from the cottage to the castle. The Jacobite songs, thanks largely to Hogg and Scott, became favourites even in Whig drawing-rooms, and might be heard at times in the cottages of the descendants of the Covenanters. The lyre of Burns, responsive to every note of true melody, gave utterance alike to Jacobite and Jacobin airs and sentiments. The author of

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,"

took pleasure in imagining—

"Haply my sires their blood have shed,
Fast following where your fathers led."

Rob Doun, the Gaelic Burns, served in the ranks of the Hanoverian Fencibles, yet sang songs with memories of the Stewarts. In the verses of these and other Scottish poets, but especially in

Burns, the two streams of ballad poetry coalesced. Their charms, derived from the natural heart, softened the distinction of classes, silenced the rivalry of factions, and subdued the bigotry of sects. Scotland had once more a national poetry proud of its origin, and of which all its natives could be proud.

But we have strayed from our proper subject, and must return to it to trace the thread, slender at times but never severed, which connects the more ancient with the more modern ballads of Fife. Sir Robert Ayton of Kinaldy, the friend of Ben Jonson and of Hobbes, deserves a note, though he wrote only in English, and as a Court poet, were it for nothing else than his version of "Auld Lang Syne." This was without doubt an older Scottish phrase and air, but Ayton's is the first printed version. He turned the theme to a different purpose—the woes of a forgotten lover recalling past pleasure, when expostulating with his mistress. But his poem, "Old Long Syne," has the credit of preserving the opening words and the motive of the air which Burns made the national song of Scotland. We may quote for comparison Ayton's first stanza—

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon;
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?"

The reader may recall Mr Ruskin's acute criticism and appreciation of broad Scotch as one of the best dialects for song. "No heart," he says, "would be touched by the phrase, 'Old long since,' while every one is sensible of the pathos of the words, 'Auld lang

syne.'" Ayton preserved, it will be seen, the last, though he rejected the two first words of his vernacular. Burns told Thomson he took his far superior verses from an old man's singing

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?"

but we cannot doubt he added the chorus, as well as the succeeding verses, which have since travelled with his countrymen all round the world.

Two other ballads, which play even a more important part than "Auld Lang Syne" in the transition from the Ancient to the Modern Minstrelsy, and may even be said to have formed, through their publication in Percy's 'Reliques,' the landmark of the revival of the romantic Scottish ballad, are intimately connected with Fife. Though it is not possible to fix with certainty the date and authorship of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Hardyknute," Mr Robert Chambers certainly pushed his theory to an extreme, when he contended that most of the best ancient romantic Scottish ballads were the work of Elizabeth Halket, Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie, who was born in April 1677, and died in 1727. Still his suggestion that she could claim the original authorship of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Hardyknute" is dismissed too cavalierly in Professor Child's note: "I have not felt called upon," he remarks, "to say anything of the attempt of the late Mr Robert Chambers to prove 'Sir Patrick Spens' a literary work of the last century. . . . The flimsy plea of Mr Chambers has been effectually disposed of by Mr Norval Clyne, 'The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady

Wardlaw,' Henry, Aberdeen, 1859; and by Mr James Hutton Walker, 'Early Scottish Ballads,' Glasgow, 1867."

The material facts seem to be that "Hardyknute" was first printed during the life of this lady in 1719, and "Sir Patrick Spens" in the first edition of Percy's 'Reliques' in 1765; that her claim to the former was stated by Percy in the second edition of the 'Reliques,' on the high authority of Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion that "part of the ballad might be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned." Her claim to the latter poem, "Sir Patrick Spens," first broached in 1839 by Mr David Laing, whose opinion certainly deserves consideration, and afterwards asserted on the ground of the identity of some expressions to those in "Hardyknute," by Chambers in 1859, though not wanting in plausibility, has no sufficient basis of proof; while its not having been, like "Hardyknute," earlier attributed to her, is strong evidence on the negative side. Apart from Lady Wardlaw's alleged authorship, the Fife locality of "Sir Patrick Spens" is proved by his name, so common in Fife, the king's order given in Dunfermline, and the loss of the ship—

"Hauf ower, hauf ower, to Aberdour."

For the attempt to transfer this to the Aberdeenshire Aberdour is far fetched. Whether the historical basis of the ballad was the voyage of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., to marry Eric of Norway, or the return of her daughter, or a mixture of the two; or even whether it is without historical basis—the mere echo in song of some unknown shipwreck to which the Norway lines were after-

wards attached—matters little. Its excellence as a ballad, vouched for by two such poets as Coleridge and Scott, is incontestable, and is proved by the great variety of its versions, one of which again brings to view the scene of so many shipwrecks on the Fife coast.

"It was late, late on a Saturday night,
And early on a Sunday morn,
That robes of silk and feather-beds
Came floating to Kean-gorn" (Kinghorn).

To the same period—the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century—belongs a humorous ballad, "The last dying words of Bonny Heck," first published by Watson in 1706. Its writer is believed to have been a West-country man, William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1665-1751), a friend of Allan Ramsay, and the author of "Willie was a Wanton Wag." But for this song he has chosen a Fife scene and a Fife hero, "A famous Greyhound in the Shire of Fife," who recounts his exploits at well-known places in the county:—

"What great feats I have done my self,
Within clink of *Kilrenny* bell,
When I was souple, young, and fell,
But fear or dread,
John Ness and Paterson can tell,
Whose hearts may bleid.
They'll witness that I was the vier
Of all the dogs within the shire.

I ran alike on a' kind grounds;
Yea, in the midst of *Airdry Whins*,
I grip't the mawkins by the bunnas,
Or be the neck,
Where naething could slay them but
guns,
Save bonny Heck.

At the *King's Muir* and *Kelly Law*,
Where good stout hares gang fast awa',
So cleverly I did it claw
With pith and speid;
I bure the bell before them a',
As clear's a beid."

Ramsay recalls his friend's ballad in one of his rhyming epistles to Hamilton :—

"When I begoud to cun in verse,
And could your 'Airdry Whins' rehearse,
Where bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warmed my breast;
Then Emulation did me pierce,
Quilk ne'er since ceased."

Three other humorous songs of the same, or nearly the same, period belong to Fife, by different links of scene, association, or authorship. "Maggie Lauder" is usually attributed, but on no very certain evidence, to Francis Semple of Beltrees in Renfrewshire, who died in 1685. But the heroine was, or became, a Fifer, as she declares in the last stanza :—

"I've lived in Fife baith maid and wife,
This ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
Speer ye for Maggie Lauder."

So intimately had she become one of the traditions of her adopted county, that Tennant founded on her story his well-known comic heroic poem of "Anster Fair," the best piece in that vein which Scottish poetry has to boast of; and Captain Charles Gray, a native of Anstruther, wrote a sequel to the earlier song, of which, as little known, a verse may be quoted :—

"Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk they ranted;
He played the 'Auld East Neuk o' Fife,'
And bonnie Maggie vaunted."

"The Auld Man's Mare's Deid" is still more closely connected with Fife by its subject and author, Patie Birnie, the Fiddler of Kinghorn. Allan Ramsay in his mock elegy on the Fiddler, which ends with the surprise line,

"For to a' Britain be it kend,
He is not deid,"

credits Patie with being at Both-

well Brig, where he left the field, and

"Scoured o'er moss and moor amain
To Reeky straught,
And tald how many Whigs were slain
Before they faught."

But the best lines of the elegy praise him with better reason for his own songs :—

"O wiltu, wiltu do't again,
This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke, *The Auld Man's Mare she's dead,*
The Peets and Tares and a's to lead,
O fy upon her,
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r Honour."

His other song has, it is feared, been lost; but the "Auld Man's Mare," though it has ceased to be played to the passengers crossing the Ferry of the Forth, will be always remembered for its racy vernacular. What has become of our old familiars, the blind player and his faithful comrade the fiddler (who played it by request when we last heard it), since the bridge has spanned the Forth? They have found no Allan Ramsay to write their elegy and assure us they are not dead.

Of a more primitive type is the song of "Jenny's Babee," a simple rant, as Chambers calls it, yet whose jingling words and air catch the memory.

"And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae babee."

There's your plack and my plack,
And your plack and my plack,
And my plack and your plack,
And Jenny's babee."

We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl 't a' three."

We have given it at length, as the words seem clearly to prove it re-

ferred to a children's game with small coins, of which Jenny's was the smallest, and had no metaphorical Jacobite or other allusion, as Chambers surmises. Sir Alexander Boswell elaborated it into a comic, and another writer into a sentimental song; but such merit as it has, was lost when the childish words were departed from.

A song altogether of Fife origin and authorship marks the commencement of the period of modern ballads. It will be acknowledged that "Auld Robin Gray" has few superiors, either amongst its predecessors or successors, though to call it the "King of Scottish Ballads," as Chambers does, is to raise it to a dangerous eminence, which it would not be prudent even for the most patriotic native of the "Kingdom" to claim for it. For our present purpose it is more to the point to observe its modern character and sentiment. This cannot be better shown than by an extract from the letter Lady Anne Barnard wrote in 1823 to the author of 'Waverley,' who had referred in the 'Pirate' to "Jeannie Gray, the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad":—

"'Robin Gray,' Lady Anne, then an old lady, writes, 'so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was *born* soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; Sophy Johnstone used to sing it to us at Balcarres. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tone some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, which might suit it. While attempting to effect *this* in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, 'I have

been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with."

Surely never has the origin of a ballad and the birth of a poem been more truthfully and charmingly told. Scott's answer is as delightful, but we can allow ourselves only one quotation:—

"I wish to heaven I could obtain as equally authentic copy of 'Harly-knute,' and I think old Fife might cock her crest in honour of her two poetesses."

Lady Anne concealed her authorship through shyness, and she mentions to Scott:—

"Little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became almost a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very, very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very, very modern matter, and no curiosity at all."

While this shows how much of the tone of the old ballads its gifted authoress had caught, the dispute does not say much for the criticism of last century. The spirit of this fine ballad is derived from modern sentiment. No one who compares it with the ancient songs of Fife, of which we have given specimens, can fail to see how different is the source of its pathos. Had it been written in the sixteenth century, Jamie would have killed either

himself or Auld Robin, or perhaps his love would have fled with him and left Auld Robin to a solitary fate. A second part was afterwards written, in which, acting upon an unhappy suggestion of the Laird of Dalryell, Auld Robin confesses that he stole the cow to secure Jeannie, who had vowed while it lived not to leave her father and mother. Even a third version or fragment exists, which, no doubt, is the one Lady Anne says to Scott "shall remain in the corners of my portfolio." But the fame of the ballad and its author rests on the first version, which she composed in a happy moment of melancholy, and the fresh inspiration of poetry.

From the end of the last century down to almost the present day Fife has produced an abundant harvest of ballads in all the styles of its ancient minstrelsy, the Romantic, the Humorous, and the Historical. Though none of these modern compositions have attained the popularity of the ancient, enough of good poetry may be culled to make a pretty variegated and sweet garland of Fife songs of the present century. But we have only space to glance at this part of the subject, asking pardon of those more familiar with it if we pass over some of their favourites in a rapid sketch.

The Romantic class of songs is represented by "The Witch of Fife," in Hogg's 'Queen's Wake,' and her more gruesome sister, "The Witch of Pittenweem," by David Vedder. The Pathetic has good examples in the "Mary Macneil" by Erskine Conolly of Crail, of whom his brother writes, "Unambitious of fame as a poet, though he frequently wrote verses, he never ventured on publication;" the "Emigrant's Lament" of Robert Gilfillan of Dun-

fermline; or "Why left I my hame;" the Weaver's song of Henry Syme of the same town, to the tune of "The Boatie Rows"; "The Herring Drave," a fine cheery fisher's song by Margaret Bell; the "Woods of Aberdour," by James Ballantine; the version of "Where Gadie rins," one of the sweetest worded of all Scotch songs, by Dr John Park of St Andrews; the more highly cultivated but true-hearted poems of Principal Shairp and Sir Noel Paton, and the spirited hunting-songs of Whyte-Melville. Two songs of Fife, which grew from the seed of two Fife proverbs, give the two sides of life—its sunshine and its shower—better perhaps than any others of recent date. When James Ballantine was introduced to Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune, then an old lady, she drew him to the light and paid him the fine and delicate compliment, "I would like to see the man who wrote 'Ilka blade c' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew'"; but Ballantine, modestly disclaiming it, replied, "It is not mine; I got it from an old Fife proverb." Still more recently, Lady Lindsay recovered, it is said, from the recitation of a young girl in one of the coast burghs, an old song, "There's aye a slippy stane at ilka body's door." Her own graceful songs, one of which gives a picture of the landscape of the East Neuk, as well as others probably written in Fife, like the poems of the late Lord Rosslyn, deserve a passing word as a proof that the poetic spirit still lives in some of the old castles and mansions of Fife. Nor is it out of place to recall the fact that the present owner of Balcarres, Lord Crawford, is one of the most diligent collectors of ballads, as his recent Catalogue shows.

More numerous and more famous than the Romantic or Pathetic are

the Humorous songs of modern Fife, which has retained through all changes an original vein of wit, as might be expected from the original character of its natives. Like all wit, it comes nearest home to those to the manner born. But even a Southern who has heard them well sung can appreciate the comic tunes and choruses of such songs as—

“There cam’ a Fiddler out o’ Fife,
A blink beyond Balwearie, O;”

“There was a wee Cooper that dwelt
in Fife,
Hey, knickety, knackety, noo, noo,
noo;”

or the older song of “The East Neuk o’ Fife,” and the more recent one of “The Auld Scottish Burgh.” Anstruther is probably intended, but the census is kept at a conveniently low figure, to allow many other of the sea-coast towns to contend for or decline the honour.

“In Scotland stands an ancient burgh
wi’ some twal hundred people,
A lang and narrow strip o’ street and
ae high-shouldered steeple;
Ilk grocer i’ the burgh is a bailie or
has been,
But the Provost was perpetual, and
drove the hale machine.
At twal o’clock the Provost cam’ and
stoud upo’ the street,
And waggit to his right-hand man i’ the
public-house to meet;
The Bailie threw his apron by, and o’er
their gill they sat,
And they managed a’ the town’s affairs
in a bit quiet chat.
The Deacon, wi’ a face half-washed,
gaed consequential by,
But the Deacon as a’body kent had nae
finger in the pie:
The Deacon made the Provost’s breeks
and a’ his laddies’ claes,
And the Provost, tho’ the best o’
friends, was yet the warst o’ faes.
And when the canvassin’ cam’ round
the member walked about,
And linked i’ the Provost’s arm, they
sought the Deacon out.

The bodies threw their night-caps by,
or wi’ them cleared a chair,
And the member sat i’ the ben house
wi’ a condescendin’ air.”

We have given this extract, as the song is not so well known as it deserves to be. It is like a drawing on a Dutch tile, clear and faithful, of the burgh, as with slight alterations it might till the other day, if not to-day, be seen. Who has not known one of these perpetual Provosts; sat, if he is a frequenter of inns, with one of these Bailies over a gill; watched the half-washed consequential Deacon with no finger in the pie; and laughed at the condescending member from London, only to be seen in the burgh when the canvassing comes round?

Of another cast is Thomas Latto’s popular song, “The Kiss Ahint the Door”; and of yet another, the famous rhyming *tour de force*, “The Annuity” of George Outram, whose heroine, like “Maggie Lauder,” attaches it to the county, though the writer came from Edinburgh.

“I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife,
Lamentin’ her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell,
And—I was sae left to mysel’—
I sell’t her an annuity.”

It is more difficult to give samples of modern Historical songs connected with Fife. For, to speak plainly, neither Fife nor Scotland has, during the last hundred years, been making history. It has been too busy making money. Even the Jacobite movement of last century left fewer echoes in Fife than in the rest of Scotland, though we have always fancied that “The Piper o’ Dundee,” generally identified with Carnegie of Finhaven in

Angus, had something to do with the "Kingdom." The writer took at least the well-known Fife air of "Aiken Drum," and the piper played a part perhaps as natural to a Fife burgher as to a Forfar laird when he played by turns the Jacobite and Whig tunes.

Fife can certainly claim by a poetical, which is not an historical licence, if its ancient boundaries are restored, the ballad of "Sir James the Ross" by Michael Bruce, which contains at least one fine stanza—

"His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain brow;
And waving on his shoulders broad
His locks of yellow flew."

Other historical ballads connected with Fife of modern authorship are,—*"The Laird of Ochiltree,"* who was no other than James Wemyss, younger of Bogie, a Groom of the Chamber to James VI., whose escape, described in the poem, was due to the wit of one of the Queen's maids of honour who loved him; and *"The Master of Wemyss,"* by William Motherwell.

The Secession Kirk nurtured a distinct strain of melody, which, as might be expected, took a religious direction in *"The Hymns of Ralph Erskine,"* *"The Weaving Spiritualised"* of Michael Bruce, and the hymns of the *"Untaught Muse"* of James Syme. The last writer is remarkable for the variety of subjects he essayed; and though his political songs never reached high, those on *"Jamaica,"* *"Slavery,"* *"Free Trade,"* *"The Ten-Pound Renter,"* and *"Canada,"* to which country he emigrated, like more than one of the later singers of Scotland of humble birth, deserve to be mentioned. One verse from an *"Epistle to a Rhyming Friend"* expresses a common form of ambition in the

peasantry of Scotland in modest terms:—

"Weil then, may Scotland never want
Some bard sublime her praise to chant;
Wi' routh like us to rhyme and rant
In ilka toun;
Till ilka village proudly vaunt
Its rhyming loon."

Should some cynic suggest this prayer has been too liberally granted, and that Fife, like the rest of Scotland, has produced too many rhymesters, a more lenient and perhaps more just critic might plead that such rhymes solace the hours of toil, refine the feelings, elicit the humour of the people, and create the atmosphere in which on some happy day a sublime bard is born.

The age of the ballad and the song is not past, as is sometimes said. Witness the poetry of Germany from Goethe to Uhland; and perhaps still more strikingly that of Scotland, from Burns, Hogg, and Scott to Tannahill, Motherwell, Ballantine, and Aytoun. It would be quite possible, were it not invidious, to select excellent examples of both by writers still living. Any one may verify this for himself by procuring the remarkable collections of the minor poetry of Scotland published by Mr Edwards of Brechin. We may venture to conclude an imperfect essay on the minstrelsy of a single county by the remark that the best modern Scottish ballads and songs have been written by those who have not servilely imitated the ancient; but who, like Burns and Scott, have been most thoroughly imbued with their spirit. As in other arts, Nature is the sovereign teacher of genius; yet the study of the great masters and the masterpieces which have come nearest Nature must not be neglected.

ÆNEAS MACKAY.

ACROSS RANNOCH MOOR.

I BELIEVE it was Burgon's handsome face that first attracted me. He stood so near me at the Slade that I could not help taking stock of him, and so every day became more aware of the faultless shape of his features and the utter badness of his drawing. Being rich, friendless, and a trifle "stand-offish," he was at once invested by the other fellows with an absurd halo of mystery. He was a Nilist who had joined the class for some inscrutable and deadly object, a German prince, a lunatic; in short, anything but what he really was—the son of a well-to-do dry-salter, who had died, leaving him a handsome fortune. The only mistake Burgon *père* had made was in sending his son to be educated at Bonn without giving him the chance of keeping up home friends. He came back to his patrimony knowing no one, and was so completely isolated in his dainty suite of rooms in Jermyn Street that he could not make enough of me and my visits. I liked him; so, from fellow-workers, we became close companions—but his art was lamentable!

He talked well, but it seemed an absolute impossibility for him to express himself either with brush or pencil. The failure was complete, and he knew it—not only knew it, but felt it keenly; for, with all his airy nonchalance, and all that seemingly reckless contempt with which he spoke about art, he was a true poet at heart, and one who reverently regarded the true function of the artist.

I believe he would have bartered his good looks and fortune for the power to give one tangible protest

against the landscape-painting of the day, but he could not; and it seemed as if, by some sport of chance, his handsome head had been placed on his shoulders by way of compensation. It worried him and set him at odds with the world, and the world dubbed him a cynical, conceited fellow, posing for a particular sort of sympathy which had to be evolved on purpose for him.

As a matter of fact, a more loyal, unselfish, tender-hearted fellow than Burgon never breathed. But he fretted over his failures.

"I'm sick of this!" he said one day to me at the Royal Academy,—"sick of exhibitions, sick of London! There is not a picture here that raises a genuine emotion within you. The pity of it!"

"And, pray, what's the use of bothering about it? Round it comes every year like a remorseless torture, and nine-tenths of the men you speak to about it persist in mistaking dexterity for genius. Let us get out of it. Let us do Rannoch Moor, as we said we would, where there is space, freedom, and reality."

We had harboured a design on this big, desolate, out-of-the-way moor for many a day. Now the day had come. I too was sick of London, and longing to get into sketching quarters. So it happened that a week later we were in the tiny inn of King's House, with Glencoe and Glen Etive on one side of us, and our dreary limitless space of moss and water on the other.

Burgon had never been in Scotland before. He knew the romantic part of its history—its poetry and wild legends. He

knew the shameful story of Glen-coe, and the touching old Celtic romance connected with Glen Etive, but I doubt if he could have told whether these glens were on the east or west side of Scotland; and as for the people, he had as much notion of them as he had of Laplanders.

Had he known them better, and understood the spirit of their proud nationality—their independence and fierce jealousy—he might have kept his good looks and never become a painter.

At King's House, the moor he had come five hundred miles to see was at once forgotten in the superior attractions of the hills and Glen Etive. The wild glen with its purple corries, brawling burns, and romantic associations fascinated him. He was crazed about it. He would people it with the sons of Uisenach, and point out triumphantly to me how the old Gaelic names of certain spots corroborated the truth of the legends. He got Celtic romance on the brain! It was a new field for the artist. We were in the midst of the veritable backgrounds, and lo! here was a living Darthula and a living Naisi in the persons of Joan our landlord's niece, and young Angus the forester. With red-hot enthusiasm he made friends with these two lovers, and planned innumerable pictures, with them in the foreground.

There was little to be said against Burgon making studies for his Darthula, but when it had gone on for a couple of weeks I began to have misgivings.

I saw that this same countrified Miss Joan was a true daughter of Eve—a born coquette. No seasoned young lady of Mayfair could have played off the handsome young stranger against her some-

what dour sweetheart with more skill and dexterity than she. More than once I had seen Angus scowl and tug savagely at his beard, and the more he scowled and tugged the more saucily Miss Joan smiled and chattered nonsense to Burgon about his pictures. In these pictures, too, Burgon became more deeply buried every day—more patient on posing and drawing his heroine, and more elaborate in the details of the rain-beaten hills that were to form his background.

He had a fine time of it, and the weather was glorious. But every day the dreary moor we had come so far for the express purpose of crossing, and as yet had scarcely set a foot on, seemed to confront us with a sort of menace.

It so happened I never *did* cross it, for we had scarce entered on our third week when I was hastily summoned back by the death of a relative.

Now the little comedy that was going on had been fine fun for everybody but Angus; and Angus's temper not being of the blandest, the situation soon became what politicians term "strained." Angus was a man you could neither reason with nor chaff. At first he made a sorry pretence of laughing it off. Then he sulked, and now, if flouted by Joan, would stalk on to the hillside, and nurse his wrath by watching the house from the heather.

The very day before I left there happened to be a stronger tiff than usual, so I followed him on to the brae, sat down by his side, lit my pipe, and discoursed to him like a brother. I flattered myself I could put matters right in a jiffy by simply pointing out, with my superior worldly experience, that the best girls were always wayward and flighty, and every one of them

fond of showing off before strangers. As for Joan, everybody knew her to be true as steel, and I could answer for my friend being the very soul of honour.

I thought this would mend the rift, but I am not sure it did not widen it.

"Any way, mister," he replied, gloomily, "it will be a very strange thing that Mr Burgon has taken half-a-dozen sketches of her—ay, and more—unbeknown to me, and yet she was neffer for having the photograph taken, neffer! See you now! There she stands brazening it out with him at the door! That will be a strange thing too, whateffer!"

"Pooh! That is just because she knows you are watching her. That's the way with them. Man alive! can't you see that if she did not care for you, she would not be taking her fun off you?"

"Fun!" he cried, scornfully; "and you think it will be right that she should be taking her fun off me before strangers. That will be what she would be doing the now. I ask you, mister, how you would like it?"

"You must not call us strangers, Angus."

"It is the stranger that has come between us," he droned on mournfully, without heeding my words. "Neffor pefore has it happened. The gentlemen have been here to shoot and to stalk, and she neffer had a word for them. Neffer before has the stranger come between us, and now——"

All this time he had never once taken his eyes off the inn door; and just then as Burgon and Joan disappeared inside, he stopped abruptly and strode down after them.

Joan opened fire the moment we got into the bar parlour. *Something that Angus had said*

to her before he took refuge on the hill was evidently rankling in her breast—for a more wilful, perverse, irritating young person than Miss Joan was then, could not have been found in her Majesty's dominions. Purposely ignoring Angus's presence, she laughed and giggled and rattled on how she would dress as the real Dathula, and be taken on the mountain-side with a dirk in her hand. Would Mr Burgon not like to make another sketch of her then and there by the window with the sunlight flickering in?

What the little minx could do to irritate and drive Angus mad with jealousy she did; and when at last he interposed by saying gruffly they had had enough of picture-making, she at once resented his assumption of proprietorship by turning on him like a tigress, and saying with a fine gesture of disdain—

"Look you to yourself, Mister Maclean, and I will look to myself!"

"I've a mind to be taking you at your word, my lass!" said he, jumping up and turning pale.

"Go your ways and don't 'my lass' me," she retorted, just as red as he was white.

Angus bounced out.

"Don't be a fool!" said I, following him.

"The stranger has come between us, and let that stranger look to hisself;" and with this he clapped on his bonnet and marched off to Inveroran.

This was by no means the end of the rumpus. When I returned, Miss Joan was engaged tooth and nail with her uncle—so fiercely, too, that Burgon and I beat a hasty retreat. Half an hour later the battle finished by the cart drawing up at the door, and Miss Joan, still defiant, being driven off with her

box to her mother's house at Bal-lachulish. I was sorry the row had run to this length, but Burgon made light of it. "Never fear," he sang out cheerily, when I said good-bye to him next day; "I'll pour oil on the troubled waters! Patience and gumption will do it; and what is more, my boy," he added, waving his hand towards the grey horizon, "*I shall walk across that moor.*"

And to me, as I drove off, this same moor looked more terribly dreary and inhospitable than ever.

In the course of a week came a letter. Things were just the same. He had done his level best, but could do no good with the sulky lovers. The weather, too, was on the change, so altogether he began to think he had better make tracks for the South. A fortnight later came another, this time from Bonn. Business had called him there, and there he would likely remain for a month or more. When he got back he would let me know. We corresponded occasionally, but it was not until the spring was well advanced, and Rannoch Moor had almost slipped out of my memory, that I got a note asking me to dine with him that evening in Jermyn Street.

If I had met Burgon in the street I should not have known him, so hideously altered was he. From "Beauty Burgon" he had become something like Hugo's "*L'homme qui rit.*"

His features were contorted by a curious cicatrix on the cheek, which drew up one corner of his mouth into a permanent grin. The lower eyelid, too, was drawn down and everted. So transfigured was he, that for a time I could only hold his hand and stare. "You shall hear all about it presently," said he, cheerily. After

dinner I had it out, chapter and verse.

"We must go back to the time when I wrote you my last letter from King's House," he began. "In that I told you I had failed in making the sweethearts better tempered. I tried, but they shirked me. Angus was having a drinking-bout at Inveroran, where he maundered on in his cups about the stranger that had come between him and his Joan. Joan was stubborn, so there we were—Angus on one side, Joan on the other, and I, the innocent cause of it all, stranded between them. As I could do no good, the best course for me was to make myself scarce. I was determined to walk across that moor, though! I knew it was a long tramp, and not a very lively one in dirty weather; but it had to be done, and it should be done. I made my calculations, sent my luggage on to Perth, and timed it all with the greatest nicety. Well, the very evening before I started, who should appear but Mr Angus! I was glad to see the man,—right glad to think he had come to his senses, and that now we should part without any bad blood between us. So much so that, as I shook hands with him, I pressed him to come across the moor with me. Not that I wanted a guide, but I thought it would tickle his vanity to be asked. So it did. There was a little hesitation, a wild look or two to the right and left, but finally he assented.

"I told you the weather was on the change. When I woke the glens were as black as night. Ominous clouds were settling on Buchaille Etive—the day looked ugly, and so did Angus. His red eyes, untended beard, and restless movements told of a night's debauch. There was no drawing



back, though. He was in a feverish haste to start, and before eight o'clock we had set our faces east and begun the tramp. Before we had gone a couple of miles I felt I had made a mistake in bringing him. From the first he showed a profound contempt for the track, and before long we got into places where it was a toss-up whether we were to pitch headlong over the moss-humps or stick knee-deep in the black peat-mud. Once past that iron shooting-lodge we used to spy out in the distance, it simply became a case of hop-skip-and-jump, with an occasional extra spurt to clear the numerous little burns that crossed our path. Now we would breast some height and catch sight of those lovely little lochlets you painted, flashing at the foot of the Black Mount. Then we would suddenly descend into a sable sea of moss, with the rugged purple tops of the Cruach range peeping over the horizon. The deeper we got into the moor, the wilder and weirder became our surroundings. No sign of life! Truly it is a wonderful place! Not till you get in the midst of it, far out of the ken of General Wade and Mr Macadam, do you recognise its extraordinary beauty. Quite suddenly you seem to recognise the true meaning of aerial perspective; quite suddenly you are confronted with new forms—new schemes of colour, and a broad dignified simplicity of broken horizontal lines which fill you with delight and despair.

"You find contrasts in the huge rounded crowns of golden sphagnum and gaunt bleached tree-trunks sticking out of the black peat like fossil bones. In that huge space they seem to appeal to you as pathetic mementoes of the past. You must remember that *this moor is near a thousand feet*

above sea-level, and a fair trudge of twenty miles east and west. To me, on that never-to-be-forgotten day, when we were practically lost on it, and the increasing gloom blotted out the distance, it seemed a huge waste, gashed through its centre by a chain of stagnant pools linked together by sinuous channels, and that the only living things on it were the mahogany-coloured trout that moved lazily off when we came suddenly upon the pitch-like water.

"Now all this time Angus strode on without uttering a single word. He never even vouchsafed an answer if I spoke. He simply slouched steadily ahead, taking a bee-line due east regardless of any track, and utterly oblivious to my presence. I noticed his suppressed excitement, and began to think what a lively look-out it would be to be alone in the middle of the moor with a man suddenly clutched with the horrors of D.T. I saw he was bound to become troublesome, but the idea of his becoming dangerous never entered my head. Anyhow, the sooner we got to our journey's end the better, so I let him forge ahead, little dreaming that with every step his muddled brain was planning murder.

"The day darkened. The mists fell and crept uncannily past us—blotting out the distance, and making queer forms which seemed to sway to and fro in the foreground. One moment Angus's figure would dwindle away in the fog, and the next loom out gaunt and gigantic like some grey monster. Suddenly he stopped. I thought to pause a little for the fog to lift, so that we might regain the track. We were in the very heart of the moor—in a sort of place where it seemed as if the face of it had been savagely torn off to the bone, leaving bare patches

of it bleeding and rotting before us. Stretching away in the mist was an irregular-shaped umber-coloured depression, broken by huge round bosses of yellow-red-and-grey sphagnum, and bleached skeleton tree-trunks. Here and there a few vivid patches of grass sprang up amid the purple rocks and scanty heather. Put all this on the rich brown-black peaty ground you painted so much of up there, and you may form some idea of its weirdness. So weird, so beautiful, so extraordinary was it, with the mist-wreaths hanging about it, that, in spite of the discomfort, I jumped on to a dry rock and began to jot down the points in my sketch-book.

"I never finished that sketch, but you'll soon know why the place has so bitten itself into my memory.

"I daresay you will say I ought to have known that a wild nature like Angus's could not be judged by our standard—that the passions run on swifter and more direct lines up there in Glencoe than they do here in London; and that Angus, silent and receptive, was the very sort of man to brood over and magnify his troubles till they mastered him. Perhaps I *ought* to have known. Any way, it was precisely what happened. He brooded and drank, and drank and brooded, over the loss of his Joan in that little inn at Inveroran, till he thought it was a right and proper thing to revenge himself on the stranger 'that had come between them.' He had seen my luggage pass Inveroran, found out when and how I was going to leave, and walked over the hill to see about it. I don't believe he had any definite object in coming. He was simply impelled by the general idea of 'having it out' with me. And my unfortunate invitation, given on the spur of

the moment out of pure goodwill, offered him an unexpected and tempting chance of carrying out his murderous *vendetta* in the heart of the moor.

"Even when he broke his long silence and began droning on about his fancied grievance, I had no idea he meant mischief. I chaffed him and made light of it. About the worst thing I could have done! It was adding insult to injury, and piling on fuel to his smouldering passion. As his rage increased he got up and began to pace monotonously by the rock on which I sat.

"*'Ay!'* he said, never once looking me in the face, and addressing his words to the barren, space around us, 'there will be some that are so cleffer that they will be laughing at their clefferness; but the time will be coming when they will be cleffer no more, and laughing no more. Before the stranger came and cast his evil eye on her, wass there effer a word between us? Wass she effer for hawering and chattering with the gentlemen like other lasses? Wass she effer for having the picture taken? Wass she effer for flouting me; me that would be knowing her since she was a wean; me, too, that would be speaking to her mother—ay, and to Breadalbane hisself—about the cottage at Corrie-na-Baa?'

"*'You are talking arrant nonsense, Angus.'*

"*'Ay! one mister will be calling it nonsense and another mister will be calling it fun! Fine fun to be saying soft words to her behind my back, and misleading her with fair promises. Fine fun to be sending me to Inveroran and her to Ballachulish. She can take the steamer fine there and join the mister in London. Oh ay! that was very cleffer, whateffer!'*



"I must own to being angry as he stopped suddenly before me and hissed out these last words without raising his eyes to mine.

"'You're a blackguard to talk like that!' said I, hotly. 'If you weren't sodden with drink you would be ashamed of yourself?'

"Then determined to make an end of it, I shut up my book and was in the act of slipping off the rock when he sprang on me like a cat, and sent me sprawling on the ground with the blood gushing from a big wound in my cheek.

"Half stunned, unable to raise myself, and unable to speak—knowing, too, that in a second the madman's dirk would be glimmering before me—I instinctively did the very best thing I could do to save my life. When he crept round the rock to finish me off, I simply held out my hand and looked him steadily in the face. It was the first time our eyes had met, and the effect was electrical. He paused, he gasped. The murder dropped out of his eye and gave place to horror. With a cry of terror the dirk was hurled far away into the peat. He clutched his head, and finally fell on his knees and prayed.

"A strange eerie sight it was to see this big red-bearded fellow kneeling bareheaded there on the moor, praying loudly to God in his Gaelic tongue for forgiveness for the terrible act. I could not take my eyes off him. So extraordinarily picturesque was it, that for a minute or two I actually forgot any pain and danger in watching him. Those few minutes made him a changed man! The crisis had cleared his brain and taken him out of himself. He saw with a shudder the awful pit he had escaped, and was quivering with remorse when he again approached me.

"He would not take me but he looked me full in the face as I spluttered out my words through a mouthful of blood.

"'Angus!' said I, 'I shall be sooner you cut my throat now—than be the blackguard I hinted at!'

"'I wass mad! ay, me, but I will be what I wass! and I will be thankful to take your life, sir.'

"'One word more, Angus, and I must never know you doubt me.'

"'You will be the better man, Mr Burgon! you will be a much the better man than I am, whatever I may be. I wass mad, but I wass killing my brain—because I was for believing you the no better man. I will be for thanking the good God that He has spared me this day.'

"With this he proceeded to help me up. It was an ugly business, but fortunately the bleeding had ceased. My shoulder had been hurt, too, in the fall, but I was equal to the occasion. It was not the first time by many years that I had doctored a wounded man. The open. So with my left hand chief deftly bound round my neck and his necktie round my waist, and his necktie round my waist, by way of a sling, I managed to get him up and prospect the situation.

"Curiously enough, as we went on, the blackest part of the day was over, and the mists began to lift off the moor, the sunlight shone through the thin clouds, and from a neighbouring height we saw that we were near the long dreary Loch Linnhe, very close to the lost track. It had come farther than we had expected. Angus's friend the keep was within five miles of us, and we had once determined to make a cottage, and there rest in the attempt to push on to Rannoch. Clearer and

grew the day every step we took. At the end of Loch Lydon we got the last peep of our Glencoe hills. There they were, 'Shepherds and Sisters,' in cloudless blue against a saffron sky; so clear now that I could even make out my back-grounds. Henceforth the scene was to make a tragic little chapter in my life.

"We plodded on slowly, and presently came upon Loch Eaghach, where I was dimly conscious of hazy pictures of rocks, reeds, scrubby birches, and poaching herons, all reflected in the shallow water. There our way lagged through what appeared to me an interminable group of huge detached rocks, looking for all the world like the burial-ground of some Titans of old. Angus called them the 'riddlings of creation.' Then at the next turn came the welcome sight of the keeper's cottage, and once inside it was not long before I got rid of some of my travel-stains, and tumbled to bed.

"What kindness could do to make up for the mishap, Angus and that good fellow the keeper did; but the gash in my cheek did not heal kindly, so I cunningly resolved to slip quietly across to Bonn, where I happen to have a doctor friend mighty skilful in face-wounds. I went by Leith, picking up my luggage at Perth *en route*. My friend did not make a good job of me, as you can see. His account is that some of the nerve-branches were severed, and

that this, combined with the 'shock,' has led to permanent disfigurement."

"You don't seem to care much about it," said I, when he finished.

"I don't care a button! Besides, I have gained something. I have made a friend of Angus!"

"He has given you a souvenir, at all events."

"He has — you are leaning against it! Joan and he are married, and I found that red-deer skin waiting me here on my return. It is their peace-offering. One of these days I shall go and see them. But now I have told you my story, I want you to look at my work."

I was fairly staggered by what he showed me, so different was it from the old, halting, incomplete and undecided stuff he used to produce. Whether it was that during that terrible half-hour on the moor some tension had been removed, and the power he had so long and earnestly striven for came to him then without effort, I don't know. Certainly, however, these sketches never would have been recognised as his. There was an independent thought about them — a free yet deliberate method of expressing the motive. The touch was no longer meaningless: the hand worked with the brain now.

When I looked up from them to his happy though disfigured face, I knew in a flash why he said he did not care.

Burton was going to be a painter.

CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XX.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work continuously;
As many arrows loosed several ways
Come to one mark."

—SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGH it never occurred to the collective mind of Westerly as within the range of possibility that the Rev. Joseph Tinkler could ever be anything else but curate there, still, when it became known beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Bishop had actually promoted him, there was general joy mixed with general regret, which manifested itself in various ways, and the community cast about for the best means of conveying to him its sense of his sterling worth. The first person to focus the sentiment, and to bring matters to a head, was the shrewd and sensible Georgie.

She lost no time either, but waylaid and interviewed her father on the subject immediately.

"Papa," she said, "you must really get up an address and presentation at once."

"Me, my dear?"

"Yes, you. Somebody must start the thing, you know. It only wants a beginning."

"But wouldn't it come better from the men of his own cloth, Georgie?"

"No, it wouldn't. They'll all be more or less jealous of him, as a matter of course—it is only human nature. You are a very old friend of his, and I—well, you know, now, that I have reasons of my own for wishing to have the business carried through successfully."

He looked at her with a pre-

tence of not understanding—only a pretence—an obvious make-believe.

"There! don't humiliate me by driving me to be needlessly explicit. You understand well enough, you dear old man; so don't pretend. Everybody will take it up the moment you start it."

"Well, suppose I do."

"Don't suppose it at all. I want you to."

He laughed. "It is more easily said than done."

"No, it isn't. It is quite easy to do. You are parish churchwarden. Ask Mr Stole to give you the schoolhouse or the vestry-room for a private preliminary meeting of the men. Tell him he must take the chair. Speak at once to a few of the influential parishioners—a few of them will do to set the ball rolling. You are always dropping on them about the town. I'll work the ladies through Lavinia Harman. Mr Stole can work the clergy, when the laymen and women are once set going. I must not make myself too glaringly prominent, because—you know," said Georgie, pulling up short.

"I know, my dear," acquiesced the doctor. "I hope and trust, I'm sure, for all our sakes, that there won't be any hitch."

Whether he meant a hitch as to Georgie's prospects of success in her project with reference to win-

nkler, or a hitch in the
up of the testimonial, I am
o say; but in any case, he
that people would prob-
making unpleasant re-
y-and-by at his expense.
those who win laugh; and
e was clearly worth the

He nerved himself ac-

ly," he said, "all right,
I'll give the hint at
Vickers, the other church-

He is an active little
d has a high opinion of

ybody has," put in Georgie,
tically, for her own com-
l satisfaction as much
hing else. When you

marry a man, it is, I
a gratification to hear
ised, and to praise him
f. "The school children
brought into it too," she
ping him on with his
coat; "it would be nice
an address from them,
it?"

it would—undoubtedly."
are the best papa in the
said Georgie; and here
d him impulsively.

what is it to be?" he
aking up his stick—"an
ed address, and a hand-
ound Bible and Prayer-

and fiddlestick! good gra-
! A purse of sovereigns,
e. Don't you know that
ake ever such a lot to
his rectory? Westerly
be able to make up three
pounds at the very least."
doctor stole a furtively
ok at Georgie.

, papa! do you really
mean and sordid? I am
one bit; but I flatter
hat I am sensible."

—my dear—"

"Oh, to be sure! you just
think, as mamma does, that I am
counting my chickens a little too
soon. I am perfectly certain that
he likes me very much, and only
wants encouragement, and I am
absolutely determined to be the
best of wives. You think it is
horrid to be so business-like about
it all, and unwomanly. But it
isn't really unwomanly. We are
all very much the same in one
respect—I mean about marriage
and all that. The only difference
in my case is that, instead of
keeping it all to myself, I resort
to the very unusual course of mak-
ing a confidant of my papa.
Fathers are generally kept in the
dark, that's all. You just wait and
see what happens. After all, re-
sults are the only reliable tests."

He said results were not tests,
and never could be. Evidently he
was not quite satisfied.

"Well, I can't argue; but is it
that you don't think I am good
enough for Mr Tinkler," she asked,
"speaking honestly?"

He had to answer so plain a
question. "Honestly, I think you
are, Georgie."

"That's enough for me. Mam-
ma thinks me dreadful because I
speak out bluntly what other girls
only think and keep to themselves:
that's all the difference I can see."

The doctor felt he ought to say
something in the nature of ap-
proval of his wife's views, if only
for the look of the thing.

"Well, there is a certain amount
of female reticence, my dear Geor-
gie—of maidenly reserve and all
that; and your mother naturally
feels that young girls—"

"Yes, of course; but it is only
sham—only hypocrisy on the part
of girls—mock modesty—pretend-
ing that they don't care about men,
and don't want to be married."

"But it—goes a long way."

This was feeble, but on the instant he did not see his way farther.

"In taking people in," said Georgie, finishing the sentence for him.

"I didn't say that."

"No ; but I did. It wouldn't go so far if people were not such idiots about girls."

The doctor was buttoning the last button of his gloves as he held out his cheek for another kiss.

"My dear Georgie," he said, "if make-believe were a patent medicine, a huge fortune could be got out of it."

"Yes, papa ; and I daresay it enters into your prescriptions sometimes—doesn't it ?"

"Well, just occasionally. I don't mind telling you in strict confidence." He laughed.

So did she. "It is a funny world, isn't it ? Do you know—just wait a second while I tell you—I went to the station yesterday about a parcel. You have to pass by the windows of the refreshment-room to get to the parcel office. Well, I saw that handsome barmaid with the flaxen hair, that Captain Tiptop used to spend hours talking to, making sandwiches. She was actually spanking the bread on to the ham with the palm of her hand. Now, you know that if you asked for one of these at the counter she would not touch it except with a plated-tongs sort of an affair—half fish-slice, half salad-fork ; and you never would suppose her capable of spanking it beforehand, would you ? That's the sort of nonsense that goes on every day—only you don't know it."

The doctor laughed again. We said, I think, that Georgie was slightly vulgar. He did not see it. He merely thought her smart.

Now it appears to me, pursuing the line of reasoning suggested by

this conversation, that the socialities of life—if I may coin a word—require for their satisfactory working a certain amount of ignorance. If a little learning is a dangerous thing, too much knowledge is not by any means conducive to one's comfort and satisfaction. Not only were the sandwiches at Westerly Station good, but the soup supplied to the hungry traveller by this same barmaid was excellent. Possibly Georgie might object to it also, on the ground that its merits were to be attributed to the fact that the scraps of meat and bones off the plates went into the stock-pot. The belief has always, I confess, deterred me from indulging in it. This is a case, therefore, in which, clearly, I should gain by lack of knowledge ; because, as I said, the soup is good. To be honest, it is not necessary that the cook should proclaim the secret of the manufacture ; and all the requirements of probity and rectitude are fully met by the article being excellent of its kind. Therefore, I say again, it is to our own loss that we know too much.

Make-believe is the best working substitute for knowledge. You sneer and shake your head. Well, what is there socially of greater potency ? For myself, I can truly say that I have never lost faith in make-believe since those early days when I bestrode the painted stick with the horse's head on it, and did all the trotting with my own two legs. Now let me ask you, as a person of sense, what reputation, except your own, has not contained a little—just a little—of this ingredient ? I acknowledge a suspicion of it even in my own case—nothing more. Now that my philosophy (such as it is) has developed into a mellow blend of optimistic agnosticism, I find myself not only

acknowledging the influence of make-believe in this world, but asking questions—vain questions—as to how far it penetrates into the pathless depths of that undiscovered country from whence there is no return.

A wise physician like Dr Collyrium, knowing its efficacy, administers it and helps his patient, while he adds to his own reputation. The prescription is safe, sound, and agreeable. The world could ill afford to do without it.

A train of thought something akin to this was evidently running through the doctor's mind, because he said to Georgie, "You know, my dear, it would never do for everybody to get behind the scenes. If a patient wanted to find out all the ingredients in my prescriptions I should never pull through. I knew an old lady who killed herself, in spite of all I could do, because she always insisted on finding out from the chemist what her medicine was made of. I have had to set matters right, in some cases, by mere toast-water, with a dash of something nasty in it; and even by bread-pills, made up by myself. Now, what do you say?"

"Well, I really hardly know what to say, papa. I suppose you rolled the pills up in the palms of your hands, too. You are, it appears to me, quite as bad as the barmaid. I think—in fact, I'm sorry to say that, on your own confession, you are a bit of a humbug, like the rest of us, though you have just been preaching the other way."

"Humbug! Tut, tut, my dear!" he replied, slapping her playfully on the shoulder, "that's too blunt."

"But you have admitted that we are all humbugs."

"More or less; but I must qualify the admission by saying

that everything depends on the motive with which we practise deception."

"I doubt if that is sound morality altogether, papa. I fancy Mr Tinkler would not admit a distinction with such a difference."

"Whether he would or not, Georgie, I am obliged, as a conscientious physician, to tell a fib occasionally, because it helps to cure. Some patients would die of fright if I didn't tell them there was no danger; and hope is often the best medicine. Therefore it is, I maintain, that motive is everything."

"Well, and what do you think of my motive?"

"I don't pretend to judge."

"Why, you illogical old dear, we have got into such a tanglement of agreeing and disagreeing, that I don't see my way out of it; so you had better go. But, don't forget what has to be done—this very day."

He got as far as the bottom of the steps, and came hurriedly back.

"What do you say to my asking Mr Pippetly to open an account at the bank? People going in could subscribe if he had a big card up."

"Capital!" said Georgie; "the best idea yet." And here she shut out the author of her being in a most unceremonious fashion.

He went straight to the bank to transact some business, and took the opportunity of interviewing the manager in his private room.

Taking his leave he said, "You heard the news, of course?"

"What news?" asked Mr Pippetly.

"Why—about Mr Tinkler."

"What about him?" said Mr Pippetly, becoming suddenly interested.

"Is it really possible that you

haven't? That's strange. Why, my dear fellow, it is all over the town."

"But I don't go all over the town like a doctor," said Pipperly, growing both curious and angry. "Has anything serious taken place?"

"The Bishop has given him the fine living of Scottowe—that's all," explained the doctor.

"God bless my soul! I never heard a word of it. I'm glad, very glad, exceedingly glad."

"So is everybody," said the doctor; "and there is talk, even now, of getting up a testimonial."

"Nobody ever deserved one more," put in Mr Pipperly.

"By the by," said the doctor rubbing his chin, as if the idea had but just come into his mind, "wouldn't it be capital in the way of a beginning if you were to put up a subscription card in the bank?"

"So it would! I'll do it at once," said the little man, delighted at the thought of being well to the front at the start. "Suppose we put you down first."

"I should not like to be number one," said the doctor; "but, after one or two others have signed, you may add my name for, say, ten pounds."

Georgie would have been delighted if she had only been within earshot. Of course, as we know, there had been talk of getting up a testimonial. His words were literally true; but, to hear the doctor refer to it, no one would for a moment have supposed that the talk had been only between himself and Georgie. Then, again, the spontaneity with which the suggestion about the bank card came out! Who would have supposed that the thought was not *born on the spot*? Finally, he got credit from Pipperly for modesty

in declining to sign his name on the list, and for liberal subscribing ten pounds.

Now, knowing as much know, shall we, too, set the down as a humbug? I say There was not a less de man in Westerly. And in so, mind you, I speak advi and I do not except even th Joseph Tinkler.

The remainder of the progr laid down for him by Geor carried out with equal skill and success; and more than he succeeded in extracting mise from Tinkler himse drop in for a little music i evening, as of course they "not expect to see much o soon."

What wonder if, after a day's work, he returned hom the proud consciousness of h done all that could in reas expected of him, even by a exacting daughter!

I don't think I ever saw G looking better, or dressed more taste. Her singing, too simply captivating, and th susceptible Tinkler yielded spell.

Mrs Collyrium retired being indisposed; and the took to his easy-chair and a with his back to the piano, pu in a pleasant word now and and showing his interest by a for a particular piece of mu favourite song.

Going home to his lodging that night it came to Tin mind somehow like a sudden revelation, that he would be in his new rectory, if he shot there (for he still played wit i/) without—somebody. The somebody changed into a wife the wife into Georgie. He blushed at his own presumption then hope came to his relief.

so—knocked about by contending emotions, doubts, and aspirations—he went to bed and slept the sleep of the just with an extra touch of felicity about it.

Georgie, on the whole, was well satisfied with the progress made. One thing only troubled her as she sat on the hearth-rug, leaning against her father's knees.

"Oh, papa dear," she said, "there is really and truly only one habit he must be broken off. I positively could not stand it! He must not play the flute any more, after—if I marry him; it is so abominably, so frightfully unbecoming to him."

I quite agree with Georgie, and so did her father; because, to see the Rev. Joseph Tinkler's face when he played on that instrument "was enough," as old Mrs Fungus had remarked, "to make a cat laugh." The ridicule of her mother and sister drove even the flute-playing Minerva to look at herself in a fountain, with the result that she changed the instrument for a lute—and no wonder. But after all, this flute question is only a small matter of detail, which has for a moment, in consequence of its nearness, taken larger and more abnormally distorted proportions than the true principles of marital perspective may by-and-by assume.

The doctor sat up very late, after Georgie had said good night, with no better company than his own thoughts. To be sure his doing so lessened the probability of finding his wife wakeful—which was a gain; and it gave him an opportunity of calmly reviewing the situation. He had the reputation of being a very sensible man; though on what grounds this reputation was built I am unable to say. A man may have it, and deserve it, without even himself

knowing why—much less the general public. It may be based on one large and comprehensive quality, or it may be founded on scraps of character, so to speak. The only work by Cato the Censor which has come down to us perfect, is one in which he gives recipes for making cakes and preserves; and, by the by, that reminds me, it was this very Cato who said that there are only two ways of increasing an income—labour and parsimony; but he spoke merely as a male, for to the female there is another way—namely, matrimony. It was the *pros* and *cons* of Georgie's method that exercised the mind of the doctor. The part he played in the game was peculiar and dubious—he felt that; but he had been led into it, and, on the whole, he did not regret or repent. He loved Georgie, and he had a very high opinion of Mr Tinkler.

Still there remained an uneasy feeling that it was, somehow, unmanly to help her to draw the net round this guileless creature. People would talk if they knew all. He felt himself getting into a corner. "Truth," says old Fuller, "hath often sought corners, not as suspecting her cause, but as fearing her judges; yet it is a great blessing that we may fully enlarge ourselves in our thoughts." Of both this verity and this blessing the doctor felt the full force, as he asked himself what old Mrs Fungus would say if she only knew the surprise which he fondly hoped was in store for her at no very distant date.

Whatever Mrs Fungus might say, I am quite certain that she would be only too glad to hear that Tinkler had proposed for one of her own daughters; and she has to learn by experience, like the rest of us, that the sun ma

do his duty though her grapes remain sour. There is no accounting for things, or for the seeming contradictions which abound in this very inexplicable world. You even get fresh fish out of a briny ocean; and it is on land, and in fresh water, that they are made salt, though they have been all their lives in pickle. Endless difficulties beset the speculative mind, and there is no way out of the complexity save by the unsatisfactory formula of "Who'd have thought it!" What wonder, then, if the doctor gave it up, and went up-stairs to bed, doubtful whether his action deserved praise or blame from outsiders, and (I must say also) very indifferent on the point!

Mrs Collyrium admonished him

mildly as to the ill effects of remaining up so late—a man who was liable to be called up at all hours—and he felt that he deserved to be admonished, and did not resent or attempt a defence.

He forgot to wind his watch—a most unusual omission for him; Georgie forgot to say her prayers—which was equally unusual on her part; and Tinkler forgot to look into the letter-box before he went up-stairs, as he was wont to do—which was just as well, because it contained a short note, which would have seriously disturbed him, if it did not keep him out of bed. It ran:—

"Dear Joe,—Come and see me at once. 5 Vigo Street. Affecdy, Kate."

CHAPTER XXI.—VIGO STREET.

"Her worst of grief is only
The common lot which all the world have known."

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Lavinia walked. At first she thought of taking Thomas and the brougham, but finer feelings prevailed. She concluded that it might be wiser not to parade grandeur at the expense of one who might under the circumstances, perhaps, conclude that she was stuck-up and proud. She would see who and what Mrs Scottowe was; as she wished to be kind and friendly, and would not jeopardise first impressions, which always go for much, especially among women. Lavinia was impulsive and incautious in many ways, but never when tact and delicacy were required; and she felt the occasion to be critical. If the initial step turned out a false one, she felt that she could not retrace it, and that her influence might be gone. It behoved

her, therefore, to be cautious, and so she went on foot.

The Bishop's wife, in a close carriage behind a spanking pair of high-stepping bays, passed her by on the way, and then suddenly pulled up close to the kerbstone—thus clearly intimating that she wished to be civil and to have a chat with the pedestrian.

After mutual greetings and inquiries of the usual description, Tinkler fortunately occurred to the elder lady as an opportune subject of conversation.

"You heard, of course, that the Bishop has promoted him—or at least offered promotion."

"Oh yes," said Lavinia. "I always felt that his lordship would pick him out sooner or later."

"Did you? And why, my dear?"

"Because—well—he is not like other bishops, and there are few clergymen more deserving."

"Either you mean that as a very high compliment to my husband, Miss Harman, or the reverse as applied to his episcopal brothers generally."

"No; I mean both together. I mean that he looks out for sterling worth and recognises it, which is not believed to be the characteristic of his order."

"I'll tell him what you say. I am sure he will be very pleased, as he has such a high opinion of you."

"Of me? Oh, I beg of you not to do anything of the kind! I shall be quite ashamed if you do. The idea of my presuming to pat a bishop on the back! You really must not."

"Very well. Now, will you jump in? Can I drop you anywhere?"

"Many thanks; no. I am going down the next street. Quite a short way; just to make a call."

So they parted, Mrs Quodlibet going off to see the Rev. Septimus Stole on important business of her own, in reference to a cheaper edition of her work, 'The Dual Genesis; or, The Old Adam and the New,' for which he had undertaken to write a preface and an appendix, and which was announced in the religious publications as "in the press." Poor Stole! This little bit of literary vanity on the part of his diocesan's wife was his only thorn in the flesh; but who should pity him after all, considering what he got in return? The palace was free to him; he had the ear of the Bishop at all times, and a fair share of the wire-pulling sometimes; and in playing his cards he always found her an excellent partner. With her on his side he

stood to win; and of course we can't in this world expect to have all the smooth without the rough. Ninety-nine out of a hundred among the clergy would have jumped into his shoes if they got the chance, and, no matter how much of a misfit, would have borne all the pressure on their corns with Christian fortitude and benignant smiles; for there is always preferment in the atmosphere of an episcopal palace, and one never knows what may turn up. To be sure, in this case there were no daughters. When a bishop has them, if they are young and nice, they can pick out curates for themselves, and a private chaplain always has a good chance; if they are old and nasty they can mate accordingly: and in either case the bishop provides for them—in the diocese. Stole was ambitious, but he did not miss the daughters. He was not a marrying man, and was most fastidious and particular. The only woman in Westerly at all up to his standard of perfection was the one in whom we are just now specially interested; and he felt his chance in that direction to be hopeless, though he did not know that it actually was so.

Lavinia was not long in reaching the end of her journey, nor in gaining admission. The door of No. 5 Vigo Street was open, and the landlady was looking out. The place and its surroundings were respectable, and the woman clean and kindly-looking, which was so far satisfactory. "There is a lady staying with you—a Mrs Scottowe—is there not?"

"There is, miss; but I don't know whether you can see her: she has been very poorly, poor thing, and the clergyman has only just come to her."

"The clergyman! Who?"

"Rev. Mr Tinkler, miss."

"Oh, that's very fortunate! I know him very well. But how did he find her out? Did she send for him?"

"Yes, miss; my little boy posted the letter."

"Would you mind telling Mr Tinkler that another lady wishes to see him for a moment?"

The woman knocked at a door in the hall, opened it, delivered the message, and disappeared. Presently the gentleman asked for responded to the appeal, shutting the door behind him.

"How are you, Mr Tinkler? I am so glad to see you, and also to be able to congratulate you. The Bishop——"

He looked the picture of abject misery as their eyes and hands met.

"I hope I am not disturbing you. She is not seriously ill? I just called to see her—the lady—Mrs Scottowe."

"My poor sister!" exclaimed Tinkler, looking very embarrassed; "she is not ill—but—but——" He could not finish the sentence, even if Lavinia had given him time, as he seemed to be bewildered and wandering.

"Your sister! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

The words were conventional and commonplace enough.

"Ah!—pleasure," he repeated, in a disjointed sort of tone.

"Yes, certainly—pleasure. I may be of some comfort and assistance to her. May I go in?"

"Oh yes, to be sure," he said, recovering himself. "God bless you! I am so deeply obliged."

"Oh, not at all. But perhaps you would rather I went away and came back later on in the day. You must have so much to talk about."

"Oh no; now—now," he re-

plied. There was something so helpful and kind in her voice, and such genuine sympathy in her look, that he took courage from both, and would not let her go. "Come in, to be sure—at once." And he opened the door again, saying, "Kate, here is our old friend Miss Harman."

He stood dumb and grateful, looking on at the cordial greeting which took place. What a difference there was between brother and sister! They had not a feature in common. Eyes and hair were of a different colour; nose and mouth were of a different shape; the two might have been of a different race—of a different clime. Kate was fascinatingly beautiful, and her charm of expression was enhanced by the background of sorrow, which but served in her case to "throw it up," as painters say, while it had upon Tinkler quite an opposite effect. Trouble always seemed to make him less interesting—this was his misfortune. Lavinia caught herself wondering which of the two took after the father, and which after the mother; but as the speculation landed her nowhere, she abandoned it.

Poor Kate soon brightened under the warm sunny influence of Lavinia, who seated herself on the sofa by her side, holding one hand lightly clasped in both her own.

A mutual confidence was established in a very short time; and gradually Kate's story unfolded itself before her friend—the happy courtship, the brief wedded life, and the disaster which followed fast upon the honeymoon: how Hugh had to fly—being innocent—leaving her to face the world alone, "without a single soul to care whether I lived or died. Ah no! dear Joe," she said, suddenly touched by remorse, "I

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Harman,” he said,
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“it is impossible to thank you as
you should be thanked.”

“I don’t want to be thanked,”
said Lavinia.

“I know you do not; but I
have settled that Kate is to come
to me.”

“Well, at all events you might
leave us for a little. I have a lot
to talk about; and I’ll promise
to drive her over to you in the
evening.”

“I was about to fetch a cab,”
he explained.

“Don’t mind the cab.”

So he went at last. It was
wonderful what a lot of good it
did Kate to have a big cry, with
a really sympathetic woman like
Lavinia by her side.

“I’m afraid it will be quite
dreadful for poor Joe, all by him-
self, when he leaves Westery,”
she said. “He wants me to go
too, but of course I can’t be so
mean as to live upon him for ever
so long; and besides he may get
married, and——”

“You and she might not agree.”

“We might not. I wanted
Hugh to go off to the Cape; but
the fare was so expensive, and
we really had not ready money
enough, and—and—there was no
time to be lost. You know——”

“Oh yes, I know,” responded
Lavinia, wishing to spare the poor
thing as much as possible; “but,
my goodness! why the Cape?”

“Oh, I forgot: you *don’t know*,
after all. How should you, when
no one ever explained? There is
a very kind friend of ours—I
mean of Joe’s and mine—living
there. He is a very rich man
indeed. He made a big fortune
long ago, and took me and Joe
and brought us up when our
parents were dead; and got us
into an institution which he
founded himself, and had us edu-
cated—at least not me, because I

was too young, but Joe, for the Church. We don't know much about ourselves, but he does; and he said he would help us whenever we wanted assistance if we wrote to him. We never did—for years. But after Hugh and I got married and were in trouble, I sat down and acknowledged that I was mean and shabby in writing to him then—but I could not help it. I told him everything, and I sent him our photographs, and asked him to advise and befriend us still if he could. I know he is a good man, and I am anxiously waiting for his reply; but I can't have it for ever so long."

"Do you remember this good friend of yours?"

"Yes; just a little. I was very small then, but I know I loved him—so did Joe: Joe was a big boy."

"Was this man a relative?" asked Lavinia, becoming interested in the mysterious stranger.

"I don't know at all. I often thought he might be; but I had really no reason to suppose it."

"Except that he took such unusual interest in you."

"But he took equal interest in a great many other children. It seemed to be his hobby. He and a clergyman got up the institution we were in—I have the prospectus of it somewhere still. The clergyman passed Joe on to a local bishop, who sent him to a relative of his, another bishop in England; and Joe would not come without me. We were mere waifs, you see, when we began the world—or, rather, when he began it with me holding on to him."

"Well, I do hope that this benefactor will come back to answer your appeal in person," said Lavinia. "How nice it must be to have such a friend! Men—or women—like that are rare."

"Oh, I wish with all my heart he would!" Kate responded, with a sudden clasp of her hands. "Perhaps he might."

"Doesn't your brother know any more than you do?"

"I think he must; because when I asked him on one occasion about our mother he was pained, but he was too truthful to tell a lie. He said just that her end, poor dear! was miserable; and he told me that it would be better not to ask any more questions, so I never have done. The past seemed so awfully dark when I took that peep into it, that I have never ventured any further. And I have never told a soul but you."

"I will never tell a third, my dear," said Lavinia.

"I'd trust you with my life and soul," responded Kate; "I'm sure you are true as steel. Joe has a feeling that it is better to keep these things to ourselves, because he says there are persons so proud that they would not speak to me if they heard about how we were mere foundlings, and that our mother died in misery and trouble. I have often tried to pick a meaning out of those two words, but I couldn't."

"Better not, if he objects," said Lavinia. "You may know some time or other. Don't press him to speak. What troubles me now extremely is that I'm greatly afraid he'll want to take you away to Scottowe Rectory to house-keep for him, and then I shall be so dreadfully disappointed; but if he does, I have a plan in my head for getting over the difficulty on my own account."

"Oh, I should dearly like to go for a bit, just to see the old Hall where Hugh's ancestors all lived in old times, and the church with their monuments. His chief ambition is some day to possess the place, and

to die there and be buried in the family vault—though I don't see the smallest chance of that ever."

"Do you know that the Hall is to be sold?"

"Yes; he quite lost heart when he heard that. All the spare money he could scrape together went to a solicitor who was working to prove his claim; and just before he went away he must have heard some bad news which made him despondent. He never told me the particulars, because he said it would do no good, and would only make me sad, so I never pressed him."

Lavinia knew from the major; and our readers are in the secret since the night of the interview in the barrack between the two men. He naturally shrank from telling his wife that the brand of illegitimacy was upon him. There was nothing to be gained by such cruel frankness, even if his own pride had not been too great, and Lavinia did not betray him now.

"You had no idea that I intended to bid for it—and to get it too. I shall be doubly anxious after what you have told me. You know it is quite close to Tyntern, the major's place, and when I'm there you'll be welcome—you and your husband; and any time he likes, or is able to purchase, I'll sell it to him again."

"That's like buying in trust."

"Just the same."

"Ah, but poor Hugh will never, never, never have the money to pay for it!"

"You don't know that; and perhaps I may grow generous and leave it to him in my will?"

"It is very nice to think of and to fancy; and it is sweet of you even to suggest such a joyful possibility. You give one hope and strength and courage, and make

one ashamed of one's low spirits," said Kate.

"I'm very glad to hear it," responded Lavinia. "Low spirits are the very worst of company, and they grow upon one dreadfully, just as gambling and drinking and smoking grow upon men. They are nothing but a habit, and a very bad one."

She succeeded by her example in getting Kate out of the blues, and did her a world of good. The rest of the day passed so quickly that neither felt the flight of time till Joe, who had grown impatient and nervous, called back in a cab and took Kate home to his quiet lodgings.

Lavinia, when she saw them fairly off, took to her heels in most undignified fashion, and never pulled up till she was at her own door, knocking impatiently for admittance. When she got in she made straight for Aunt Polly's room, and sat herself down before her astonished relative in a state of bewildering heat and excitement.

"My dear, I began to get most uneasy about you. Where on earth——"

She didn't give Aunt Polly time to finish.

"You'd never guess, if you were to try from this till doomsday. Who do you think she is?"

"First you say I couldn't guess, and then you ask me to. Do you mean Scottowe's wife?"

"Yes; I'll give you as many tries as ever you like."

"I'd rather give it up," said Aunt Polly. "Put me out of suspense—there's a dear."

"Kate Tinkler! I told you you'd be surprised!"

"No; you never said a word about surprise."

"Well, I knew you would be surprised!"

"And so I am. The poor child! God help her! she's only a child."

"Nothing more," chimed in Lavinia.

"The last time she was on a visit to her brother I declare I thought it a sin to see her in long frocks. And she was so pretty."

"She's prettier now."

"My goodness!" was all that Aunt Polly found to say by way of finish. It was brief but significant enough to Lavinia, who knew and had studied all her moods and phrases. It meant that all danger of opposition was over, and that she might befriend poor Kate with the full approbation of Aunt Polly.

But the day's excitement did not end here, for the post that evening brought her the first letter from the gallant major, and that night she sat down, flushed and eager to answer it without loss of time. It was a source of the greatest joy to her to be able to say that she had so fully carried out his injunctions about Scot-towe's wife.

I should, however, have thought her far too sensible a woman to have for a moment suspected that she would take his letter out of her pocket and deliberately put it under her pillow. Truth compels me to acknowledge that she did so.

CHAPTER XXII.—SCANDAL.

"Against a power like this
What virtues can secure?"

—CRABBE.

"Obtrectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur."

—TACITUS.

"Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints—your innuendoes."

—SWIFT.

I think it is Plautus who suggests that the mischief-maker who talks and the mischief-maker who listens should both be hanged—the one by the tongue and the other by the ears. But the remedy is far too drastic; and we cannot utterly depopulate even the most morally congested district. In fact, Plautus is out of date. Formerly we put an end to a man who stole sheep or committed forgery: now, when we hesitate to hang him for killing his brother, the mere murdering of reputations is nothing. Social victims have to bear it, and get accustomed to it—like the eel to being skinned. Joe Tinkler suffered rather severely under the first application of the process.

There was a less serious aspect, too, from which the situation could

be viewed. We all have a tinge of vanity—mind, I say only a tinge. Perhaps he had as little as anybody could have; but when a man is fairly started on the pathway of social progress, got up as it were regardless of expense, with all eyes admiringly turned upon him,—it is dreadful to step suddenly upon a loose flag, and to be bespattered and begrimed by the contents of a dirty lurking puddle. This was poor Joe Tinkler's case. The scandal about his sister's affair spread and magnified and ramified in all directions.

It was not the fact of his being a clergyman only which added gravity to the case, but a clergyman just selected by his bishop for promotion.

The few who took the honest and

charitable view were not listened to. Some who had already subscribed to the projected testimonial either openly confessed their indiscretion, or regretted the promptitude with which they had yielded to their more generous impulses. Others who had only begun to think of what they should give, held back just to see "how things would turn out." Old friends who used to stop to speak to Tinkler, and to shake hands with him whenever an opportunity presented itself, now passed on quickly, crossed over the street as if urged by important business, and merely nodded a head or waved a hand in the distance; and when two or three got together, they discussed the thing with bated breath.

The excitement was simply extraordinary—the interest unprecedented. I am justified in saying so, because even Mrs Hush was drawn out of her shell by it, and rendered, for a time, quite chatty and relatively sociable. She was notoriously the most unsociable and stand-off of females in Westerly—so much so, that I have not dared to introduce her to my readers (I did not like to take such a liberty) as one of my characters: I merely do so now to add force to my assertion—feeling that by no other means can I give anything like the same amount of weight and point to it. Mrs Hush—or Mrs Major Hush, C.B.—was a very exclusive personage indeed. She lived and laboured for two objects in life—to preserve her complexion and to keep her distance, or make others keep theirs, which was practically the same thing. When, therefore, she unbent, it gave heart all round, and lent special interest to those who talked over the ugly business. Tradesmen forgot that she looked upon them as a necessary evil, and professional men that she only re-

cognised them because she could not help it. Canon Fungus and the minor clergy she usually treated with disdain; but now she condescended to talk to them, even in the street—she, whose pride was hurt by the fact that the Founder of Christianity was of "humble origin," and His disciples of such "low extraction."

Ah! my dear sir or madam, we, every one of us, live in glass houses, though we don't always know it. Each one is ready to pick holes. There is a fascination in the occupation unaccountable but obvious. When a horse is down we sit on its head: a crowd gathers, and there is much jabber; everybody rushes to unbuckle the harness, and to back the carriage; and, when the unlucky animal rises, we all skedaddle for fear of being kicked or spattered. We have our own opinions of how it happened, and why it happened, and how it need not have happened at all—and so on.

But you and I never trip or come down—in our own estimation; and even if we did, I'd just like to see the individual who had the temerity to sit on our head! This, however, is digression.

The atmosphere had been so pure about the reputation of this poor curate and his sister hitherto, that, when people felt it suddenly charged with dangerous elements, and vitiated, they imagined it to be much worse and more deleterious than it really was. Their fears helped the panic, and their vision became jaundiced.

What were the facts? It was said that Kate had elected to run away with a common soldier, and that he had deserted her. There was no doubt about these two things, people said, to begin with. Her brother had taken her in and given her shelter: this was natural

ion, putting sheer humanity of the question; and he was sed and pitied by the kind-
ted, while the bitter and the
ly moral maintained that he
uld have acted differently, and
t her away, but that he was not
rally strong enough to face such
ordeal as that. She was called
be sure, on his statement,
Mrs Scottowe. Mrs—well, there
as the loose screw. How were
respectable people to know? Any
one could impose upon Tinkler. It
was an extremely embarrassing
situation no doubt—for those who
liked to be embarrassed. Several
female genealogical moles set to
work to burrow into pedigree tra-
ditions, and to hunt out the oldest
inhabitants. They raked up the
history of the unfortunate Mabel
Scottowe—the only daughter of
the last baronet—who ran away
with the organist ages ago. It
was surmised that Kate's "hus-
band" was a son of hers, but the
dates would not fit; and the wife
of one of Pippetly's bank officials
upset the ingenious theory by stat-
ing positively that her husband
had known his father and mother
years ago, in London, and also the
young man himself; and had, more-
over, recognised his handwriting
(which was a very peculiar one) on
some documents which had lately
come in to the bank. She was
hardly thanked for so cruelly dis-
pelling the illusion, because it in-
creased the difficulty instead of
tending to clear it. There was no
gainsaying her story, however; and
society in Westerly had to cast
about in other directions—with no
tangible result.

Jenkins, the leading solicitor,
who took great interest in the
legal aspect of the Scottowe law
proceedings, declared positively
*that if not actually illegitimate him-
self, the young man must be the*

representative of an illegitimate
branch, because he could otherwise
claim the property now to be sold.
"In fact it couldn't be sold *at all*
if a lawful heir existed," explained
the lawyer. The case was a very
peculiar one indeed, and he couldn't
go into it, but they might take
his word for it: so they did.

The great question which agi-
tated the community now was—
Should the ladies call on Kate?
A heavy responsibility rested on
such a centre of "light and lead-
ing" as the wife of Canon Fun-
gus; and she felt the full force
of it. She was a woman who
always saw a long way before her,
and never made a slip for want
of due thought and consideration.
For instance, I never knew her to
be short of a threepenny-bit for
Sunday (and no doubt many a
good shilling goes by negligence
—a sacrifice to pride), nor to
make a false step which lande
her in any social difficulty. She
was cautious to a degree. (Of
course she consulted the Canon.
But he happened to be sufferi
from one of his dyspeptic attac
and consequently she got
scant consolation.

"You heard about this Tin
business, of course?" she said

"I did. Not being de
could hardly fail to hear wha
whole town has heard."

"Well, thank goodness
danger is over at all events."
was alluding to her son
passing weakness for the y
sister—to which we refer
fore. "And it might ha
worse."

"So it might—for th
said the sardonic Canon.
not believe in Joel; and
growing conviction in
mind that his first-bo
ultimately turn out a
The mother—holding q

ferent opinion—never would let him enlarge on the point, which only made him the more bitter, and always on the alert to put in a word edgeways when he could: this was better than open rupture, which involved the loss of what he hadn't much of—temper. He contented himself with injecting into his conversation these pungent bits of settled conviction, and leaving them to work, when he got the opportunity.

"What on earth are we to do? I wish you'd tell me."

"Do?" said the Canon. "If you took my advice—which I flatter myself you won't—you'd do nothing."

"You don't call that advice! It is absurd. We must do something."

"Very well. Go and do it." He looked at the wife of his bosom with a vacant stare, and then went on with his newspaper.

"You are enough to aggravate a saint!" she said, tartly.

"That's a mere assertion," responded the Canon. "I don't know that you have any means of estimating the endurance of a saint, except by computing from mine—who am a mere sinner. I know where to look for the aggravation; but the saint is not to be had for testing purposes."

"I suppose you mean to be crushingly satirical. All the same, I think you ought to consult the Bishop."

"Whether I do or not, I certainly don't intend to consult the Bishop. He does not consult me; and you ought to know very well that when he picked out a lout like Tinkler for one of the tit-bits in the diocese, other men were passed over who should not have been passed over; and among them I have the assurance to place myself. He has got into

a mess now, and let him get out of it."

"But wouldn't it be some sort of satisfaction, after his overlooking your claims, just to go and condole with him?"

"It might; but I don't care to snarl where I can't bite."

"Well, at all events, I'll go and see Mrs Quodlibet. I must know what she is going to do; because I'm not such a fool, at my time of life, as to be on the wrong side. If she takes her up, of course I must."

"Of—course—you—must. That's the woman all over. Play your own cards. I don't want to be bothered about it, one way or other."

Mrs Collyrium was another person equally exercised in her mind and equally perplexed; because, here was Georgie with a well-defined programme, which involved actual contact and close permanent connection with this dubious brother and sister. She felt that there was nothing for it but to attack her daughter, and she resolved to do so without calling in the aid of her father, simply because—as she said to her dear friend Mrs Fungus—"men are such fools" about such things. Of course she did not tell Mrs Fungus all that Georgie had told her about the matrimonial scheme.

My lady readers do not need to have this explained; but "men are such fools"! True. There is such a difference between the *bête* and the *bonne bête*, that some of us males, in our fatuous self-worship, believe too much in the *bonne*, and think ourselves clever.

"My dear, we really must make a stand," said the she-Canon; "we owe it to the sex. It is expected of us. Perhaps Mr Tinkler's sister may be Mrs Scottowe. I don't

wish to be uncharitable; but we have positively no proof."

"None whatever," acquiesced Mrs Collyrium. The obligation coming under the denomination of "a debt which we owe to ourselves," is easily cleared off by a draft on our stock of self-complacency. "I hope I shall be able to influence Georgie, but she is very headstrong; and being an only daughter, I fear the doctor has let her have too much of her own way, —I don't mean in conduct, or acts, or anything of that sort."

"Oh no, assuredly not; she has always been very correct."

"But I mean," continued Mrs Collyrium, not taking any notice of this remark, as being a mere truism, which went without saying, "that she has been allowed too much freedom of opinion."

"Yes—quite so. Young girls, nowadays, are so advanced that they fancy they have a right to their own opinions, no matter what their parents may think. I have always resisted this tendency in my children."

"Yes; and your daughters are perfection."

"Unless you begin very young with children, as I did, my dear, you can hardly ever hope to succeed thoroughly; and, mind you, it requires a strong constitution, as much as anything else."

This touch about the constitution was meant to be apologetic and consolatory, as applied to Mrs Collyrium, and to give her a loophole of escape as regarded her inability to cope with Georgie's self-will.

"I'm going to see Mrs Quodlibet at once. I daresay I'll be able to find out how she and the Bishop will act; and I'll come and tell you on my return."

"You are so kind always!" said Mrs Collyrium, rising and ringing

the bell, with a touchingly languid effort.

When the servant opened the hall-door to let out the visitor, Georgie herself appeared at the bottom step, looking animated and rosy, excited, and in a hurry.

There was a very (conventionally) cordial greeting and farewell combined.

"I was glad to see your mother looking so very much better," said the old lady.

"Oh, she's all right, thanks," responded Georgie as she disappeared.

Let me remark, here, parenthetically, that if, after all, things came about the way Georgie had planned, it seems to me that, by-and-by, they would work very well. Her fibre was coarse; but Tinkler, as her husband, would not observe this, or miss the lack of high polish and refinement. He had no close intimacy with her sex; Kate had lived away from him, and his mother was but a name, and a vague memory. Georgie seemed to be the perfection of kindness, goodness, figure, and face; and latterly, since she began to show consideration for and appreciation of himself, he grew more and more attached, as was natural; and his advancement was rapid and self-satisfying.

She was, just now, fresh from parting with him, and the ardent pressure of his hand showed that he was becoming alive to the possibilities which lay in the near future. She was in high spirits, and prepared for both attack and defence. And when she got into the house, she went directly to the drawing-room and opened fire—thus disconcerting the plans of the enemy.

"Now, mamma," she said on entering, "I know perfectly well what that horrid old cat has been here about. She has just come

to make as much mischief as she possibly can about what has happened. But I may tell you plainly that I don't care one single bit. It won't make one iota of difference to me—so don't think it."

"Georgie!" her mother exclaimed, with icy coldness, "you don't mean to tell me to my face that you would bring disgrace and shame upon us by—by—going any farther with this—business—till at least the doubtful points are cleared up? You have only too often expressed your uncharitable opinions with regard to the Canon and Mrs Fungus, though you know how I respect them, and how it pains me to listen to you."

"I'm very sorry I'm sure," said Georgie, dropping into a seat, with a doleful sigh.

"If you were you wouldn't so often err in the same way."

"Well, then, I'm not," said Georgie; "whichever you like." Her tone was defiant and dangerous.

"Let that pass. I want you now for once to listen to me. This is a most momentous matter, affecting others besides yourself. You must make a sacrifice. We can't expect everything to turn out always just as we should like it."

"No. Things will go by contraries in spite of all we can do. Even the Canon and his wife, who come as near perfection as may be, can't have things their own way. He has too little hair on his head, and must do without. She has too much on her chin, and can't get rid of it. While a benign Providence, for some mysterious reason—a good one, no doubt—won't let them effect an exchange." And she fretfully patted her feet on the floor.

"Georgie! Georgie! Georgie!"

exclaimed her mother with a plaintive horror, which stopped the further flow of her eloquence, and took away her breath.

Georgie got up in a petulant fidget and went to the window; and repented in a sort of way during a pause.

"If you wouldn't always fling that old man and his wife at my head, I would not say these things. If I know that you adore them, you know equally well that I detest them—at least her."

There was another pause. Mrs Collyrium wasn't up to time.

"Better come to the point," went on Georgie. "What do you want me to do about what you call—'the business'? Am I to suddenly drop my acquaintance with Mr Tinkler, and to cut his sister whom you used to embrace? Because, if that——"

"I never said that I meant you to go so far," said Mrs Collyrium, severely.

"How far then?"

"To abstain for a while from visiting them, till we know more."

"You are too late," said Georgie. "I've just been there, and I'm going again in the evening to take Kate some books and have some music."

Mrs Collyrium interlaced her thin white fingers, gave a despairing sigh, looked up at the ceiling, and leant back, limp and mentally exhausted.

Georgie crossed to the door, and from this point of vantage fired her parting shot.

"You don't seem to be aware that Lavinia Harman actually went in the cab with Kate to her brother's lodgings. I think her example is quite as worthy as that of old Mrs Fungus; her position as good, and her character as high. If you were not unreasonably prejudiced, you ought

to be satisfied, mamma; that's all I can say." And having said it she went away.

Now, was Mrs Collyrium unreasonably prejudiced?

You remember, reader, a remark made, in an early chapter, by the doctor himself, which bears upon the point we are considering. "It is most extraordinary the queer things that Miss Harman can do, and people not mind." Up to a certain point the doctor was strictly correct; but now, from his wife's point of view, and that of many others, the limit had been reached, and people did "begin to mind," as we know; for Westerly talked very freely about her action in this matter, and questioned the propriety of it, and wondered that her aunt permitted her—while such delicate points of controversy remained doubtful—to show such active interest in Mrs Scottowe.

Georgie's excuse, therefore, did not satisfy her mother; and in common justice to her—Bohemian as I am—I must admit she had grounds for wishing that her daughter had acted with more circumspection. Having admitted so much, I am at liberty to say that I am, heart and soul, with Georgie and Lavinia.

The result of Mrs Fungus's visit to the palace was that the Rev. Septimus Stole was sent by Mrs Quodlibet to interview Tinkler—ostensibly about her pamphlet, 'A Dual Genesis,' but really to find out as much as he could. It is but fair to Stole to say that he performed his delicate task with great skill and tact; for without being in the least suspected by his brother cleric, he learned where the marriage took place and how many months back. There were reasons why the ladies wished to be specially informed on this latter point. *These facts* were enough to enable

him to write to the locality indicated for confirmatory evidence from the local clergyman. He came away charmed by Kate—so much so, that for her sake he not only hoped for the best, but believed the best. In her lovely face there was nothing but truth and honesty—she could not deceive.

Confirmation came, as he expected, in course of post, and the most malignant of the female scandal-mongers—among them Mrs Fungus (a wasp without her sting)—were silenced on the main issue at all events; whereat Stole rejoiced exceedingly.

Mrs Quodlibet—by nature a kindly soul—made up her mind to call, and did so in her carriage. All this brought joy to the heart of poor Tinkler, because she put in an appearance just as his unsuspecting nature began awakening to the conviction that there was something up. People *had* become strange, somehow, and he couldn't fail to observe it. Fortunately he had lately got to be so unconstrained, if not actually confidential, with Georgie, that could speak freely to her; so asked her point-blank to explain the state of things which puzzled him, and she did not hesitate to tell him pretty plainly what people were saying and hinting. It was a difficult thing to do, but she got through with it. He listened with pained and patient interest, and interruptedly.

"And yet," he said, "to tell of your exceeding great kindness all through, and that you deserted—me—us—Kate."

"No; of course I didn't, Georgie; "why should I mean and shabby? Miss F and I determined to face the worst and ill-nature because of your sister and—yourself; she knew she was married."

"How proud—how thankful we should feel! How noble of you!"

"Not at all," replied Georgie. "You know we only did what was right, and papa quite approved." Still she liked to hear the praise, and to know that she was appreciated.

"Ah! very few of us do that," he said, looking into her eyes with manifest but bashful admiration. "I've been endeavouring to do it all my life, and I find it anything but easy."

"When there are two it always helps one," remarked Georgie, referring, I suppose, to her own sex, and to Lavinia as a case in point. The sentence was confused. She may have had a deeper meaning: be that as it may. It is but just to acknowledge that she fought her battle well, and held on, through evil report, to the course which she had set herself to pursue. The goal was to be reached, and the surest way to it was the road she took.

The facts as they stand suggest a comparison between the two girls. Both liked Kate, but each befriended her from different motives: Lavinia from a wish to please the man whom she loved; Georgie to win the love of a man whom she wished to please—and she was firmly resolved to make him happy, to be good, and to be true and loyal to him in every possible way. In Lavinia's case there was no sense of self-sacrifice; in Georgie's there was. One felt that she was gaining a prize; the other felt that she was throwing herself away—even though she did it with premeditation. She had argued it out with herself over and over again, and had come to some definite understanding with her conscience; and she felt that

her programme must be gone through.

Does the end justify the means? Moralists say No. But there are two sides to everything; and it is just possible that the means may justify the end occasionally.

After the favourable turn which things had taken, the Tinkler testimonial soon began to look up again. There were some who became ashamed of their suspicions, and others who, instead of giving quickly, now gave doubly. The amount soon ran up to over four hundred pounds, as Tinkler learned accidentally by going into Mr Pippetly's bank. The subscription-card stared him in the face, and he grew horribly ashamed and alarmed at its magnitude. He felt quite uncomfortable at the idea of accepting and owning so much money. It seemed wrong, particularly in the face of the fact that he had been advanced by the hand of Providence to opulence and the Rectory of Scottowe.

I have known of a very humble-minded countryman of my own who, leaving his native wilds and visiting a great city for the first time, was too retiring to walk the grand streets and squares, and therefore sought out unpretending lane-ways to saunter in, from the ends of which he might, without too much presumption, gaze upon the contiguous grandeur. The Rev. Joseph Tinkler looked at the world from such a standpoint. He was as humble-minded as this poor countryman, who on his part would not, perhaps, have been quite so sensitive about the four hundred pounds as Tinkler was. But then a parallel which runs on all-fours, and in which you cannot pick some small hole, is not easily found.

MACBETH AS THE CELTIC TYPE.

I DO not propose, within the limits of this article, to discuss the grand motive of the tragedy of "Macbeth," or the all-important relation and contrast of his character with his wife's. I am not concerned with Macbeth's character from a psychological point of view. But I would ask attention to a single idea, a very simple one, which occurred to me while listening to a lecture on Macbeth, given by Mr Moulton in Torquay. As the lecturer, after dwelling particularly on such points as Macbeth's superstition, his trust in the supernatural, and his extraordinary impatience of suspense, proceeded to describe the murder-scene,—realising, with faithfully imaginative skill, the heavy night, the gathering tempest, the exultation of the murderer, the instant revulsion of feeling and final collapse of all his power caused by a single moment's *suspense* in the murder-chamber,—suddenly there flashed into my mind the meaning of these strange impulses and quick revulsions of feeling. The murderer was a Celt.

Subsequently I endeavoured to use this idea as a clue to the intricacies of Macbeth's character, always bearing in mind the axiom, "that the worth of any hypothesis is largely determined by the number of phenomena to which it affords solution."

Undoubtedly it is a mistaken acuteness that discovers national peculiarities in every play where the scene happens to be laid outside of England. The attempt lands us in some very odd predicaments; as when, for example, we are constrained to adduce the *national characteristics* of a people

inhabiting that mysterious portion of the globe, maritime Bohemia! But, though the majority of Shakespeare's characters are—primarily of course, human, but secondarily—English men and women, he has also given us some equally unmistakable types of foreign nations: of the ancient Greek in Ulysses; of the ancient Roman in Coriolanus and Brutus; of the modern Italian in Romeo and Proteus, and the modern Frenchman in Lafau and Parolles—that is, a nobler and a baser type of the two nations last named; with sundry minor French, Welsh, and Irish men, kindly but comically drawn. There is therefore no inherent improbability of Shakespeare's having chosen to draw for us a firm and finished likeness of the Celt; such a likeness as I believe he has drawn, with full insight and deep sympathy, in Macbeth.

And indeed, when we remember the unfortunate prominence of Irish affairs, and the activity of certain great chieftains over the water during Elizabeth's reign, we may easily suppose that the attention of Shakespeare and the rest of England was more than once directed to Celtic peculiarities as exhibited by Desmond, the O'Donnell, the Macwilliam, and Somhairle Buoidhe; while the great O'Neills, Shane and Hugh, during their residence in England, must have afforded Shakespeare an opportunity of studying the Celtic type at first hand, from living and striking examples.

This probability granted, the next step is to denote the principal features of that most difficult and deeply contested type of

character; and to observe their agreement of difference with the type of character presented to our contemplation in Macbeth.

We will instance, as decisive and indubitably Celtic characteristics, these:—

1. Vital imagination.
2. Mutability.
3. Treachery.
4. Sympathy with Nature.
5. Eloquence.
6. Superstition.

These points, named, it is hoped with some impartiality, the good beside the evil, will not be denied, even by the unsympathetic Saxon, to afford materials capable of grandly various combination and development. Is it hard to imagine that they should have attracted Shakespeare to combine and develop them into a human type of supreme import and beauty? Is it, on the other hand, easy to imagine that they should be found fortuitously combined in such a character as Macbeth,—a man of purely Celtic blood, living in an age of Celtic supremacy,¹—yet with no design on the dramatist's part of exhibiting any national type whatever? To believe this is to credit accident with being a finer historical artist than Shakespeare.

Now to examine these characteristics in Macbeth.

1. *Vital imagination*.—By this I mean a power of realising the unseen, strong enough not only to present to the mind's eye sights and scenes of the past or future,—such is the ordinary function of an ordinarily reproductive imagination,—but to make the unseen and the absent *overcome* the visible and present, attaining by

mere force of stronger realisation a more absolute existence in the mind of the percipient; such an imagination as sways its possessor with irresistible mastery, so that it may rather be said to possess him than he it; such an imagination as holds Macbeth continually captive in a prison of his own fantasies, rapt and apart—

“Till function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.”

No words can more forcibly describe the action of vital imagination, and its complete mastery of Macbeth; who, like all Celtic natures, is deeply susceptible of spiritual impressions, good and evil. The susceptibility, or imaginativeness, whichever it may be called, is not, from a moral point of view, more praiseworthy than any other constitutional or hereditary trait. It gives an undeniable charm to the Celtic character; a refining touch to all that is good in it, and a refining force to the appeal of every temptation assailing it. When a man like Macbeth is lost to the power of conscience (though it would be no more than just to state that he does not appear to have been gifted with the most rudimentary conscience to start upon), he must remain more or less at the mercy of this terribly vivid imagination. It takes the place of conscience to him. And there is a very awful proof of this in Macbeth. I have never heard it remarked upon, but no doubt it has often been noticed. When Macbeth is standing over Duncan, whom he has murdered sleeping, a voice seems to cry over his head—

¹ Is it necessary to observe that the Iniscoti, or Irish, were the dominant race in Scotland, as in Ireland?

"Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep."

Before he can leave the chamber,
he hears it again—

"Still it cried, 'Sleep no more !' to
all the house :

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and there-
fore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall
sleep no more.'"

The effect of this is, as we find, that though Macbeth's conscience never wakes sufficiently to smite him for treachery and murder, his *imagination* is so impressed with the notion of having "murdered sleep," that he never afterwards can sleep naturally. From the night of the murder to the night of the coronation feast he does not sleep at all ; as we learn from Lady Macbeth, who attributes to that sleeplessness his wild behaviour, and the vision of Banquo's ghost—

"You lack the season of all natures,
sleep."

Afterwards, when the absolute necessity of repose forces him into slumber, he is shaken nightly with such "terrible dreams" that the remembrance of them makes him envy Duncan, lying at rest in his grave :—

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent
to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his
grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
. . ."

Is not this an instance of guilt working on the imagination, when the moral nature is too dead to feel it ?—of imagination, in short, taking the place of conscience ?

And where the imagination is thus a vital part of the being, we trace it of course, in its minor

function of speech and thought, all through Macbeth's character. It will be observed that he never uses any other than imaginative forms of expression ; and the contrast afforded by Lady Macbeth's simple directness of speech must impress this more or less consciously on every hearer. Macbeth, too, has the Celt's pictorial faculty. His thoughts take shape and colour : they move before his eyes as fast as they rise in his mind. His senses are deceived by the strength of his imagination, so that he sees blood on a murderer's face, and a dagger moving in the empty air, leading him on to Duncan. He has even the rare poetical faculty for personification of the abstract. An admirable example of this is the soliloquy in which he holds debate with himself on the expediency of murdering Duncan : the virtues of "his murdered man," and the pity that will surely rise in the hearts of his people, Macbeth personifies as angels and cloudy cherubim :—

"Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath
been
So clear in his great office, that his
virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cheru-
bim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every
eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

This Celt might indeed have been a poet, if only imaginative force, without depth of heart, were sufficient for poetry.

2. *Mutability.*—There is not much need of demonstration here. The Celtic mind is mutable. Saxons say we are fickle, which is

untrue; fickleness being a defect of the heart, not of the mind, and one not commonly incident to the Celtic heart. Macbeth is a very extreme instance of Celtic mutability; but then, I should like to point out that he is a curiously unattached character, with no strong attraction either to good or evil for its own sake. (Witness the analysis of his character given by his wife in soliloquy, too well known to be quoted here, and its confirmation by Hecate.) His actions proceed from impulse, and he judges them solely by their consequences. He has no principle, but his imagination serves to show him "how things look" to people who have principle (witness especially the soliloquy, act i. sc. 7); and this is an additional cause of irresolution. For imagination is the main source, both of strength and weakness, to the Celt. He feels it; feels that the strength of his desires is sapped by the weakness of his will; he needs a constant stimulus, but cannot supply it, having no moral force, good or evil, capable of sustaining him for a moment—

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but
only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps
itself
And falls on the other."

Macbeth is that waverer who is "like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." Once committed to a desperate line of action—rather by force of circumstance than by choice—his nature does not gather strength: it only hardens into ferocity.

3. *Treachery.*—We cannot deny that treachery is a dreadful stain on the Celtic character. It is our national disgrace. Macbeth is therefore made to embody the national sin in an act of the worst

treachery of which a Celt can conceive—namely, against a kinsman, a liege lord, and a guest. He is perfectly aware of the heinousness of his offence, at least in the eyes of his countrymen: no shame is reflected on it from his own conscience; because, as before stated, he is devoid of conscience, in the ordinary sense of that term. But when reviewing to himself the *pros* and *cons* for the projected murder, he never forgets that he may have to reckon with the horror of a whole country at his breach of faith and hospitality.

"He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as
his host,
Who should against his murderer shut
the door,
Not bare the knife myself."

But he is too evidently calculating on the national prejudice as a possible consequence, not feeling its influence as a deterrent from the commission of treason.

4. *Sympathy with Nature.*—I almost despair of rendering a connected, reasonable, or in any way persuasive account of this most important characteristic, which is perhaps the less surprising, as it has nothing in particular to do with reason, and very little connection with anything else in my limited experience.

The Celtic sympathy with nature is an instinct; the Saxon sympathy with nature is an attachment, more or less profound. They have the advantage of us in possessing poets to notify their love: we have the advantage of them in requiring no poets, while we have eyes and a heart. The Celt is a child of nature: his love is instinctive. The Saxon is, doubtless, a far superior being: his moral

feeling is cultivated, his character is high; but his most reckless enemy will not accuse him of being a child of nature. Such a child was Macbeth. Observe him in the dark courtyard, in the open air of night. He thinks the night is waiting for his deed, has darkened down to cover him from sight, is full of hideous voices that prophesy successful murder, while earth hides the traces of treacherous footsteps stealing towards Duncan. Every breath and sound of the dread hour gives added impulse to his murderous thoughts,—an impulse which he actually fears to lose, rejoicing in

“The present horror of the time,
Which now suits with it,”

and experiencing beforehand the glad guilty thrill of a wicked purpose accomplished.

Notice further how, after that night, the recurrence of the hour and the darkness brings back to him his failing confidence in the certainty that nature sympathises, and at that hour will help the murderer again. He feels safer in the darkness, because it is wicked.

“Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible
hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great
bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens;
and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their
preys do rouse.”

Such is the Celtic sympathy with nature.

5. *Eloquence*.—There needs no eloquence to convince us that Macbeth is eloquent! He combines the quick perception of the

Celt with the deep susceptibility, the imaginativeness, the sense of beauty, the sense of power, the sense of pathos, and that last, most curious of Celtic gifts, the magnetic *power of appeal*. We do not wonder that he captivated the heart of his king, and the admiration of noble thanes and hard-fighting soldiers alike, when we ourselves, spite of all that we know against Macbeth, listen to his soliloquies in a sort of tormented fascination, *knowing* that there is neither pity, faith, nor honour in this man, and yet not knowing whence such moving eloquence can flow, unless from the depth of the heart. “A lofty soul, ruined by an unnatural wife, and a supernatural temptation.” Such is the general reading of the tragedy of “Macbeth.” And to the end of time, Macbeth will be believed in, pitied, and lamented; all for that trick of the tongue!

Still, like the true Celt, he imposes on himself almost as deeply as on other people. He thinks himself relenting from pity and manliness, when only the practical difficulty of murder has daunted him for a moment.

“I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.”

But his very next speech shows what his hesitation really sprang from—

“If we should fail! . . .”

Afterwards, he half believes himself repentant for his sin, when the mere reaction of disappointment following success, has cast him into a cold-hearted fit. There is something appalling in the beauty of lines covering such a complication of ignoble regrets, as do those magnificent words in which Macbeth bewails his loss

1891.]

Macbeth as the Celtic Type.

of honour, *because* it may redound
to Banquo's gain :—

“ If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my
mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I
murder'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of
Banquo kings ! ”

To the very end Macbeth re-
tains the same strange beauty of
thought and expression,—the re-
sult of his Celtic imagination and
eloquence,—and to the very end
constrains our sympathies. Now
he makes us feel the piteousness
of his dishonoured life :—

“ Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This
push

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough : my way of
life

's fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old
age,

's honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends,

must not look to have ; but, in their
stead,

comes, not loud but deep, mouth-
honour, breath,

which the poor heart would fain deny,
and dare not.”

it is the heavy weight of
sorrows that never cease from
pressing :—

that thou not minister to a mind
sick,

from the memory a rooted
shoe,

that the written troubles of the
brain,

with some sweet, oblivious anti-

doth stuff'd bosom of that peril-

ous stuff
upon the heart ? ”

is the dreadful lifeless-
ness, that will not let him

—NO. DCCCCXI.

weep for the death of the
creature dear to him ; because
day and to-morrow are all one
death to take his triumph in ;
life's “ a thing that only for
would keep ” :—

“ She should have died hereafter
There would have been a time for such
a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-
morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to
day

To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted
fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out,
brief candle !

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player

That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage

And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

After all, eloquence is natural to
the Celt. His children use poetical
rhetoric as soon as they can speak.
A great English orator once found
himself, for his sins, on the pier at
Kingstown ; and there he envied
the powers of speech displayed by a
marvellous, little ragged Celt, who
was telling a story to a friend of
his own degree. This power of ex-
pression, with its kindred power
of ennobling a subject by lifting
it into the imaginative region, is
the natural heritage of the Celt.
Moreover, if you desire to hear of
motives higher than you have ever
dared conceive, go to the accom-
plished Celtic villain : and,—unless
his native poetry has been overlaid
with a superficial utilitarianism,
derived from half-Americanised re-
latives,—you will not be disap-
pointed.

6. *Superstition.*—Macbeth's su-
perstition, instinctive, hereditary,
indomitable as it is, is at once the
strongest outcome of his nature,
the strongest evidence of his na-

tionality, and the strongest support of our claim to Macbeth as pre-eminently the Shakespearian Celtic type. For me, it would be as difficult to dissociate his peculiar superstitious tendency from the rest of his Celtic nature, as it would be to dissociate the peculiar pride of Coriolanus from the Roman's love of ascendancy, and inherited pride of race. But there is the less need to enlarge on this point of superstition, because, being all-important to the comprehension of Macbeth's character, it is made perfectly self-evident from first to last: so much so, indeed, that Macbeth is the acknowledged type of the superstitious in literature. Why, when the nature of his malady has been so often discussed, its origin should have remained so long unguessed at, it is difficult to say. That origin is, of course, simply the hereditary Celtic tendency; in the case of Macbeth manifesting itself (1) by physical horror in the presence of the supernatural; (2) by intense realisation of it; (3) by absolute trust in it.

It is a common thing to find horror mistaken for fear. A very ordinary instance of this confusion is the expression, "So-and-so is afraid of a spider." Now So-and-so is not in the least afraid of a spider, but he has a horror of the creature: a similar horror, though less in degree, than Macbeth feels at the mere sensation of the supernatural:—

"The time has been, my senses would
have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of
hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and
stir
As life were in't."

Yet he shows considerable courage in his intercourse with the supernatural; even threatening the

weird sisters, if they shall refuse to satisfy his demands:—

"I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let
me know."

But this is after the taste of forbidden knowledge has engendered a craving too strong for dread. He never hesitates a moment as to the nature of Banquo's apparition at the coronation feast. Whatever the word ghost may mean, in Shakespeare or elsewhere, the thing ghost is entirely apparent and realisable to Macbeth. He faces it shuddering, but defiant. Can the least superstitious person fail to feel the grotesque horror of that moment when the murderer faces the ghost of his victim at the feast, and tries to deny having murdered him?—

"Thou canst not say I did it: never
shake
Thy gory locks at me."

Finally, Macbeth's entire trust in the supernatural, though, as the main motive of the play, it does not lie within the scope of this article, must yet be included as the strongest note of his superstition. It is the only human instinct—except the fighting instinct—which survives to the last in that outworn nature. When love and ambition have died within him, when he has "almost forgot the taste of fears," trust in the supernatural still keeps his hand strong in the defence of Dunsinane,—till Birnam wood comes marching to the siege. It is despair at the sudden failure of that trust, which pierces his heart before the sword of Macduff can reach it.

This is, of course, but a hasty review of those few "decisive and indubitably Celtic characteristics"

which were to decide Macbeth's aim to be considered the Shakespearian type of his race. Taken together, they establish nothing,—a man may be imaginative, and not a Celt; and undoubtedly, many men have been treacherous who have not been Celts,—but taken collectively, and especially regarding their development and mutual influence, they constitute a type of character too distinctive to escape cognition. If additional evidence were required, we have it in that indescribable contradiction and elusiveness which make the character of the Celt, in literature and in life, a singularly difficult one to deal with. There probably never was a man in whom existed more opposite possibilities of development than in Macbeth. We feel this, not only in the palpable contrasts of physical bravery and moral faintness, of splendid mental endowment, and barren emptiness of heart, but in the further element of uncertainty as to which of the unstable impulses will at any time gain the ascendancy,—and how long?

People who read plays often acquire a false security of judgment. As they know "how it will end" in every case, they fancy that there must be an inevitable ending for every character which nothing could have

Speaking imaginatively, it is a great mistake. In the question, Lady Macbeth have averted the catastrophe and very nearly did so. Had not possessed a superhumanly cold heart, there would have ended the play of "Macbeth" as it has. Certainly she loved her husband, as far as mortal may understand it she made the irreparable mistake of thinking she could control him with his instability—

a mistake almost impossible for a consistent person to avoid, who has experienced some success in dealing with an inconsistent person. A Celt is, at any time, an unsafe thing to reckon with. But a Celt with a dash of genius is absolutely incalculable.

To conclude: in literary criticism, however inductively we may try to proceed, we can seldom expect to *prove* a point. This is because, in the language of that infatuated being, the logical student, only the Method of Agreement is available in these cases. The Method of Difference, with its stringent test, is inapplicable to the discussion of human character; and the Method of Concomitant Variation, involving experiment, equally so. We cannot expect, therefore, having only the Method of Agreement to apply, ever to obtain more than a strong probability of the correctness of a disputed conclusion. But in this, I cannot help thinking that the probability established is a very strong one. It has the facts of the play on its side, with all the coincidences of time, place, and circumstance, besides the irrefragable argument from history; and it seems to me that the opposer of our very simple, almost self-evident theory—viz., that Macbeth was a Celt, and was intended by Shakespeare to appear what he was—would have to choose between two ways of refuting the theory, each comprising the troublesome task of proving a negative. He would either have to prove that (1) History is mistaken, and Macbeth was *not* a Celt; or (2) though History be correct, and Macbeth in the play a supremely Celtic type, that the coincidence was accidental, and Shakespeare was not aware of what he was doing.

MOIRA O'NEILL

MY PYTHAGOREAN FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

MY acquaintance with my friend Maurice Haselden began very simply. He was then a second-hand bookseller in a large manufacturing town of the North of England, and he seemed to me to have a large and valuable collection of books. A second-hand bookshop is a kind of back-wash of literature, and the jetsam is often of little value—waterlogged divinity, derelict law, and “much-enduring” classics that rest at last after an Odyssey of woes. But my friend’s shop was different: it seemed to contain no rubbish; or at least, if there were rubbish, it was rubbish with a history, and therefore as reputable and interesting as Prince Charlie’s gloves or Napoleon’s night-cap. I was at the time collecting materials for a small book on Ancient Greek Surgery (still unpublished)—I may state that I am a Doctor of Medicine—and I looked in to see if I could pick up anything bearing on the subject. On entering, I found a tall handsome man of about my own age (say thirty, and have done with it), who was leaning over the counter, and reading in (I adhere to the expression) a mighty book. He had a somewhat foreign look and complexion, the latter a clear olive; the eyes large, dark, and lustrous; a finely moulded brow and chin—intellect and will harmoniously matched; a straight and powerful nose; nobly curved eyebrows,—the ideal lies there, hence Shakespeare, who never draws a random line, makes his lover pen “a sonnet to his mistress’s eyebrow”; and, to cut short

the *signalement*, the right hand, resting negligently on the book, was the handsomest I have ever seen,—long, lean, and powerful. Then, for a second-hand bookseller, whose hand is subdued to what it works in, and is therefore usually begrimed, this hand was clean and well-groomed. Indeed his whole person was particularly clean and tidy, as of one who had *not* “gathered the Olympic dust” of classic tomes. At the sound of my footfall he raised himself from his stooping posture, and looked gravely at me.

I stated my errand. A long conversation followed, which served to show the extraordinary range of his information. He produced for my inspection several very old books on surgery, written in Latin, and illustrated with appalling woodcuts. Finally, he offered to show me some of the works in his private collection, which he kept at his own house. I expressed my grateful acceptance of his offer.

“It is nothing,” he said, with a deprecatory wave of the hand; “I am always glad to help those who vindicate antiquity, and who are not afraid to maintain that *discovery* is in most cases *recovery*.”

A few days afterwards I called at Mr Haselden’s house. It was an old building in an obscure quarter of the town, and it had probably been the residence of a substantial merchant at the beginning of the century. There was even a portico in front, the two pillars of which were funereally dingy. A dog’s-head knocker, with a ring through the mouth for easier manipulation,

emitted a dull sepulchral sound, like a thump on a coffin-lid; and a tidy old woman opened the door and dropt me a quaint curtesy, "all of the olden time." She was evidently prepared for my coming, and leading me up a flight of stone steps, opened a door on the first landing, and with another curtesy invited me to enter.

"My master will be here presently," she said, with a kindly smile. "My master" had a pleasant ring.

The room into which I had been ushered was a spacious one, with a lofty ceiling pannelled in oak. It was lighted by a tall window, and each of the walls, except the one facing the window, was lined with massive oaken book-cases. It was perhaps rude of me, but I proceeded to take a leisurely survey of their contents, which proved to be very methodically arranged with curious descriptive legends in Old English characters, painted upon the front edge of the shelves. Thus a group of books, consisting of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Fairy Queen,' Quarles's 'Emblems,' and others of the same kidney, was distinguished by the motto—"Marry, how?—tropically." Evelyn, Pepys, and his brethren were ranged under "Nulla dies sine linea." A few theological works (very few, I must say) were enigmatically indicated by the words, "Que sçais-je?" astronomical works, "Sic itur ad astra"; geological, "Sermons in stones." A row of dictionaries bore above them the motto, "Words, words, words." And so on, with a freakish suggestiveness. I had just reached a compartment containing a miscellaneous jumble of books, which seemed to defy proper classification, and which was labelled "Remainder Biscuit," when the

door opened, and Haselden entered. He smiled, bowed, and apologised for keeping me waiting. Then with friendly directness he proceeded to show me all the books he possessed which seemed likely to further my purpose. The time passed pleasantly and quickly, and only the gathering dusk reminded me that I had too selfishly prolonged my visit. I pulled out my watch, and found that it was nine o'clock.

"Wait a little," he said, with courteous earnestness; "you will take some refreshment, I hope, before you go?"

Without waiting for my acceptance of his hospitality (did I look hungry, I wonder?), he rang the bell. Soon after the elderly house-keeper entered, bearing a massive silver candelabra, which she placed lighted on the table.

"There is no gas in the house," he remarked, explanatorily. Then, as if to deprecate the suspicion of ostentation, he added—"An old heirloom."

Then turning to his domestic (or friend-in-waiting, if you like), he said: "Priscilla, bring, if you please, a bottle of Chablis, bread, and cheese." Then to me, "Do you like Chablis?"

"To tell you the truth," I said, a little overawed, "I don't know it by habit—only by repute. Bass is my usual beverage."

"Have we Bass, Priscilla?"

She shook her head with a bewildered air. Was it possible that in this age of enlightenment she was ignorant of the existence of Bass?

"I can send out for it," he said, politely.

"Pray, don't put yourself to any trouble," I protested.

"The Chablis I can recommend to an inquiring spirit," he said, smilingly. "But beer is a good

thing. The Egyptians, as you know, drank it thousands of years ago."

"I wonder if that is why Bass has a red pyramid on his bottles," I remarked.

"Really, I never thought of that," he replied, with a lively look of interest. "But if so, why red?"

"If you will excuse a profligate pun," said I, "so that it may be readily seen."

He smiled indulgently, and I instantly felt ashamed of myself.

He went to a cupboard which filled up the lower part of the window embrasure, and brought out two wine goblets of Venetian glass. They were very beautiful, though I am no judge of such matters: their shimmering iridescence seemed to suggest a poetic indecision as to the final colouring they were to assume. I expressed my admiration of them.

"Heirlooms," he said, apologetically. "I am originally of Italy. It is possible to be an intellectual sybarite, and I am afraid you will think me one; but why should I buy other things when I have these?"

"They suit the Chablis, I am sure," said I. "My dream of opulence is to drink beer out of a silver tankard. To drink aesthetically is to drink soberly."

At this point Priscilla entered, bearing on a tray covered with a snowy cloth the bottle of Chablis, a round loaf with an appetising light-brown crust, and a piece of Gruyère cheese dotted with dewy cells. Hunger came upon me like a strong man armed.

Now, as I sat at the table enjoying the Chablis—which had a delicate bouquet, and justified Haselden's somewhat Dellacruscan definition of it as "the liquid echo

of wild flowers"—my eyes fell upon the opposite wall—that facing the window—and became riveted by what they saw. This was a full-length female portrait, magnificently framed. I had, indeed, casually noticed it before, but had been too much preoccupied to give it sustained attention. Now its beauty began to dawn upon me, and to diffuse its vivid fascination. It represented a Greek maiden standing upon a marble pavement with a low parapet behind her, beyond which gleamed a wide stretch of azure sea bounded by purple hills. She was holding a shell to her left ear, and her face wore a dreamy introspective expression, as if the murmuring shell had awakened distant recollections, and was interpreting vague and intangible feelings. The face was serenely beautiful, and seemed to belong to a young maiden of perhaps seventeen years of age: the slim form was half-virginal, half-ephebe; she was just emerging from that twilight phase of development in which a hush and pause fall upon expectant womanhood; the *pome acerbe e dure* were but faintly outlined beneath the folds of the drapery; and there was a sweet immaturity, a pungent crudity, suggested by both face and figure. The eyes were, as far as I could judge, a bluish grey, and the rich ash-blond hair was twisted into a knot at the back of the head, and bound with a purple fillet. Each feature, from the broad low forehead to the finely moulded chin, gave a blended impression of sweetness, purity, and strength in reserve: there was a touch of austerity suffusing all, but withal a promise of womanliness. She looked a young Galatea in process of forgetting her marble.

She was habited after the Greek

manner: a long *chiton* descended to her sandalled feet, and a violet-coloured *peplum*, as if it had slipped down from her shoulders, hung in loose folds round her waist, and, forming an agreeable contrast to the shimmering marble, brought the figure into relief. At her right stood a vase resting upon a round pedestal, and containing a rose-bush with half-opening buds. A small tortoise was crawling on the pavement. Beneath the portrait—I was convinced it was a portrait—stood a small old-fashioned table supporting two jars, each containing a tall lily of the Nile.

"A noble picture," said I.

"And a nobler subject," he replied in a low voice.

The acquaintance I had formed with Haselden gradually ripened into friendship. It was the attraction of opposites, for we seldom agreed on any subject, and yet our relations became more and more intimate. I was a frequent visitor, and he no less frequently found his way to my lodgings, which, I may mention, were immediately above a tobacconist's shop, so that putting one's head out of the window was almost as good as having a snuff-box. My room is never very tidy. As I point out to my landlady, wife of the tobacconist aforesaid, there is little use in sweeping the carpet, when all you do is merely to displace and rearrange the dust. If dust, like its big brother dirt, is "matter in the wrong place," books, papers, surgical instruments, and so forth, are very wrong places for it: if it is the housewife's foe, let us trample it under our feet! There are seasons, however—which may be called domestic Ramadans—when woman is seized with a wild, rampant, and fanatical zeal for "cleaning up"—the result of

which is that books and papers disappear for a while, and are only found again when the desolating tornado has become a memory. I go to Mrs Brander and I say, "By the way, have you seen ——?" Then there is much questioning and answering with respect to the personal appearance of the absconding felon of a book, seldom resulting in capture; the delinquent usually giving himself up when the search is over, and the anathemas are cold. But though my room might be tidier—though, mind you, there is a place for everything there, and everything has its place, till everything is made to "move on" and "circulate" when the "cleaning-up" riot takes place—still, notwithstanding its erratic arrangements, my room had its attractions for Haselden. Probably he enjoyed his shrine-sanctum-saloon-library-museum all the better; and possibly the *abandon* of my arrangements gratified the innate longing to Bohemianise which has come down to us from a time "when wild in woods the noble savage ran." We talked on all subjects and disagreed on all subjects: the equation of perfect friendship is I Know = No. But our talk was never personal: we knew nothing of each other's private affairs, belongings, or circumstances. Nor did my curiosity extend beyond one point—Who and what was the original of my friend's picture, and how was he related to her? For it was impossible to overlook the fact that a deep and mysterious significance attached itself to that really noble work of art. To take an instance. When I visited my friend—and we never separated much before midnight—I naturally wished to smoke; and after our friendship had become sufficiently robust to

bear mutual frankness, I one day expressed my longing for a pipe. He was sitting as usual where he could see his Greek mistress, and after glancing at it he remarked—

"Perhaps she might object to the smell of tobacco."

"Well," said I, "as a Greek she was acquainted with the odour of assafoetida; and after swallowing such a camel, she could hardly strain at a gnat like tobacco. No matter."

"My dear fellow, if you will excuse me putting you into a lumber-room, you shall have your smoke, and welcome."

I cordially acquiesced, and he forthwith led me into a small apartment, the furniture of which consisted of an old chest of drawers, a couple of chairs, and—a quantity of old boots, several elastic-sided ones among the number. He caught my look of mild surprise.

"I used to wear these," he said, apologetically, "before I knew her."

"Excuse me," said I; "is she real?"

"It is a portrait of a living lady."

"Have you seen her lately? Is she much the same?"

"I have never seen her in this phase of being," he replied, calmly. "But I feel sure I shall see her soon."

I rubbed my brows a little at this curious statement. "How do you know that?"

"I have been feeling of late the influence of her personality more vividly," he replied.

"You believe in animal magnetism, I perceive."

"We have each of us, as I believe," he said, "a spiritual aura or psychical ether which is the medium of spiritual influence, as the cosmic ether is the medium of light. This psychical ether is, I

presume, capable of linear radiation, and so reaches distinct personalities which, if harmoniously affected, react reciprocally so as to convey an impression of themselves. Examples of this fact are numerous, but are often thoughtlessly called coincidences—they are coincidences in a scientific sense. I daresay you have looked at some one in a large audience till the person looked at returns your gaze. Or you look after some one in the street, and you find to your annoyance that the person you turned to look at has done the same. This is not vulgar curiosity, rest assured. It is unconscious magnetism."

"Yes," said I, "but it happens oftenest when a pretty girl has passed you. But pray go on."

"Our personal likings and antipathies are probably, almost certainly, due to the same cause. Putting the matter scientifically, the mutual antipathy of two individuals means the unsymmetrical relation of their ether-vibrations. They are not in tune. So long as this discord exists the antipathy will continue, notwithstanding all conciliatory efforts."

"Expel nature with a *pitch-fork*, it will constantly return," I murmured.

"Similarly, love, friendship, sympathy, imply the harmonious blending of our ether-vibrations. Thus, to use a musical analogy, which is simply an instance of the same law, I and the person I love form the harmonic ratio of the Third, the sweetest interval in a chord; my plain-dealing friend is my Fourth, a resistful interval; a joyous companion is my Fifth,—and so on. So that we are not counterparts but *counterpoints*, so to speak, of one another. But the gamut of humanity being vast, the difficulty is to get our counter-

point, our true harmonic combination. Take a human harmonic ratio as $x:y$. The psychical ether may for a long time vibrate x times in a given unit of life, unsatisfied, monotonous; but when once the x -vibrations blend with the y -vibrations, the music of reciprocal love bursts into being like a singing flame. That there shall be friendship, love, harmony, between two natures A and B, depends upon the proportion

$$A : B :: x : y.$$

"The new Rule of *Two*," I remarked, parenthetically.

"Now there can be little doubt," my friend went on, chiding my interruption with uplifted forefinger, "that our spiritual ether is to a great extent operating unconsciously; and its harmonious contact with another spiritual ether may be so distant as to make but a faint impression upon consciousness: hence result what are called presages, longings, divinations, the 'pain of finite hearts that yearn.' Am I putting it fantastically if I say that the x -vibrations are pulsing through the world unsatisfied till they blend harmoniously with the y -vibrations?"

"I think it is very nice," I said, "and would make a pretty ballad—'The Unsatisfied x .' Thus—

"A bachelor x wooed a spinster y ,
Not y -sely, but too well."

"Now to apply this principle," continued my friend, still oblivious of interruptions; "this lady, whose name even I am ignorant of——"

"Let x = the lady," I put in, somewhat irreverently.

—"Has been for a long time exercising her spiritual influence

upon me. I cannot without indelicacy speak of the thrilling sense of her personality, which has come to dominate my mind and heart. But I do not hesitate to say that we are spiritually wedded. And I shall see her soon, and then——"

He paused, with a rapt and ecstatic look.

"And then," said I, "disillusion. She may be married, for example; or, to apply your moral algebra, y may have a factor m , and be my , which looks like a contradiction. And it will be very hard to eliminate m if she is like her portrait."

"I have thought of all that," he said, somewhat sadly; "but it does not make me despair. Our destinies are inextricably intertwined."

"How did you acquire the portrait?" I asked.

"It was painted by an Italian artist named Farina. When he died three years ago, all his canvasses, finished and unfinished were sold off. I got it then. I tried to find whose portrait it was, but did not succeed. But if I never see her, her personality shadowed forth in her exquisite portrait will have done its work in making me a better man, and therefore a happier man. Not but that I have often been sadder than before. But there is a sadness sweeter than joy."

He sank into a reverie, which I respected by my silence. His ideas were doubtless "high-fantastical," but it was impossible to doubt that his feelings on the subject discussed were intense and sincere; and sincerity, even when grotesque, is always respectable.

CHAPTER II.

Though my friend was exceedingly gentle, generous, and courteous, it was not difficult to perceive that he had strong passions, and that a fibre of sternness, perhaps even of latent ferocity, ran through his nature. He was an accomplished fencer, and he persuaded me to try the foils. "You are growing 'fat and scant of breath,'" he said; "they will serve as a counteractive." After a while I became tolerably expert, and we had many a stiff bout together. I could not help thinking at times that he would be a most uncomfortable fellow to tackle in a duel, there was such a remorseless precision and vigour in his lunges and feints, and at times such a grim irony in his smile and a deadly sparkle in his eye. I felt at times as if I were being imaginatively spitted like a lark. Then while I was puffing like a grampus, he was cool and fresh, and seemingly breathing easily through his distended nostrils. These fencing-bouts took place, I may say, in a back-yard, which was flagged, and surrounded by a high wall. An elm-tree in the garden beyond it extended a limb over the wall and formed a canopy of foliage, beneath which was placed a rustic seat, very handy when I was "blown." Really it was very nice in summer-time—I mean in *real* summer-time, not in winter with the chill off, as summers usually are now.

One evening when he had been particularly vicious, and I had been theoretically riddled through and through, I sat me down and said—

"Maurice, my boy, I think you would rather like a duel à l'outrance."

"It would be a refreshing experience," he said, thoughtfully.

"It must be a terrible thing," said I, "to destroy a human life."

"You can't destroy a human life," said he.

"I am not speaking theologically, of course."

"You are not speaking philosophically. Killing a man is merely shifting his sphere of action. Perhaps you are doing him a service. Thus: you kill a bad man. His spirit or being instantly sinks into some one of the lower forms of animal life, and his degradation becomes an expiation. You are expediting his final return to goodness, and you have limited the range of his moral deterioration."

"This is pure paganism," said I, indignantly. "You don't mean to tell me that you believe in metempsychosis?"

"As much as I believe in anything."

"You are jesting."

"I don't jest on such a serious subject. Let us begin at the beginning. You believe that each individual soul was created?"

"Certainly."

"You think the great Demiurge creates a soul at the dictation of human caprice?"

"I don't pry into such mysteries."

"You think to make an absurdity respectable by calling it a mystery. The ancient theory, infinitely more dignified, is that there is a cosmic soul, an *anima mundi*—call it what you will—which is transfused through all material forms, which dresses itself in successive incarnations, slips off its mortal coil, reemerges in the limbo of potentiality, incarnates itself afresh, and so on indefinitely till Form

after cycles of purgation becomes pure Being. Life is a cone which tapers gradually to an apex of Essence. This cosmic soul of which I speak is passed along the ages in the lampadephoria of life. And, changing the metaphor, it is coloured by the receptacle into which it is poured. Or, as Shelley puts it—

'Life, like a dome of many-coloured
glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity ;'

—meaning, no doubt, by eternity the imperishable cosmic soul."

"Very pretty," said I.

"Well, the matter is not to be disposed of in a few sentences. I commend to you the study of the ancient sages and the greatest poets. Poets! I don't hesitate to say that the poet becomes a Pythagorean at once when he philosophises. Take Wordsworth's 'Ode on Immortality.' Pure Pythagoreanism. But I would particularly desire you to study Browning."

"I'll do that," said I, "after I have become a dab at Cuneiform and Space of Four Dimensions."

"Well, his 'Evelyn Hope' is not hard to understand."

He forthwith proceeded to recite it, and I seemed to understand it tolerably well. Perhaps his impassioned earnestness and fervour of conviction helped me. How his voice thrilled at the lines—

"God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make ;
And creates the love to reward the
love ;
I claim you still for my own love's sake.
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse not a
few ;
Much is to learn much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you."

"But," I objected, when he had done, "according to your theory, your Evelyn Hope might become

in her after-phase of being a gazelle or a dove, and you might become a lion or a hawk, in which case your union with her would be anything but affectionate. Eh?"

He stretched out his right hand with an imposing gesture.

"And, even if so, is that worse than the Gehenna which human hate has projected into the Hereafter? But no! I believe in Divine goodness, which makes this and every state of being *mutually* blessed to the good. In the Maker's house are many mansions. Let us fit ourselves for the noble rooms and the chambers of imagery. But still it is true that if we are base here, we shall be base there till we are purged with pain, and have expiated our guilt by degradation. I am not, however, dogmatic on the precise form of retribution and restoration. No one dare be. But let no one think that here we walk on flowery meads. Chasms yawn around us. We are wicked at our peril. All religions paint happiness upon a dark background. Do not be misled by the indifference of Nature. Her indifference is but a step from cruelty. The world was not built in a holiday humour. The Maker is in deadly earnest."

He had gradually glided into gnomic utterances, like the old Greek philosophic poets. It was interesting and stimulating, if not convincing.

"Well," said I, after a respectful pause, "suppose we change the subject."

He nodded thoughtfully, and we re-entered the house.

"Are you going to stay a little longer?" he asked in a matter-of-fact way, when we were seated in the library.

"Yes; why not?"

"To be sure, why not? Don't suppose I want to hurry you away. Tell me your news."

"Well, you will be glad to hear that I have got a new patient—a really good one in a pecuniary sense."

"I am glad of that," he said heartily. "Tell me about it."

"As you are aware," said I, "I am not yet harassed by impatient crowds of patients (a 'foolish figure'), and in my leisure hours I walk about a good deal. Now yesterday I took a walk into the country. You know the little inn as you enter the village of Sharpley."

My friend nodded.

"I had just reached it, and it occurred to me that—However, that is an irrelevant detail. At that moment a very handsome barouche came up. Coat-of-arms on the carriage-door. I am not versed in heraldry, but I thought I saw two naked men—on the escutcheon of course—or rather on each side of the escutcheon, each with a club in his hand——"

"Ah!" exclaimed my friend softly.

"Well, the barouche stops, and a youthful head, a female head, very pretty too, was thrust out of the window. She—I mean the young damsel owning the head in question——"

"I would say, *possessing* the head," my friend interjected.

"Well, the head was her own, which is more than some ladies can say of *their* heads. She beckoned to me. I went forward to the carriage-door. 'Could you find a doctor?' she asked excitedly. 'My lady has fainted.' 'I am a doctor,' I replied. 'How fortunate!' she exclaimed, and opened the door (there was a handle inside)——"

My friend groaned.

"What's the matter?"

"Good heavens! my dear fellow,

one would think you were in the witness-box. Why all these trivialities? You will be telling me next that there was a step which could be let down."

"Well, there was, and it descended automatically when the door opened. I found an aged lady in the coach lying back in an unconscious state, face livid, lips blue, pulse almost imperceptible—severe syncope, in short. Now I always carry about with me a flask containing water and C_2H_6O . It is a powerful restorative."

"Has it got a familiar name?" asked my friend.

"Well, the gods call it C_2H_6O , but mortals call it—brandy, in fact. To cut matters short, I brought the old lady round. Evidently a case of heart-disease. She can't last long. However, she is *very* old, and perhaps won't mind going."

"Going where?" he asked.

"I don't know *where*, of course," I said conscientiously; "but out of the world, at any rate."

"Bah!" said my friend.

"Well, the old lady, or, if I may coin a word, *lordless*—she is very masculine (has a tolerably well-developed moustache indeed)—is evidently very domineering, and so she carried me off to her house. I should rather say mansion, for it is a fine place. The hall is a perfect museum, full of old Dutch paintings—Teniers, Wouvermans, a genuine Cuyp, attested by his own signature——"

"This is very refreshing," remarked my friend.

"What is?"

"Your childlike simplicity, the dewy freshness of early faith. But how did you find all that out?"

"Well, the young damsel acted as *cicerone* after I was done with the old lady. To proceed: in the

1891.]

My Pythagorean Friend.

middle of the hall a marble Mnemosyne or Memory (only she had unfortunately forgotten to put on her clothes)——”

“Is there much of this?” put in my friend mildly.

“Just as much or as little as you like,” I said loftily.

“I beg your pardon, but I am a little impatient to know who she is.”

“She is an orphan,” I replied.

“I should rather think so,” remarked my friend.

“Oh! you mean the old lady? Well, she is Lady Augusta Ransell.”

“I thought as much. It is a strange coincidence,” said my friend, musingly.

“How so?”

“Because I am a relative of hers.”

“The dev—— I mean, the development of family relationships is very strange. Tell me about it.”

“Well, Lady Augusta and my grandfather were brother and sister. My grandfather had a daughter, Sophia, who—to the disgust and rage of all her kith and kin—married my father, a noted but obscure teacher of music. My father was the son of an Italian lady (a Fabrici), who married an Englishman, so that maternal grandfather was an Englishman and my paternal grandmother was an Italian.”

“Go on!” I said, wiping my eye.

“We are in a Serbonian *Abyssus clamat abyssum*. Never mind. Climb up or down the family tree, I’ll follow, and follow thee. The merriest of despair. Go on.”

“There is nothing particular to it. My mother was disowned and disinherited on account of her marriage, and went with my father to the United States, where he

prospered and amassed a moderate competence, to which I have succeeded,—that is all.”

“Well, if Lady Augusta was your grandfather’s sister, she must be your—in fact, oh, certainly your great——”

“Aunt, yes.”

“It is very interesting,” I remarked.

“Not the least.”

“Why not?”

“I disown and repudiate all my relatives,” said my friend, with really Bucentauric haughtiness.

“What! the rich ones?”

“Money has nothing to do with it. I would spurn them if they were Rothschilds——”

“*Rothschilden*,” I mildly corrected. “Respect grammar, even in moments of excitement.”

“Who are they?” continued my friend, glowing with indignation. “What were they? Were they wiser or better or handsomer than my father’s kindred? *His* mother was a Fabrici—an old enough family, I fancy; and she was a pearl of beauty. What were they? The males were beefy Englishmen, Nimrods, three-bottle men; the females—but I won’t criticise *them*. My mother, I may say, was the only one of them who had either wit or beauty. *They* to look down upon *us*, and grunt depreciation from their well-filled troughs. Aristocracy forsooth! There is no aristocracy that Nature has not countersigned and stamped with her hall-mark. Lord and Lady forsooth! Nature makes gold and man makes *assignats*. I understand the Seven against Thebes with the blazon on their shields; I understand the Knights and the Crusaders; but I don’t understand gilded farmers and tilted bank-directors. My father was only a teacher of music! He was only capable of

understanding Beethoven! He could only write a fugue and sing an aria, while they could scribble an I O U and bellow Tally-ho. We are centuries behind the Greeks, with whom a gentleman had to be musical in the widest sense of the term. My mother disgraced her family! And yet they had one small merit. They were consistent in their folly. They were stout Tories, whereas now we have got Radical peers. The Phrygian cap trimmed with strawberry-leaves! What griffin, hippo-griffin, unicorn, or *lusus*

naturæ matches a Radical peer! From what world of unreason and limbo of paradoxes has *he* come! If they must join the Radical flock, let them leave their tails behind them."

"And their en-tails too," I added.

"Certainly. Their entails too. But we shall change the subject. It excites me too much."

He paused a moment, and extending his hand towards the portrait, said reverentially—

"There is one of Nature's aristocracy, if you like."

CHAPTER III.

A few weeks passed, and one evening I had returned to my lodgings after a fatiguing day, with a new novel of Boisgobey's in my pocket. Ingenious Boisgobey, how I love him! He gives you a good stout villain, and villains are so much more interesting than honest folk; he weaves a web of dark and sinister mystery, in which the villain, an innocent lady, and a seductive *demi-mondaine*, form a complicated pattern in black, white, and red. If he never soars into the clouds, he never descends into the sewers to study the ways of Venus Cloacina; and is altogether delightful, the friend of weary humanity, very specially the bachelor's solace and the lonely man's companion. I had just cut the leaves of the novel, catching here and there the appetising words *juge d'instruction*, *agent de police*, *Palais de Justice*, and so forth, when my friend came in. I welcomed him, of course, but I knew that it meant two o'clock in the morning, if I was not to prove false to the genial Boisgobey. For, be it recorded to his credit, he gives you good

value for your money; his *morceau* may not be *recherché*, but it is very filling.

My friend had an air of subdued excitement that at once struck me. He sat down in an easy-chair by the fire, with an introspective smile on his lips.

"Well, Maurice," I said, "anything new?"

"I am afraid I am disturbing you," he said, glancing at the book in my hand.

"Not in the least. Boisgobey can wait. You have something to tell me; I can see that."

"My friend," he said with rapt intensity, "I have seen her."

"The prototype? The lady of the lilies?" I asked eagerly.

"The original of the portrait."

"You don't say so. *Cela se corse*, as my friend Boisgobey would say. Well, does she come up to your expectations?"

"She is what she is—not to be criticised, but to be accepted as you accept a flower or a ray of sunlight. Oh, my friend, I don't know whether I am supremely happy or supremely miserable!"

"Split the difference," said I,

"But in the me all about it." ved in Greece (but once)," he began mile, "and if I had mbic poet, I would nvocation."

said. "Good wine and prose about a an becomes poetry

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must be a lady," I press either defaces effaces itself."

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notice my epigrammatic remark. That is the worst of your mys- tics—they dilute thought, they don't crystallise it.

He went on—

" 'Can you excuse the intrusion of a total stranger?' she began. 'Not a total stranger,' I said, after I had recovered from the effect of her voice, the most searchingly musical I had ever heard. 'Ah, I understand,' she said quickly. 'You must have my portrait; and I have come with reference to that, if you will favour me with a brief interview.' I bowed, and requested her to follow me to the library. She seemed a little astonished at its appearance, though too well-bred to look about. But, as the old Greek poet says, the mind sees; the perceptiveness of the eye is in proportion to the intelligence of the looker."

I coughed slightly. "It is a wise canon of art," I remarked, "not to mix up narrative and metaphysics. Well?"

"I invited her to take a seat—you may guess which one."

"The one upholstered in Utrecht velvet, with the back and seat forming a capital L?"

"The very same."

"It is a precious relic, but damnably uncomfortable," I said. "*Experto crede.*"

"Sir," said my friend austere- ly, "a lady sits, but never lounges."

I coughed again, somewhat scep- tically. He waved his hand and proceeded—

"Where she sat she could see her own portrait, and she glanced at it once or twice with a half- whimsical, half-embarrassed smile. 'Sir,' she began, 'the likeness you possess of me has a history. Four years ago my father, Lord B- maine—I am his only daughter—Ernestine—employed an I

artist named Farina to paint my portrait. He did so, and asked permission to make a copy of it. My father consented, but requested in his turn that Signor Farina should not exhibit it publicly or dispose of it during the Signor's lifetime. Signor Farina agreed to this, and the likeness you possess is that copy. Now it chanced that our country-house took fire, and the room where my portrait was hung was completely destroyed. My father was extremely vexed, and so he determined if possible to get the copy which the Signor had made. But by this time Signor Farina was dead, and everything had been sold off after his death. So his widow said; and she did not know who had acquired the canvases he left behind him. But she said that a gentleman had called once or twice making inquiries regarding the original of a portrait he had bought at the sale, and had left his card in case any information should turn up. After some search she found the card, which bore your name and address. I conceived it possible that I might be the original of the portrait about whom you had been making inquiries, and that you possessed the copy; and (to speak frankly) I thought that your motive for making inquiries was in order to resell the portrait. As to the first supposition, I find I am right; but as to my interpretation of your motive, I am afraid I am wrong. You do not look like that, if you will pardon me. Still, I have my task to perform. My father would have communicated with you personally; but he is ill with gout, and has deputed me. Now, I am a bad business-woman; and if I do not express myself suitably, or in any way hurt your feelings, pray excuse me, and impute it to awkwardness

and to nothing else. For I somehow feel that you will not readily grant my request, which is simply that you should sell the portrait. The terms could be arranged afterwards; but, of course, your willingness to sell must be first ascertained. And I take it that, as I am a total stranger personally, you can have no motive for retaining it—except, perhaps, from an artistic appreciation of a work of art which is idealised out of all verisimilitude. What do you say, sir?' 'I am sorry to have to say, madam,' I replied, 'that I cannot sell your portrait.'

"This being a hinge in the narrative, old boy," I said, rising, "perhaps you will allow me to ring for liquor. What will you have? Talking is dry work."

My friend smiled indulgently. He had a singularly sweet smile, and he had fine teeth, which always renders a smile spontaneous and unaffected—for a man (much more a woman) can't smile naturally when he is conscious of a missing molar; and when the teeth are artificial, the smile is apt to be so too.

"Liquor?" he said. "If you have any nectar about, or some of the 'blissful hippocrene'—"

"Well, I have some old claret, 'tasting of Flora and the country green.'"

"Tasting of the phylloxera, you mean," said my friend. "No, no; get what you want: there is nothing you can give me that will quench my divine thirst."

I don't in the least know what he meant, but his words had a dithyrambic sound which did passably for sense.

He was silent for a while, and then resumed, on hearing me cough interrogatively—

"'Madam,' said I, 'I have explanations to make in declining to

portrait, which un-
only be addressed
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and we change our attire but not
ourselves."

"Did you say all this?" I asked;
"or is this a monologue drama-
tised?"

"I spoke in this strain, as nearly
as I can remember," replied my
friend; "and she seemed im-
pressed, for she sat down, and
resting her clasped hands on her
knees, she looked dreamily at me,
as if I were interpreting myste-
rious feelings by which she had
at times been visited. So, taking
courage, I went on—

"If, then, I believe that there
is some point in the past at which
our destinies met, that you are not
a stranger but a recovered friend,
you will understand why I cannot
part with your portrait, for it is
to me a precious symbol, and must
ever be either a treasured memo-
rial, or, if our destinies are once
more to be intertwined, a hopeful
presage. I would say more, but I
fear to be indiscreet."

"I fear you have said too
much," she remarked, with a faint
smile; "but even if my maid knew
English well, and she certainly has
not followed *your* English, I would
not fear your indiscretion. For-
give me, however, if I express my
conviction that we are not likely
to see more of each other after this
interview."

"Pardon me, madam," I replied,
firmly; "I am convinced of the
contrary."

"Why do you speak so con-
fidently?" she asked.

"Because I love you," I said,
simply."

"Well, of all the bolts from
the blue——!" I exclaimed. My
friend waved his hand—it was a
favourite gesture, and I always
liked to see it. A habitual ges-
ture is always interesting, and is
indeed a mark of individuality.
Another friend of mine, when he

says anything weighty or confidential, always lays his forefinger on the side of his nose. If he did not do that, I would not believe a word he said, or attach any importance to his communication. That index laid upon his nose—which is a large one—is a kind of credential, an affidavit, an endorsement. However, this is a digression. My friend went on—

"She rose slowly to her feet. 'Sir,' she said, 'I am not a prude, and your bearing is too respectful for me to feel offended; but still I cannot listen to such words. You are a scholar and a student, a poet too, and you have (pray forgive me) dreamed yourself into a monomania. I am sorry, very sorry, that you should connect such fantastic ideas with me. It is—what shall I say?—mere nympholepsy——'"

"A good word," I interjected, "a very good word. Is she a Girton girl, I wonder?"

"Well," said I, "I shall not vex you again at present with such a point-blank declaration. There is plenty of time for that. But permit me to say that this persuasion, or fancy, or monomania—call it what you will—has had the profoundest influence upon my life. There is not an action, habit, thought, or feeling that has not been coloured by it. Your image has swayed my nature for these three years, refining and elevating it. You have been my Muse, my Themis, my Madonna. You have made my house a shrine. If I have good thoughts, you have inspired them. I do not say I am good—no man dare say that—but I have striven to be good, knowing that I must ultimately come in contact with your goodness, and be supremely happy or profoundly miserable, as that touchstone shall

try me. But oh! how pale these words are! Were I your lover, madam, one glance, one tone, would tell all that and more, and convince the most modest incredulity."

"Alas! sir," she said, with a look of abashed distress, "it pains me to hear you speak thus. I have many faults if my portrait has none." Then after a pause she resumed: "May I ask if you know French?"

"Passably," I replied. She then spoke a few words to her attendant, who nodded briskly, and then addressed me as follows, with a good deal of unction and self-importance—"Monsieur, permettez-moi de m'offrir comme intermédiaire dans cette affaire——"

"Excuse me, Maurice," I interposed; "if you must use another language, translate what she said into Latin. I received my education at a grammar-school, where we had so much trouble in getting up the masculines in *is* of the third declension, and suchlike things, that we had no time to learn French. Moreover, why *should* we learn French? Kikero (as they call the poor man nowadays) didn't know French. Of course I have a bowing acquaintance with the language, and I could follow a Frenchman if only, when he speaks, he would insert the apostrophes and the accents, and put little pauses between the words. But I need not tell you that he makes a mere *bouillon* of his language. Of course I catch a word here and there, and it is very stimulating to the imagination to conjecture from these stray words what he is driving at. I may well say *driving*: if he would walk or even amble, all would be well; if he would even drive heavily, like one of Pharaoh's chariots, I

mind. But on he drives, to take time to pick up

I also read French, Englishmen eat cherry-wit, chewing the soft swallowing the stones. Come to a hard word—are many such—I swallow continue my mastication easy bits.”

“You nearly done?” asked wearily.

“Yes; go on, and give me the French as you can,”

resumed—

“The purport of what the man said was this: It escaped her that I was arrested in mademoiselle. Verspica dans ces mahe said. Unfortunately, for monsieur, mademoiselle already engaged, and only the homages of mon-out of place. Monsieur derstand à demi-mot, not? He would not let mademoiselle with importunity are disloyal. ‘Mon-ivera ailleurs des déments.’”

“Good,” I remarked. “I said for mademoiselle, and so for herself. I’ll be was quite ready to serve as a conducting-conductor. Well?” “I don’t deny,” continued my friend, “that I was terribly cast by the announcement that I was engaged.”

“Versé is the word—local,” I muttered.

“I indeed cast down; but I covered myself, and turned the Frenchwoman I said to: I have to filter my rough English, ‘Pray, mademoiselle that whatever you may be, whatever her wishes and hopes, I pray that

God may hear my prayers for her happiness. I rejoice to have waited for her, to have seen her, to have known her. Perhaps in the distant future we may remember this interview. My claim is deferred, but not abandoned. I say to her from a full heart, ‘À Dieu et à revoir, âme belle et bienveillante.’”

Here my friend’s voice faltered, and he covered his face with his hands. I respected his silence for a while; but I am not sentimental, the gods be thanked! and I thought it high time to temper his extravagance with a little common-sense. If in such conjunctures common-sense looks remarkably like want of sympathy, that is the fault of common-sense.

“Very well, Maurice,” said I, after a discreet pause. “The situation is now clearly defined. Possibly you knew the Lady Ernestine when she was called Lalage and was a Kanephoros at the Panathenæa. Very good; that is all you are likely to know about her. She is engaged—it is an awfully British expression, but it represents a hard fact. She is practically dead to you.”

He shook his head.

“Don’t shake your head,” I said, indignantly. “It’s immoral. She is Another’s. Of course you did not know that at the time, or you would not have stuffed your Pythagorean fantasies into her head. You seem to have made an impression on her susceptible mind. Otherwise she would have risen in virtuous wrath, and left the room with an unmelodious twang of indignant scorn, and an odour of Ess-bouquet.”

“She is gentle and sweet,” said my friend, “and knew instinctively that I worshipped her.”

I am very sad, and yet very glad, that I have seen her."

"That's the worst of it," I remarked. "Before this you were an Ixion embracing a cloud; now you have tackled flesh and blood. You had better take to prayers and fasting at once."

"Why should I? I shall always love her."

"Even when she is married?"

"Even when she is married," repeated Maurice, firmly.

"Isn't that rather strong for a moral man like you?" I asked, cuttingly.

"You don't understand, my good friend," said Maurice, indulgently. "My love can have no vulgar *dévoûment*. Mine is a love which 'burns froze,' if the fates so decree. It is rooted in my heart, not my senses. I love her, indeed, but I also love womanhood in her. 'Das Ewig-weibliche zieht mich heran.'"

"Very fine," said I, "but hopelessly unpractical. And if a woman were content to be loved in this metaphysical way, she might as well be a blessed ghost at once. Well, but how did you part? What was the end of the interview?"

"After my little bit of French, to which she listened with profound attention, she said gently, 'All this has been so unconventional that I am at a loss what to say. I am honoured by your homage, though I do not understand it. You cannot expect me to take your mystical view; I am a Christian, and I believe that we have our short term of life allotted us for holy and good ends. And if, as I fervently believe, our soul is immortal, its future life will be more worthily employed than in the experience of feelings which are of the earth earthy, and only

noble as the reflection and faint image of what is nobler and better, as helping us to understand the infinite love of which, in God's mercy, we are the unworthy objects.' Ah, my friend, how good she is! I listened to her with deep emotion, for indeed I could easily interpret what she said, though with a wider scope."

"Well, and so you shook hands and parted, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied my friend, dreamily. "She slipped off her glove and gave me her hand—a soft, white, firm hand; its contact thrilled me. I took it and pressed it reverently to my lips. She smiled faintly, blushed a little, and said good-bye."

My friend settled himself back in his chair, and a luxurious inward smile began to dawn upon his lips. I watched him in silence. I knew he would tell me his thought directly; indeed if he had not had me to confide in, I don't know what he would have done. Conceive the agony of suppressed speech when a man is as garrulous as a magpie by nature; and my friend is that, though his *magpiety* is of an elevated sort. He leaned forward and said in a mysteriously exultant whisper—

"When she was gone I found her glove on the floor. As I told you, she had drawn it off—bless her gentle courtesy!—and she had dropped it. Who knows! perhaps she wished me to keep it."

"Well, it is poor treasure-trove," I said. "One of Dent's best, no doubt; but that's no great matter."

"Is it not? That glove shall be buried with me. It shall lie upon my mouldering breast."

Then his face grew pale as ashes, and he faltered out—

"Oh, my friend, I am exquisitely and inexpressibly miserable." And he covered his face with his hands.

"This will never do, Maurice," I said firmly, and tapped him on the shoulder. But all the time I mentally saw a vista of distress at which I shuddered. He had received the deadly thrust—*hoc*

habet. If the empress of his soul depresses her thumb, he is a gone man; I felt it, I was convinced of it. To be a chaste ephebe, a continent man, and then to love such a woman!—ah, what fierce alternatives are involved! Rapture or despair, the trophy or the tomb. Virtue has its martyrs as vice has its victims.

CHAPTER IV.

Those who know me will not be surprised to learn that I soon became a great favourite with Lady Randell. For one thing, I rather like old ladies. It seems to me that they are the only real *incomprizes*, and that they are worth studying. You can't safely study young ladies, for you are apt to get them by heart. Old ladies afford the proper sphere for Platonic love; with a young woman it usually becomes Plutonic. For example, now, there is Laura Manson, Lady Randell's companion, whom, of course, I saw frequently, and who is really very charming, a well-educated girl, at first view a gentle Griselda, but when you come to know her, a little roguish and mischievous—whipped cream, in fact, with lemon flavouring. But I won't complicate matters by dilating upon her, though it is a self-denying ordinance.

As I had unfortunately plenty of leisure time, I had often long conversations with Lady Randell; and, of course, I mentioned my friend's relationship to her. She was greatly interested and excited by this unexpected revelation; and the immediate result was that she invited Maurice to lunch with her, including me in the invitation. To my surprise he accepted, and I was afraid that he had

some vindictive motive for doing so. But when he entered the drawing-room (I was there a little before him) he seemed in a very amiable mood—grave, indeed, but gentle and deferential.

She held out her hand frankly and said, "You won't keep up a grudge against an old woman, Maurice, who wishes to die at peace with every one. It is hard for me to say *peccavi*; spare me that, and be as kind as you can for a short while."

He bowed deeply, and said simply, "Be it so."

It was a very pleasant lunch. Lady Randell addressed her remarks almost entirely to Maurice; and I did my best to entertain her young companion. You can always make up for your society manners afterwards.

My friend's glance had once or twice strayed to the portrait of a handsome young gentleman in regimentals which hung above the mantelpiece. Lady Randell caught his look; her eye brightened, a faint smile dawned upon her lips, and she said in a deep sonorous voice—

"My husband, Maurice."

He bowed respectfully in silence.

"Yes, my husband, dead these sixty years," she went on in a

vaguely pathetic tone. "He fell at Waterloo." Then she added softly, "God be gracious to him."

"Amen!" said my friend, almost inaudibly, and I could see tears glistening in his eyes.

"Yes, Maurice," she continued, calmly. "We had only been married six months when he was summoned to that fatal field. He died gloriously at the head of his regiment. Ah! England was England then. Is England now worth another Waterloo, I wonder?"

She sank into a reverie, which we respected by our silence.

"But I must not sadden you all with these 'unhappy far-off things,'" she said at length. "The past is mine, the future belongs to you."

At the same moment the door opened, and a young lady in a walking-dress stepped into the room.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she exclaimed softly, and was about to withdraw, when Lady Randell said, "Come in, *mignonne*—come in."

I looked at the young lady with profound astonishment: there could not be a shadow of doubt—it was the Lady of the Lilies. As for Maurice, his face had grown pale to the very lips, and he had mechanically risen to his feet. Lady Ernestine, on catching sight of him, had blushed deeply, but did not lose her self-possession. She bowed to him, and said simply, "Good day, Mr Haselden; this is an unexpected pleasure."

"You know Maurice, Ernestine?" asked Lady Randell with a surprised look.

"Yes, grandmamma; I shall tell you all about it afterwards," was the low-spoken reply.

"She calls me grandmamma,"

said Lady Randell, "because she likes it, and I like it. We are indeed distantly related, but only distantly—more's the pity. You see——"

Ernestine slightly laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, well," said Lady Randell with her gruff laugh, "I shall spare you the infliction—the relationship is rather complicated. This naughty granddaughter of mine always pulls me up when I am going to be garrulous—one of the last poor privileges of old age. Have you lunched, child?"

"Sufficiently, dear," said Ernestine.

"Take off your hat, *mignonne*. You have come in time to be my deputy during my forty winks. Mr Haselden is a young kinsman of mine, you must know——"

Lady Ernestine slightly raised her brows, and her eyes smiled.

"How interesting!" she exclaimed. "Well, we shall have an opportunity of making out our mutual relationship, if our minds will bear the strain."

"Well, don't let the gentlemen away; take them into the garden. This is my trusted medical attendant, Dr Smith." (Have I said that my name is Smith? Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't.) "There will be tea at five o'clock, and then the gentlemen can go home for dinner, for there is no dinner here: lunch in my house is the elder brother, and robs the younger of his inheritance. Laura, my dear, your arm. Good-bye for the present, everybody."

So saying, she walked slowly out of the room, leaning heavily on Laura, who, I saw, had to brace herself up for the physical exertion involved. I could not help think-

ing that *she* should have had somebody's arm to lean on. She soon reappeared, and we went out into the garden and walked about, Ernestine with my friend, and I with Miss Manson, like pairs going into the Ark or into Arcady.

As they paced along in front of us I could not help remarking to my companion, "They make a handsome couple, don't they?"

"Yes; they walk somehow as if they belonged to each other," said Miss Manson, and then blushed at her own boldness. There is no doubt she was bolder since she came to know me.

"Yes, they do," I said. "Suppose we walk in the same way."

"It can't be done with an effort of will," said Laura, smiling; "it must be spontaneous. Do you know, Captain Merivale would not be pleased to see them walking together like that."

"He is her intended, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"A nice fellow?"

She shook her head.

"How is that?"

"Well, he is said to be extravagant, deeply in debt, and rather wild."

"Do you think she loves him? You can speak freely to *me*, you know, Laura."

"It is quite dreadful the things you make me say. Well, as you ask me, I don't think she loves any one."

"Oh dear, what a heartless damsel!"

"I mean in *that* way."

"What way?"

"You know what I mean," said Laura severely (for her).

"You mean *our* way," I suggested.

"Well, our way, if we were

either rich or foolish. But we are digressing."

"Talking about 'small deer,' as it were. Not that you are small, though undoubtedly a dear——"

"A pun, sir, is only second in enormity to an oath."

"Who is digressing now? Well, if she doesn't love him, why is she going to marry him?"

"I believe it is a kind of family compact. Captain Merivale's father holds mortgages over Lord Balmaine's property."

"Lord Balmaine is her father?"

"Yes; and his father dilapidated the family estate. He too—I mean Lord Balmaine's father—was also, I understand, a little wild. It's a way they have in the nobility. Well, Lady Ernestine, it is well known, will inherit Lady Randell's wealth; and it is understood—so Lady Randell has hinted—that Mr Merivale, the Captain's father, will extinguish these mortgages when the marriage takes place."

"Oh Iphigeneia, Iphigeneia oh!" I muttered.

"Who was she, may I ask, as an illiterate person?"

"A Greek daughter who helped her father to *raise the wind*. But is it quite sure that Lady Randell has made a will in Lady Ernestine's favour?"

"I believe so; but the old lady is very reticent on the subject. And she is very peculiar in her notions. She doesn't believe in wealth."

"A clear case for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*."

"A gentleman doesn't talk Latin to a lady," remarked Laura, bridling a little.

"Oh, law-Latin doesn't count, it's so bad. Suppose now this charming young lady—I mean

Lady Ernestine this time—were to fall in love with my friend?"

"That would be highly improper."

"Granted abstractly; but yet these improprieties do occur. It's a way nature has. Well, what then?"

"She would stick to her engagement. She has a singularly high sense of honour."

"You mean for a lady?"

"No, I don't, sir. English ladies are highly honourable. That is why they don't need to go about in *yashmaks*, or peep at the world through a lattice."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Manson—judge of my seriousness by the formality of my address—that it would be honourable of her to marry one man while loving another?"

"We had better wait till the contingency occurs."

"Look at the two" (they were approaching us by this time); "how they harmonise!"

"Your friend is a singularly attractive person, no doubt," said Laura, musingly.

"Pretty well for that," said I, rubbing my chin; "though I have seen handsomer men."

"Not certainly in your mirror, sir," said Laura, with a somewhat mocking laugh.

"Who was the Frenchman that was said to be adorably ugly?"

"I don't know. I never saw him, I am sure."

"What a dreadful heretic your friend is, Dr Smith!" said Lady Ernestine gaily, as she halted in front of us. "His talk has almost destroyed my sense of personal identity. Conceive the despair of a young woman who has lost her *ego*!"

"Women all do that, sooner or later," I said with a laugh. "But

the best of them never miss it, for they get an *alter ego*."

"Ah! I should take care never to talk philosophically. I am sure to get into a mess."

After a while we returned to the house. Lady Ernestine gave us some music (the "Funeral March of a Marionette" was one of the pieces). Then we had tea. Lady Randell was in good spirits, and there was much mirthful talk. When Maurice made his adieux to the old lady, she retained his hand in hers.

"You have found your way here, Maurice," she said in her deep tones. "Come often. Don't wait for an invitation. Uninvited guests are the most welcome. Will you promise?"

"I do," said Maurice, earnestly.

As we walked homewards, I thought it my duty to lecture my friend. What is the good of having a friend if he is not to be disagreeable? I pointed out that he was on a dangerous slope, and was drawing Lady Ernestine upon it. Both she and he would be off their feet before they knew it.

"You know what passion is," I said, "and she does not; and yet you place the poisoned chalice within her reach. It isn't fair, Maurice; and it isn't honourable, for you are encroaching on Captain Merivale's rights."

"I have not uttered one single syllable of sentiment," he replied, half abstractedly.

"You did not need to do that," I said. "Every look was a caress, every tone a declaration. You were breathing out a perfect simoom of passion all the time you were near her. You were unconsciously magnetising her. It isn't fair."

"Henry," said my friend, calmly, "you are ineradicably *bourgeois*."

You are in love yourself, but it is love of the night-cap and carpet-slippers type. Stick to it, my friend; but don't think that because you wind up your heart as you do your watch, I can love in the same way. As for prior rights, they are mine. I have loved her for years."

"Really, this isn't common-

sense," I objected, somewhat huffily. "But perhaps common-sense is *bourgeois*."

"You are a good fellow," he said gently. "Don't be offended with me. I am a bundle of nerves to-night."

What could I say to this? I took his arm, and we proceeded on our way in silence.

CHAPTER V.

But my homilies to my friend had no effect. He had become a constant visitor at Lady Randell's, and frequently met Ernestine there. Laura averred that they were becoming more and more intimate, and that Ernestine evidently took pleasure in his society and conversation. I don't wonder at that, for he can talk like a drunk angel—and women love mysticism. Then he had the unconscious art of making other men appear commonplace. Even I have felt this uncomfortably at times.

For some time I did not see much of him. He had become reserved, reticent, and slightly ironical, as if he inwardly resented my disapproval of his flirting—I mean his spiritual communion—with Lady Ernestine. When I did see him, his physical condition caused me some disquietude. He was much thinner, and, like an Italian lover, yellow as the Tiber. His nerves also seemed to be in a morbid state; his moods alternated between febrile excitement and an apathy almost lethargic. One evening, as I entered his library, I was surprised to find him asleep in his chair, and the atmosphere of the room pervaded by a singular odour, which I found to proceed from some pastilles smouldering in a marble *tazza*

placed in front of the portrait. This odour was penetrating and somewhat mawkish in flavour, and I could not recognise it.

"Hallo, Maurice! burning incense?" I exclaimed.

He made no reply; and advancing towards him, I perceived that his sleep resembled that of a hypnotised patient. I removed the *tazza*, threw open the window, and succeeded after a time in restoring him to consciousness.

"So it is you, spirit of disillusion," he said, dreamily.

"Maurice," said I, in a severe tone, "you have been tampering with drugs, and I bid you beware. The drug habit is the modern form of a compact with the devil. It means ultimate perdition of body and soul."

I went on for some time in this impressive strain, and paused for a reply.

He only shrugged his shoulders, and muttered, "Conx Ompax," which I believe was an exclamation used at the Orphic mysteries, and in his mouth perhaps implied that I was talking "oracularly." But wisdom is justified of her children for all that.

"What is the meaning," I went on, "of this—this—"

"Please don't say phantasmagoria," said my friend; "I know

that is the word you are hunting for. Well, you may imagine that I have been taking *moly*, or perhaps rather that hemp-seed that renders my soul invisible to all save One. Imagine that I have been describing a parabola with One for the focus——"

"Take a draught of water," said I, "and talk rationally."

"Well, well; suppose that I have been hypnotising myself."

"If you mean mesmerism," said I, "that is pure quackery."

"Mesmerism is to psychopathy what alchemy was to chemistry," said my friend, with sudden animation.

"But what about self-hypnotisation?" I asked.

"All religions," said my friend with an animated look, "dwell upon the importance of getting rid of the disturbing influence of the body."

"Yes, divesting yourself of your *sarx*," I murmured. "Good Greek! I am only responsible for it so far."

"Hence arise trances, ecstasies, and so forth, which may be regarded as the activity of a detached soul. As a rule, we sleep with our body as well as with our soul; hence the incoherence of dreams. We see visions through a distorting medium of peptic or dyspeptic gases. But man will never be truly wise till he has rationalised his dreams. Plutarch has a very suggestive remark, that we cannot be said to have made real progress in virtue till our dreams are virtuous. But besides this, the trance, the soul-dream, is an emancipation from the unreality, the *māyā* (as the Hindoo philosophers call it), of our life. We live in a world of shadows; we do not know Things in Themselves, only in their attributes; we only see the drapery

of Isis, not Isis herself. It is the triumph of thought to have discovered the unreality of everything except thought. And I do not doubt that in process of time we shall develop the power to apprehend pure Being. Till then theology and metaphysic can only be a groping in the dark. The trance is the nearest approach to this faculty. I do not doubt that many pious and philosophic beings have approximately reached that point of self-detachment at which pure Being becomes knowable. Such an one needs no Paley, no Bridgewater treatises. He is sensible of the Divine. He has emerged from the Cave of Trophonius, which is his body, into the pure light of transcendental Essence."

"All this," said I, "is merely glorifying morbid states of the body."

"The body! Good heavens!" cried my friend, in a very pretty chafe, "on your own principles you materialists are self-condemned. *Expende Hannibalem*—weigh your Hannibal, the carbon, the water—especially the water,—for your body is after all only an inflated bubble, with a surface iridescence,—you find him to consist of a few ounces of matter which can be put in a pipkin. But has carbon any strategy, or water any magnanimity? Go to!"

My friend was silent for a while, and so was I, for who can withstand the divine rage of a mystic?

"Well, let us leave these unsatisfactory topics," I said, after a while; "I wish to speak of personal concerns, if you will allow me. You are too good a fellow to have your life wasted. Now as to your hopeless passion——"

"My good friend, that is over.

We have quarrelled inexpressibly. I hate her with a most consuming love. But nobody shall chide me if in my dreams I visit her. I am only anticipating the future. Souls rush together with the certainty of atomic attraction."

"But in the meantime you harass her. She is restless and unhappy, as I know from a good source. She disappears for hours, and returns wearied and dejected. You are overpowering her will, endangering her health, imperilling her reason."

"Accuse not me," retorted my friend. "I am magnanimous. I could compel her. A tame and paltry victory! If love is not self-abandonment, it is nothing. That she is not happy I can well believe. She is false to herself."

"She is merely faithful to a solemn obligation."

"No such obligation is valid, unless it is written with the heart's blood. She does not love the man, therefore she is false. An iron logic. What will she give him? A phantom bride. She cannot even bestow her person, which shrinks from him with every fibre. Let him marry the woman that has wept in these arms! What has he got? It reminds me of Balzac's story of the ape that tried to play on its master's Stradivarius, and broke every string, and ruined a glorious instrument. 'There is much delicate music in the instrument,' but he will never charm it forth."

"I think, Maurice, you should go somewhere for a change of air," I said after a pause.

"No; I shall sit out the farce," he said sternly. "If she marries him, then I shall go away, and put 'many shadowy mountains and the sounding sea' between her and me. For God's sake,

speak of something else! 'About my brains.' How is Lady Randell?"

"Have you not seen her lately?"

"No; I fear to encounter her, for if I went she would be sure to appear. We move in the same vortex, like Dante's lovers."

Then he declaimed the magnificent lines—

"La bufera infernal, che mai non resta
Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina,
Voltando et percotendo gli molesta."

And so, after a little more discursive talk, we parted.

It was dark as I issued into the lonely street. A woman's figure was moving slowly along in the direction I took, and something in her walk reminded me of Lady Ernestine. But her step was dragging and inert. She turned her head at intervals and glanced over her shoulder. She wore a veil, and I could not see her face. As I passed her she sighed heavily. I walked slowly onwards, listening to her footfall behind me. At the end of the street a cab was stationed, and the driver was standing on the pavement apparently in readiness to open the door. I turned round. The lonely pedestrian had halted beside the vehicle, had raised her veil, thus enabling me to recognise her as Lady Ernestine, and stood for a short time gazing back on the way by which she had come, as if still dominated by a strong attraction. Then she made a quick spasmodic movement, drew down her veil, and entered the cab. The driver softly and demurely closed the door, and observing my apparent interest in the proceedings, gave me an indescribable leer abominably suggestive of mental *sous-entendus*, and drove off with an impish flourish of his whip. I felt bitterly indig-

nant at my friend. What right had he to usurp her will, and make an automaton of her, exposing her at the same time to injurious comment and sinister suspicion? Or was it possible that his influence was involuntary, and that he did not know the extent of his own power? But while I pitied her, I felt that she was now morally bound to cancel her engagement. Things had gone too far, she was too inextricably

immeshed. Now was the time to be *splendide mendax*. A woman should be satisfied with purity, and leave honour to men. Let the passionate pilgrim consult her heart and her blood, and take the man she loves in the teeth of fate, fortune, and the roar of greedy Acheron. Not that I would have preached such doctrine to my friend. It is one's duty to support even a corrupt Government when anarchy is the alternative.

CHAPTER VI.

Time hastens with tragedies. The preparations for the wedding went on apace. Lady Randell seemed well acquainted with the position of affairs, and spoke freely to me on the subject. She strongly disapproved of the marriage, and had frequently remonstrated with her young relative, whose secret passion she knew. But Lady Ernestine would not consent to build her happiness upon violated vows. The motto of her house was "*Sit verbo fides*," and she acted up to it, at what a cost! I caught an occasional glimpse of her, for she was assiduous in her attentions to her aged friend, but she seemed to avoid me. She had always a strange hunted—nay, haunted—look, but withal there was a proud and defiant curl of the lip. Once I met her on the stair as I descended from Lady Randell's room. She stopped short, and looked haughtily at me; then lifting a thin forefinger, she said in a low hissing whisper—

"Tell my tyrant that I bid him do his worst. He may dog me, but he will not make me break my word. Tell him from me that he is cruel and cowardly. He tampers with the traitor in my

heart. Let him enjoy the sorry triumph of moving me like a pawn at chess. His power—great enough, God pity me!—has its limits. At the worst, I can put the grave between him and me."

She spoke long to me in fast-flowing words, uttered in an intense whisper. I had no sense of indiscretion in listening to her; her bearing was noble and dignified; and indeed at certain moments conventionalities are an impertinence. I listened absorbed as she spoke on with poetic passion, pressing her heart against the thorn that rent it.

"Believe me, madam," I said when she had ceased, "I sincerely pity you both. My friend is a most wretched man, and I dread calamity for you both. Let me entreat of you to consider your position. Your case and my friend's has passed beyond conventional conditions; it is elemental."

She caught her breath, pressed her hand to her heart, and left me without another word.

A couple of days after, as I returned to my lodgings, I found a telegram from good Priscilla awaiting me. It ran, "Come at once: my master is dying or dead."

I took a cab, and drove in all haste to my friend's house. When she saw me she uttered an exclamation of profound satisfaction, and handed me a letter addressed to me in Maurice's handwriting. I tore it open at once. It ran thus:—

DEAR HARRY,—I feel symptoms that point to an eclipse of consciousness. My self-Projection threatens to become Projection beyond self—the parabola becomes a hyperbola. Do not, however, be unduly alarmed; and above all, don't certify me dead, and pack me off for Orcus in a box. If I do not return, let me be reduced to ashes in a clean and concise way. Decomposition (“an ounce of civet, good apothecary”) is worse than death; and no one who has really respected his body should submit to it, if he can help it. But I only expect to take a sip of Lethe till the worst is over. Look a little after me while I am floating about in the stagnant lagoon that skirts the ocean of Nirvana. Keep the sharks—*videlicet*, the doctors—off me. This will be my last experiment one way or the other. Adieu, my good friend. May you be happier than he who subscribes himself everywhere within the circle of the zodiac, your attached friend,
M. H.”

I took no time to ponder this grim and weird effusion, but followed Priscilla at once into my friend's bedroom.

I found him extended on his bed fully dressed, his arms crossed upon his bosom. His face was pale and rigid as marble, the eyelids half closed. The majesty of death was on his brow, its unruffled composure was stamped on every feature; his victorious calm

seemed to demand the dignity of laurel wreaths. This was no skulking fugitive from life's annoy, but an honoured guest of Death. It seemed a kind of desecration to examine him. Why disturb this euthanasia? What if his fantastic ideas were true, and he had entered upon a happier cycle of existence? For the presence of death impresses both believer and sceptic with the inadequacy of their theories.

I was roused from my brief and bewildered musings by Priscilla, who glanced reproachfully at me, and then knelt down by a chair, and with sighs and broken ejaculations seemed to be praying for her master. I proceeded at once to examine my friend. The result, however, was, that if this were a kind of catalepsy, it simulated death most formidably. The pulse was imperceptible, or at least not to be conclusively distinguished from the throbbing of my own tissue. One point was somewhat reassuring,—the pupil contracted under the influence of light; and further, the eyeballs were abnormally protuberant. It was a significant and pathetic detail that I found Lady Ernestine's glove lying over his heart. Needless to say, I applied every restorative I could think of, but to no purpose; and I felt strongly inclined to obtain additional medical advice. But my friend's caveat deterred me for the present. Baffled and discouraged, I sat down by my friend's bedside, and so remained till the dusk deepened into night. A storm had been gathering, and torrents of rain began to lash the window-panes. The wind came in wild and fitful gusts, and rumbled lugubriously in the chimney. Priscilla lit a bronze lamp, suspended by chains from the ceiling. Then

she sat down at some distance, her eyes riveted on my friend's face, while at times the tears rolled down her pale and haggard cheeks. We said very little to each other—we were both mentally benumbed; but I intimated that it would be necessary for me to have a consultation with some medical authority if no change declared itself speedily. She bent her head in silent acquiescence. It was a dreary vigil. In the lethargy of mind that possessed me and rendered me incapable of sustained thought, a verse of Shakespeare—the supreme interpreter of joy and grief—kept circulating through my brain with the persistence of some haunting melody:—

“When that I was, and a little tiny boy,

With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.”

(Do not believe that this is a senseless jingle—it is the sad autobiography of a ruined soul. Mark the deep knell-like tone of “was,” and the child-like trip of “a little tiny boy.” I do not believe in Pythagoras, but I do in Shakespeare; and if I theoretically admit his fallibility, I will defend his plenary inspiration as long as arguments or sophisms will serve me. Excuse the digression; but indeed Shakespeare has a monarch's right of entry everywhere, and is never without his kingly largesse.)

It was indeed a King Lear's night. The wind, sweeping into the spacious lobby, made the long strip of carpet patter like the passage of mysterious feet. Suddenly the hall-door bell rang with a precipitate clangour that made my heart palpitate. Priscilla uttered

a scared exclamation, and then with uneasy looks—for what if nothing should be behind the door!—descended the stair to open the door. I heard her utter a startled exclamation, and stepped out upon the landing to see her returning followed by a muffled figure. My heart divined that it was Lady Ernestine, as indeed it was. With a single glance at me she entered the bedroom. The mantle that enveloped her was drenched, and her face was streaming with the rain. One or two wisps of hair clung to her brow and cheek. There was something so pathetically romantic in the lovely apparition, that I could only stare at her in silent bewilderment; and the words of the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, came into my mind: “My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.” (Spasmodic poets, study the antique simplicity of style, which makes posies—that is, posies—of sweet Saxon.) “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” She stood and gazed at her lover with a kind of tender reproach. Then she addressed him in a low, exquisitely soft voice that might have been a spirit's.

“Oh, Maurice, cease to haunt me. Can you not have a little patience? It will not be for long. You see I have come at your bidding. But what a sorry welcome!”

I went forward and took her cold and unresisting hand.

“I fear, madam, that he is dead, or at least that his life is almost ebbd away.”

I whispered the words, and as I did so I felt a choking in my throat, overpowered as I was with a sense of the vanity of life and the wrecks of human hopes.

She only glanced at me, and said calmly—

“Who knows if death be life?” Then she turned again to my friend.

“Is it right, Maurice, to tyrannise me so? You are arrogant and exacting as a god—forgive the words, but are they not true? Leave me in peace for a little while. Why do you chase me like the dried stubble and drive me like the leaves of autumn? Do you demand the acknowledgment? Yes, you are indeed my lord and master. I have tried to resist you, but all in vain. You have conquered. I am yours in death or life. Pity your captive, your most willing captive.”

In my opinion Ophelia's flowers could not more surely have shown the distraction of her mind than these wild words.

She took his flaccid hand and pressed it to her lips. Then she looked at him most tenderly and said, “Sleep well, and when you wake come to me.”

She turned to leave the room, when again the door-bell rang, and Priscilla returned with the information that Lady Randell was apparently dying, that a carriage was waiting for me, and that I requested to come away at once.

“I shall accompany you,” said Ernestine with an agitated

“Alas! my dear old friend!” and she burst into rising tears.

As naturally very loath to Maurice, but there was no time. When we reached the house we found Lady Randell in a comatose state, and it was that her course was nearly ended so the heavy night while the wind howled in the house, and the air was

full of the rushing and plashing of the rain. In the early morning I drove to my friend's house. I found him in the same condition as when I left him, and at once telegraphed to a distinguished physician of the town whom I slightly knew, desiring him to investigate the case, and arranging for a consultation in the evening. Then I returned to Lady Randell's. Late in the afternoon she died. After she had ceased to breathe, we stood for a short time round her bed gazing upon her face, which seemed to have recovered much of its early dignity and beauty, for Death is an artist, and puts exquisite finishing-touches on the faces of the good. Suddenly I observed Lady Ernestine change colour and half turn her head round, with an exquisite and startled smile. Then the door opened, and Maurice Haselden, clad entirely in black, entered the chamber, and after comprehending us all in a silent bow, knelt down by the bed, and so remained for several minutes. His face, I noticed, was ghastly pale, and his movements had not their wonted graceful vigour, but otherwise he seemed in a perfectly normal state. Rising from his kneeling posture, he took Lady Ernestine's hand and pressed it to his lips, then he beckoned to me to accompany him out of the room. We went into the library.

“Well, Maurice,” said I, with appropriate British phlegm, or a good imitation of it, “is it really you? You come in such a questionable shape. Tell me all about it.”

“Harry, we owe a cock to Æsculapius,” replied my friend, —“to wit, a consultation with a doctor whom you were ill advised enough to summon. Reserve your questions till to-morrow. You

must not keep your colleague waiting. While we speak, the irreparable guineas fly."

"Very well. Only, what am I to say to my *confrère*? You might have kept up the illusion a little longer, and come round *secundum artem*. Still better, and more dramatically, you might have wakened up when *she* was by your bedside. She was capable of creating a soul within the ribs of death."

"She was indeed. I saw her through the crystal sphere in which I was enclosed."

"Well, well," said I, after a dumfounded pause, "I am glad to see you at any rate; and—don't do it again."

I called at his house next day in my most inquisitorial mood, but I got little satisfaction from him. Priscilla, however, told me that at mid-day she had heard a sound in his room, and though horribly frightened, had peeped in. He was sitting up in bed with a ghastly and distorted face, and at once motioned to her to give him something to drink. He had then gradually recovered speech and motion. His explanation to me was highly fantastic. He averred that in a previous state of existence he had been a faquir, and had acquired the power of suspending consciousness for definite periods. That his soul during his trance had been in sympathetic contact with Lady Ernestine's. Further, that the body is the resultant of two forces, a centripetal and a centrifugal; the former tending to absorption in the cosmic essence, which is death—the latter tending to propulsion of the personal ether, which is the hypnotic state. In my opinion a farrago of nonsense; but till philosophers find out what life is, you can never

confute a mystic. I do not touch the subject, for in sooth I am not of it.

When Lady Randell's will was read it proved a great surprise to everybody. She left the bulk of her property to charitable institutions; her house and all it contained she bequeathed to Lady Ernestine's father; Laura Manson got the diamonds (she grew higher by the altitudes of chopine after that); I got a few of hundreds; to Maurice I gave "the diamond ring of his first husband, the same that I wore at Waterloo;" finally, it was rected that the sum of £1000 should be invested in the Three Per Cents on behalf of his beloved friend and relative, Ernestine, "who had learned the futility of wealth, and was contentedly the gentlewoman to an old and ennobled moderate means."

This will, like the sermon preached by the bishop in 'Gil Blas,' seemed to me to savour of apoplexy. But even Lady Ernestine seemed satisfied except Merivale, who had expected Ernestine to be a wealthy heiress and who scouted the will as the offspring of delirium or spiritism. She very willingly consented to the cancelling of his engagement to the young lady "who had (as he had *not*) the fortune of a fortune."

I was best man at my marriage to Lady Ernestine. I do not remember the evening of the eventful day that reunited (?) the destinies of the two enthusiasts. I walked with her to the residence of Mr. Balmaine. It was a calm evening in early spring, and the sun shone upon my friend as we stood at the porch. His look was lofty, though his heart was with deep feeling.

fore we parted, "Henry," he, "we shall soon be separated for a while, it may be for terrestrial life. I thank you all you have done for me.

I have been tried in sacramental moments and proved true steel. I have been singularly true to you notwithstanding the variety of our character and moods. Be sure I have not failed but merely recovered you. My horoscopes coincided in some important time."

Then he pointed to the sun and numbered the memorable lines—

The soul that riseth with us,
Our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.'

It be the love that immortal Being!"

He held out his hand, and seemed to be struggling with emotion. He paused, for one dread moment I thought he was going to kiss me on both cheeks, for his Italian

blood was eloquent; but he merely wrung my hand and said, "God bless you!"

Then he turned, waved his hand, and entered the house as one might enter a banqueting-hall. I stood for a short while, and the soft breeze rustled like the flight of Venus and her doves. Then I returned to my lodgings with a heart as heavy as lead, and even a long letter from Laura Manson (crossed of course, for ladies are economical beings) failed altogether to cheer me up.

After their marriage the two lovers went abroad, and I believe visited the seas that stream among the shining Cyclades. I have not seen them since; but some day I hope to meet him again, unless he extend his voyage to the Happy Isles. Whether he be in what was once the violet-crowned city, or in fair Parthenopé, I wish him well with all of my heart that he has left me.

G. DUNN.

ETON MONTEM.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

ETON! Dear old Eton! The thoughts of all your sons, and even of all who read the newspapers, have been forcibly called to your glories, past and present, by what has lately appeared in the various journals recording the celebration of the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Eton College. One of the greatest attractions on that day was an exhibition in the upper school of dresses worn at Eton Montem, and other mementoes connected with that once famous event.

Eton Montem! How many are there in the present day who had before this ever even heard of the existence of such a thing? How many of those who have heard of it have the least idea of what it was like? And of these I wonder how many now living have been present at and taken part in one or more of these gorgeous pageants which for so many years shone alone and unrivalled for splendour in the annals of school-boy life? As I look over my old Eton lists of those years so long gone by, and see how many there are that to my own certain knowledge have passed away, I cannot but fancy that soon very few will be left who, like myself, have shared in these glories or follies—which shall we say?—of long ago; for I suppose they will be counted glories or follies according to the view that is taken of them by the wise and highly enlightened men and women of the present generation. At any rate, as people, whether they think such things follies or not, generally like to learn all the little particulars

about any manners or customs which happened before their own time, I think it may be interesting to many to give an Eton boy's account of the two Montems in which he took part; which, moreover, were the last Montems that ever took place. To all Etonians, both past and present, I am sure such memories will prove attractive; and, if I mistake not the hereditary nature of the old Eton feeling, they will have a charm for our children and grandchildren for some time to come.

Although Eton Montem lasted for so many years, and attracted such large crowds to see it, including many of our sovereigns, it is a remarkable thing that no very detailed account of it exists, so far as I am aware, further than that given by Mr Maxwell Lyte, in one chapter of his '*History of Eton*,' which, although it is fairly correct as far as it goes, does not give a reader the impression of having been written by an eyewitness of the scene; and also that given by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins in his work '*Etoniana*,' which first appeared in this Magazine in 1865, and in which are delineated the leading features of the Montem. There is a story called Eton Montem to be found in that old book which we used to read in our childish days, Miss Edgeworth's '*Parent's Assistant*'; but this gives such an erroneous idea of it that it is worse than useless: and the only other allusion to it in any well-known book that I am aware of is the very little that is said about it in Lord Beaconsfield's '*Coningsby*,' which, though a per-

correct picture of what might have happened at any Montem, a full enough description of the thing it before the mind of me except an Etonian who took part in it.

My first reminiscence of anything connected with Montem comes from my very early childhood. On the top shelf of my father's wardrobe there used to be in grand state, a plume of white feathers which had been worn by my uncles at a Montem long ago.

This plume we children were not allowed to take down or when we were "dressing up" we called it—that is, putting all the fantastic finery that we could get together to surprise and amuse our parents on some evening in the drawing-room or ballroom. We used to imagine the white plume of my uncle who had had the habit of wearing that plume to have been a hero at least of the conqueror at Waterloo and although we did not know at the time, that plume had been exactly similar to the one worn by the Duke, for it was the field-marshal's plume of white feathers worn on a hat. My father and other uncles must have had such plumes, but had all been at Montems; it was the only one that had not. I never thought at that time of the day to come when I should wear such an one myself. I am sure did my parents wait for a day to come when a plume should be as exact as a dodo or the great auk.

Now, in the year of grace 1881, just forty-seven years since the last Montem took place, and years since Thring's Montem, we have considered at that time probably the gayest and most important that had ever been held. Both of these were graced

with the presence of our young Queen and her handsome husband; and at the latter another sovereign, who was before long to lose his kingdom, Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was present. Montem happened at intervals of three years for the last seventy years of its existence. In its earlier days it used to happen every year. I do not intend to enter into any discussion about the probable origin of Montem. People in the present day will, I think, be much more interested to read a description of what it was, than to speculate about its origin and meaning; and those who do want to investigate this can find all that has been said about it in that excellent book, Mr Maxwell Lyte's 'History of Eton College,' to which I have already alluded. We find records of its existence in some form in the early years of the reign of Elizabeth; but from the beginning of the eighteenth century it existed in very much the same form that it wore to the last, except that it took place in the last week in January till the year 1758, when the date of holding it was altered to Whitsun-Tuesday, and so it continued to be held ever afterwards to the end.

And now, what *was* Montem? What did it appear to be to the eyes of an outsider, who saw it for the first time. The quaint assemblage of fancy dresses would have suggested that a fancy-dress ball was about to be enacted in the daytime; but the order and the predominance of the two colours, scarlet and blue, looked more like a military procession, and this was borne out by the two military bands that were present, and the flag that was carried in state, like regimental colours. This procession consisted, on the occasions in which I took part in it, of schoolboys numbering more than six hundred, varying in

age from nineteen to ten or less : and to describe how these boys were dressed, how they were arranged, and what they did on this momentous day, will be my endeavour in the following pages. But before we start on any description of the day itself, it will be necessary, in order to make it fully intelligible to our readers, to say something of what had been done beforehand, in preparation for it.

The spectacle itself was such a gorgeous one, and it was associated with so many old memories and associations of the past that all old Etonians throughout the country, and all the friends and relatives of Etonians from far and near, strove to be present on that day, and curiosity drew immense numbers besides, who were perfect strangers, so that a greater crowd assembled at Eton on that day than has probably ever assembled there since its discontinuance, and every single person who was present was asked to contribute something, large or small, according to his means, and all the money so collected was given to the lucky boy who happened to hold the proud position of captain of Montem. How this money was collected, what it was called, and the expenses that were defrayed out of it, I shall state further on. The first thing to make clear is the rule by which one particular boy became captain of Montem.

At Eton the head collegier—that is, the boy who is first on the list of collegiers, or king's scholars—is called the captain of the school. And so whoever was captain of the school on the Whitsun-Tuesday in a Montem year, was by that fact captain of Montem. But who would be captain of the school could not be known for certain till within twenty days of the eventful Whitsun-Tuesday. All

king's scholars, or collegiers as they were called, were allowed, if they succeeded in passing their examinations every year at the end of July, election trials, as they were called—to remain in the school a twelvemonth after passing the last examination, which must be passed before their nineteenth birthday. If by that time they had not gone to King's College, Cambridge, they were superannuated, and had to leave the school. At the examination at the end of every July, those boys who had passed their eighteenth birthday were placed in school in order of merit, and were called from thence to Cambridge at any time of the year, whenever—through death, marriage, or any cause—a vacancy occurred in the number of the seventy members of King's College. King Henry VI. founded his school at Eton of seventy scholars, as a nursery to keep constantly supplied his other foundation of seventy members, scholars and fellows, at King's College, Cambridge. Now, as of late years Montem only happened every third year, of course it was only possible that a boy who was born in such a year that he would have passed his eighteenth birthday on the July previous to a Montem could ever become captain of Montem. From the time of my birth it was clear that neither I nor my brother could ever have been captain of Montem, even if Montem had lasted beyond our time. But of those who were born in such a year that Montem might fall to their lot, it was the merest chance that decided to whom it would fall. As I said before, the collegiers were placed at their last examination after their eighteenth birthday in order of merit to supply the places of such vacancies as should occur at King's in the ensuing year. Whenever a vacancy

did occur, news of it was brought to Eton College immediately; but a grace of twenty days was allowed, to give the head-boy time to make all his preparations for leaving the school. If the grace should happen to expire on the very eve of Montem-day, the right of being captain would lapse to the collegier who was next on the list, so that the twentieth day before Whitsun-Tuesday in that year was a very critical day for those two boys, the captain and second collegier at that time. Till midnight it could not be known for certain who would be captain. We called that night "Montem-sure Night." We sat up late in our long dormitory, called Long Chamber. Just before midnight the ends of all those heavy wooden bedsteads were raised high in the air, the large wooden shutters were held by ready hands, and then, as the last stroke of midnight sounded from the clock tower, the shutters were slammed to, the bedsteads let fall on the floor with a thundering sound that could be heard in Windsor Castle, and "Montem sure!" was shouted with all the power and energy that the excited young watchers could exert. The right of being captain was now vested absolutely in the senior collegier, and preparations for the event could go on uninterruptedly.

As I said before, all the money that was collected on Montem-day was given to the head collegier, the captain of Montem. And now let us see how this money was collected. This was done by certain of the boys, chosen according to their position in the school. The chief collectors were two who were called salt-bearers, and these were assisted by twelve collegiers who were near the end of the sixth form, or at the top of the upper division of the fifth: these were

called runners, and all of these were dressed in fancy dresses, chosen by themselves, those of the two salt-bearers being especially gorgeous. They all carried satin money-bags, and painted staves with mushroom-shaped tops, on which were inscribed appropriate Latin or Greek quotations. Now, why were the chief of these collectors called salt-bearers? It appears that at first they used to carry a large bag of salt with them, and gave a pinch of salt to each person from whom they collected money, as a kind of receipt to show that they had paid their footing for the day. But after a time they adopted the more business-like plan of giving tickets rather than salt in exchange for contributions, and then the money itself that was given was called salt, and the cry of these young tax-gatherers for "Salt, salt!" was almost perforce responded to by opening the purse. Montem has passed away, but the mound to which the procession was made, and which gave it its name, as being a procession "ad Montem," still remains, and this mound and the place where it stands still bear the name of Salt Hill, because of the money or salt that for so many years was collected there; although probably very few of the young sportsmen who resort there now year after year to meet the royal stag-hounds have any idea whence the place derives its name, or associate it in their minds with the festival that for so many years made it almost a sacred spot to all Eton boys.

The two salt-bearers were the second captain of the collegiers and the captain of the oppidians. It was their province to collect the money in the college itself—from the college authorities and the guests of the Provost, which in-

cluded the personages of the highest importance. The twelve runners were all collegers, and they were generally posted as follows: Two at Maidenhead Bridge, two at Windsor Bridge, two at Datchet Bridge, two at Colnebrook, or Fifteen-arch bridge as it was called, one at Iver, one at Gerard's Cross, one at Slough, and one at Salt Hill. These were each of them accompanied by a hired attendant, who was always armed with pistols if the station was at any distance from the college—a very necessary precaution to protect these young adventurers, who might very possibly in the course of the day have some hundreds of pounds under their care; and, of course, for the distant stations they were also provided with a horse and conveyance of some kind. They started early in the morning for their respective stations, and were generally entertained at breakfast at country houses in the neighbourhood. Those who had the more distant stations appointed to them missed all the festivities of the early part of the day in college; and whoever had the long run, as Gerard's Cross was called, was absent nearly the whole day. But they generally had some adventures of their own to enliven the proceedings for them, and to give a spice of variety to their narrative as they recounted their doings to their companions on their return. Of course the sums collected at different Montems varied in amount, but a fair average collection at the last few Montems was about £1000, or perhaps rather more, and this was all given to the captain of Montem; so now let us see what he had to pay out of it. He had to provide a breakfast in the college hall for the first hundred boys in the school; he had to pay for the dinner for the whole school at the

hotels at Salt Hill, and here it was that an opportunity was given of testing the popularity of the captain. It was very easy for the boys to increase his expenses by contriving a large breakage of plates and glasses; and also during the after-dinner promenade in the gardens of the inn, where there were many valuable shrubs, a reckless use of the swords which these young heroes were carrying would soon do enough damage to swell the landlord's bill considerably. Besides this, the captain had to pay the salt-bearers, runners, and other officials for the trouble they had taken on his behalf, and there were a number of minor items to diminish the profits; so that it was very often anything but a large proportion of the sum collected on the day, which found its way into the captain's pocket.

And now to describe the formation of the procession, and the dresses worn. The senior colleger being captain, and the second colleger being salt-bearer, the next sixth-form collegers ranked as marshal, ensign, lieutenant, sergeant-major, and steward, and any other sixth-form collegers who were not runners were sergeants. The captain of the oppidans was always a salt-bearer, and the next to him on the school list was colonel. The other sixth-form oppidans ranked as sergeants. All the fifth-form oppidans ranked as corporals, but with a dress very different in many particulars from that of a corporal in any regiment in the army. For while they had a red tail-coat with gilt buttons and white trousers, they had also a crimson sash tied loose round their waist, a black-leather sword-belt with gilt buckles, and a sword hanging at their side, and a cocked hat and plume of feathers exactly like that worn by a field-marshal. The fifth-

form collegers' dress was like that of the fifth-form oppidans, as far as sash, sword, and cocked hat and plume went; but the coat was blue with gilt buttons instead of red, so that they resembled very much the uniform of a lieutenant in the royal navy. The coats of the sixth form, both collegers and oppidans, had the distinctive details of uniform that denoted the rank which they bore, and could be at once distinguished from the fifth-form corporals, by their epaulets and greater prevalence of gilt. The steward wore the ordinary full dress of the period. The lower boys wore blue coats with gilt buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, silk stockings, and pumps, and carried long white poles, from which they derived the name of polemen. A limited number of lower boys, whose parents were rich and willing to pay for a costly dress, were selected to act as servants or pages to the sixth form, and these wore fancy dresses selected according to the taste of the sixth-form boy whom they were to follow, all the followers of the same master wearing the same dress. The order of procession was generally as follows: Marshal followed by six servants; band; captain followed by eight servants; sergeant-major followed by two servants; twelve sergeants, two and two, each followed by a servant; colonel followed by six servants and four polemen; corporals, two and two, followed by two polemen apiece; second band; ensign with flag followed by six servants and four polemen; corporals, two and two, followed by one or two polemen apiece; lieutenant followed by four servants; salt-bearers, runners, and steward to bring up the rear, followed by a poleman.

And now imagine a lovely June morning, as was the case at both

the Montems in which I took part, and suppose the writer to be either a poleman filled with curiosity and awe at this his first experience of Montem, or a small corporal exulting in his first wearing of a scarlet tail-coat, sash, sword, and cocked hat and feathers, for each of those positions were occupied by him at one or the other of the two Montems: on both occasions he sets forth from the doors of his father's house round the cloisters to find out and take up his proper place in the procession as it is formed in the schoolyard. My father being a fellow of Eton, and having a house in the cloisters, I was allowed, during my earlier years at Eton, to board at home when he was in residence, and of course on these two occasions of Montem he *was* in residence. So it was that I made my first start from his house to join the festivities. Both eye and ear must have been very ready to receive impressions, for I can recollect to this day, as if it was only yesterday that I had seen it, the vivid impression made upon me by the first dress that caught my eye as I entered the schoolyard. It was that of a Greek, with white tunic, scarlet jacket, and scarlet cap, both abundantly trimmed with gold lace. If I mistake not, the wearer of that lovely dress was afterwards one of our heroes that fell in the Crimea. And then, as I was looking about at my assembling schoolfellows, there clashed upon my ear from the band of the Blues the sounds of a military march, which I then heard for the first time, and never forgot; but I did not find out the name of it for many years, not until after I had left Eton. I used to hum the tune, and call it the Montem tune, but did not learn its name until, during a visit

to Eton, I heard two young ladies play, as a duet upon the piano, this very march which I had heard at my first Montem, but had never heard since; and then I found that it was called the "Warrior's Joy," but who the composer was I have forgotten. I saw more fancy dresses moving about, more Greeks, some Robin Hood's men in green with bows and arrows, Highlanders with kilt and tartan and claymore, and the schoolyard was gradually filling. And now absence was called—that is, we all had to answer our names to the roll-call. The captain, and those who had been his guests at breakfast, appeared on the scene, and the masters began gradually to marshal us into our places to form the procession. This could not be done very quickly, but as soon as it was accomplished we began our march somewhat slowly round the schoolyard. Three times round this we marched, and when in the third round the ensign arrived in front of the clock-tower, a pause was made by all, and he waved the great flag energetically, amidst the most enthusiastic cheers from the assembled multitudes. The royal-ties and grandest personages were assembled in the Provost's Lodge to look down upon this scene from the great bow-window in this said clock-tower. And then, before we resumed our march, the polemen were required to hold out their poles horizontally, and the corporals drew their swords and cut them asunder. And here I will relate an incident that happened to myself to which I can look back with amusement now, but which, I am sure, caused me great distress for a few minutes at the time. It was at the second of the Montems, when I was a corporal, in all the glory of a red coat and

sword. At the age of fourteen I was not by any means of great size, and as we all chose our own swords according to our fancy, I had chosen rather a small one as more suited to my appearance. I did not apprehend that I should find any difficulty in cutting through my poleman's pole when I was called upon to do so, and had not practised my powers of cutting and slashing beforehand. But when we drew our swords to commence this operation, I found that I was standing immediately under the window where all the grandees were assembled, and it seemed as if all their eyes were directed full upon me. I began to feel nervous. Down came the stroke. Oh, horror! I had not cut the pole at all. Again and again I slashed, but I could not cut through it. I fancied that Louis Philippe was especially diverted at watching *me* and my feeble efforts. I daresay this was entirely my imagination, for all the spectators were laughing at the general effect of this onslaught of such puny warriors, rather than singling out the prowess of any individual; but I know that when I found I could not properly cut through the pole in the time allowed me, I felt so mortified and ashamed of myself, that at the moment I would gladly have slunk out of sight altogether, and lost all the enjoyment that was to come afterwards. Whether any other corporal at that Montem or any other ever found himself in a similar predicament to myself I do not know. I know that polemen, who were tall and strong, often chose particularly strong poles on purpose, so that if they found themselves assigned to a rather small or weak swordsman, they might give him some trouble in carrying out his task of cutting

their pole asunder. However, this mortification, bitter as it was for the moment, was soon forgotten when we had resumed our march, and I found that my nearest companions had not noticed my failure. Our journey was now continued through Weston's yard and the playing fields, the bands playing up merrily. A long line we formed, as may be easily imagined, being over six hundred strong. And so we streamed out into the Slough road on our march for Salt Hill. And the procession was swelled all along its route by the thousands of visitors from all parts of England, on horseback, on foot, in every kind of conveyance, ladies in their gayest dresses, all combining to make such a picture as will never be seen again.

On arriving at Salt Hill the ensign waved the flag a second time at the top of the mount, the boys all clustering round like a swarm of bees, and giving such cheers as Eton boys know so well how to give. Absence was called in the middle of the day, and then we all adjourned to the hotels to eat the dinner which had been ordered for us, and for which each had a ticket, assigning him his own table and his proper place at the table. After dinner we wandered for a time, according to our pleasure, in the beautiful gardens belonging to the hotel; and then it was that the swordsmen had the opportunity of doing such a vast amount of mischief, if the captain was unpopular. Later in the afternoon the procession returned to Eton in something of the same order, but more irregularly kept. Many got a lift in the carriages of some of their friends. All that was required was that they should be back in time to answer to their names when absence was called. There

was no particular programme for spending the evening. The boys were chiefly with their friends—those who had any present—and were to be seen wandering about the grounds or the neighbourhood, presenting a very bright picture in their quaint and varied dresses. Before my time, I believe the chief resort for both the boys and the visitors used to be the terrace at Windsor Castle; but at the two last Montems at which I was present there were very few that went there, most of us having had quite enough walking about, and preferring to loiter about and rest on the benches in the playing fields, which, after all, was perhaps as enjoyable a way of spending the time as any that could be devised.

Of the two beautiful water-colour paintings of Montem that were drawn by that delightful artist, the late Wm. Evans, the prints from which are probably well known to many old Etonians, the one that is certainly most pleasing is that which represents the scene in the evening in the playing fields; although the other, which shows the procession beginning its march round the school-yard, may perhaps be more strictly characteristic of Montem. These pictures represent Thring's Montem in 1841. There are paintings of the Montem of 1820 in the possession of the Rev. John Wilder, who is now the venerable Vice-Provost of Eton, and who was captain of Montem in that year. But I do not think that any engravings were ever made from these.

I will now mention some of the most striking of the fancy dresses that I can recollect as worn at the two Montems at which I was present. In the Montem of 1841 there were four brothers of the name of

Smyth Pigott at Eton. The eldest of these was at that time the captain of the oppidans, and so was entitled to be one of the two salt-bearers. He wore the dress of a Spanish officer of long ago, something in the style of that drawn by Rembrandt in the well-known picture of the Spanish officer in the Fitz-William Museum at Cambridge. The large slouch hat, with an enormous plume; large boots of the Cavalier kind; a magnificent broad scarf across his chest, which was blazing with jewels, which it was always said included family diamonds, and that no attempt was made by any of the swell-mob to purloin them because it was thought that no one would dare to wear real diamonds so ostentatiously, and so they must be paste. Be this as it may, this was the story that was always most stoutly maintained all the time that I was at Eton. He was a very handsome fellow, and I should doubt if there was ever a more beautiful and suitable dress seen at any Montem. The second brother was in the sixth form, and so wore a sergeant's dress—scarlet coat, cocked hat and feather, epaulets, and abundance of gold lace. The two younger brothers were both lower boys, and were servants to their elder brother. They were dressed as pages in the time of Edward VI. White satin doublet, abundantly slashed with silver, and white silk hose; white satin mantle trimmed with silver, and white satin cap, with long white plume hanging over it. A more perfect picture than that which these two boys presented could hardly be conceived. A dress that was worn by Arthur Browning, who was a runner at the same Montem, was very much admired as being particularly well chosen. It was that of Captain Macheath,

the highwayman in the "Beggars' Opera." These fancy costumes were generally hired from London for the day; but Browning bought his for his own, and wore it on subsequent occasions at fancy-dress balls. Another dress that I recollect very well was that which was worn by Charlie Brine, a runner at Drake's Montem, the dress of the Earl of Rochester in the time of Charles II. Then there were Turks and Persians and every variety of costume, but the ones that I have mentioned are those of which I retain the most vivid impression; and enough has been said now to enable the reader to form some idea of the *coup d'œil* presented.

The red coats of the fifth form were worn by the boys throughout the remainder of the summer term, and made them very conspicuous objects in the playing fields, or wherever they might be. After that they were put away. Some had them dyed. My own repose in all its pristine splendour at the present day on the top shelf of my wardrobe, and serves occasionally to remind me how much smaller I must have been than I thought myself at that time.

And now Montem has entirely passed away, and is quite forgotten by all except old—very old—Etonians. What brought about its total extinction? Well, many causes had been working for some time towards this end. The spirit of the advancing age was calling out more and more loudly that it caused a great waste of money, and a great waste of time. But the factor which did the most towards making it at last absolutely impossible to keep it up was the opening of the Great Western Railway, which brought down a promiscuous horde of sight-seers, and opened the way for evils in such

an assemblage that it might be found impossible to control. But the abolition of such a time-honoured festival was not brought about without much heart-burning and resistance for a while, and not until there had been much discussion and weighing of all arguments for and against it by the authorities. I was still at Eton at this time, and I recollect well what bitter things were said, what party spirit was displayed, and what a burning question it was at first among the boys. And yet, after all this, it has always seemed astonishing to me how quietly, when the actual day came, the festival seemed to have died a natural death before any one was aware of it, and Montem to be accepted at once by all as one of the things of the remote past. It speaks very well for the discipline and good feeling of the school at the time to have accepted such a great change so patiently and cheerfully, and it especially shows what confidence they had in the judgment of those who were set over them.

Montem, as I have said already, has passed away. If it had not

passed away exactly when it did, it must inevitably have passed away long before the present day. It could no more exist in the midst of the present ideas of the English people about schools, education, and economy, than could falconry, as it was carried on by our forefathers, exist in the enclosed districts which a higher state of cultivation has spread over nearly the whole of our country. Modern improvements have made such things impossible. Is it to be regretted? I would not venture to throw such a slight upon the advantages of our progress as to assert that it is. But still, allowing that such a pageant did open the way for great abuses, I think that it had its bright side, and to show that bright side has been my endeavour in these pages. I am sure that no such gorgeous and fascinating spectacle in connection with school-life can ever be presented again; and I firmly believe that to ninety-nine at least out of every hundred of those who have ever taken part in it the memory of Eton Montem will be sweet.

G. O. GREEN.

EARLY SETTLERS IN ENGLISH AMERICA.

PRINCES and potentates in all ages have been generous in giving away what never belonged to them. The fashion prevails still, for we have just seen the subdivision of the Dark Continent and its inhabitants into various "spheres of influence" assigned to European Powers. But perhaps the most audacious examples on record of the transfer of non-existent rights of property were, when the Pope, by a solemn bull, conferred the southern half of the western hemisphere respectively on the Spaniards and Portuguese; and when James I. of England granted what is now by far the greater part of the vast United States territory to a handful of impecunious English adventurers. It is curious to speculate on what would have happened had the Spaniards, advancing northwards from Mexico and Florida, anticipated the English occupation. The northern continent would have been garrisoned rather than colonised; the Holy Office would have established its quarters on the Potomac, in the Bay of Massachusetts, and on the Hudson; there would have been neither civil nor religious liberty, and little commerce; there would have been no place of refuge for the persecuted English; no revolt of the colonies; no grand Republic, offering unlimited opportunity to the adventurous or the poverty-stricken of many nations. Life might still be stagnating in the best part of the New World, and rare travellers might be exploring the unpeopled solitudes, now covered with crops and cattle, traversed by railways in all directions, and thickly studded with flourishing cities.

As it was, however, it is to the Spaniards we are indirectly indebted for our earliest settlement in Virginia. The treasure-galleons, laden with Mexican gold and Peruvian silver, had tempted the cupidity of freebooting seamen like Drake, and awakened the cupidity and the nobler ambitions of more chivalrous adventurers like Raleigh and Grenville. Raleigh dreamed of discovering an El Dorado richer than the mines of Potosi or Mexico, to the north of the Spanish line. Though his fervid imagination revelled in extravagant day-dreams, he had an eminently practical side to his character. No promoter or prospectus-monger of modern days could have put fanciful speculations in more seductive shape. He had the idea of forming a syndicate: he raised a capital of no less than £40,000,—a very large sum for the times to be devoted to any such purpose,—and he sank it in the Virginian venture. Raleigh and the members of his syndicate, although they ran a heavier pecuniary risk, resembled the present holders of founders' shares, inasmuch as they stipulated for the lion's part of the profits. It says much for English hardihood that they found no difficulty in manning the ships, as it explains the defeat of the Invincible Armada. The Atlantic voyage was very naturally considered so serious a business, that seamen accustomed to coasting navigation, leading the loosest of lives, and who were more given to tavern-haunting and profane swearing than to hymn-singing, prepared for it by solemn acts of devotion. In fact, no insurance company, had life assurance been in fashion

then, would have taken their lives upon any terms. The vessels were sometimes half-decked, or even undecked, and seldom exceeded 100 tons burden. The little Squirrel, in which Sir Humphrey Gilbert went down, was a cockboat of barely ten tons; and when the Christian Cavalier trusted his fortunes to her, he tempted the Providence he glorified in his memorable dying speech. When the crews expected to fight the Spaniards, they were packed together like herrings in a barrel; and when scurvy or more deadly epidemics broke out among them, they died like flies, and were tossed overboard to the sharks. Moreover, they steered away westwards to the unknown, where they had to grope among reefs and sandbanks along a low-lying coast, made doubly dangerous by the absence of harbours. When they sighted land the ominous roar of the Atlantic surge was always sounding in their ears, and they knew that in case of shipwreck, they would fall into the hands of savages. The Puritans who settled New England fled from summary conviction by arbitrary tribunals, and each man of them was prepared to suffer much for liberty of conscience and personal security. But the common seamen on these Virginian voyages served simply for their wages, and signed articles very much for the fun of the thing, or from pure love of perilous adventure. With their reckless dash and their bulldog courage, they proved the best fighting material in the world under the leadership of a Drake or a Grenville. Gates's first expedition of permanent colonists to Virginia consisted of three small ships, carrying some 300 men; but the men, whether they were recruited from the country gentry or the commercial classes, whether

they were rough sea-dogs or sturdy farmers, were of the types that did as much to make the greatness of England as the sagacious statesmanship of Walsingham or the Cecils.

The early American literature gives dramatic and realistic pictures of the perils and sufferings these adventurers had to endure. Their simple narratives are in accordance with probabilities, and we see no reason to believe they exaggerated horrors. In 'The True Repertory of the Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates,' William Strachey gives a graphic account of a storm off the "still-vexed Bermoothes":—

"On St James his day, July 24 (preparing for no less all the black night before), a dreadful storm and hideous began to blow out of the north-east, which swelling and roaring as it were by fits, some hours with more violence than others, at length did beat all light from heaven, which like an hell of darkness turned black upon us, so much the more fuller of horror as in such cases horror and fear use to overrun the troubled and overmastered senses of all, which (taken up with amazement) the ears lay so sensible to the terrible cries and murmurs of the winds and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed and best prepared, was not a little shaken."

Though we have suppressed a sentence here and there, it will be seen that the worthy William is somewhat prolix, and his melodramatic style is slightly redundant. But the terrors of that awful time had evidently made a deep impression on his memory. Phrases that sound like those of a land-lubber are interspersed through nautical language:—

"Our sails, wound up, lay without their use; and if at any time we bore but a Hollocke or half fore-course, to guide her before the sea, six and

sometimes eight men were not enough to hold the whipstaffe in the steerage and the tiller below in the Gunner-room. . . . It could not be said to rain: the waters like whole Rivers did flood in the ayre. And this I did still observe, that whereas upon the Land, when a storm hath poured itself forth once in drifts of rain, the wind, as beaten down and vanquished therewith, not long after endureth—here the glut of water (as if throttling the wind erewhile) was no sooner a little emptied and qualified, but instantly the winds (as having gotten their mouths now free and at liberty) spake more loud and grew more tumultuous and malignant."

They sprang "a mighty leak": the seams almost "spewed out their Okam"; there were five feet of water in the hold before they knew where they were, and "there might be seen master, master's mate, boatswain, &c., and who went about with candles in their hand, creeping a'long the ribs, viewing the sides, and listening in every place if they could hear the water run." They stopped many a "weeping leak" with pieces of beef and anything that came to hand; but the water still flowed up from the bread-room, till the pumps were choked with saturated biscuit. The heavens at noon were black as night; and after dark, spectral lights flitting about the yards and shrouds threw a ghastly glare upon the scene of confusion, and excited the superstitious fears of the seamen. For four days, flinging goods and ordnance overboard, staving in the butts of beer and the hog-heads of wine and oil, they managed to keep the ship afloat, drifting before the wind. The fires in the cook-room were drowned: they were living on raw victuals, and they calculated that they had pumped or baled two thousand tuns of water. On the fourth morning the most sanguine felt

inclined to throw up the sponge. "It wanted little but that there had been a general determination to have shut up hatches, and commending our sinful souls to God, committed the ship to the mercy of the sea. But see the goodness and sweet introduction of better hope by our merciful God given unto us! Sir George Summers, when no man dreamed of such happiness, had discovered and cried 'Land!'" In fact, all the more well-to-do among the first settlers, whether they sought Virginia and Maryland, or the more inclement Northern States, whether Churchmen, Presbyterians, or Independents, were grave-minded and God-fearing folk, with profound conviction that all things were ordered for the best, and a most firm faith in an overruling Providence.

The storm in which Mr Strachey so nearly came to grief was a short though sharp experience. Colonel Norwood, a man of birth and education, and a kinsman of Sir William Berkeley, the Governor of Virginia, relates at greater length his dangers and privations in his tedious and "dolorous voyage" to that colony. He begins his suggestive story at the beginning. He saw seductive posters on the Royal Exchange, advertising the sailing of a leviathan craft of no less than 300 tons, and carrying 30 guns. He struck a bargain with the master of *The Virginia Merchant*, and the terms sound extremely reasonable. He, his friends, and his servants were to be transported to the James River for £6 per head. They took post for the Downs, and awaited the vessel at Deal till their money was wellnigh spent. There were 330 souls on board. Though they cleared the Channel with favouring breezes, long before they

sighted the sea-mark of the Peak of Teneriffe the cooper announced that the water was giving out. So they put into the port of Fyall, where they had a hospitable welcome from the English merchants. They were warned, however, that it would be well to go on board again before night-fall, for the streets were scoured by the Pycaroës, a sort of Portuguese Mohawks, or "land pyrates," who were used to treat strangers uncivilly, snatching away their hats and looser garments. Shipping store of black pigs for fresh meat, and any quantity of peaches for dessert, they shaped a straight course for the Bermudas. All went well till they got into those unlucky latitudes, the breeding-place of gales, hurricanes, and ground-swells, when "all of a sudden" they found themselves among the breakers. They seem to have been exceptionally unfortunate in their crew, for at "this dismal alarm" the mariners, instead of standing to the tiller and the tackle, fell on their knees and shrieked for mercy. "Luckily Mate Putts, a stout seaman," believed that Heaven helps those who help themselves, and shouted for volunteers. "Is there no good fellow that will stand to the helm and loose a sail?" With the first dawn of day they saw the breakers, or "breaches," on every side of them; but by that time the seamen were under command again, and had in some degree recovered their nerve. Perhaps they were more demonstrative than discipline would permit under smart officers of our own time. The ship having grounded and then got clear again, "the seamen (like so many spirits) surveyed each other, as if they doubted the reality of the thing, and shook hands like stran-

gers or men risen from the other world." Shoals of porpoises portended wild weather, and speedily those sinister portents were verified. The top-hamper went with crash after crash, and mighty seas broke over the forecastle. The Colonel and his two comrades "shared liberally in the general consternation." Even Mate Putts, though he was everywhere, and did his duty like a man, was by no means encouraging in his language. For days they had little leisure to eat, and the passengers had no appetite. So it was of the less consequence that the cook-room had been swept away, and that the only means of serving hot messes to the 350 was "by sawing a cask in the middle and filling it with ballast, which made a hearth to parch peas and broil salt beef; nor could this be done but with great attendance, which was many times frustrated by being thrown topsy-turvy in spite of all circumspection, to the great defeat of empty stomachs." All the spars and rigging had gone by the board, save the stump of the foremast; so when the weather lulled it became a question of rigging up jury-masts, and getting the ship under some sort of sail. Crew and captain were inclined to despair, and even Mate Putts had nothing more to suggest, when "Tom Reasin (a friend at need that would not be baffled by any difficulty) showed by his countenance he had a mind to try his skill to bring us out of this unhappy crisis. To encourage him the more, all passengers did promise and subscribe to reward his service in Virginia by tobacco, when God should enable us to do so." The Colonel adds, with quaint cynicism, "the proportions being set down, many were the more generous because they never

thought to see the place of payment."

To cut the Colonel's story short, the voyage lasted for forty days longer, the discomforts increasing in arithmetical progression. The ship from the first had been infested by rats : now they had their revenge on these troublesome rodents, and a full-sized rat fetched sixteen to twenty shillings in open market. They would have been in sore straits for water, had it not been for the steady rainfall. All the Colonel's dreams were of cellars and of taps of old wines and ale running down his throat. And all the time they were drifting back to the eastward, and despondency was turning to despair. At last in a blessed moment the wind shifted, and after days of disappointment and baffled hopes, the colour of the water changed, and they were able to take soundings. "The hopes of touching land was food and raiment to us." But even when they had set foot on shore and returned grateful thanks to the Almighty, they were only beginning another stage of their sufferings. With one or two exceptions only the sick had been landed, and the Colonel had elected to stay with them. Thanks to treachery or some unhappy misunderstanding, to their horror the ship deserted them. After solemn prayer and anxious consultation, the Colonel was put in charge of the forlorn little band, on the understanding that he was to do his best for them. Unless the ship came back, nothing could be more hopeless than the situation. They knew not where they were, and the crippled party was unable to travel. One hut was built for the women : another and a larger one for the men. Fortunately they were fairly well supplied with powder and shot, and so long as the cool wea-

ther lasted, there were plenty of geese and other wild-fowl. But when these migrants passed away, they could only keep body and soul together on sea-weed, roots, and shell-fish. We scarcely recollect a more terribly suggestive or pathetic passage than one which casually occurs in the matter-of-fact chronicle : "About this time, of the three weak women before mentioned, one had the envied happiness to die ; and it was my advice to the survivors, who were following her apace, to endeavour their own preservation, by converting her dead carcass into food, as they did to good effect. The same counsel was embraced by our sex : the living fed upon the dead ; four of our company having the happiness to end their miserable lives on Sunday night." Ultimately they were indebted for their rescue to the disinterested humanity of a band of wandering native fishermen, who literally took the forlorn castaways in and did for them, without coveting, or at least demanding, any of their wretched scraps of property. Afterwards the Colonel made the chief of the fishermen happy by presenting him with an old camlet coat. "The first king I could call to mind," he quaintly remarks, "that had ever showed any inclination to wear my old cloaths." It is interesting, by the way, to note the inflated and exaggerated language in which the early adventurers almost invariably speak of the savages with whom they came in contact. The chief, with no earthly possessions besides his weapons, skin-garments, and war-paint, is styled a king, and sometimes an emperor ; his dusky squaws are his queens or consorts ; his wigwam of poles and boughs is a palace ; and his braves in their breech-clouts are his ministers and nobles. It sounds strange

to hear of one of their feminine majesties hard at work grinding corn for her husband's dinner, and of another queen waiting upon the hungry white men at a state colation of hominy and oysters.

Mr William Wood has a good deal to say of Indian cookery and the contents of Indian larders. He deploras the improvidence of the natives, and their habits of living from hand to mouth, taking no sort of thought for the morrow. Nevertheless, although he condemns their gluttony, he seems to envy their capacity of stowage and phenomenal digestive powers. Borrowing the language of Rabelais, he invites his readers to "feast their eyes with their best belly timbers."

"In winter time they have all manner of fowls of the water and of the land, and beasts of the land and water. In the summer they have all manner of sea-fish, with all kinds of berries. . . . Some of their scullery having dressed these homely cates, present it to their guests, dishing it up in a rude manner, placing it on the verdant carpet of the earth, without either trenchers, napkins, nor knives; upon which their hunger-starved stomachs, impatient of delays, fall aboard, without scrupling at unwashed hands, without bread, salt, or beer: lolling in the Turkish fashion, not ceasing till their full bellies leave nothing but empty platters. . . . They be right infidels—neither caring for the morrow, nor providing for their own families; but as all are fellows at foot-ball, so they all meet at the kettle, saving their wives, that dance a spaniel-like attendance at their backs for their bony fragments."

Those pictures of the lives of the Southern Indian tribes give us the clue to the impulse to steady emigration to the colonies, notwithstanding such sufferings as Norwood and his companions had to endure. They lived in a happy mean

between the inhabitants of Canada and the bleaker Labrador, who had a hard and bitter struggle for existence, and the South Sea Islanders in their tropical natural gardens, with the cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit dropping into their mouths. The Indians of Virginia and Maryland lived in primitive luxury, with merely the enjoyable excitement of hunting and fishing, and the trouble of occasionally scraping the fertile soil to grow a patch of Indian corn. The English gentlemen and farmers found themselves at home there, and to the hard-working peasant or half-starved mechanic it was an earthly paradise. They had no need to carry matters with a high hand, or to fight their way to wealth or comfort like the soldiers of Cortez or Pizarro. The country was sparsely settled: there was ample elbow-room; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, they simply tricked or swindled the innocent aborigines. A handful of brass buttons, some strings of beads, or a glaring suit of raiment, purchased any amount of land-rights, and thereafter the new landowner had his vested rights in the soil. Society of some kind, with an importation of English law and custom, was speedily formed, with a governor and Crown officials at its head; and had it not been for home-sickness the settlers might have been perfectly happy. They had brought their tastes, their habits, and their prejudices along with them. They had their clergy, their liturgy, and their Church services as in the old country. They even indulged in gaiety of well-fancied apparel, although the fashions were a little out of date; and we are told, a very few years after the settlement, how the dames of the capital went abroad bravely rustling in their silks and brocades. Yet the cadets of old Cavalier families, and the sons

of venerable rectory-houses and substantial homesteads of yeomen, must have found themselves slightly *dépaycé* at first in that new and unfamiliar world. They sat down to rough boards that were plentifully spread; but in place of the sirloin and the plum-pudding, they had haunches of forest venison and briskets of bear, with terrapin and bay-oysters and canvas-back ducks by way of delicacies to follow the *pièces de résistance*. In the way of the field-sports in which the English gentleman delighted, there was enough and to spare. But at first, at least, there were no packs of heavy fox-hounds and slow-winded harriers leisurely puzzling out a scent in the familiar coverts and coppices. There were no roughly shorn stubbles with coveys of partridges, or furze-brakes honeycombed with rabbit-burrows. On the other hand, there was deer-stalking and still-shooting in the gloomy silence of interminable woods, and there were fierce hounds to bring the shaggy bears to bay, and to hunt down the wolves which infested the cattle-pens. As a rule, the colonists and the Indians were not on unfriendly terms; but there was always the chance of being ambushed by some hot-tempered red patriot, and shot down as a poacher on his hereditary hunting-grounds. As in the eastern counties of England, there were sedgy meres, that in the season were swarming with water-fowl; but the swamps of Virginia were very different from the fens or broads of Norfolk or Lincoln. The fowler need not penetrate their recesses unless he pleased; but if he chose to go, he did his shooting in the shadow of death, treading at each step over mysterious dangers. He forced his way through luxuriant thickets of tangled reeds, over putrid and pestilential slime. Pois-

onous snakes curled round the roots of the trees, from which they were scarcely to be distinguished. He set his foot on a rough and slippery log, it slipped from beneath him, and lo, it was an alligator! Nor need it be said that those primeval swamps, with their dense growths of foul and fetid vegetation, bred the most deadly fevers and agues. They were dangerous at all hours; but if the sportsman were belated, he was sure to pay the inevitable penalty. As a minor drawback, there were clouds of venomous mosquitoes, and all manner of flies that bit and stung. Fortunately the antidote or the alleviation was near the bane, and many a settler who venerated the memory of Raleigh must have doubly blessed him for discovering the virtues of tobacco. Virginia ran Cuba hard as the tobaccoists' Garden of Eden. In the swamps, as in the mid-day siestas, and in the cooler hours of the listless evenings that succeeded the sultry days, the colonists took to indefatigable smoking, and began to indulge in swinging hammocks, with brimming tankards of sangaree convenient to their elbows.

For, though a fair land and a fertile, it was somewhat enervating. The Virginian colonists kept the courage of their race, and cherished the chivalrous traditions of the English Cavalier and Churchman, but they never developed the indomitable energy of their hardier kinsfolk in New England. There were rich returns for small labour, but the labour was toilsome and exhausting. Even in these latitudes no white man handling the axe and the hoe could stand the noonday heat with impunity. The soil yielded abundant crops with merely superficial cultivation; but when the land was grubbed and cleared, unless it were kept clean, the weeds and the jungle grew

again with semi-tropical rapidity. So the planter, in his calicoes or light gingham, came gradually to content himself with superintending. Slavery became an institution; and besides, there was the accursed system of white field-hands, whether crimped, deluded, or criminal, sent from the old country to the plantations in English bottoms. Many of the enterprising Bristol merchants swelled their fortunes in that most nefarious business. There were strange studies of psychology in the character of these Virginian gentry. Generous, warm-hearted, and hospitable, they kept open house for their friends and neighbours, and on the whole they were good masters to the blacks, whom they treated with capricious kindness. Yet, from force of custom, they learned to look on unmoved at the many lamentable life-tragedies being enacted under their very eyes. There were Englishmen being hardened in vice, though restrained from opportunities for flagrant crime. There were Englishmen, more the victims of misfortune than sin, parted from home and friends, perhaps from wife or sweetheart, pining away in home-sickness, prostrated by fever, racked with agues, wanting the comforts which were necessities in that climate, and looking down a long vista of unmitigated gloom to the death they were eager to welcome as a deliverer. So, with a ruling class moulded by the circumstances of their new conditions of existence, but still retaining the tastes and traditions and many of the sterling qualities of their English ancestors, the foundations were laid of the Southern Slave States.

The settlement of New England was carried out by other men, who were actuated by other motives.

In the main, it was a religious movement: the exodus of stubborn Nonconformists, who had been persecuted for their faith, and who had crossed the ocean to establish Churches of their own, beyond the interference of latitudinarian Pharaohs. They were content to accept charters from the Crown, to keep up their connection with the mother country which had cast them forth, and to assure their position as far as possible by constitutional guarantees. But they went out in the spirit of the Hebrews, with the consciousness of a divine mission. A modern Canaan had been given them on certain conditions: they were either to convert the heathen, which was eminently improbable, or to smite them hip and thigh. To do them justice, they were as severe to themselves as to those aboriginal aliens. They held theoretically that any breach of the Church's code was sure to be visited by some signal manifestation of the divine wrath, and that worldly prosperity was bound up with obedience to their preachers and teachers. For their ministers were the priests of the Calvinistic dispensation, and the interpreters of the oracles of the Most High. As uncompromising Calvinists, they were consequently fatalists, and they faced difficulties and dangers with gloomy but unflinching resolution. That race of men of iron was bound to succeed, when their courage was exalted by profound religious convictions. And their firm enthusiasm was tempered in successive generations by the hard struggle for success and the severity of the long winters. The New Englander, familiarly known as the Yankee, has fallen into bad habits. He bolts his unwholesome food; in his keenness for business and his gluttony for

work he ignores the necessity for play and recreation: he is so busy amassing treasure in this world, that, unlike the most earnest of his Puritan ancestors, he is apt to forget to make provision for the world to come. Scorching summers and cold winters and dyspepsia have shrivelled up the robust English *physique*; and, moreover, the original strain has been freely crossed by infusions of the Celt and the Teuton. But he is still the incarnation of wiry energy; and although he detests all war as an interruption to business, he is about the last man anybody would care to quarrel with.

Though the Land of Promise was colonised by the Puritans, it had been previously surveyed, so far as its borders or coast-line went, by the professional explorer. Captain John Smith, born at Wiltoughby in Lincoln, had done good service in Virginia. Like many of his contemporaries, he had been an amphibious adventurer, and his career, even for these times, had been singularly romantic. He had fought the Turks in the Levant and on the lower Danube. With his talents and energy, his fortunes should have been more prosperous; but the age was one when the aristocracy was in the ascendant, and Smith had the misfortune to be of humble birth. In any case, he headed a fishing expedition in 1614, from the Potomac to the unknown shores of New England; and in his capacity of chartographer he made a voyage of discovery in an open boat from Penobscot to the fog-enveloped headland of Cape Cod. Unlike the spies sent from the wilderness of Sinai into Palestine, there can be no doubt that his glowing and over-coloured reports of a good land did much to direct and stimulate the exodus from England.

Here are some sentences from what he wrote in his 'Description of New England,' published in 1616:—

"Worthy is that person to starve that heere cannot live, if he have sense, strength, and health; for there is no such penury of these blessings in any place, but that a hundred men may in one houre or two make their provisions for 'a day; and he that hath experience to manage well these affaires, with fortie or thirtie honest and industrious men might well undertake to subject the salvages, and feed daily two or three hundred men, with as good corn, fish, and flesh as the earthe hath of those kinde. Who can desire more content that hath small meanes, or but only his merit to advance his fortune, than to tread and plant that ground he hath purchased by the hazard of his life!"

All these reports or prospectuses of the primitive exploring promoter have a strong sanctimonious flavour. We do worthy Captain Smith no injustice if we assume that a man of his antecedents was far removed from a saint. But he goes on, "If he have any grain of Faith or zeal in Religion what can he doe lesse hurtfull to any, or more agreeable to God, than to seek to convert those poore Salvages to know Christand Humanitie, whose labours with discretion"—and there is the point of his argument—"will triple requite thy charge and pains?" And the eloquent peroration is a stirring appeal to the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and give themselves over to dicing and drabbing and dissipation in general. How much better and happier than their vain or vicious pursuits is the free and healthy life of the wilderness! Finally, and by way of postscript, he falls back upon some facts and figures: "Is it not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence or twelve pence,

as fast as you can hale and veare a line? He is a very bad fisher who cannot kill in one day, with his hook and line, one, two, or three hundred cods," which even with that profusion and on the spot will fetch ten shillings per hundred.

It was Smith who gave the country the name of New England; and he came home, after his daring survey, to sing its praises and to stump Old England for contributions to his schemes of colonisation. He made light of the various dangers to be encountered. There were the storms and the tremendous waves of the Atlantic: there were pirates who infested the western waters, and there were French cruisers from La Rochelle in the narrow seas. There were the savages to boot, to say nothing of the wild beasts. But there were Englishmen to whom the dangers were actually attractive, and there were others whose situation was becoming intolerable, owing to grave differences with the Church and the Crown. Perhaps King James, in his shrewd statecraft, was not sorry to get rid of those perverse sectarians and troublesome Radicals. Whatever came of the enterprise, he could scarcely fail to gain. So it was in 1620 that he munificently bestowed on the apostolic number of forty men the patent that gave them about a third of North America. The right was invalidated when the country was thrown open to all by the expansion of the liberated Republic. In the meantime, when the Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower* came to their moorings in what was to be Plymouth Harbour, they had no suspicion of the riches of which they were possessed. They had the reversion of the fertile soil on which all future crops were to be grown, between

their port of Boston and the Golden Gates of San Francisco. They owned, if they could get at them, the innumerable herds of wild bison which ranged the boundless prairies to the west of the Mississippi. They had any quantity of valuable furs—and even then the sable, the ermine, and the beaver fetched fancy prices in European capitals—if they could only trap and strip the wearers. They had all the coal and iron and petroleum in Pennsylvania; they had the inexhaustible copper deposits to the south of Lake Superior, the silver of the Sierra Nevada, and the gold of California. Phenomenally rich in reversion, had they only known it, their possessions in the meantime were of as little service to them as the doubloons which Robinson Crusoe scarcely cared to fetch away from the wreck. In the depth of an exceptionally bitter winter, the forlorn little band stepped ashore at Plymouth, with their clothes, their weapons, their axes, some rude agricultural implements, and the scanty remains of their sea-stores. They might well have prayed that their flight should not be in the winter, for the cold was intense, and they were enveloped in fogs that bred rheumatism with home-sickness, and chilled them to the marrow. They had rigged up sails by way of covering on the narrow strip of shelving beach between the surge of the Atlantic and the gloom of the forest. In moments of depression, when left to Satan and themselves, they heartily cursed Captain Smith and his delusive reports. In 'Bradford and Winslow's Journal,' printed in London in 1622, there is a vivid and thrilling account of their first experiences ashore. They had landed their shallop and set to work to

repair her. Sixteen men were selected to search out the land, each of them equipped with sword, musket, and corselet, under the command of Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth, with whom were joined as counsellors, Bradford and two others. Though the corselet was indispensable when ambushes and flights of arrows might be expected at any moment, it must have been cold and cumbersome wear in working in winter time through the virgin forests. The very first day they saw some Indians, but the savages whistled in their dogs and took to flight at their approach. After a cheerless bivouac and an anxious night-watch, they started again. The thorny bushes tore their "very armour in pieces"; they failed to find any fresh water, which seems strange; and as they had only biscuits and Dutch cheese, and one small bottle of aqua vitæ, they were sore athirst. At last they came to an Elam in the wilderness, and drank their fill of New England water at a bubbling fountain, to the infinite refreshment of body and spirit. They were further cheered by the sight of wild vines and trailing saxifras, and still more by a clearing of fifty acres fit for the plough. Further on, they came upon signs of habitation and cultivation. They found what they fancied to be graves, which they hesitated to desecrate; and new stubble and many walnut-trees full of nuts, and great store of strawberries. The store of strawberries towards the beginning of December sounds surprising. There was a kettle, which had been a ship's kettle, and evidently brought out of Europe. Moreover, they broke into a subterranean granary in a newly turned sand-heap, and loaded themselves with as much

of the corn as they could conveniently carry. The next day they saw deer, and partridges, and great plenty of wild-fowl; so altogether, when they turned to go back their minds were relieved from apprehensions of starvation. As for the corn they had taken, they salved their consciences by promising to make large satisfaction when they should meet any of the inhabitants of that place.

As might have been expected, however, in the absence of explanations and an interpreter, the savages objected to the spoiling of their goods. The second foraging and exploring expedition, which came off in the second week of December, ended in a hostile encounter. The explorers had been cheered by the sight of sundry grampuses lying dead on the beach, fleshed like swine, with two inches of fat, and promising ample supplies of oil for the long winter nights. They had followed a forest track to an Indian settlement, where, "Anon, we found a great burying-place, one part whereof was encompassed with a large palisado, like a churchyard with young spires, four or five yards long, set as close one by another as they could." They also came on some roofless houses, which they rummaged without finding anything very valuable. No doubt the natives had been watching these proceedings. Anyhow, the Englishmen were roused from their bivouac on the beach at midnight by a great and hideous cry. "Our sentinels called, 'Arm! arm!' So we bestirred ourselves, and shot off a couple of muskets, and the noise ceased. We concluded it was a company of wolves and foxes, for one told us he had heard such a noise in Newfoundland." Whether that was

a false alarm or no, next morning the Indians came whooping down upon them.

"One of our company being abroad, came running in, and cried, 'They are men! Indians! Indians!' and withal their arrows came flying among us. Our men ran out with all speed to recover their arms, as, with the good providence of God, they did. In the meantime Captain Miles Standish, having a snaphammer, made a shot, and after him another. . . . The cry of our enemies was dreadful, especially when our men ran out to recover their arms. Their note was after this manner, 'Woach, woach, ha ha hach, woach.' . . . There was a lusty man, and no whit less valiant, who was thought to be their captain, stood behind a tree within half a musket-shot of us, and there let his arrows fly at us. He was seen to shoot these arrows, which were all avoided. He stood three shots of a musket. At length one took, as he said, full aim at him; after which he gave an extraordinary cry, and away they went all. We followed them about a quarter of a mile, then we shouted all together

two several times, and shot off a couple of muskets, and so returned. This we did that they might see we were not afraid of them nor discouraged. Thus it pleased God to vanquish our enemies and give us deliverance."

By the special providence of God, none of the party were hurt or even hit, though some coats hung up on the barricade suffered severely. Eighteen of the arrows, —some of them tipped with eagles' claws, of all things, which may partly explain the providential escapes—were sent home to England as spoils of victory, and the scene of the skirmish was commemorated in colonial annals by the name of The First Encounter. The second part of 'Bradford and Winslow's Journal' opens a fresh chapter of colonial history with the landing of the Pilgrims, their settlement at Plymouth, and a sketch of the constitutional forms under which they chose to govern themselves.

A COUNTRY TOWN.

THE country town has long been a happy hunting-ground for the writer of fiction. The idiosyncrasies of provincial society have furnished him again, and yet again, with material upon which to exercise his skill. Who, even among casual readers of fiction, is not familiar with the "county family," the wealthy upstart struggling for admission within the exclusive pale, the reduced gentleman who clings to his dignity and his pride, the professional element, the military, the aspiring tradesman? We know them all.

They belong to a past generation, but their descendants are with us still—and likely to remain. There is no doubt that provincial society, considered as a study, is one of peculiar and varied interest. Its leisurely practice of the virtues and weaknesses common to humanity is fraught with lessons for the student of human nature; and it is not to be wondered at that he loves to return again and again to its contemplation. There is no sort of ambiguity about the place each individual is assigned in the social circles of provincial life; and the laws which govern it are unalterable. Mary Jane in the kitchen is not more rigidly kept in her place than the representatives of each social circle in theirs. Shall we draw a picture, for which, if not wholly imaginary, most readers shall be able to find a parallel? It is a very old town, grey with the mists and memories of centuries—a town of distinctly aristocratic and dignified characteristics, which become it well, as dignity and repose of mien befit, in human beings, honoured age.

It is rich in associations, before which mushroom cities of later date must hide their diminished heads. Its old gateways are hoary with history; its quaint gables and brooding eaves hide a nation's tragedy and comedy in their deep shadows. Ah! if these old stones could cry out, could lift the veil of the buried past, would we of later days not listen in wonder and amaze?

It is girt about in its green highways by many ancestral homes, lovely in themselves, lovelier still in their traditions and memories of long ago. We are not democratic enough to be ashamed of our reverence for these family heritages, our respect for the old names which history has known. We can look upon the couchant lion guarding "the old stone gates" without being seized with a fierce desire to hurl it to the ground. We can regard the cushioned and curtained pew in the old church without yearning to tear away its trappings and leave it naked and bare. We have not advanced with the times, you say. Well, well, if the new times are to destroy the old landmarks, and give in exchange a dead level in which memory and romance have no place, long may they be in abeyance, is the Bohemian's prayer. The glamour of the past is with us still, and there is a pathos and a beauty in these grey battlements and ivy-clad towers which we would not exchange for all the modern improvements in the world.

We cheerfully accord to our aristocratic neighbours the privilege of being exclusive, of keeping themselves quite apart if so minded:

they have a right to be proud of their old name, especially when it is wreathed with the laurels of a country's gratitude. But in the main we find that the lion guards a simplicity of life and manners, an unaffected disposition, and a kindliness of heart, which some richer neighbours might well envy and emulate. Not very far from "the old stone gates" resides the impoverished scion of a remote branch of some great family, whose glory and magnificence cast a pale reflex on that depressed and pinched abode, upon which the plebeian sun dare not shine. The slighter the claim to exclusiveness, the greater the pretensions. Our scion is so far removed from the unknown great family as to be scarcely connected at all, yet the shadowy link is never for a moment lost sight of. There is a pathos about that unreal pretentious life which moves us to compassion. Its narrowness, its fearful shrinking from plebeian contamination, its constant hugging of its starved and miserable pride to its breast, is death to the soul. Oh for a "waff" of generous wind to blow these miserable and false notions away! a gleam of bright bold sunshine to lighten up that dismal soul and show it the meaning of life!

Some distance removed from the "scion's" abode, we arrive at the habitation of a representative of the aristocracy of wealth. Shall we step in? The entrance is most imposing, but the young limes which guard either side of the approach are not yet leafy enough to afford much shelter. Nevertheless, up we go. It is a fine mansion, built in the old baronial style—a century hence it will compare favourably, we believe, with the old home we have so lately seen. Meantime, however, it is new, very

new; it is the perfect embodiment in every particular of "modern improvements." It has great plate-glass windows in massive frames, and the hall is shut off from the inner precincts by a screen of painted glass in the very newest style. Yes, it is lovely; and the foot sinks in every step across the rich carpet, while the eye is rested and refreshed by the wealth of greenery, and by the subdued feeling everywhere. It is all exquisite, the blending of colour and harmony of taste irreproachable. There is a fortune on the walls; the best that literature, past and present, has to give, line the book-shelves; the music-room gives evidence that the great composers are known and loved. The aristocracy of wealth is a patron of the fine arts. Shall we pause to ask whether its cultured tastes are marred by purse-proud arrogance, by the assumption of a great position without grace to adorn it, by contempt for what is poor and costs little? No, no; let us rather believe that that beautiful house is the casket for as beautiful a soul; let us pass on.

What have we now? How can that modest rose-covered cottage have the audacity to rear its head with quiet pride so near to the great gates of the aristocracy of wealth?

The little wicket, which creaks on its hinges as it opens to admit us, guards what our novelist would undoubtedly call an old-fashioned garden. The little lawns are smooth and green, and the narrow paths among the flower-beds trim and neat. But the flowers themselves grow in wild and luxuriant confusion; the tall hollyhocks, white and pink and yellow, looking down from their stately height on the modest daisy and the shy violet; mignonnette and peppermint and

the fragrant balsam giving their sweets to the air, and roses everywhere. See them peeping in at the low casement yonder, which is open; and we draw back a little as we catch the flutter of a ribbon and the gleam of a silver curl. But we need not go, for the mistress of the cottage is genial and unostentatious, and of hospitable soul.

She is our old maid; and we would that there were many such in each community — provincial and otherwise — to leaven the whole mass of its society. Our old maid is a gentlewoman of the most perfect and gracious type, though she makes no pretensions to the title. She has no pretensions to anything, dear heart, but to be useful and kindly, and to shed some sunshine about her, as she takes her little journey in the world. We do not know whether she has even a romance to make her interesting; to us she is interesting in her own sweet personality, although it may be that that old romance has had its part in the work of perfecting the whole. She is a clergyman's daughter, and she was a governess in her youth; and yet the sober and elegant equipage, which you can see any day rolling through the old stone gates, very often stands for a long time before the humble wicket of the cottage. And the old maid is a welcome guest in that stately home, where she is made much of and treated with the most delicate honour, greatly to the mystification of our friends in the new baronial pile. Perhaps they do not yet quite understand nor appreciate the true gentlehood which thinks no shame of what the world calls common and unclean. There is no doubt, we think, that the old maid, who has to count her sixpences and turn her gowns, is happier, on the whole, than her grand

neighbours, whose prancing horses rush down between the limes in a manner calculated to convince the beholder that they are real "thorough-breds."

, And now we come to a big substantial family house, with no nonsense or pretension about it, — the parish manse.

There is nothing for us to muse over here, unless it be the baby-carriage at the door, or the wickets driven into the green lawn, or the fat puppy trying to digest the remains of a cricket-cap purloined from the hall. A delightful family house, full of boys and girls, healthy and happy, and brimful of animal spirits. Such is the parish manse, the centre of perhaps the happiest social life of our country town. Long may it so continue to bless us all!

A little farther down the familiar road and we come to the new villa, strictly genteel, built on the most approved plan, its oriel windows exactly corresponding on either side of the door, and its front garden arranged in a very neat pattern. It is perfectly immaculate — its exterior so overpoweringly respectable, indeed, that the Bohemian hesitates to enter. No muddy puppies rolling on these nicely whitened steps, no shreds of cricket-caps here, if you please; no handfuls of wild flowers disfiguring the smooth turf or the rolled gravel. No, no! There is an attic chamber with a window in the roof, where the sun peeps in once a-day in a hesitating kind of way, and there you will find the children playing with the utmost propriety, and very careful about their lace pinafores and their curled hair. It is a huge house; it has lofty and well-ventilated rooms, furnished with due regard to conventionality; yet it is at best but a fearful pleasure to its owners,

though it is the legitimate fruits of their toil. As such, we suppose, it is entitled to a certain respect; but were they not happier, think you, down yonder in the roomy shabby old flat above the shop in the High Street, where nothing was too good for use, and where the children could play "cattie and doggie" or blindman's-buff in every corner? Then, they had many familiar friends, many kindly neighbours, who dropped in without ceremony for a chat of an evening; but now they dwell in solitary state, for have they not become genteel, and dare they forget, even for a moment, the dignity required of the inmates of The Elms? Where are The Elms, did you ask? Oh, nowhere; the title, like some other titles, is by courtesy alone. The Elms, we fear, will have a hard struggle to push themselves into the exclusive society of the green highways. Of course they do not aspire to the old stone gates, nor to the baronial pile, nor even to the dingy reception-rooms of the scion; but they distinctly despise the old maid, because her gowns are so shabby, and her weekly bill at the shop so very, very modest. The old maid, however, unconscious of this contempt, talks very pleasantly to Mrs Elms when they meet, and wonders a little what has changed her so. She used to be so bright and cheery when she served in the shop. Where, then, are the Elms to get their society? Let them struggle on. By dint of hard pushing, and perhaps a little bribery, they may secure themselves a niche somewhere: let us hope they may be happy then!

Here is another interesting house, so far as we can judge from its exterior. It, too, is old and rambling and irregular, with odd gables and turrets where you

would least expect to see them. In it abides the doctor—the doctor, though there are others in the town, and he has long retired from practice. He is a bachelor, and quite old. On fine days you may see him sauntering along the highways, with his white muffler about his neck, and his gold-headed stick, which he brings down firmly to the ground with every step. He has rather a stern cast of features; but his sharp eyes can twinkle too, and his grave mouth take on a kindly curve. There are not many houses in the highway honoured by a call from the doctor. Of course he would be welcome in any or all of them; but there is nothing congenial to his taste in the genteel villa, and even the baronial pile wearies him. Sometimes, however, his neat brougham is driven sedately through the old stone gates, and he dines at the great house, an ever-welcome guest. For who so entertaining or talkative as the doctor when he has dined well and finds himself in genial company? He has many thrilling stories of his army life in India, where he saw active service. The choicest bits in his repertoire are reserved for that pleasant dinner-table and for the old maid. Yes, they are old, old friends; and very often the doctor pauses at the creaking wicket, and steps up to the low doorway of the cottage. Then you may see the two sitting by the open window, and, if you are near enough, can catch the sweet echo of the old maid's laugh. They have much in common, to be sure. Both are old, both are without kin, and both look at life from the same standpoint. They have passed through it without leaving faith or hope behind, and so for them age is full of sunshine and peace.



But now we must leave the green highway and turn down the slope to the little town. There may be some bits to interest us in the quaint old street, with its wide market-place, its weather-stained cross, and its grey court-house with the shallow steps, the mullioned windows, and the vane creaking in the wind. It is not so old-fashioned and so quaint as we remember it; for here, as in other places, the ancient landmarks are disappearing and modern improvements taking their place. We remember at this very corner a yellow rambling house, with an outside staircase, and a sloping red roof which overhung the narrow little windows and made a pleasant shade from the noon sun, which shines always so brightly here. But it is gone, and in its place we have a big glaring brand-new stone tenement, with plenty of glass to exhibit to the best advantage the goods of the "Co-operative Boot Factory." Standing just opposite the fine old court-house, the boot factory strikes us as incongruous; but we are Bohemian and old-fashioned, and do not appreciate modern improvements. They are improving our country town off the face of the earth. The trees yonder, whose green boughs bend over the court-house roof, are doomed, because the space they occupy has been feued for a four-storey tenement for workmen's houses. The very churches, which used to be sober and grey in hue, and so harmonised with the prevailing tints of the old town, have had new fronts put upon them, to be in the mode. Perhaps they will seek to turn the course of the river by-and-by, and sweep away the quaintly arched bridge, which is perhaps

the most picturesque bit of the old town.

Well, well, it is the march of progress; and as our country town increases in prosperity and becomes more in touch with the city, the old landmarks must go. But there may be compensations. Contact with the outer world must cause an influx of more generous life, which will mellow old prejudices, broaden narrow channels, leaven our provincial society with sympathy and brotherly love. Perhaps in time the number of circles will be reduced, and our social life become a larger, kindlier, more human thing.

But, for us, we love our country town as it is. It does not greatly exercise us that the baronial pile passes by in scorn our humble abode, or that the scion would not share his pew with us in church. The petty jealousies and heartburnings, the poor rivalry, the striving after position, affect the Bohemian not at all. Like the weathercock on the vane yonder, he serenely watches all weathers, and is but little affected by any. His ambition is not to give the finest dinners, nor to have his annual tea-party talked of for weeks as the great event of a certain season. He has no horse-flesh to trot out for the neighbours' delectation, nor even a genteel villa to conduct on the most improved plan of housekeeping; but he has a den which looks out upon a green park and waving tree-tops (not his own, but the dwellers within the old stone gates do not grudge him his outlook), and in his den, surrounded by his books, his faithful dog at his feet, and, it may be, his dear companion to tease him at his work, he is as happy as a king.

ANNIE S. SWAN.

A BLACK STAG IN MONAR.

A NOTE ON STALKING.

LONG ago—before the breech-loader or percussion-cap or flint-lock were invented—perhaps even before the old monk discovered gunpowder—there lived a sporting race of men in the middle of Ross-shire. From their high hills—thirty miles above Beaulieu—they looked out over the north of Scotland. They could see Skye and her islands, the great array of peaks which fade away into Caithness, the Black Isle—black then in reality with its woods—and the fair low country which is washed by the Moray Firth; while to the south their keen eyes would carry them to the Grampians, and to the hills which stand up about Kingussie. What were their marches we do not know, or even what was their clan,¹ but of two things we are sure,—that in what is now the forest of Monar² they hunted deer with dogs, while one of their chiefs, “Tomas” to name, sat in state on a rock at the end of a great glen to watch the sport; and that in a pass in the same forest they shot deer with bows and arrows. In long ago days the names were given by those who took part in the actions, and tradition has carefully handed them down to our own time.

Nothing perhaps strikes south-country people more than by finding that in a wild district, almost destitute of inhabitants, not only every hill, but nearly every prominent feature on the hill has its name. Where the oak-forest stood and acorns were plentiful was the “home of the pig”; the cliff where the eagles built, the corrie from which the grey wolves issued forth to work evil, the crags where the fierce wild-cat lived—and still lives,—were naturally called after their chief tenants. Other spots in the wilderness acquired a name from some feat of arms, some long struggle or desperate leap; and others again from some homely incident, the relating of which would be more befitting the old Vicar of Meudon than a nineteenth-century sportsman. In popular estimation Gaelic is an unmelodious language. But if you stand on the top of Spiegan or Ben Tharsin and listen to the names of the hills round, you will see that some of them are full of music. Auchnashellach and Strathconan and Glencalvie, Corriemoullie and Strathvaich, Strathrannoch and Inchbae, Deanich and Alladale, Benmore and Ben Wyvis, Diebidale and Dundonnel, Fannich

¹ Probably Mackenzie.

² The antiquity of this forest is shown by the following passage, quoted by Fittis from Anderson's ‘Guide to the Highlands’: “During the time of the Commonwealth a grand stag-hunt took place in the forest of Monar, in Glen Strathfarrar, Inverness-shire, conducted by the Earl of Seaforth, and the Master and tutor of Lovat. This was in 1655. The party, says a manuscript of the period, ‘got sight of six or seven hundred deers, and sport of hunting’ for four days, ‘fitter for kings than country gentlemen’; and ‘two Englishmen who were in company declared that in all their travels they never had such brave divertisement; and if they should relate it in England, it would be considered mere rant and incredible.’”



and Inverlael, Gildermorie and Kinlochluichart and Rhidorroch, Torridon and Affarie, Glenstrathfarrar and Glencannich,—all these are the names of deer-forests; and all these forests and many more can be seen on a clear day from any of the high hills in Monar by slowly turning round.

It is long since the old chief Tomas climbed down from his seat on the shoulder of Ben Tharsin at the head of Strathmore. I should like to know if his last day's sport there was a good one; if things went well with him, and his long-legged dogs pulled down their quarry. And dearly should I have liked to climb up the steep green side of Sgurr na Chonmheare, (the hill of the merry dogs), and, hiding behind some big grey stone, watch in the "Bowman's Pass" and see what sort of work those keen old hunters did with their queer weapons. More is it likely that it is *we* who are watched, and that the spirits of those ancient inhabitants of the mountains follow *us* over the ground they once knew so well. Who shall say that when some curious twist carries the fairly blowing wind to the deer, or when a grey shroud of mist settles down on the hills, blotting them out, and making useless the keenest glass, that it is not Tomas and his clan stretching out the arms of protection to their old enemies on the hills? And when a bullet goes aside, when it just misses the stag, and sings mournfully into the black glen two thousand feet below, who shall say that it is always the holder of the rifle who is to blame? If such things are, then were these workers of mischief out in full force one day in the beginning of October in the year of grace 1890.

On a stormy afternoon towards the end of the stalking season of that year, three men were working down the face of a high hill in Monar, one of whom was the writer of this account.

The weather had been very bad for some days. We used to try and comfort ourselves by thinking that it was so bad that it must soon get better; but it is hard to exhaust the supply of rain in the North, and—what is worse than rain when stalking—mist. Loch Monar rose to a height only seen once before in man's memory. Its waters went down to swell the angry Beaully, and before they reached the sea worked much evil: bridges and roads were swept away, and many a stack of good corn and painfully gathered hay were carried into the firth; while the larger burns in the forest became quite impassable—not to be crossed by the strongest pony. A good part of several days was spent in the scanty shelter of an old sheep-fank wall: we used to take up our position at this fank by nine o'clock or before—a disconsolate little army of six. The owner of the forest—a man no longer young, but well able to show the majority of ambitious stalkers both how to walk on his steep hills and how to use a rifle—had just gone down; but one of his sons was up at this west end, and on bad days he and I bivouacked together here for the sake of company till we saw what the day was going to turn to. Sometimes we had a four or five hours' sit—a lowering blackness to the windward, a heavy rain overhead, and a driving mist, now cutting out the hills altogether, and now showing a few patches of sombre brown or grey. Smoking and growling at the

er were our only resources—indeed, eating lunch before o'clock, for want of something to do, can be called one. Men, sitting in a row under a dripping wall, prophesied that it would soon clear, or that it would get worse, according to their various temperaments; and the ponies the meanwhile grazed idly round, no doubt contentedly in their shaggy minds that the weather would only continue as it was, they would go lightly to bed that night. Nothing is more common in a forest than this waiting. Hour after hour passes away, and it is impossible to use a glass. And then there came out of the mist, which reaches almost to the trees, a sullen roar. At this time there are many stags about. If it would clear, you would be assured to get a shot within a few hours after leaving the forest—perhaps in a good deal less. If you are tempted to go on just to your fortune, it is ten to one that you do nothing but

The deer see you blundering in the gloom long before they see them; your natural timidity—hideousness is greatly excited by the veil of mist in which you move, and they take measures accordingly. But there is one consolation to be had when it *does* clear, you are not so handicapped. Grouse get so roachable in bad weather, that by driving; rabbits decline to come out, and it is sad work crash through cover after any sort of game. But when the hills in the mist clear, you may go on your rejoicing. You are bound to get wet on the driest day; and there should be a few pints of water to wring out of your clothes when you get home, is not a matter of moment.

Sooner or later the sky would lighten a bit, and the mist rise, and then my tall companion would get his men together and be off to his beat, leaving me to mine. On these days I could tell to a certain extent what he did before I met him at night, for the ponies were left at the fank till wanted, and by turning a glass in that direction now and then I could see if both were there, or if one had been signalled away—the latter event showing a stag had been killed.

To return then to our small party on the hillside. Below us were some deer, feeding in a quiet hollow on the steep slope; the master of this company was a large stag, black almost as a coal with rolling about in the peat-mosses, and it was of course our object to get possession of him. The stalk was not a very difficult one, but we had at times to move in sight of the deer, and as there were many hinds about, the slipping down had to be done carefully and honestly, the last word meaning that we had to take the ground as it came. If it was fairly dry and hard, so much the better; if it was soft and black, or had some inches of water running over it, we had to take that too. This writer has been guilty of many faults when stalking: he has often missed a stag when he ought to have killed it, and may now and then—though this not very often—have lost a chance through some clumsy movement, or by dislodging a stone, but never by any fear of wetting any part of him on the very wettest hill. Often when crawling in full sight of deer, when some movement among them has made a stalker uneasy, I have seen his grave anxious face turned slowly round to see if the middle man was



doing his duty, and I am thankful to think that in this respect at least I have never been found wanting. Some shirk this wet abominably: you will see a great long-legged man crawling along with his head nearly on the ground, and his legs on the ground, and his great body all humped up three feet in the air—a sight disgusting to the deer and to all beholders.

Perhaps the most exciting moment in a stalk is when the rifle is being slipped out of its cover—the moment preparatory to getting into a position to use it. Sometimes both motions have to be performed very quickly. The deer are alarmed, and are moving before you have the safety-catches back and the rifle cocked, and often they are out of sight, round some knoll or shoulder, and your getting a shot at all depends on your wind and speed of foot. It is off now with all the care and caution which have been pressing on you for perhaps some hours. For half the day you may have been crawling and creeping, if not near your own deer, near others which you dared not disturb. You get at last within a couple of hundred yards of your stag, and then are stopped—some hind or calf is in the way, and you must wait till they get out of sight. So you wait: you are wet, and soon get cold; you are cramped; you are lying in a pool of water more than 2000 feet above the sea, and the wind which blows through you has touched nothing warmer than an iceberg or a polar bear since it started from the feet of the “White Lady” of the north. The hind moves at last, and you try to cover fifty yards more, all that the ground will allow you. *It is a slow painful descent—a*

rigid slipping down the hill-face: when a shaggy one looks up you stiffen into marble—of a very dingy hue. You feel as men felt in the agonies of old time photography—afraid to blink.

But now you may stand up again as a man: your crawling is over; craft and patience and indifference to cold water and sharp rocks give way to racing, and any weak place in the soundness of your wind and sureness of your foot will be quickly found out. When a man rises up after such a wait as I have described, and gets over the momentary stiffness, he feels as if he could go for ever. When deer are disturbed and shifted from their position, a stalker who understands their ways, and is intimately acquainted with the ground, will have a good idea as to the line they will take. He knows how the wind is blowing at a favourite pass, perhaps a mile away, perhaps three or four, and if he and his party can reach it before they do, there will be a good chance of getting a second shot. It becomes a race against time, and such a race is a severe test of wind and endurance. The deer are on one side of a mountain, and you are on the other, and there is no need of caution. So you toil along the hillside, ever striving upwards; on short slippery grass, over rough weather-worn stones, till you get into the region where snow begins to lie in patches, and the grass has turned to stunted heather, and blueberry creeping over the ground. Great hares suddenly appear in sight, lobbing along, alarmed at the unwonted sight of man, and ptarmigan get up with short pigeon-like flight, and settle again close at hand. With hearts throbbing like small engines, and perspiration

g down their faces, the men
o get on, ever tormented by
hought that the deer will
at the tryst first. They
do: the reward of such a
often merely a back view
n, cantering along with the
airy pitch which none but
and antelopes possess.

the present case, however, a
un was not necessary: the
was blowing up the moun-
nd we got within a fair dis-
of the stag. He stood there,
ver a hundred yards off,
r than ever, bigger than
o the eye, quite unconscious
here was danger near—such
as a man should never miss.
will, I suppose, never be
why the bullet that was
et loose did not do its part:
a good honest bullet; it
driven out of a first-class

by 4½ drams of strong
r. Could it have been those
pipes smoked at the fank?
it the light? the wet fore-
? the not quite comfortable
on, which was to blame?
who shall say? So long as
nd deer exist together such
s will accompany them; be-
in—a little—by the man
ires; a little—but less—by
alker; hardly at all by the
who expects to see every
hat is fired at killed. For
rt I give none of these things
iscredit of the miss, for all
ong I had been conscious
here had stood by my side
hing—shadowy, malignant—
at critical moments had in-
ed and done me harm. How
as it that my first stag at
ck above the lodge had stood
whilst I—almost vertically
him—had fired three shots
m,—and then gone off un-
ed? How was it else that

the next stag at the wrong moment
had just moved enough to get the
bullet in the body instead of the
shoulder, and was able to travel a
little faster than we were, and
hide himself in some hole on a
rough hillside? And now the
same agency was at work—the
unseen hand was again stretched
forth, and the ball which should
have struck the black stag in the
shoulder broke a hind-leg above
the hock.

The deer fell at the shock, but
at once recovered himself, and
then began a wild chase: a dog
would soon have put him into
some burn; but we had no dog
with us that day, and we had to
depend on ourselves alone. One
ignorant of deer and their ways
would not think that it was a very
hard task for three men and a
rifle to capture a stag with only
three legs; but if he were to make
the trial he would soon find out
his mistake. A stag with a fore-
leg broken will not only often beat
any number of men, but sometimes
a good dog. I have seen such a
one—the injured limb swinging
like a broken branch—some hours
after he was shot, join in with a
couple of hundred deer, and when
the confused mass got a little
separated and into line, the stag
that was leading by a hundred
yards was the wounded deer.
What is more, such a wound will
heal, and the animal ultimately be
little the worse for it. In the
forest and on the moor there is a
mighty doctor, before whom the
greatest physicians and surgeons
in the world must bow down.
Nature, acting in a pure air on an
absolutely healthy subject, will
work wonderful cures. It seems
marvellous that a limb so broken,
of an animal so restless as a stag,
should heal, but it is the case.

Damp is the Gaelic for stag, and *dubh* is black, and for the next few hours the two words were often in use. If a man wishes to pronounce the first, he had better consult a phonetic dictionary, and he must, moreover, be careful that he does not dislocate his jaw. Then we began the long stern-chase which a deer so wounded always gives. What stalker does not know what this means? the wild racing at first, when there is a hope of cutting him off and getting a near shot; the collapse to the ground when, suddenly coming in sight of him, he is a hundred and fifty yards off, going still—end on. You try and pull yourself together, try and stop for a moment your beating heart, try and steady your sights on the dun object which you pray will stand, but which goes on, on: in a moment he will be round some knoll, out of sight, and though you can see nothing but the hind end of him, in desperation you fire. "Over him, sir!" Again you pull the trigger. "Over him again!" and he passes out of sight. As hard as you can travel you reach the place where you last saw him; a long graze in the turf shows the place where the first bullet struck, but you cannot see the mark of the other, and you go on still, with a faint hope that after all it may be in him. Then suddenly we see the deer, half a mile below us, going strongly yet, and the useless pursuit is stopped, and a council of war held. The stag will travel across Scotland if we press him now.

When a man has run for even a few hundred yards along the face of a very steep hill, picking his way with little caution over sharp stones, racing madly over smooth turf, striving the while to keep his wind, knowing that in a

few seconds he may have to stand and take his shot, anxiety and desire and pleasure are strangely jumbled up. He will probably go at least one proper cropper—feel what making a Oatherine-wheel on a Scotch mountain is like. It is well for him if this circumvolution takes place on a green slope, for if among the stones it may be that the rifle will get out of his grasp, and valuable time be lost in getting hold of it again. As to any wounds that the owner thereof receives, he will have time to think about them when his run is over—not before.

After a hard run any one may miss his stag, and he cannot be fairly blamed for it. Sometimes a stalker, jealous of his reputation, and of others having a larger score than he has, is unfair. "Mr So-and-So was within a hundred yards of a stag, broadside on, and he missed him clean," omitting the little incident of the run. Probably this *suppressio veri* does not often take place, and there was at any rate little fear of good Farquhar Macphail of Monar being guilty of it. Always patient and watchful, very rarely was it his fault if you did not get your fair chance. And if you missed, and all the careful anxious work of perhaps half a day was lost, he was always cheerful and considerate, and anxious to admit a fair excuse, though the disappointment to him was often as great as to his master.

Our stag went into a small hollow about a mile ahead of us, and the keenest eye cannot see him coming out. We try to stalk him here, but the watchful beast is too cunning. Long before we get within shot he is up again and away. Then we try to head him. Angy, Macphail's second son, takes in hand the work now.

the stag has crossed a burn
the glen, and is passing along
ice of a mighty hill opposite,
Angy's duty is to get above

The lad travels with amaz-
speed along the very steep
d, and gets far above the

but the *damp dubh* is
unning for us all. With one
on his foes below, and the
on the boy above, he takes
middle course of safety, gets
l the shoulder of the moun-
and we see him no more.

no shall adequately describe
exation—the word is far too
a one—which such work as
auses? You are losing pre-
time and disturbing ground
hrowing away the chance of
er stalk. You do not know
is the cause of the missing,
so you include everything in
condemnation with a sweep
he comprehensive curse which
oused the sympathy of Uncle
,—the rifle, the pull of the
er, the quality of the powder.
-shooting is such extremely
te work, that a very small
ment at the muzzle makes a
large difference to the bullet
it gets a hundred and twenty
or so away. When a man
nervous at the close neigh-
hood of deer, he need go no
er to find out the cause of
rrors. It was not nervous-
which caused my misses. I
shoot as steadily at a stag
a rock—steadier, for in the
er case I never thought of the

l. But there are times,
h probably all men who shoot
, when you fire indeed, but
with the firm conviction that
might save your labour. From
oked barrel charged with mere
, sawdust what good shall
? The digestion that day is
quite as it ought to be, and so

—and therefore—the eye does not
do its work. There are too many
little black specks jumping about;
the foresight is too big—it covers
the stag; or it is too small—you
cannot pick it quickly up and fit
it into the V. I remember once
a man—a fine and experienced
shot—standing some two hundred
yards from a cover prepared to
take the pheasants which he knew
would soon issue out of it. That
the birds would fly high and fast
above his head—for they were
away from home and had a long
flight to get back again—and that
there were a good many fair ladies
watching, gave him no uneasiness:
he was used to both the one and
the other. So he stood.

The pheasants came out, tend-
ing upwards instead of down, rak-
ing through the clear frosty air,
giving embarrassing, and ugly
shots it may be to a novice, but
nothing unusual to him. They
came on and he fired at them.
When after some twenty minutes
the beaters came up, and, knowing
the prowess of the shooter, ex-
pected to see the ground covered
with the slain, they found—well—
a few runners, a few dead ones,
a good many tail-feathers, and a
man choking with rage. It has
always been considered by his
friends a most fortunate circum-
stance that a pretty wide interval
of space divided this man that day
from the fair spectators who had
come out to see his prowess. No
doubt he had committed some
crime, and this was part of his
punishment for it. Perhaps this
view is the most philosophical one
to take of missing. When the eye
and arm and the finger do not
work together, it is sign that a
man has been doing something he
ought not to have done. He is
punished for it, and he starts, we

will hope, with a clear sheet—a *tabula rasa*—in the morning.

Night came at last, and we felt we had seen the last of the black stag for ever: the wound seemed to be pretty low down the leg, and we knew that after he had had a little rest he would travel on, and most likely leave the forest; be shot perhaps by some one on the neighbouring ground, or—getting safely through the few remaining days of the season—live on to a good old age,—a little lame, it might be, in the near hind-leg, his near horn not quite so good as the far.

The next day, after another long wait in the rain, the weather cleared a little, and we left the primitive shelter of the fank and climbed up the steep south side of the glen, meaning to try a stalk on a stag which had been seen there earlier in the day. He was gone when we came in sight of the place, and the men began to spy the ground before us. Disconsolate I sat on the grass, chucking stones down the hill and thinking of yesterday's proceedings. Things had begun well with me: I got a stag the first day, three good ones the second; what had I done that I should now become the sport of fortune in this fashion? Why should I be persecuted by Tomas and his clan? I had never done the old chief any harm; I could not if I had wanted to, for he had been dead for probably three hundred years before I was born. And if he considered that he had still somehow some vested interest in the deer, and was annoyed at their being hunted, why was I singled out to bear his anger? The other two rifles in the forest were fixtures; they came up every year and were out all the season, and killed ten stags when I got two—they were daily

knocking over two or three apiece at that very time. "You infernal old dog-in-the-manger," I said to myself, "I should like to put an expanding bullet into your horrid old stomach, and see how you liked the feel of it." But directly these winged thoughts had escaped me I was sorry: they could do me no good, and might work in the other direction. Besides, the digestive arrangements of that old chief were probably of such a kind that not even an express bullet would be likely to cause much inconvenience. I was not afraid of Tomas in daylight, with Macphail and his son by my side to see fair play; but I did feel that I should not care to travel that night to the head of Strathmore, and sit on his cold seat, and meditate on my idle wishes.

At the supreme moment of a miss a man will generally feel that no sacrifice would be too great which would enable him to have the shot over again. The defeat of his party at the next general election—the capture of all his wife's relations by cannibals—the sudden collapse of half the municipal authorities of Scotland,—would seem to him but small things if his agreeing to them then and there would ensure that time would be put back for one minute and he could have his chance again. Some stalkers are very patient about misses, and consoling: "It was not a very good chance;" "Hoo! hoo! it was not a chance at aal;" "It was a bad po-zeeshon;" "It was too far." This is perhaps as a rule the wisest course to take; there is little use in pointing out as a candid friend the greatness of the error. "He was not eighty yards off;" "He was fair broadside;" "The bullet was far over him," I once heard a

stalker say in the excitement of the moment; "I saw the bullet strike—it was a *hundred* yards over him!" meaning probably "beyond." There comes to my mind as I write this more than one wrangle which took place between myself and a keen old stalker who, after fifty years' experience in Scotch forests, has gone to join his flourishing family in America. He was always dissatisfied if a man took more than two or three seconds in aiming. "I never saw a gentleman do anything," he used always to say after a miss, "when he delays to shoot; one, two, three—that is time enough for any one." "But I was not comfortable"—"I was slipping down the hill"—"I was not on the stag,"—such reasons had no force for him. Then there would be a hot dispute and a tiff—to use a feminine word—and old Collie would go defiantly stalking along the hillside with the rifle over his shoulder, while his "Herr" slouched along a couple of hundred yards behind, smoking, with his hands in his pockets, wishing the stalker and the deer and the whole forest up the Congo. But we used soon to make up the little squabbles; they were *amantium iræ* only—we were better friends than ever afterwards.

There are some men—you come across them now and then—who say they never miss a fair chance: they would probably also, if the opportunity arose, say they never told a lie when they were boys. It would be the part of a wise man not to lend money to, or become guarantee for in any way, a person who made either of these statements, wishing them to be believed. Certainly all men who stalk will now and then miss fair shots at deer.

Of a sudden, while cogitating over the philosophy of missing, I distinguished among unknown Gaelic terms two familiar words, *damp dubh*; and when I got out my glass and found the place, there he was, our friend of yesterday—seemingly not so big, certainly not so black, but indubitably the same—within a mile of us, slowly travelling to the west. Then a heavy storm came up, across the Attadale hills—sleet and snow and rain—numbing us with its cold, and blotting out the stag and the river below us and the great mountain opposite.

We climbed rapidly up a couple of thousand feet or so, and got out on to a great flat above, across which unknown men in some remote days had built a wall. "They were strong men," said Macphail, in answer to my inquiry, "with plenty of flesh and milk and little to do, who built that wall." The top was smooth and pleasant to walk upon, and we followed it for a mile or two, ever ascending a little, shut up in the cold mysterious mist. We ate our lunch in the shelter of a big rock, looking out over a white floating sea, and waited for wind. In an hour there opened suddenly a window in the west, and the wind came, blowing away in an instant the flimsy vapour which had cut us off from the world. Out came the mountains again, and the black twisting river far away below. When the great transformation-scene was completed, and the mist, which boiled and whirled in the corrie beneath us, had been carried away, we saw that there were deer in it—a good stag among them. But they were quite unapproachable owing to the shape of the corrie and the wind, and we had to move them, gently,



without showing ourselves. Then we crossed a green slope, so steep that a narrow path has been cut along it for safety's sake, and at length reached a point from which it was likely that, supposing the stag had kept his course, we should be able to see him. We had been parted now for some hours. Long and very minute was the survey that was made of the slopes and plain below. Often the attention was attracted by something which looked at first like a deer, but which careful examination resolved into a patch of lichen, or faded bracken, or even red soil; and I began to fear that he had left the glen, and gone out at the pass at the head of it. Macphail's sharp eyes made him out first, five hundred yards below us, in a narrow patch of green, by the side of a little burn. The green was in a deep hollow, and unless we had been high above him, we could not have seen the stag. Half an hour was spent in making a most careful survey of the ground we had to cross over, and then we commenced one of the most difficult bits of stalking in which I have ever been engaged.

But how vain to try and describe the difficulty; how impossible, without a map and a sketch and a dozen pages of print, to show to any one who did not know the ground the extreme delicacy of the operation. A wounded deer is always more difficult to get at than an uninjured one; the latter *may* be a little careless, a little sleepy even, but the former never. We were full in sight of him, and we had to go down for perhaps twelve hundred feet, right upon him. A stag, when in a comfortable position, keeps a keen look-out down-hill, but is more indifferent to what is above him.

But this beast was lying on a flat bit of ground; he knew he was safe from attack from below, and his gaze was nearly always upwards. He would be looking at the river below him, and we would make a few yards of descent; then, quick as lightning, as if some electric communication had warned him of danger, his grey face was turned upon us, and we became as petrified into stone. In what position a man's limbs were at the moment when that keen up-glance was cast upon him, in that position did he have to stay till it was taken off. Sometimes for five minutes the surveillance was continued, till the eye got dim and blurred with staring; then a few more yards would be accomplished, another quick glance turned on, and the petrification would once more commence. But it was not only the stag's eyes which we had to fear; the wind was blowing north in Monar that day, which meant, on the ground we were on, blowing down-hill. To get this wind safe it would have been necessary to move towards the west, and this we could not do owing to the steepness of the mountain; huge smooth unclimbable cliffs prevented us. No one, perhaps, but a deer-stalker knows what wind can do—has watched it in its many forms; though any traveller in a hilly country must notice some of its pranks—see it driving the clouds to the north on one side of the glen, and to the south on the other. But in places it will play stranger tricks than this; you will see a drizzle of rainy mist passing rapidly to one quarter, while through it, as through a veil of gauze, and within a hundred yards, you will see another drift going as quickly in quite an opposite direc-

tion, as trains pass one another on a double line of rails. You are a mile from your deer, with a fair breeze blowing in your face, and every prospect of a shot in half an hour or so. You get under the shadow of a great rock, and become conscious of a nasty feeling at the back of your neck. The clouds are coming from the same air, the mist is following its old course: it is some small local disturbance you think, the wind has not changed. No, the wind is blowing as it was before, but you have changed your ground: before you moved those few yards into the charmed circle of the corrie, the deer were quite thoughtless of danger, lying quiet, feeding, sleeping, with a sentinel here and there on the look-out. You pass the line, then every head is raised, a hundred pair of eyes are turned towards you, a hundred most delicate nostrils for a moment inhale the air, suddenly tainted with what is to them the most hateful of all scents in the world, and your chance of a shot is gone.

A good part of our descent had to be made in the bed of a wild burn, where the ground was so steep that both hands had to be used in holding on to the rocks, and the rifle had to be passed from one to the other, as a safety place was reached. When we left the burn, we had to cross over a place which is rarely to be met with when stalking. The late heavy rains had dislodged some stones at the top of the hill, and they, coming down, had jammed in a narrow neck. More earth and rocks followed; and a dam had been formed perhaps a thousand feet above the plateau, through which the river ran. This had in time burst, and then a mighty rush of earth and stones had

come down, clearing a course for themselves like a small avalanche. Where the hill became less steep, a huge bank of the rubbish had been thrown out on either side, over one of which we had to crawl. It was a good imitation of a newly made railway embankment which had been damaged by a heavy flood, and a very nasty, cold, gritty place to cross.

As we got nearer the stag, we lost sight of him; he was hid by the roughness of the ground. When sure that he was within a fair shot, I crawled up on to a black heathery ridge, and, rising up inch by inch, found myself for the second time within shot of the *damp dubh*. Surely I could not miss him again! and, indeed, I think in this case I should have been left there to take his place. Macphail was very patient and long-suffering, but even his moderation and charity must have a limit; that a day, at that particular time of the year, should be lost in stalking a wounded stag, and that he should be missed at the end of it, was probably more than he could have borne.

When the smoke blew away, I saw the deer staggering down the burn, and I knew that at last he was ours; he only went a little way, and then fell into it with a crash—dead. The rain of the night had washed his coat, and he was not so very black, and he was not so very big, but he had a fine head, with long black wild horns.

We had in one sense wasted a day, had thrown away a good chance of two or three fresh stalks; but we should indeed have been poor sportsmen if any desire for fresh blood had led us away from our old quarry or had made us careless or hurried in our final attack on him: the wounded black

stag was worth two or three—ay, half-a-dozen—fresh deer.

Then the forest was left to itself—to Tomas and his crew—for another year. It is a lonely place enough in the summer and autumn; but it is fitter for their work later on, when the long nights come, and the wind howls down Strathmore, and the snow flies in a great sheet before it. Then we may fancy them at the play, these ancient sportsmen, working their will among those great hills. Farquhar Macphail may well shake his head when in his travels in the spring he comes across the white bones of a deer at the foot of some great rock. It is good for him that he was not up among those grey stones when that beast died, or he might have seen that which would have made his hair white before its time. He might have seen that which ever afterwards would cause him to give a wide berth to that spot—let the wind blow as fair as ever it blows, and the stag be as big in the body and as rough and black in the horn as ever a stag could be.

One word as to the duties of a stalker before this paper is closed. There is a theory held by some that the man who shoots should also do the stalking, and that failing this he is not a real sportsman. The owner of a forest, or one who, so to speak, has the *entrée* there, can, if he is keen and strong, and has the bump of locality in his head—a bump which some people never have and cannot acquire—combine the two. One of the permanent rifles in Monar is a notable instance of this, though he, in addition to his practice there, has had the benefit of experience gained in many long expeditions after big game in different parts of America and

India. Such a one, in learning the work, in making himself acquainted with the ground and the ways of the wind, will make many mistakes and lose many stags. He can afford to do so.

It is quite a different thing when a stranger is turned into an unknown forest for a week's sport. Let be granted that he is not only good shot, but also understands the ways and habits of deer. There is some ground in almost all forests where a man can hardly go wrong—he gets up, after an hour or so's climb, on to a level plateau a mile wide and perhaps some miles long: there are corries lying on either side, and if the wind is fair and the deer are up, it is not difficult to get a shot. But go to other parts of the forest ground. The herd is on a face a couple of thousand feet below the sky-line, the hillside is rough and the amateur thinks that nothing will be easier than to get within a fair shot of it. Twenty years' experience on the part of the stalker has taught him that where those deer lie they are safe—are so protected by the rise and fall of the hills round that it is not only difficult, but quite impossible, to come in to them: try that as you will, you must give them the wind. He knows, too, that they are moved other deer lying below them will be shifted, that these in their turn will shift others, and that in half an hour after the first stag had been disturbed the great glen would be cleared of tenants, which would pass out into an adjoining forest, and not come back till the wind changed—perhaps for weeks. The amateur has got another stag,—this beast cannot be got at, but only in one way, by a delicate bit of working, by running the finest possible line between

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disturbing and spoiling ground.
No man of any experience would
consent to be merely an instru-
ment in the hand of the stalker
with him. He would want to
know the why and wherefore of
every movement, but it would be
absurd for him to say, "We will go
to them this way," when the latter
wished to attack them in quite an-
other manner.

It would be interesting to see a
fair amateur stalker who had never
been there before, turned out into
the west end of Monar when the
wind was blowing strongly from
the north. If such a one, after a
week's grappling with those great
hills in the best part of the season,
was to make more than a very in-
different score, then would the
writer of this paper cheerfully
agree to divide his patrimony into
two portions, and hand over one of
them to Mr Justin M'Carthy and
the other to Mr Parnell.

MR RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE death of Mr Lowell will be felt deeply in England and on the Continent as well as by his countrymen. Like all great or popular writers, he had a very wide circle of friends or admirers, who lived in more or less affectionate communion with him. These were the many personal acquaintances whom he had met mind to mind, and fascinated by the brilliancy and versatility of his many-sided talk. But beyond these were the innumerable readers who had learned much, and found a fund of entertainment in the writings of the poet, the essayist, and the satirist. Lowell was one of the very few Americans whom England could ill afford to spare; and in some sense, his death is an international loss. An American and an enlightened patriot of the sound old Puritan stock, he was a good deal of a cosmopolitan and entirely an Englishman. Brothers will occasionally disagree, and we believe he was blinded by passion when he spoke out strongly as he did, as to the attitude of the English Government in the war of the Secession. But he always prided himself on his English descent, and maintained that the Americans had never forfeited their English birthright by migrating to the western shores of the Atlantic. Nothing provoked him more than to hear it said or insinuated that the unadulterated old English of Spenser and Shakespeare had lost anything of its purity by American usage. On the contrary, he asserted that the New England dialects are still enriched by many expressive words or forcible phrases which have long fallen into disuse with us.

On that subject he had a right to speak with almost unrivalled authority, for he was a remarkably accomplished linguist. He could read and converse fluently in several languages; and in the course of his miscellaneous studies he had attained to an exceptional knowledge of the old Provençal language and literature.

Although he always seemed to take life tolerably easily, few men had studied more regularly. He generally devoted several hours each day to what may be called serious reading, and the more ephemeral literature that took his fancy was the favourite recreation of his leisure moments. His wonderful memory served him well, and a marvellous amount of miscellaneous knowledge had been carefully pigeon-holed in it. When writing in vein, and he seldom could write against his grain, he always knew where to look for the facts or the quotations which he had seldom occasion to verify. His essays are full of unfamiliar information, and moreover, he had the knack of bringing new and original treatment to brighten subjects that might seem to have been worn threadbare. As an example of the scope of his reading and the readiness of his memory, we remember talking Ireland and Irish novels with him at a London dinner, where he had been entertaining sundry well-known *littérateurs* with his sparkling conversation on Cervantes and the Spanish drama. It was nothing that he should be at home in Lever, but he was just as familiar with Samuel Lover—with 'Rory O'More' and 'Handy Andy.' He was essentially a poet,

much of the romantic in
erament, as is shown in
s of "The Legend of Brit-
nd "The Vision of Sir
' For that reason, as an
he had thrown himself
stically into the study of
from Dante downwards.
e to identify himself with
nds, to enter into their
aginative conceptions, to
chemes and extract prin-
om the study of their
circumstances, by which
t appreciate their charac-
interpret their meanings.
his lettered countrymen
velled more, and passed
eriods in Europe; but per-
one of them made better
eir opportunities, or came
epared to be educated and
l by all they saw and heard.
nparatively short sojourn
Continent, he made him-
we said, one of the first
ies on old French and Pro-
iterature; and that was
e of the various branches
y he had followed out
r less fully. Read his
nportant literary essays,
would say that on each
he is a specialist. When
foul of the critics or bio-
who have devoted them-
to the study of some great
, passing everything con-
with that luminary under
roscope, we may admire
courage, but we dare not
him with audacity. With
t temperament of the stu-
had the pious and zealous
s enthusiasm. His opin-
ew into religious convic-
nd he scarcely stopped to
words when he was con-
to defend his particular

The suave diplomatist,
rant man of society, the
alker, could become bitter

and almost ruthless when irritated
by blunders he could not excuse,
or resentful of some outrage on
the objects of his admiration.

He always declared that he
hated politics; but politics had
made him a satirist, and a sting-
ing satirist. He said with much
truth that he detested personali-
ties, yet he confesses that in his
'Biglow Papers' he was com-
pelled to single out individuals for
punishment. Indulging in vague
generalities as to the criminality
of parties and the infamy of their
policies, was merely beating the
air: to drive home the truth and
to do the better cause effective
service, it was necessary to assail
the concrete in the person of some
flagrant offender. So the success
of the 'Biglow Papers' startled
him. He had to change his habits
and endure the odium attaching
to the thorough-going partisan—
an odium which heretofore he had
almost timidly shunned. Lowell
"fluked" himself into fame, and
into what he felt for a time to
be an extremely painful, if not a
false, position. The success of an
anonymous communication in met-
rical doggerel, thrown off in haste,
and sent to a Boston newspaper,
encouraged and almost compelled
him to go on. He found him-
self attacking the popular Mexi-
can war and the cherished "insti-
tution of slavery." Having sym-
pathised with the slaveholders as
a youth, he felt he had much to
atone for. Now, writing as an
Anti-Annexationist and as an
Abolitionist, he suddenly realised
to his own surprise that he was
exercising a potent influence for
good. He recognised his self-
imposed responsibilities, and was
flattered by his new celebrity.
It was impossible long to preserve
the secret of his identity, and per-
haps he felt that his name ex-

reputation would give his work additional weight. Thenceforward he was considered the champion of the Abolitionists, and the almost unparalleled success he had achieved might have contented any ambition. For he made Abolition fashionable, and turned the laugh in its favour among the more ignorant masses who had been docilely following the lead of the Southern sympathisers. But one thing even Lowell's satirical drollery could not do. It could not make the free and independent citizens of the free soil to the north of Dixie's line regard the despised black as a man and a brother. The nigger had ceased to be considered a saleable chattel, but that was all: he might claim his personal freedom under the constitutional charter, but he could not be admitted to equality.

Lowell, like so many of his countrymen, was a fluent and eloquent public speaker. In America his services were in request at great literary gatherings, and in England his appearance was always welcomed as the representative of intellectual America, and of catholic and cosmopolitan culture. As the intelligent admirer of the English classics, it was he who was asked to unveil the statues of Fielding and Coleridge. His literary addresses were polished and graceful; he always spoke with taste and tact, awakening with fine instinct sympathetic chords in his audience. Even his lectures on subjects comparatively dull or dry were enlivened by gleams of original thought, and brightened by the ceaseless flow of humour, which was often homely, but never coarse. Indeed, no man drew more careful distinctions between what was homely and what was vulgar, than the praised and abused author of the '*Biglow Papers*,' who had inevitably laid

himself open to invidious misconstruction. Even in Mr Bird-fredem Sawin's most maudlin lucubrations Lowell declares that the dividing line is there, and that Mr Sawin was never suffered to step beyond it. Lowell could not help being humorous, in season or out of season; nor could he keep his exuberant fancy in hand. He heaps metaphor on metaphor, and is often hurried away on the impulse of the moment in a direction diametrically opposite to that in which he had intended to go. There is no denying that the best of his essays would be better were they less discursive and more condensed. As we have said, he is sometimes almost offensively, or at least unnecessarily, personal; but though he might sometimes have advantageously retrenched on his invective, there is little of his quaint drollery we should willingly spare, and less to which we object. And we may add that, anywhere out of Puritan New England, his defence of himself from the charge of profanity would have been gratuitous and superfluous. In one or two memorable and forcible passages Mr Biglow speaks rather familiarly of the Almighty. But the spirit of Puritanism was a familiarity of thought noways inconsistent with devotional reverence. The Puritans were familiar because they were always living in the presence of the Great Father, whom, nevertheless, they revered and feared. In His infinite majesty the Omnipotent knew no difference between the fall of an empire and the trapping of a squirrel.

Lowell, we said, was inspired by the spirit of poetry and impregnated with the spirit of romance; yet although his romantic poems rank the highest, we cannot assign him high place as a poet. For the Biglow satires were things altogether apart, and

rather rhymes than poetry. In his poems we have pretty fancies crowded together in melodious verses. As in "The Legend of Brittany," which Poe commended as the finest American poem hitherto written, and in "An Indian Summer Reverie" especially, the descriptions of scenery are always enchanting. For Lowell was a fond lover of nature, and whether in Maine or Massachusetts, in Brittany or on the sides of the Apennines, some of his finest passages are purely descriptive. Lowell sings sweetly, like the bob-o'-link, but we seem to know the strain; perhaps we like it none the worse on that account, but it cannot pretend to the sublime grandeur of inspired originality. Take, for instance, what is perhaps one of the most pleasing stanzas in "The Legend": the sound is sweet, the sentiment is soothing and even elevating, but there is not much besides. The music echoing down the dim cathedral aisles is speaking to the heart of each hearer as the conscience would speak—

"O Rest, to weary hearts thou art
most dear!

O Silence, after life's bewildering
din,

Thou art most welcome, whether in
the sear

Days of our age thou comest, or we
win

Thy poppy-wreath in Youth! Then
wherefore here

Linger I yet, more free to enter in
At that wished gate which Gentle
Death doth ope

Into the boundless realm of Strength
and Hope?"

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" has been greatly admired, and not undeservedly. Perhaps had he been reviewing it itself in the "Fable for Critics," as written by some one else, he might have dismissed it as being a trifle "*thin*." But then the

dramatic Arthurian legends have been overdone of late, and moreover, the Laureate has made them his own. To our mind, some of the simpler verses on the heart-poetry of Lowell's home—on the domestic sorrows and bereavements he felt so deeply—are the most pathetic, and consequently the most poetical. Those who are not born with the irresistible poetical vocation must feel that these are subjects too sacred for publication. All the same, there is a beautiful idea in the touching verses on the death of his wife, where the angel who entered the death-chamber left it again, in company of another. Nor can we overlook the charming little piece in very different vein—a miniature gem of the Dutch school—the slow "courtin'" of Zekle and Huldý, which ended happily at last:—

"When Ma Vimiby upon 'em slips,
Huldý sot pale as ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes."

The "Fable for Critics" is a wonderfully sparkling piece of literary satire. Perhaps the richness of his drollery and his quaint originality of thought never showed to more advantage than in his epigrammatic definitions of the genius and manner of contemporary celebrities. It dances along in merry doggerel, reminding us of the mad spontaneity of Thomas Ingoldsby and of Ingoldsby's wonderful mastery over impracticable and impossible rhymes. But while Ingoldsby merely dashed off metrical romance, Lowell poured out a wealth of shrewd and sarcastic criticism. It was a poem he might have annotated at any length, and with pleasurable profit to his readers. Of course the satirist made enemies, as did the political satirist of the "Biglow Papers."

If he did not draw his bow at a venture, he shot his arrows with careless disregard of consequences, and inflicted wounds he afterwards regretted. Poe, as we said, had bestowed almost excessive praise on the "Legend." Lowell repays him with a disagreeable home truth, which any one but a professed satirist might have conscientiously softened down:—

"There comes Poe with his raven, like
Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-
fifths sheer fudge."

There is an excellent comparison, or rather contrast, between Emerson and Carlyle, both, of course, being personal friends of the poet:—

"C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as
of limb,
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and
slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the
other half Greek—
Where the one's most abounding, the
other's to seek;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the
mass,
E.'s specialities gain if enlarged by the
glass;
C. gives Nature and God his own fits of
the blues,
And rims common-sense things with
mystical hues.
E. sits in a mystery, calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp
common-sense," &c.

Willis is hit off to a nicety in a single malicious and stinging line—

"And Willis's shallowness makes half
his beauty."

As pregnant with suggestion is a couplet on Bryant—

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool,
and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg that never
is ignified;"

and this other one on Hawthorne—

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so
striking and rare,
That you hardly at first see the strength
that is there."

And so we might go on multiplying examples.

The delicate irony and cultivated humour of "The Fable" could only be appreciated by the men of letters and literary tastes, who were comparatively few. The 'Biglow Papers' from the first took the popular fancy, and were welcomed with shouts of uproarious mirth. The homeliness or vulgarity, which the writer ingeniously defends, gave them half their charm with the half-educated masses. With two-thirds of the country screaming encouragement and shouting "encore!" Lowell might well be encouraged to go on. We should have said he was a monomaniac on the subject of war, had he not pronounced himself almost as strongly on Abolition. He brought irresistible pressure to bear from below on the political and social leaders. The rank and file of the Northern voters had neither personal nor pecuniary concern in the perpetuation of slavery; so they were speedily converted by whole battalions, and baptised to a better faith by platoons. Leaders and wire-pullers had to go along with the voters; and Hosea Biglow was at the bottom of it all. Our sympathies are altogether with Lowell when he became the sarcastic Tyrtaeus, the poetical Peter the Hermit of the anti-slavery crusade. But in those days, before federal unity was threatened by actual secession, he went in for peace-at-any-price, with single-minded and anachronical fanaticism. True that Mr Biglow does once make the grudging admission that civilisation may sometimes

get forward upon a powder-cart. But Mr Biglow's creed as to international relations is simple and uncompromising :—

“ Ez for war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain and flat.”

We can hardly say that such preaching became popular, because in the North, and especially in New England, it was accepted as a matter of course. The busy Yankee looked on all military expenditure as so much sheer waste ; war raised the taxes and the price of grain-stuffs. He was saddled with West Point for the benefit of a democratic aristocracy, and the slender army was largely recruited from foreign deserters and native ne'er-do-wells. So the people were more inclined to ridicule than to pity poor Mr Birdofredem Sawin in his melancholy campaigning experiences. As it seemed then, before Secession had stirred the sluggish Northern blood, the satirist was flogging a dead horse in denouncing the folly and criminality of war. Accordingly, although very seriously in earnest, he can afford to be playful and humorously episodic. Mr Sawin does his best to make himself ridiculous, and succeeds perfectly ; but there is high art in the sneaking liking we conceive for the drunken and good-humoured scoundrel who is always the first to laugh at himself. Mr Sawin coming forward as candidate for the White House, on the strength of his timber leg, his ailments, his indolence, is the burlesque of political sarcasm. We accompany him with interest when he goes slave-hunting in the South, and admire his American adaptability to circumstances, when, after being tarred, feathered, and sent summarily to jail, he emerges to stand drinks to the apologetic officials who feathered him, and to

commit bigamy with a sour-tempered Southern wife, under threats of a second trial and another lynching. On the Puritan Lowell the pretensions of the Southern slaveholders, and still more of the beggarly “mean whites,” acted as the red rag on the proverbial bull. In his essay on “New England Two Centuries Ago,” he remarks that there were two distributing centres of civilisation in the States. The one was Virginia, the other Massachusetts. The former had provoked his antipathies, and the latter had all his sympathies. In that article he gives an eloquent answer to the charges of narrow-mindedness and intolerance brought against his Puritan ancestors. He argues that their ambition of founding a really *New England*, free from the hereditary abuses of the old feudal constitution, was a pure and noble one, and that the sagacity of the Puritan policy was demonstrated by its eminent success. In the first series of the ‘Biglow Papers’ we have the counterpart to that ; where he strives to prove that the South was still handicapped by the surviving abuses of prerogative, patricianism, and priestcraft, and yet more by the self-imposed curse of slave-labour. The second series of the Papers, written after an interval of twenty years, fell comparatively flat. In fact, the satirist was following up and expatiating on his former themes : he was championing causes and advocating opinions which no one in the North was much inclined to dispute ; and, moreover, the North was too much preoccupied to be excited over the most brilliant *jeux d’esprit*.

The literary essays cover a field so wide, that we do not venture to enter upon it. The blemishes are chiefly faults in taste, for when Lowell got excited in contro-

versy he lost his temper, and was apt not only to indulge in violent language, but to do some injustice to his rivals or adversaries. Like Elijah, he was exceedingly jealous for the objects of his admiration, and no man admired more passionately. But few essayists have done better, more conscientious, or more instructive work. Leaving literature for the moment, take his essay on "Witchcraft," for example. On every page he shows his rare and out-of-the-way erudition. He can tell as much about witches and witchcraft in the British Isles as Scott in that standard work on 'The Discovery.' But Lowell is equally at home with the sorcerers and the devil's acolytes of all ages, from the medieval Satan, the dark Prince of the Powers of the Air, down to the unhappy victims of the Salem trials and the charges of Lord Chief-Justice Holt in the beginning of the enlightened eighteenth century. To go back to the literary essays, undoubtedly the best are those on Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, and notably on Dryden. Lowell has sought so thoroughly to identify himself with the spirit of their works, to associate himself with their types of characters, and to elucidate their meaning, that he feels it pain and grief, although he must have gone through it conscientiously, to collate editions and the conflicting ideas of commentators. For his own prepossessions and convictions were so strong, that he laid claim to something like papal infallibility. That earnestness was a fault on the right side, nor can we help admiring his independence. For instance, he was the friend and in

some sense the admirer of Carlyle. But his penetrating shrewdness sees that the Chelsea cynic might have found effective personal illustrations of his favourite theory of shams. He convicts him of affectations of thought as well as of affectations of style, and shows that he was sometimes as wayward in his solemn historical judgments as in the moods that made a Purgatory of the house in Cheyne Row.

The glimpses of Lowell in his charming country home are so delightful that we wish he had written 'A Natural History of Elmwood.' The student was devoted to the country, and was perhaps happier in his old-fashioned garden than in the drawing-room, and at the brilliant dinner-parties of which he was the life and soul. It is remarkable that, after his long labours and his wanderings, he should have died in the house in which he was born. He had been looking forward to quiet and well-earned repose, though he would never have ceased from his literary recreations; but the end came easily, and, on the whole, peacefully. As he has gone in the ripeness of years and the fulness of fame, his death should scarcely be regretted; but many of his English friends will sadly miss the annual visits, which were always awaited as intellectual feasts. There were subjects on which he was notoriously susceptible; but, on the whole, no man of such multifarious attainments and rare conversational gifts was ever more modestly and unassumingly genial. We may believe that the best of his literary work was done; but he will be sadly missed in literary and social circles.

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CURRENT INFLUENCES ON FOREIGN POLITICS.

THE renewal of the Triple Alliance, and the intensified *rapprochement* between France and Russia, emphasised by the incidents attending the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt, have again brought the political condition of the Continent under the serious consideration of statesmen and diplomatists. These events have given a fresh official stamp to the continued separation of Europe into two hostile camps, and indicate a specially fitting moment for taking a retrospective glance at the varying phases of European politics, and noting the influences which have tended to shape their course.

We propose to consider in turn the condition of affairs in each of the principal States, pointing out the effects of recent events and changed circumstances; and we shall, as on a previous occasion,¹ review the fighting strength and resources available for the enforcement of

political aims. Finally, we shall endeavour to ascertain how far British interests are affected by the modifications in the general position.

Beginning with the march of events in Germany, the more remarkable points to notice are: The development of the strong personality of the young Emperor; the change of method, rather than of aim, in foreign policy, consequent on the retirement of Prince Bismarck; and the official recognition of socialistic ideas, in so far as these ideas are connected with the reasonable duty of the State, and of society, to improve the material and moral condition of the working classes.

Prince Bismarck's foreign policy consisted in forcing Austria and Italy into alliance with Germany on *his* terms; in humouring Russia with constant small sopps at other people's expense; in alternately endeavouring to cajole or to bully

¹ See "Current Influences on Foreign Politics," by КРПІОХ, 'Maga,' December 1889 and February 1890.

England because she would not, like Austria and Italy, accept close alliance on *his* conditions; and in multiplying armaments against France. He was also active in stirring up ill-feeling between Russia and England, and he posed as the patron of the minor European States. In internal politics he showed great skill in playing the different parties amongst the upper and educated classes against one another, and he dragooned obstinate recalcitrants, such as the Socialists and Guelphites. He tried to dragoon the clericals; but in face of an opposition stronger than he had anticipated, he was forced to withdraw.

Bismarck was known as the Iron Chancellor, and his policy was certainly an iron one. At home it worked well enough during the period when an iron-handed Government was absolutely necessary for the consolidation of the newly created German empire. An Emperor who had led the victorious German armies, and a statesman whose genius had rendered possible the creation of a United Germany, could do no wrong in the eyes of those whose own personal history was associated with their great deeds and marvellous successes. But such conditions do not last, and the statesman must consider the morrow as well as to-day. The generation which shared the triumphs of 1870 is no longer in the prime of life and manhood, and is rapidly ceasing to represent the hopes and fears of the German people. A new generation has grown up, and though the men who are remembered as the successful leaders of the nation in the crisis of its history, still enjoy a special prestige, the younger generation will no longer follow their guidance without question, and *their* conduct is closely criticised

by a highly educated and keenly interested people. Bismarck is by instinct a "Junker," and the days of "Junkerdom" are numbered. Henceforth the rulers of the German people will have to show a sympathy with popular feelings and aspirations, to which the Junker is a stranger.

The present Emperor has apparently recognised the changed position, and though saturated with the Hohenzollern traditions, he has done his best to put himself in touch with his people, and to convince them that he is their rightful leader, as much by intelligence, energy, sympathy, and patriotism, as by divine right. He appears fitly to represent the new generation, and as their representative he could not work sympathetically with a man of so dictatorial a temperament as the Iron Chancellor. Whether the new departure in internal politics, which is sometimes stigmatised as State socialism, will succeed or not, is an open question. But though the young Emperor has irritated Junkerdom and frightened some timid politicians, he has, for the time at least, gained considerable popularity with the great majority of his subjects, and that without ever having shown the least want of firmness of purpose, or having relinquished for one moment his somewhat arrogant attitude as sole arbiter of their destinies.

And it is not in social questions alone that the desire of the Emperor to mitigate the burdens borne by the masses of the people is manifest. There is a disposition evident to avoid increased military expenditure, and to keep the army at its present level; to perfect the machine in detail, rather than to continue the numerical competition with France and Russia; and to allow the growth of wealth and

population to gradually lighten the load, now so severely felt. It is not probable that any fresh effort will be made to effect an increase in the present numerical strength of the German army, beyond that which will be produced automatically by the growth of population. The current expenditure on the living portion of the war-machine has probably reached a maximum; whilst what may be termed the capital account, of expenditure on fortresses, armament, barracks, stores, strategical railways and railway material, must be well-nigh closed. There is a point at which increased expenditure will so seriously weaken the resources of a country as to diminish its fighting strength. This point would appear to have been reached in Germany, but the tax on the nation has, in the hands of the able German administrators, produced magnificent results; and it is now only necessary—and prudent—to maintain what has been created, and with watchful eye to note and correct trifling imperfections, so that when the machine is set in motion its movements shall be accurate, and, if possible, irresistible.

As regards foreign policy, the changes consequent on the retirement of Prince Bismarck, though not great, have, particularly with respect to England, not been unimportant. The present Emperor has been spoken of by his severer critics as "the young man in a hurry." We cannot see that there is any justification for the damaging inferences which this *sobriquet* is intended to convey. We think there would be more justice in speaking of Prince Bismarck as "the old man obstinate." As we have said, Bismarck tried to humour Russia and too often to bully England, whilst lay-

ing burdens on Italy and Austria which they could not bear. Let us examine the working of this policy, remembering that it had a fair trial.

To please Russia, Alexander the lawful Prince of Bulgaria was prevented from consolidating his dominion, as he certainly could have done, had he been allowed to push the war against Serbia to its natural and proper conclusion, and had he received the smallest support from Germany and Austria. After the great victory of Slivnitza the Servian army was thoroughly disorganised; there was no serious obstacle between the Bulgarians and Nisch, and the permanent annexation of Pirot and of the adjoining districts was practically assured. But German inspiration sent the Austrian agent Khevenmüller into the Bulgarian camp with a peremptory order to stop the Bulgarian advance, under pain of its being met by Austrian active intervention in favour of Serbia. Again, when Alexander, released by his kidnappers, returned to his Principality amid the acclamations of his people, it was German influence in favour of Russia which made his position untenable and forced him to retire. And what has been the result? The permanence of Bulgarian independence cannot be considered as satisfactorily secured. The present Prince of Bulgaria lacks the legal status of his predecessor, and he does not possess those military qualities which made Alexander so popular, and which seem to be almost essential for a prince in his position. Stambouloff is the real master of the country, and consequently jealousies are excited and dangers are incurred which would never arise under the leadership of a reigning prince. In spite of the sacrifices made to humour Russia, Bulgaria

still remains a source of irritation to her, and the abnormal position of the Principality is a consequent danger to peace. Finally, Servia, which Bulgaria could and would have completely crushed, has become a thorn in the side of central Europe, and is a tool in Russian hands, ready at the first hint to provoke disturbances in the Balkan Peninsula. With these facts before us, we are confident that even the warmest admirers of Prince Bismarck must admit his policy in the Balkan Peninsula to have been a failure.

We have objected to the insinuation implied in styling Wilhelm II. "the young man in a hurry," and we will give grounds for our objection. When this reputedly hasty young man suddenly became master, he showed himself prepared to give the Bismarck policy a personal trial. He went to St Petersburg before he commenced his tour of the European Courts, and he certainly endeavoured to propitiate the Russian Government and the Imperial family. It is now acknowledged that this first visit failed in its objects, and perhaps the young monarch was somewhat wanting in the tact and patience, necessary to make it even an apparent success. But at all events, the attempt to gain Russian friendship was made in good faith; and it was only when it had become clear that there were no interests in common, and nothing approaching true friendship to be secured, that the change in German policy was manifested.

Bismarck, as we have said, frequently opposed England, because the British Government insisted on maintaining its political independence. The attitude of Bismarck, when the Penjdeh crisis so nearly plunged England into war with Russia, is worth remember-

ing. He did not come forward as a peacemaker, for nothing would have pleased him better than to see the strength of Russia taxed by war with England, and he was indifferent to the fate of the latter. But there was one thing he did not want, and that was the risk of such an outbreak of hostilities in south-eastern Europe as might involve Austria, and as a subsequent consequence Germany, in the fray. To avoid this he was quite ready to sacrifice England's interests, and he promptly did so by successfully urging the Turks to hurry on the fortifications of the Dardanelles, whilst they neglected the defences of the Bosphorus. Bismarck thus managed to put a very serious obstacle in the way of the entrance of an English fleet into the Black Sea; and at the same time he cut off the only ready means of access to Bulgaria, a matter which might have been of grave importance to England had war broken out. It was a cruel blow struck behind our backs by one believed to be a friend. But as is the wont with such blows it has recoiled on the givers; and to-day no one regrets more than the Germans that the water-way for Russia to Constantinople is comparatively free, whilst the fleets of England and the Triple Alliance would have a hard nut to crack, to force their way through the Dardanelles.

This, however, is by no means the only check we suffered at the hands of Bismarck. He has practically acknowledged that he does not believe in the advantage to Germany of a policy of extensive colonial enterprise. Yet there was a moment when, for the sake of harrying England, he encouraged it warmly. Aided by the goodwill of the present Emperor and of his new chancellor, an amicable settle-

ment of the difficulties in which Bismarck's hostility—and it must be admitted, the supineness of our own Administration—had involved us, has been effected. But the arrangement has cost us Heligoland and important concessions of both African coast and "hinterland."

We might continue to give minor instances of Bismarck's ill-will to England, but we have said enough to show that the greatest change made by Wilhelm II. has been in the attitude of Germany towards England; and we ask, where even in this important change have been the signs of undue haste? No sudden demonstration marked it; no impetuosity or sentiment interfered with the Emperor's taking fair advantage of the situation he found in colonial matters, and making a good bargain for his country at England's expense. But when full consideration, and his visit to Italy, had convinced him of the enormous value to the Triple Alliance of the English fleet in the Mediterranean, he openly expressed his conviction of the worth of our friendship, and sought in every way to convince us of his sincerity in seeking it.

We do not in this connection think it necessary to dwell on the recent official visit of the German Emperor to England. Nothing was changed in the situation by this visit. Both British and German Governments had long since made up their minds as to the general harmony between their respective interests. The visit was merely an official advertisement to the British and German public, as well as to Europe generally, of the excellent relations now happily existing between the most powerful naval and military Powers in Europe. We consider the ad-

vertisement to have been particularly useful to the British public, as is everything which tends to draw their attention to the immediate and unavoidable connection between British interests and the course of events in Europe. Any marauding interference with the peaceful progress of the European nations is detrimental to British interests; and Wilhelm II. was welcomed in London as the leader of the force of special constables who stand ready in central Europe to arrest, or, if need be, to strike down any wilful disturbers of the public peace.

Now let us turn to the relations between Germany and her two great allies, Austria and Italy. There has been no change in the policy of maintaining and strengthening the close alliance between the three central Powers of Europe. A different spirit has, however, been shown in the working of this policy, and its success has been strikingly manifested by the formal renewal of the treaty for mutual defence, and by the close commercial relations which are being established between the three Governments. During the Bismarck régime Austria and Italy were practically under the tutelage of Germany, and they were unpleasantly conscious that they were expected to receive orders from Berlin.

Manifest subserviency was resented alike by republicans, clericals, and Irredentists in Italy, and it was easy to excite an anti-German agitation among the general body of the Italian electorate, by representing the taxes raised for the development and maintenance of armaments, as levied at the dictation of Germany. Bismarck, as a condition of alliance, insisted that Italy should dispose of a fighting force, the

formation and maintenance of which was speedily found to be disproportionate to the resources of the young kingdom. Wilhelm II. realised that many Italians had begun to think it would be better to risk the probability of misfortune, from the ambitious designs of France, than to incur the certainty of disruption as the result of excessive taxation. Crispi fell because he was generally looked upon in Italy as the author of the intolerable burdens on the people; but the wisdom of German policy, as now directed, has enabled Rudini to maintain the great alliance, whilst promising serious efforts to alleviate the financial strain. Without professing to know exactly the terms of the new treaty subscribed to by Italy, we are confident that its provisions are based on an accurate understanding of the limit of sacrifice which Italy is justified in making, in defence of those material interests which we have explained in our former articles on European politics; and we hold that the renewal by Rudini of the alliance originally negotiated by Crispi is a complete answer to the mistaken criticisms of "Outidanos," the shallowness of whose arguments was, we hope, exposed in the articles to which we have already referred.¹

In Austria it was naturally the Hungarians who were specially vehement in their denunciations of subservience to Berlin; and their anti-German sentiments, always easily roused, were dangerous not only to the international alliance, but also to the internal peace of the dual empire, where, even without provocation from outside, German and Magyar interests are so constantly found in

collision. The more sympathetic relations established with Austria by Wilhelm II. and the Chancellor Caprivi, strikingly manifested by the genuine cordiality of the Emperor's reception at the recent Austrian military manœuvres, have already had the important effect of mollifying the Hungarians. When we bear in mind the fact that as a people they are by far the most determined European enemies of Russia, it is clear that it only requires tact and management to make the German alliance really popular at Pesth; and even, perhaps, through it to alleviate the tension in the relations between the Magyar and German populations of the Austrian empire.

The progress of events in Russia is always a matter of keen interest, particularly to English politicians. The main influences guiding the policy of the empire remain unchanged. Some, it is true, have been intensified, whilst others have been weakened; but the general position is the same as two years ago. The restlessness of the Russian character, and the peculiar fanaticism of the Tsar, still combine to constitute a standing menace to the peace of Europe.

The restlessness of the people is due to a variety of causes. Among the uneducated peasantry it is partly a relic of nomadic instinct, still not quite dead, and partly the product of that discontent always felt by the indolent indigent, when they perceive and envy the greater prosperity of such hard-working and persevering neighbours, as the Russians see in the Finns, Poles, Jews, and Germans, who surround them. Among those who feebly represent a middle class in Russia, restlessness is produced by the grafting of shallow education on

¹ 'Maga,' December 1889 and February 1890.

immature stock. The steady, wild growth is stopped, but the craft fails, and produces neither fruit nor blossom. Every belief in the mind is disturbed, and nothing solid grows in its place. The upper and more educated classes, the frivolities of court life, the residence in foreign fashion-resorts, occupy the attention of many. There are a few, but few, in whom education has produced good results, and who will be useful citizens in any country where there were fair openings for the profitable employment of their intelligence; but the even of the upper classes are restless as those below them. Any discontent is bred by imperfect education, want of rational recreation, and frequently by primary difficulties, the result of providence. Let those who wish to understand the condition of Russia read 'Terre Vierge' by G. de Maupassant, and 'La Guerre et la Paix' by Tolstoi; and if they can read without unbearable disgust the horrible impressions produced by the wrong-mindedness of the Russian 'Sonata,' a perusal of this extraordinary book will give a fearful illustration of the stupidity of intellect, and deep-seated evil, produced in the most enlightened Russian Empire, by the general destruction of truth in either God or man. The dangerous character of the Russian fanaticism we explained last week reviewed the situation in Russia. In the intervening period the unfortunate influence of this almost single factor in his character has greatly increased, and the attention of the world has been forcibly called to its ill effects by the persecution of the Jews and the troubles in Finland. Such minor events as the conversion of the

Grand-Duchess Elizabeth, and the failure of the negotiations with the Vatican, are also significant of the prevailing spirit of intolerance. With the Tsar, be it observed, genuine religious fanaticism is the only motive for deeds on which civilised Europe looks with horror, and which would promptly call forth a crusade against the Osmanli if perpetrated by the "unspeakable" Turk. But the Tsar in this matter is a puppet in the hands of unprincipled advisers, who encourage his fanatical mania, for the purpose of carrying out their own cruel and unscrupulous designs.

The leader and originator of the policy of religious persecution and intolerance is M. Pobiedonostsoff, the hitherto most trusted adviser of the Tsar. This cold, stern statesman fully understands the difficulties of the internal situation in Russia. His endeavours to consolidate the unwieldy fabric of the empire are directed towards keeping the peasantry in ignorance, and to reviving their fast-dying superstitious reverence for the person of the Tsar, and also towards effecting the Russification of the more enlightened non-Russian populations. If Poles, Finns, Germans, and others, can be forced to forget their nationality, and to become Russians in spirit as well as Russian subjects, they will no longer remain massed in their own provinces. Their particularism would cease to be a danger to the empire. They would be absorbed by, and would add much-needed moral fibre to, the Slavonic race, from which they now hold aloof, and which they heartily despise. Through their influence the desiderata of a prosperous middle class are supplied, and the empire is saved for the sake of the

tainly devote the whole strength of its wealth and intelligence to the maintenance of the constituted authority.

Experiments such as that now being tried in Russia, are not new in the history of the world. Hitherto they have never succeeded; although the sufferings and injustice they have involved have never stayed the hands of the Pobiedonostsoffs, who in all ages have been ready to use an Inquisition, a Star-chamber, or other similar state engine of oppression, as the means for carrying out their cold-blooded policy. We doubt the attainment of success in Russia now, but it must be remembered that no despot has ever before had at his disposal such organised resources of power as are possessed by the Tsar and his ministers. The whole position in Russia is abnormal, and it would be rash to prophesy results too confidently. Certainly those who live to watch the progress of events in Russia during the next fifteen or twenty years, will witness the working of the most remarkable attempt that has ever been made to shape the destinies of 100 million human beings, in defiance of the natural laws of evolution, as established by the experience of history.

We have dwelt thus long on the consideration of Russian internal affairs, because we believe that for many years, the history of Europe is more likely to be influenced by the course of events in Russia, than by any other causes. If the autocratic system can be maintained under a succession of Tsars of earnest and patriotic disposition, the influence of modern communications, the concentration of population and interchange of thought attendant on the development of important in-

dustries, and the constant contact with Western civilisation, must produce a steady progress which will finally make Russia wellnigh irresistible. But if, on the other hand, as is more probable, the growth of discontent, taking an active form under the same progressive influences, breaks down the autocratic system, then we shall behold a chaos to which no parallel can be found. The condition of the country is such that it is impossible to predict what may happen, if the harvest should again prove a failure in 1892. France, in the maddest days of the great Revolution, presented a picture of orderly self-control compared with what we may certainly expect to see, should the Tsar's Government be overthrown by a popular movement.

As regards other influences at work in Russia, dangerous to the peace of the world, we think that the absurd dreams of commercial wealth, to be gained by extension of territory in Asia, have somewhat faded; and the symptoms of the India fever among the Muscovite merchants and manufacturers are a little less alarming. English activity at Teheran has fortunately provided no further cause for jealousy or outcry in Moscow; and time has shown that neither the bank founded on the Reuter concession, nor the opening of the Karun, have had the extraordinary immediate effects anticipated by Russian nervousness. Also, in the territories already annexed to Russia, progress has only been such as might have been anticipated, and has consequently been disappointing to the over-sanguine; whilst the report on the Merv oasis irrigation by Sir Colin Moncrieff, and the French engineer who accompanied him, has dashed to the ground the wild hopes which

seriously entertained, that in short years Russia would be chief purveyor of cotton to the Asian markets. The extensive loss of this year's harvest is an circumstance tending to cool speculative ardour of the Moslems ; and in short, we see cause to hope that, for at least a year or two, the influence of commercial classes will not be directed towards urging the Russian Government to dangerous activity in Asia.

The Government itself, the conduct of whose policy constitutes chief strength, has of course not relinquished its aims in Asia, but seems to move on as steadily in circumstances and prudence will permit. In this direction the signs of progress are greater than when we last wrote. As the result of scandal concerning which the real truth has not been made public, the superior authorities in the Caspian have been removed. General Rosenbach, the Government General, General Komaroff, commanded at Penjdeh, and ever-restless second in command Colonel Alikhanoff, have all been recalled. General Annenoff, who thinks he has done all that can be done in the way of development in connection with his railway, has transferred his activity to other spheres, and left to his successors the task of travelling his accounts, and of pushing his steam-track across the desert into a permanent and useful form. At the Russian Foreign Office too, there has been an important change, and M. Sinovieff now presides over the Asiatic Department ; whilst the ambitious Dolgorouky has been replaced as Russian minister at London by the steadier-going M. F.

most important result of

these changes is the nomination of General Kouropatkin in the place of General Rosenbach. There was little danger of Rosenbach and Komaroff assisting Russian guns to go off by themselves on the Afghan frontier ; and Alikhanoff, though a firebrand, was not a man of sufficient influence, or knowledge of the European world, to be able to force a policy on St Petersburg. Kouropatkin is a man of a different stamp from all his predecessors. He is at once calculating, daring, and possessed of very superior military talents ; and his report on Kashgar, which has been translated into English, marks him out as a man who has thoroughly mastered all the difficult complications of Central Asian policy. His successful march across the desert from Turkistan, to join the Russian column advancing on Geok Tepe, was probably the most remarkable feat ever performed by Russian arms in Asia, though Skobelev's extraordinary jealousy concealed its importance at the time. It is quite certain that Kouropatkin will at least cause the Indian Government much anxiety, even if he does not manage to entangle his own Government in difficulties necessitating, in their opinion, a recourse to arms. Already his agents are actively at work in Afghanistan trying to corrupt the Ameer's provincial governors ; and at the same time we learn that a branch of the Trans-Caspian railway is immediately to be constructed towards the junction of the Russian, Persian, and Afghan frontiers, whilst military stores are being collected and preparations continued for an eventual advance on Herat or Meshed, as circumstances may direct.

We do not say that the Russian Government has actually determined on any act of hostility

now or at any precise future date, either towards Persia or Afghanistan, but we would call earnest attention to the fact, that while preparations are actively pushed on with a view to eventualities, the man has now appeared on the scene who understands, better than any of his predecessors, not only how to make eventualities, but also how to profit by them when they are made. On the other hand, we consider that a generally more friendly disposition towards England has lately prevailed at St Petersburg; and the exchange of M. Sinovieff for M. Shishkin at the Foreign Office, and of Prince Dolgorouky for M. Butzoff at Teheran, are certainly changes for the better, from the point of view of the mutual interest of England and Russia in avoiding unnecessary misunderstandings.

Before closing our survey of affairs in Russia, we should point out that the fear of such disturbances as might be produced by internal discontent is hardly likely to prove a temptation to the Tsar's Government to seek relief in provoking war. Russia's danger lies in the generally poverty-stricken condition of the peasantry; but they are not warlike, have no enemies beyond the peoples of alien race inhabiting their own country, and would only see in a foreign war an addition to already existing and wellnigh intolerable personal burdens. The case is different in countries where the classes whose discontent may be feared, are sufficiently educated to take some interest in foreign politics, and to have their attention diverted from grievances at home by war abroad. In Russia, self-interest ensures the fidelity of the very small minority composing the

upper classes; and unless his religious zeal or superstition were excited, it would be impossible to interest the "moujik" in anything which his understanding failed to connect directly with the price of bread and "vodky," or the amount of his taxes.

As the relations of Russia with Turkey are the next most important point regarding British interests, we now turn to the consideration of the progress of events and the general position of affairs in the Sultan's dominions.

Here again we fear that the danger of complications has increased, through the development of the personal idiosyncrasies of the monarch. Habits of mind grow like habits of body, and the growth of the Sultan's suspiciousness has kept pace with the growth of the Tsar's fanaticism. The Sultan, as a despot, has more real power in his dominions than the Tsar has in Russia, and his caprices of humour are therefore proportionately more dangerous. Abdul Hamid is undoubtedly an able man, but his views are not sufficiently large to enable him to understand the impossibility of successful government, under the conditions of centralisation at which he aims. He has done something to strengthen the position of the Osmanlis as a governing race, by encouraging their enthusiasm for a religion of which he is the visible head; but the manner in which he has reduced the power of the Porte, or council of ministers, and the way in which he persistently promotes discord between individual ministers, has seriously weakened the authority of the Government.

The Sublime Porte is a time-honoured institution, and the decisions of its councils, though not always wise, have in former times

at least patriotic. Lately, however, the decisions of the Porte remained without effect unapproved at the Palace, and members of a dissentient minority invariably appealed to the Sultan against the resolutions of the majority, and have frequently succeeded in having the necessary royal confirmation withheld. Recent dismissal of the Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha is considered a Franco-Russian triumph, for sentiments are known to be Russian and favourable to England and the Triple Alliance; but though the fall of an enlightened minister is undoubtedly a misfortune, there is no reason to suppose that it was brought about by French or Russian influence. It would appear the Sultan resolved to change the majority of his ministers, beneath his own policy of ignoring decisions of their Council, and independently of their views, doing everything in the Secretariat at the Palace, had begun to produce the natural result of driving the ministers into an underground, and in the Sultan's mind suspicious, harmony of action. Men lately appointed in place of those dismissed are generally untried in important positions; and as they have hitherto had no personal or official relations with one another, they are unlikely to be able to work together in opposition to the Sultan's views; but it is not an exaggeration to say that, as a result of the Sultan's policy in this respect, the Sublime Porte has become a sublime farce. The general position in Turkey must therefore be viewed with satisfaction to those who from any motive desire well to the Ottoman empire. A weak point is, of course, the weakness and inconsistency of the

administration. This feebleness is the result not only of the ill-judged efforts of the Sultan to concentrate all power in his own hands, but also of the fact that the country, owing to its backward civilisation, does not produce men fit to carry on the complicated administration of an extensive empire under modern conditions. It is also frequently aggravated by ill-advised endeavours—in deference to European, and especially to English representations—to introduce so-called reforms.

A peculiar idea, amounting almost to national mania, has always existed in England, that institutions which are found good at home, must necessarily prove equally satisfactory when introduced into other countries. Any intelligent Englishman who has lived abroad, and has had the opportunity of mixing sufficiently with foreigners to realise the different habits of mind and the various traditions which influence different nations, has learned how great a mistake it is to imagine that all could thrive equally well under the same forms of government. The English as a nation have, however, yet to learn that men cannot by word of command be made to adapt themselves to institutions, but that institutions, to be permanent, must be made to fit the men who are to work and live under them, and that generations must pass before a nation can be trained up to a thorough appreciation and adoption of a superior foreign standard. India and Egypt afford object-lessons on this point. In India justice and morality have compelled the introduction of many principles of government which, though adapted as much as possible to the habits and traditions of the people, are still so far above their sta-

ard, that were we to retire to-morrow, it is acknowledged that they would become unworkable, and that the magnificent fabric we have built up, would speedily be reduced to chaos. The same observation applies to our reforms in Egypt; and satisfactory as these are from a general point of view, even those who most strongly advocate our retirement, must perceive that an abrupt withdrawal would inevitably be followed by a return to the old maladministration, or something worse.

Now if this be the position in India and Egypt, how is it possible to suppose that in Turkey, which has never had the advantage of the tutelage of British residents or European administrators, the mixed populations can suddenly adapt themselves to the institutions which in ignorant good faith are urged upon the Turkish Government? The Sultan, in deference to foreign representations, can issue *iradés* and establish institutions in conformity with Western ideas, but he cannot find the men to work them, or induce his people to believe in their virtue.

The famous trial of Moussa Bey is a remarkable instance of the unsuitability of the institutions which we endeavour to force on the Turks. There is no doubt that Moussa was a criminal worthy of death. Without any certainty as to the details of his crimes, the Sultan was convinced of his guilt and ordered his arrest. This arrest, but for the specious reforms in Turkish administration, would, after brief local inquiry, and perhaps even without such inquiry, have been followed by his prompt execution. What is justice for the Christian is, however, justice for the Mussulman, and as the Turks dare not execute a Christian offhand, and without trial by one of the new-fangled

tribunals, it was clearly impossible to proceed without these formalities in the case of Moussa, a Mussulman. Accordingly Moussa's trial was ordered; and as his case had excited such attention in western Europe, the Sultan, to show his earnest desire that justice should be done, changed the "venue" to Constantinople, and thither Moussa was brought and tried. Now what followed? The Armenian witnesses, who doubtless could have given quite sufficient honest evidence to secure the condemnation of the prisoner, were so impressed with the importance of distinguishing themselves before their Western patrons, that they found it necessary to accuse Moussa of every possible and impossible crime which their imagination could invent; and finally, their palpable perjury was so evident, that it was impossible, according to Western forms, to condemn Moussa on their testimony, and he was accordingly acquitted. This natural result of their pet institutions did not, however, suit the European reformers, so they howled aloud and declaimed against the mockery of a trial, which had nevertheless been fairly conducted on the principles they advocate. The poor Sultan was thus placed on the horns of a dilemma: he was called on, at one and the same time, to mete out substantial justice to a hardened offender; to respect the prejudices of his Mussulman subjects, many of whom believed that Moussa was being hounded to death by Christian intrigue; and further, he had to consider the dignity of his own reformed tribunals. He adopted a compromise, and satisfied no one. Moussa was kept in arrest till the excitement cooled down, and was then quietly banished to Arabia. A greater farce has perhaps never been enacted,

and the reformers remind one of Labagas, when, their principles having failed to produce the results they desire, they cry "à bas" the principles, and clamour for "la cavalerie" and drum-head courts-martial.

When to other apparent sources of weakness are added the secret intrigues of the different embassies at Constantinople, and the successful attempts made on all sides to work on the Sultan's timidity and suspiciousness, it is not astonishing that a want of firmness and consistency is displayed alike in the internal and in the foreign policy of the Government. As we pointed out when we last wrote, England, France, Austria, and Russia have all within the last few years occupied Turkish territory; Italy is considered as an interposer on the Red Sea, and is suspected regarding Tripoli; and Bismarck so frequently emphasised his resolution not to risk the life of a Brandenburger to save the Turkish empire, that no reliance is placed on Germany. Just now the Sultan's chief anxiety is with regard to imaginary English designs on the integrity of his empire. The solid fact of the Russian occupation of Egypt is before his mind, and is likely to be kept well forward by Russian and French diplomatists, as well as those who hope for profitable results as Turkish officials in the event of an end can be put to the Russian control. It is a vain argument to point to the material improvement in Egypt as justifying British policy. The Sultan, who excites his distrust, and who has not improved the empire by foreign influence. Such an example of successful administration of the empire, it is thought, lead to a less fortunate provocation under various pretexts,

to endeavours to extend the experiment.

To illustrate the absurd length to which the Sultan's jealous suspicions have been excited, it is sufficient to state that he is now firmly convinced that the conspiracy which dethroned his predecessor was originated and guided by the British Embassy at Constantinople. He also believes that English intrigue has produced the rising in the Yemen; and further, that every effort made by British capitalists or concessionaires to promote railway enterprise, which can conceivably be connected with the Euphrates valley railway scheme, is an indication of British designs against Ottoman dominion, in the provinces traversed by the alternative short route to India.

The Russian and French representatives at Constantinople naturally continue their efforts to misrepresent English action, and to disturb the delicate relations between Bulgaria and Turkey. But it cannot be said that they have obtained any successes of great importance. The Sultan does not forget Tunis, nor is he blind to French pretensions on the Syrian coast; whilst it must be supposed that the Russians, although successful in carrying their point about the passage of their cruisers through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, will have aroused distrust by their action on the subject. This question of the Straits has become very urgent; and had it not been for the reluctance to risk provoking a crisis, felt by the Powers interested in checking Russian designs, it would have been seriously taken up long ago. The Russians have scarcely allowed a fortnight to pass this summer, without sending troops or a war-ship through the Straits. Sometimes they have omitted to ask permission; and then, wh

stopped, they have argued that troops are not troops, either because they are recruits, or reserve men, or unarmed; and they maintain that cruisers are not men-of-war, or offer equally frivolous excuses. Sometimes they appeal to the politeness of the Turks to allow a man-of-war to bring the sick Grand-Duke George home to his anxious parents, or to their good-nature, to permit new ships constructed abroad to reach their destination in the Black Sea. The Turks find no support in resistance, and have, so far, yielded with as good grace as possible; but they have thoroughly understood that Russia is aiming at something much more dangerous than the mere right to carry troops and stores to Vladivostok, in the cruisers of the so-called Volunteer fleet.

From the comments we have noted in the press during the last few weeks, we are not sure whether the direct bearing on English interests of any alteration affecting the rules, till now in force, for regulating the passage of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, has been sufficiently understood. The position is simply this: our shortest route to India is by the Mediterranean and Suez Canal. That route to-day is threatened by the French fleet alone; but had the Russian Black Sea fleet free access to the Mediterranean, the passage through the Canal might, and in some eventualities certainly would, be threatened by the combined fleets of France and Russia. The British fleet now maintained in the Mediterranean, though very considerable, is, in the opinion of competent naval experts, barely sufficient for the purposes for which it is intended. If, therefore, a powerful Russian fleet be added to the strength of the forces which

it might have to meet, it is clearly inadequate. This means simply, that we must either insist on the Turks keeping the Russian fleet boxed up in the Black Sea, or we must, without delay, take measures to enable our naval forces to face the new position with confidence. We must incur the heavy expenditure necessary to add to our Mediterranean fleet a fighting force superior to that which may be liberated to issue through the Dardanelles, and attack us in flank or rear, whilst we are protecting the Suez Canal; and perhaps it would further be prudent to secure a new base for naval operations, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Dardanelles.

There is a simple solution to this question, which the Turks might not like at first sight, but which we believe would be in their interest, and that is for the other maritime Powers, parties to the agreement concerning the Straits, to forestall Russian designs by declaring the Straits neutral waters, but open for free passage to the navies of the world. Such a step would completely checkmate the Russians; for, though anxious to have free passage for themselves, nothing would suit the Russians less than to have Austrian and English men-of-war cruising in the Black Sea, and entering the Danube.

This Dardanelles question has, for the moment, quite superseded the Armenian question, as a weapon of Russian diplomacy. Last year the Armenian question began to look dangerous, but fortunately it was perceived in time in St Petersburg that it would not do to let it come to a crisis. Russia stands in the same delicate position with regard to the Armenians in Turkey, as Prussia has long occupied towards the Poles in Russia.

an agreeable, and in most profitable, pastime to excite among an alien population of a neighbouring but when this population is aroused on both sides of the , and is equally alien and in sentiment to both nations, it is difficult to get agitation among one without also exciting the in an undesirable manner. Any possible issue of a crisis in the Armenian question would alter the establishment of peace in Armenia, or the union of the whole of Armenia to Russia. In view of difficulties with her own Armenian subjects, Russia would tolerate the former alternative though she has no objection in principle to the latter, policy in such matters is to proceed by degrees, as an opportunity may offer, not to take violent steps. While, Russia is well pleased with the discontent of the Armenians kept smouldering, encouragement of deluded fanatics, whose meddlesome activity is never tolerated on the Russian border, and the unfortunate Armenian peasants remain the victims of unscrupulous agitators whose headquarters are in London.

In the face of all these doubts and difficulties, the only policy of the Sultan and his pashas capable is to endeavour by force, or, where necessary, by negotiation, to make things last as long as possible. If, in spite of their efforts, a crisis should arrive, the energetic action of other Powers will be required to prevent their submission to the foe they fear, and that foe is now

Our observations on this point on a former occasion pro-

voked considerable criticism. We can only say that we have stronger reason than ever to believe that if a Russian fleet be allowed to enter the Bosphorus, unopposed by the fleets of England and the Triple Alliance, the Sultan will, within twenty-four hours of its appearance, have definitively accepted the position of a vassal of Russia. The fear of dangerous agitation among his own subjects, in the event of unsuccessful resistance, will prove a more powerful motive of action than the mortification involved in submission without a struggle.

Austria is the empire which, next to Russia and England, is most immediately to be considered in connection with Turkey. Austria cannot be indifferent to what occurs in the Balkan Peninsula. Her geographical position, and the numerical strength of the Slav races included among her population, would of themselves alone, account for Austrian interest in the fate of the Turkish empire and the Balkan principalities. To these considerations we must add the knowledge that Russia is ever seeking, by intrigues among the southern Slavs, to compass the ruin of the Power which encourages Roman Catholicism in opposition to Greek orthodoxy, and which presents a formidable obstacle to the realisation of aggressively ambitious designs in south-eastern Europe.

Speaking generally, the position in Austria has not materially changed since we last wrote. The Hungarians have displayed even more than usual energy in asserting their influence over Austrian policy, and their fierce hostility to Russia is unchanged; whilst the development of Fiume, as a Hungarian port, must direct their attention to the Mediterranean,

and consequently increase their interest in opposing French as well as Russian ambition. On the whole, such changes as are to be noted are favourable to Austrian policy; but the death of the Crown Prince (Rudolph) has been somewhat of a blow to the Hapsburg dynasty, and the troubles produced by the young Czech party in Bohemia are certainly of a disquieting nature. In the Balkan Peninsula, Serbia has perhaps become more decidedly unfriendly to Austria, and is certainly more under Russian influence. Bulgaria is somewhat stronger, and is more determined than ever, and better able, to check both Servian and Greek ambition. Bosnia and Herzegovina have, under able administration, become fairly settled. Montenegro, under the Prince who is probably still the Tsar's "only real friend," is Russia's faithful servant, and therefore Austria's enemy.

The visit of the young King, Alexander of Serbia, to St Petersburg and to Vienna, appears to have attracted more attention than it deserved. Serbia, if she would mind her own affairs, does not really require the patronage of anybody. Russian patronage can only lead her into troubled waters, and the idea that she is commercially entirely dependent upon Austria is false. Before the opening of the railway to Salonica, and the recent regulation of the railway tariffs, no important markets were open to Serbia except in Austria, or by passage through Austrian territory. Now, Serbia has obtained a new outlet, and can, in our opinion, afford to negotiate commercial questions with Austria on equal terms. Trade with Serbia is quite as important to Austria, as trade with Austria is to Serbia; and if this

fact were properly recognised on both sides, there would be less tension and happier relations between the two neighbours. In addition to the Salonica route and those through Austrian territory, Serbia has a hitherto unimportant outlet by the Danube, to which, however, considerable attention has lately been devoted; and a result of Austrian commercial pressure is to make Serbia accept with pleasure the *quasi* commercial, but really political, advances of Russia in this direction.

As regards internal affairs, the expulsion of Queen Nathalie, and the final retirement of King Milan, are both events favourable to quiet progress. The government is, however, in the hands of restless intriguers, who, although courting Russia to-day, are mostly quite ready to sell themselves for a higher price to Austria to-morrow, and the minority of the King will leave him, for some time to come, a helpless tool in the hands of these pettifogging self-seeking politicians. On the other hand, the Sobranje is guided by patriotic motives; it appears to represent very fairly the peasant population, and includes a large number of respectable peasants amongst its members; and we shall be surprised if it does not soon gain sufficient strength and experience to effectively check any attempts at hazardous enterprise on the part of untrustworthy ministers.

We have already observed that, thanks to the ill-advised policy of Prince Bismarck, Bulgaria labours under the disadvantages of the faulty title of its Prince, and of the still dangerous animosity of Serbia. But Bulgaria has nevertheless made steady progress in the last two years; and unless Russia should actively intervene, its permanent consolidation may

fully anticipated. The policy of Bulgaria towards both Russia and Turkey has so far been only prudent and conciliatory. At the same time it has not lost a proper spirit of independence. The endeavours, even in the case of Russian provocation, to avoid unnecessary offence to Russia have not had much result, but have deprived Russia of any plausible pretext for interfering in the Balkans and securing for Bulgaria a preponderance in the Balkan system of Europe. In her relations with Turkey, however, Bulgaria has secured some distinct advantages, not the least among which is the check put on the Russian propaganda in Macedonia, and the recognition accorded by the Great Powers of the rights of the Bulgarian monarchy. This point is one of great importance; and unless Bulgaria is aided by Russian arms, as in our opinion she has lost all chance of that Macedonian inheritance which she has looked forward to for her certain share, when the Russian Sick Man should be reformed.

Those who know Bulgaria best, however, correctly as we believe, are aware of a great danger for that country which lies in the fact that the influence of the temporary Russian administrators are being forgotten, and that the mass of the people are ignorant of the tradition of independence which is re-establishing the national feeling towards Russia. Among the educated class also, we fear, some dishonestly deluded patriots, who think that their country prospered best under Russian domination. The masterful spirit of Stambouloff is sufficient to pre-empt results from such mistaken ideas, provided a crisis can be delayed until the Principality is fully consolidated, and until

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the development of the resources of the country, has taught the people to appreciate the full value of an independent Government, able to ensure their national prosperity. But is it certain that a crisis can be avoided? Much as we admire Stambouloff, we cannot but regret that he has failed to associate with himself, on terms approaching to equality, any of the leading men amongst his fellow-countrymen. He has made himself the one necessary man in the government of the country, but his assassination has been frequently attempted; and should he succumb to any sudden misfortune, it is to be feared that Bulgaria might fall into a condition of anarchy, which would immediately lead to the reimposition of the Russian yoke.

We have said nothing of Prince Ferdinand, because, though a well-meaning and even intelligent young man, we can only look on him as an amiable figure-head in the state. He is popular rather than otherwise in the country, but he is the last man to be able to excite enthusiasm among a dull people, and the Bulgarians are proverbial for their stolid indifference to everything which does not touch their pockets, or interfere with their religion. If Prince Ferdinand were sure of the continued assistance of strong ministers to rule whilst he reigned, he would be an admirable constitutional prince, but he is not the man to seize the helm and to take personal command in a crisis.

Owing to the sudden and unexpected downfall of Crispien, and the discovery by the world at large of the unsatisfactory financial condition of Italy, the position of affairs in that country recently gave rise to considerable disquietude. Crispien's continuance in office was generally considered to be a

the maintenance of the Triple Alliance. The event has proved that this was not the case. The solidity of Italian institutions and of her foreign policy has been subjected to a severe test, and has stood it so successfully that increased confidence must be felt in the future prosperous development of the country. The constant agitation of Irredentists, clericals and anti-clericals, Franco-phobes and Francophiles, and other parties, has been calculated to produce the impression that Italy was a house seriously divided against itself; but the fact that the overthrow of a minister so powerful and so long-established as Crispi, passed over so quietly, is one of great significance. No important change in either home or foreign policy has been initiated by Crispi's successor; and such continuity of policy, under such circumstances, renders it sufficiently evident that the great majority of the Italian nation are of one mind, on the main principles regulating the government of the State. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the change of ministry in Italy has not been without some good results. The great tension in the relations with France has been alleviated; serious efforts are being made to reduce expenditure and to improve the financial position; the violent animosity between political parties has been calmed, and at the same time foreign policy is still wisely guided, in accordance with the principles of the Alliance of Peace.

Italy's colonial enterprise in the Red Sea, though not abandoned, will also under the new *régime* be kept within strictly reasonable bounds; and unless Russian intrigue should cause difficulties with Abyssinia, no further considerable sacrifices are likely to be required

to maintain and consolidate what Italy has already acquired. So far the efforts of Russian adventurers on the Red Sea coast have not been successful. Aschinow's adventure ended in something worse than mere failure, for it was distinctly damaging to Russian prestige; and from the latest accounts, the second expedition, which is now endeavouring to retrieve his failure, is not doing much better. The French are naturally assisting the Russians; but the local French authorities act under orders, and cannot have any real sympathy for the band of marauding ragamuffins who compose the Russian expedition. The latest news indicates that these worthies have fallen out among themselves; but this was to be anticipated. When the first excitement has subsided, and the "vodky" bottles are empty, nothing but martial law, rigorously administered, can maintain harmony and discipline among the class of ruffians which, in Russia, will alone furnish volunteers for such enterprises.

In thus reviewing the march of events in Europe, we have, because there was least to be said on the subject, left to the last the consideration of the position in France. There is least to be said because of the great uncertainty which always prevails in French affairs. For the moment, the political barometer is perhaps steadier, because the present form of government seems more firmly established than when we last wrote. Such a quieting-down is certainly as much in the interests of the peace of Europe, as it is favourable to the material prosperity of France. But with the experience before us of the history of France for the last hundred years, who can tell how long the calm may last! And

say that even a period of prosperity may not prove a dangerous outburst of that vice, French chauvinism? A moment danger is signal that quarter, as the result of the destruction of the French fleet.

In itself this incident of no more political importance than a visit of the German fleet to England, or of the British fleet to Trieste; but French and English habits have combined to take rank as a political question. Gushing friendships are usually short-lived, and were England and Russia neighbours, it is that national excitability, sensitiveness born of selfishness, would soon cause discord and strife. France and England, however, far apart; and only a trifling minority of the population of either country in any way comes into contact with that of the other, the national friendship may be kept some time. As regards the latter, we do not believe that it will produce the alteration in her general expectations; but should the motive when the Tsar was engaged as to striking or holding, the attitude of France terminate his conduct. No alliance with France will be made when a moment does arrive, understanding with France rather than what has long been—namely, a tacit agreement of support in those diplomatic questions where French and English interests are placed in accord through their common hostility to England and the Triple Alliance.

These are plain and self-evident truths; but in England except at the Quai d'Orsay, not to be believed. The ignorant chau-

vinism of the French people, falsely counting on the certainty of Russian support, may, on some small provocation, drive a republican Government to repeat the mistake which cost Napoleon III. his throne.

It is well that the French fleet should visit England, and that the British fleet should visit Toulon. Such interchanges of international courtesy tend to soften asperities, and facilitate the task of diplomatists in arranging the difficult questions which must necessarily and constantly arise between two great Powers whose interests are as extensive as those of England and France. But though in England there is absolutely no feeling of hostility against France, there is no use blinking the fact that France, like Russia, is deeply jealous of the power and prosperity of the British empire, and that the feelings of the great majority of Frenchmen are distinctly hostile to England. We can only regret this, we cannot alter it. As long as France finds England her perpetual rival in all parts of the world, in the Mediterranean, in Egypt, Madagascar, Siam, the Niger territories, Newfoundland, and elsewhere, so long will Frenchmen look upon us with unfriendly feelings.

Perhaps we ought not to close our review of affairs in Europe without some reference to Spain, which we believe to be a growing power of increasing political importance. But with regard to Spain, we can only repeat what we said on a former occasion—namely, that though unlikely to fight for anything but her independence, she is deeply interested in the future of Morocco; and as Morocco is chiefly threatened by France, Spanish interest in that quarter tends to attract her to the Triple

Alliance, rather than to the opposing camp. We have seen the importance attached in Spain to the recent reception by the Queen-Regent of the Moorish envoys, and we note the steadily increasing prosperity and continuance of political tranquillity in the country, as signs that Spain is gathering strength sufficient to make other Powers hesitate, before wantonly provoking her active hostility.

When we turn to Asia, China first occupies our thoughts. When last considering the value of China in the political scale, we pointed out the causes of Chinese animosity against Russia, and the peculiar circumstances and geographical position which enable China seriously to threaten the Russians in Eastern Siberia and Central Asia. During the present year, however, events have occurred which, for a time at least, are likely to affect the general position, and that in a manner unfavourable to the Chinese. In the first place, the Peking Government appears to be seriously weakened by the anti-foreign agitation which they have allowed to grow up, and which they are no longer able to control; and in the next, the Russians have commenced their long-talked-of Trans-Siberian railway. The Trans-Siberian railway will, it is true, not be completed for many years, but every hundred miles laid will facilitate the movement of troops, and will materially strengthen the Russian defence on a frontier which is terribly exposed, and where the Chinese occupy the position of strategical advantage. The internal troubles in China are, however, a graver matter than the influence of the Siberian railway; for until the present agitation subsides and the Government shows greater signs of strength, it will

be impossible to reckon on the Chinese becoming the allies of any European Power, no matter how great might be their real interest in such an alliance.

It only remains to speak of Persia and Afghanistan. In Persia nothing is changed, beyond the fact that Russian approaches to Khorassan have been somewhat improved; but as Persia was already absolutely defenceless against Russian attack on that frontier, this does not materially affect the general position. Persia still lies helpless between Russia and England; but the present policy in this quarter of both these countries being to let sleeping dogs lie, Persia is gaining time for a little material progress. Such progress is being made; and though it is dishearteningly slow, heroic measures to hasten it could, from the general condition of the country, only have an injurious effect. If Russian soldiers and Western concessionaires can be kept out of Persia for another ten or fifteen years, we may anticipate some quiet solid improvement.

When we look towards Afghanistan, we find the Ameer still master of his country, and his dread of the Russians inducing him to steadily oppose their advances, whether in the form of frontier violation, or of the blandishments or menaces of Kouropatkin's agents. The old barbarous system and want of organisation continue, however, to prevail alike in the central and in the provincial governments; and until some considerable improvement is effected in these respects, Afghanistan will remain in the condition which makes the demise of each successive Ameer the signal for widespread disorder, exposing the country to the attacks of its enemies. The health of the present Ameer is

to be in a precarious and this fact increases the of the situation.

ress as regards the develop-
trade and of the resources
country is still awaited.
ade can flourish in Af-
an so long as each local
ty has the right to levy
taxes on the wares of the
nts passing through his
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e think that the Indian
ment would do well to
representations at Cabul, in
manner as to ensure at-

Kurrachee—Kandahar—
is the natural route by
British merchandise should
Chorassan, and compete on
ble terms with Russian
ctures. This route is prac-
closed by the extortionate
as of the Ameer's officials.
ia a duty of five per cent,
the frontier, frees foreign
tions from all further tax-
the interior. Surely, as a
return for the handsome
received from India, the
might be urged to adopt a
arrangement. Why should
t make a commercial treaty
fghanistan? Two or three
clauses would suffice for all
needs, and we need not
ell on the political import-
any such encouragement to

ng thus completed our sur-
he position of the different
which are directly or in-
interested in the great
is dividing Europe, we
w consider the armaments
eral resources at their dis-
In our previous articles on
subjects, we entered into
tails regarding the military
of the different countries
ed. Upon this occasion
ll limit our remarks to a

summary of the respective armed
strengths of the different nations,
and to observations on the im-
provement or falling-off in the re-
sources, without the support of
which, in these days of scientific
warfare and lavish military ex-
penditure, the finest armies must
speedily collapse.

As the result of the combination
of perfected organisation, numerical
fighting strength, and the moral
qualities of her soldiers, Germany
still takes rank as the first mili-
tary Power, though France is not
far behind, and would appear to
have gained somewhat on her
neighbour during the last two
years. Our latest information
places the German peace estab-
lishment at approximately 490,000
men, and the war establishment,
including trained Ersatz reserve,
at two and a quarter millions, to
which, in estimating the complete
fighting strength, must be added
the Landsturm, or reserve of old
soldiers, intended primarily for
home defence, and bringing the
total number of armed men up to
approximately three millions. In
France, the peace establishment is
about 535,000; whilst the active
army and reserve on a war foot-
ing amount to 1,400,000; and the
addition of the territorial army,
or final reserve, brings the total
up to 2,800,000.

Between two organisations on
which so much intelligent thought
and labour has been bestowed, it
is perhaps rash to decide as to
comparative merit; but our opinion
is, that the training, *morale*,
and discipline of the German army
are superior, and that, in matters
of armament and detailed organi-
sation, there is little to choose.
As regards general resources,
France is undoubtedly the richer
country; but whatever might
be the subsequent result to her

material prosperity, the wealth of Germany is at least sufficient to provide all that could be required by her armies during the one or two campaigns, beyond which a modern European war cannot be expected to last.

From the above considerations it would appear that, in a struggle with France alone, Germany would probably gain the upper hand, and certainly need not fear any crushing disaster. Germany's real cause for anxiety lies in the possibility of her having to face an attack from France and Russia combined; but in the present position of European affairs, we cannot conceive that Austria, with or without a treaty of alliance, would stand idly by in such a contingency. If Russia attacks Germany, it seems certain that the latter may at least count on the full support of the Austrian army; and consequently, our next consideration is a comparison of the relative strength of Austria and Russia.

Our figures show the Austrian peace establishment at 336,000. The war strength is 1,600,000 in the first line, and over 700,000 in the second line, making a total of something over 2,300,000. The Russian peace establishment is about 850,000 men, and the total war strength, exclusive of the "opoltchenie," is reckoned at approximately 2,300,000. We are aware that Russia is generally supposed to dispose of forces very superior to those of Austria. Sir Charles Dilke and "Outidanos" have done their best to propagate this misconception in England, and many popular "guides to error" confirm a mistake, the origin of which may probably be found in the inclusion of the "opoltchenie" in the estimates of Russian strength. In a former article we observed that the "opolt-

chenie" lacks the organisation and armament necessary to render it an effective fighting force; and the same defects still exist. The only marked superiority of Russia over Austria lies in the fact, that Russia has on her peace establishment half a million of men more than Austria, and that as large a proportion as possible of this force is concentrated in the western provinces, and seriously threatens the Galician frontier. The danger to Austria is, that she may be surprised by greatly superior numbers before she has time to complete mobilisation, and to put forward all her strength. This is a danger; but though the enormous expense of such measures prevents Austria from increasing her peace establishment, she has taken all other possible precautions. The Galician fortresses have received much attention, and the great bulk of the magnificent Austrian cavalry, the finest in the world, is concentrated in the threatened province; whilst the obstacle presented by the Carpathians would be likely to oblige an invader to endeavour to force the gateway defended by Cracow, and flanked on one side by Germany and on the other by the mountains.

Apart from the particular danger we have described, the position of Austria is, from nearly every point of view, superior to that of Russia. Her organisation may be better relied on; the completion of the army to full war strength will be effected quicker than in Russia; her officers and men are more intelligent and better trained; her armament is superior; and lastly, the whole of her army will be free to act in one direction, whereas about one-sixth of the Russian peace establishment is constantly employed in Asia, even in times of perfect tranquillity. As regards

f Russia looks forward to
ce from Serbia, Austria
ly on Bulgaria to prevent
istance being effective; and
ition in Bosnia and Herze-
is so much improved that
rovinces, instead of being,
erly, a source of weakness,
w furnishing battalions to
e numbers of the Austrian
Finally, it must be remem-
hat the allied Austrian and
armies will profit consid-
by the geographical situa-
hich will enable them to
ogether, and will prevent
ssibility of a junction be-
ussian and French forces.
regards general resources,
is certainly gaining
a, and it is long since
n finance has been in as
condition as at present.
same time, the consider-
velopment of manufactur-
ustries, the improvement
ercial communications, and
wth of external trade, par-
y with the countries situ-
owards the south-east, all
to important progress. We
whether the rapidity of
cial and industrial develop-
hich the last few years have
ed, has been thoroughly
ated even in Austria itself.
ve had occasion to make
special inquiry into this
, and we are satisfied that
the last five or six years no
in Europe has made greater
s than Austro-Hungary.
onsider this increase of
l strength to be of great
from a political point of
nd to prove its importance
quote a few figures. The
ion of pig-iron in Austria
was 325,000 tons, in 1885
150,000 tons, and in 1890 it
,000 tons; and at the same
he production of coal in-

creased from 6,300,000 tons in 1881,
to 7,350,000 tons in 1885, and to
8,900,000 tons in 1890. Further,
as regards Hungary in particular,
the value of Hungarian exports
and imports increased, during the
five years from 1886 to 1890, from
837 to 1039 millions of guildens,
equivalent to an increase of 24
per cent during this short period.

Russia is also progressing, but
by no means so rapidly as Austria.
Exaggerated ideas were lately pre-
valent as to the extraordinary
rehabilitation of Russian finance;
but we pointed out, when we
last wrote, that the improve-
ment was due to a succession of
good harvests, and to M. Wishe-
gradski's skill in making the most
of fortunate circumstances. We
then remarked that we could not
consider the temporary improve-
ment as having any solid founda-
tion, and now the results of
the serious failure of this year's
harvest are justifying our mistrust.
The gravity of the situation, due
to the failure of the Russian rye
crop, can only be appreciated by
considering the figures indicating
the magnitude of this disaster.
The average crop is estimated at
something more than 1000 million
Russian poods. The deficiency
this year is not under 300 million
poods. Taking the value of this
deficiency at the average price
of the grain in Russia during
the last five years, we arrive at
the result that the actual money
loss is little if at all short of 195
million roubles, or roughly speak-
ing, the loss on rye alone this year
is equivalent to £20,000,000—a
loss which will be in no way made
good by an excess of other crops.
For the next two years at least,
Russian finance will feel the severe
strain caused by this agricultural
misfortune; and if such consid-
erations can affect her policy, she

should temporarily abandon all thoughts of hazardous enterprises, likely to unduly tax her crippled resources. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the higher social and commercial organisation in Austria would cause the shock of war to be felt with a severity in that country, from which Russia, as a compensation for her more backward condition, would escape.

To sum up: the facts and considerations we have noted lead to the conclusion that were a European war to be confined to a struggle between the forces of France and Russia on one side, against the allied armies of Germany and Austria on the other, the central European alliance would defeat their adversaries, though victory might not be secured without great effort and sacrifice.

This is our view of the situation, and it is clear that if Italy joined the central Powers, as by treaty she is bound to do, the combined forces of the Triple Alliance would be irresistible. The strength of the armies of which Italy could dispose, for the active and direct support of her allies, must depend on the question whether or not the British fleet were to protect the Italian coasts against the attacks of the French navy. The nominal numerical strength of the Italian army is very considerable, and including *milizia mobile* and reserves, amounts to over two and a half millions of men, but of these a large proportion are practically untrained. The first line, composed of the active army and reserves, and including three cavalry divisions, may, however, be considered as a thoroughly effective force, and its strength is estimated at a full 800,000 men. This force, if the Italian coasts were secured by a fleet, would be available for

operations in the field beyond the Italian frontier; and the *milizia mobile*, reckoned at 300,000 men, would remain available as a serviceable reserve, and would perform all garrison duties in the absence of the active army, leaving a further nominal reserve of about a million and a half.

We thus close our consideration of what would be likely to occur in the event of the outbreak of a war in which England was not at first directly interested. We do not think, however, that any general European war could last long without directly affecting British interests, either as regards the security of our shortest route to India by the Mediterranean, or the protection of our trade with Roumania, Bulgaria, Asia Minor, and also Persia. A Russian occupation of Constantinople might arise out of war with Austria, and such an event would at once, as we have pointed out, threaten the Suez Canal route to India. It would also cut off all trade communications with the Danube and the Bulgarian Black Sea coast, and deprive us both of our trade with Asia Minor and of that with Persia by the Trebizond route. No matter which political party was in power in England, we are confident that this would be resisted; and though, under some circumstances, considerable pressure might be required to force the Sultan's Government to serious action in defence of Ottoman independence, the Turkish soldiers, who have already given some lessons to the Russians, would prove most useful allies, when their Government was prevented from betraying them.

The most serious event for England would be a Russian attack on our Indian empire at a time when peace prevailed in Europe, and when our natural European

might hesitate to bring the
y of war to their own doors
sake of a question in which
ve no direct interest. Such
is possible, and we must
ared to face it. In the
condition of Persia, little
assistance can be expected
at quarter, and we have
pointed out why we must
for the present to place
ch reliance on China. De-
preparations in India are
sufficiently advanced to enable
keep the Russians at bay on
th-west frontier, against
their attack must neces-
e directed. But a purely
e warfare can never suc-
particularly in the East. A
-attack is necessary, and
stion of the means of de-
it leads us once more to
r eyes towards Turkey.
ld circumstances render an
e movement against Russia
y, the Turks, if aided by
resources and organisation,
a position to deliver an
blow. England's interest
fore to maintain, if pos-
ch relations with Turkey
prepare her rulers to seize
red opportunity of strength-
en themselves, by joining hands
against Russia. It would
y be to the interest of Tur-
join us; but it is difficult
e the Turks see their true
s, and unless our diplomacy
ain more influence at Con-
ple than has lately been
t, we cannot, for reasons
e explained, be sure that
ll befriend us. This ques-
only be decided when the
mes,—and we trust that
be decided in our favour,
timely and energetic ac-
f a British admiral. If,
r, short-sighted policy,

want of determination at home, or
other causes, deprive us of the
assistance of Turkey, this need not
alter the final result of the war.
The struggle would be prolonged,
and its cost increased; but as
long as the Indian frontier were
safe, Russia could not get at Eng-
land to damage her, whilst Eng-
land could always damage Russia
in more than one quarter. The
resources of the British empire are
inexhaustible as compared with
those of Russia; and by means
of those resources, wielded with
courage and patriotism, Russia
would, if necessary, be surely
brought to her knees, though it
cost life and treasure in more than
one hard-fought campaign to crush
so powerful a foe.

KYPIOS.

Note.—Since the above was
written, Europe has been excited
by a reported British occupation
of Mitylene, or of a small adjacent
island. We think it a matter for
congratulation that the report was
circulated, as it has probably fur-
nished a useful hint to both Turks
and Russians, of the ease with
which England can take steps to
protect her interests at the Dar-
danelles. At the same time we
would point out, that the mere
occupation of an island would not
suffice to dispense with the expen-
sive necessity of augmenting our
Mediterranean fleet, if Russian
war-ships were allowed free pas-
sage through the Straits. When
the Russian armies were at San
Stefano, their progress was effec-
tually arrested by what practical-
ly amounted to a British occupa-
tion of Gallipoli, and this first step
was promptly followed by the ap-
pearance of the British fleet at Con-
stantinople. It may yet be neces-
sary to repeat these operations.

MOLIÈRE'S DÉBÛTS ON THE THEATRE.

AFTER a man has become celebrated and his name widely known, though it may have been more than two hundred years ago, it is interesting to learn something of his earliest efforts, and to see, if it may be possible, what were the difficulties which beset him at the outset of his career, and how he strove to overcome them. The brightest and wisest of men have had to go through their apprenticeship—they have had to learn their lessons; and besides the ordeals of laborious preparation, they have often at first met with failure, disappointment, and restlessness of spirit. Of how many who have had a durable success can it be said that they woke in the morning to find themselves famous? We do not usually find that the high faculties of men of genius are recognised in the world without labour on their part; young men at Oxford and Cambridge do not take high degrees without hard work, though the cleverest and most clear-headed may get more out of their Homer in two hours than another will in four. “*Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris*,” may be witty in the mouth of a Marquis de Mascarille, but its general truth is becoming every year less apparent.

Molière was no exception to the rule, and his troubles were the more painful because he disregarded his father's very earnest wishes that he should follow his own profession. Had he done so he would have begun the world with unusual advantages. His father, Jean Poquelin, had a good business in Paris as an upholsterer, and he enjoyed the distinction of

being one of the eight *tapissiers et valets de chambre du roi*. When Jean Poquelin acquired the title of *tapissier du roi*, the other title, *valet de chambre du roi*, was not connected with it; the two became joined, at least in his case, a few years later. He was entitled to transmit this office to his son; and it is probable that later young Poquelin, before he assumed the name of Molière, replaced his father during one term of his office, and made part of the king's suite in the royal progress through Languedoc during the months of April, May, and June, in the year 1642. He was then twenty years of age. The elder Poquelin was a man of means, and was able to give his son a good start in life. The boy had expressed a wish to be educated, and he was sent to the Collège de Clermont, one of the best schools in France, probably after the death of his stepmother, towards the end of the year 1636. He was an apt pupil, and showed a strong inclination for poetry. Of all the Latin writers, Terence was the one he studied most (though afterwards he made a translation of part of Lucretius), and he wished to choose Terence as his model for style. When he had done his schooling he read law, and was received as an advocate. It is not difficult to imagine his father's annoyance when he heard that his son was going, as he thought, to cast aside all that he had learned, and forego the advantages of stepping into a lucrative business for the purpose of joining a band of actors of no reputation, and whose profession was held to be disreputable. We need

not insist upon the fact that the vocation of an actor was then held by many to be an abandoned calling. If we recollect that in England at this time ladies went to the theatres masked, we shall perceive how differently theatrical representations were regarded then and now by moderately thinking people. In 1626, Massinger makes Paris, the actor, in his play, 'The Roman Actor,' i. 3, apologise for stage plays:—

" 'Tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce
superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the
stage,
That does go off unpunished? Do we
teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden
steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so
inclined,
Go home changed men. And for traduce
such
That are above us, publishing to the
world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we
present
An heir, that does conspire against the
life
Of his dear parent, numbering every
hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there
be
Among the auditors one whose con-
science tells him
He is of the same mould,—*we cannot
help it.*"

In vain did Jean Poquelin try to dissuade his son. He sent his friends to him, offering through their mediation to buy for him any situation that he could afford. Charles Perrault, Molière's contemporary, relates that as a special ambassador he sent one who had been the *boy's master*, hoping that by his influence his

son might be weaned from this new ambition; but this embassy fared worse than the others, for the young enthusiast got the better of his would-be converter, and persuaded him to give up his teaching, and made him promise that he would join his (Molière's) friends, and play the parts of the pedant in their comedies. The anecdote may not be quite accurate, but it would be difficult to correct it; we give it for what it is worth, believing it to be not altogether false. Molière's mother could have had no voice in persuading her son not to go against his father's wishes, for she died when he was ten years old. At that time, in 1632, Jean Poquelin's business was prosperous; and though he was still a young man with four children, he appears to have lived as one who was well-to-do in the world. It is said that after his wife's death his affairs declined; and it is almost certain that when he died, in 1669, his business was not so good as it had been thirty years previously. A year after his wife's death he married again; but his second wife died between three and four years after her marriage. Not much is known about him, but a good deal has been inferred that is not to his advantage. It is possible that the father has been hardly spoken of in order to extol the virtues of the son. Voltaire has said that Molière's father was a dealer in old clothes. Voltaire's statement of facts relating to individuals in the seventeenth century is not the best authority, but there may be some colour of truth in the assertion if we look at the last years of Jean Poquelin's life. A year before his death his son (Molière) lent him 10,000 francs, and employed a common friend to act as go-between, so that his

father might not know who had lent the money. This was about the time of the appearance of the 'Avare,' in which the positions of father and son were reversed. As far as can be judged by the non-appearance of any document, Molière's conduct in lending this money to his father was very noble; for we hear nothing as to payment, either of capital or of interest, until after Molière's own death, when his widow made her claim against the heirs of her late father-in-law.

It is time that we should cease to believe Tallemant des Réaux's story that Molière became an actor because he fell in love with Madeleine Béjard. Though not engaged at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, or the Théâtre du Marais, then the two official theatres in Paris, she had gained some experience in the smaller playhouses in the capital, and also not improbably by strolling in the provinces. She was then about four-and-twenty, and Molière was three or four years younger. She was a clever, good-looking young woman, of fair complexion, with reddish hair, and was supposed to be capable of managing her own affairs. Madeleine had been the mistress of a Comte de Modène, and had borne him a child who was baptised in 1638. Tallemant mentions her when speaking of the actors of his day:—

"I must conclude with the Béjard. I have never seen her play, but I am told she is the best actress of them all. She belongs to a strolling company. She has played in Paris, but that was in a third troop, which was only there for a short time. . . . A fellow called Molière left his studies at the Sorbonne to go after her. He was in love with her for a long time, and at last he made up his mind to

marry her. He writes plays in which there is some wit. He is not a wonderful actor, except in ludicrous parts. It is only his company that play his pieces: they are amusing."

There is a mixture of truth and fable here which we must unravel as we can. The first part of the paragraph was written while Molière was wandering with his troop in the provinces; the latter part, beginning, "A fellow called Molière," Tallemant added in the margin of his manuscript, for he made a good many additional notes, and was written probably not very long after October 1658, when Molière and his troop had returned to Paris, and permission had been given to them to play at the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon. We may feel quite sure that Molière was never a student at the Sorbonne, for under the old régime in France the Sorbonne was always considered the school of theology. This was so much the case that theology and La Sorbonne were synonymous terms. And everything that is known of Molière's educational studies is against the idea that he ever read theology. Tallemant des Réaux's assertion stands alone, and he was a writer too much dependent upon social gossip, and too fond of belittling people, to be believed without corroborative testimony. Molière's tender passion for Madeleine Béjard cannot now be proved or denied. Very likely he admired her, and he may have told her so. He may have been attracted by her charms and have felt an affection for her. They were both young and intelligent, and were both interested in the same cause. But it is quite certain that he did not marry her, for he married her sister,¹ and

¹ We accept M. Soulié's opinion, founded on legal documents and testamentary dispositions, that Armande Béjard, Molière's wife, was the daughter of Marie

Madeleine was a witness to the marriage contract.

There is, we think, ample evidence for believing that Molière had made up his mind what line of life he would adopt before he ever saw Madeleine Béjard; his liking for her may, however, have strengthened his determination. It has been conjectured that he first made her acquaintance in the south of France in the spring or early summer of 1642, when he was following the king's suite in his father's place as *tapissier valet de chambre du roi*. Unless he had gone among people connected with the theatre he might never have seen her. Charles Perrault, who has already been mentioned, says:—

"Molière was born with such a strong inclination for the stage that he could not help becoming an actor. He had hardly finished his course of study, in which he acquitted himself admirably, when he allied himself with other young persons of his own age and way of thinking, and he determined to form a troop of actors and go and play with them in the provinces."

La Grange also—one of the most trusted actors in Molière's troop from the beginning of his success in Paris in 1658 till his death in 1673, and to whom we owe the Register giving an account of what was played on each day, together with the receipts taken—La Grange wrote of his late friend in the preface to the first collected edition of his plays, published nine years after his death:—

"When he had finished his legal studies, he chose the profession of an

actor, because he had an inclination for the theatre which he could not overcome. All his study, all his thoughts, were bent towards acting."

As a boy, young Poquelin was taken to the theatre very often by his maternal grandfather. The Hôtel de Bourgogne, the principal theatre in Paris, was not far distant from his father's house. It was still owned, nominally, by the brotherhood known as the *Confrères de la Passion*—the descendants of the performers in the old miracle-plays—who were all men belonging to the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. Their *doyen*, or oldest member, was one Pierre Dubout, a *tapissier du roi*, and therefore a colleague of Jean Poquelin. Times had changed since the *confrères* were themselves actors. The Parliament in 1548 forbade the performance of miracle-plays in Paris; and forty years afterwards the society let their theatre for hard money to a company of professional men, reserving to themselves a box called *la loge des anciens maîtres*, and also a space above this box which was called *Le Paradis*. These places still belonged to the brotherhood, who were allowed by the agreement to give a seat to their friends, but not to take money for it. One may imagine that young Poquelin was a frequent spectator from the *Paradis*, unless he was more comfortably seated below by his grandfather's side in the box of the ancient masters. His father remarked one day, with some uneasiness, that his grandfather took him to the theatre too often. "Do you want

Hervé, and was consequently Madeleine's sister. We have examined this matter carefully, and have come to the conclusion that, unless Molière and Madeleine had committed at least moral perjury—and of this there is no iota of evidence—Armande could not possibly have been Madeleine's daughter. Madeleine would not have declared on her deathbed that Armande was her sister if she had been her own child.

to make an actor of the boy?" he asked. The old man answered warmly, "Would to God he was as good an actor as Bellerose!" Grimarest, Molière's first biographer, who relates this story, adds that the boy was so much struck by his grandfather's answer that from that moment he took a dislike to his father's business. The story is not incredible. Grimarest had it from Baron, and, in the height of his fame, Molière was very kind to Baron as a boy, and may have told him the tale as he was teaching him how to become an actor. There need be no doubt that young Poquelin liked spending his afternoon inside the theatre better than in his father's shop. His ardent imagination had become fired; and while he was observing closely and with keen delight all that he saw, he was unconsciously learning the most important lessons for his future life—how to please others. A boy's mind receives dramatic impressions very readily, and he will reject at once all that does not tend directly to the point. He does not always understand side issues, and irrelevant matter he will condemn ruthlessly. Like other intelligent lads, young Poquelin's mind was receptive in things that interested him, and he doubtless learned at an early age that, of all faults in a play, dullness is the most fatal. If we can see any part of his early self-instruction in his work in after-life, we may say that as a boy he became thoroughly impressed with the idea that the dull parts of a play should be left out. Then he would consider what the dull parts were; and that led him to see that action is the life and soul of a piece intended for dramatic representation. So much, we may be sure, he understood very clearly when

he went to the Collège de Clermont when he was nearly fifteen.

There were not many French comedies written and acted at that time which a modern reader would peruse with much pleasure. Corneille had written six or seven, and they may have been among the best, though they are far from being amusing. His great fame did not come until after these pieces, not until he had written his tragedy, the 'Cid,' in 1636. Comedy, as yet, was in its infancy. Tragedy, or tragi-comedy, or pastorals, or tragi-pastoral comedies, were the plays most frequently put upon the stage. Plays belonged in those days either to the *genre noble* or to farce. Every serious piece was in verse. Farce only was in prose, and people liked verse best. Authors therefore had to write in verse, and they wrote tragedies—or what passed for such—because they found it easier to work from heroic models than to create a picture representing the humours of men. The low comedy of life existed on the theatre, and had existed for very many years, but it was in farce—a kind of play in which the French people have always delighted, and in which their actors have always excelled. Though the names of the farce actors at the time when Molière was a boy are known, the pieces they played have wellnigh disappeared, for now they are extremely rare. They were ephemeral productions, and were not considered worth printing. If there ever was a repertory of the farces played in Paris in the first half of the seventeenth century it has been lost. The farce was always played after the serious piece of the evening. It was short, and usually more or less improvised. Gag was used freely. Events of the day were alluded to, and the dialogue

was thus modified to suit the particular occasion. The Parisians of that day had their current topics of conversation as well as now. These were dragged into a play under the guise of *actualités*. Though that word was not then in existence, the thing was very palpably. It is in these old farces—could we find them—that we should study the germs of French comedy. Sainte-Beuve has said the same sort of thing, speaking of the still older farces and the *solies* of a hundred and fifty years earlier: "It is in these small pieces that one should look for the satirical wit and raillery of our grandfathers, and their inborn love of enjoying ridiculous situations, and criticising them without mercy." The foundation of the farce in the middle of the fifteenth century and of that in vogue when Molière was a boy was the same; the ideas that gave rise to one gave rise to the other. At both periods they were rude, coarse, and vulgar, but they were full of vitality; they sprang from the thoughts of the people; they showed the lives of those who acted them and those who saw them; they were their own natural offspring, their own bones and blood—not adopted brats borrowed from a foreign land, and palmed off because their fathers were impotent. It is useless to regret now the loss of these old farces, and though we have not the slightest wish to cry that the grapes are sour, it is likely enough we should not find them such very good fun after all. Tabarin was one of the *farceurs* on the Pont Neuf, and if his jokes may be taken as a specimen of the

wit then current, we do not want any more of them. They are full of trivialities, long-drawn-out conceits, and idle ribaldry. Perhaps he, more than anybody else, was the Dick Tarleton of the French stage; and most of us nowadays would think that an hour seriously given to Dick Tarleton was an hour of very hard work. Molière may have seen Tabarin when he was a little boy; he certainly saw Bruscambille, Gaultier Garguille, Turlupin, and Guillot Gorju. These four men acted inside the theatre, not in the open air like the men who played upon the Pont Neuf; but their position was not a higher one, nor their office more lucrative. Farce for farce, they stood much on the same footing. The actors in the theatre stole from those who played in the street, and *vice versa*; or they played into each other's hands as they thought would profit them most. It is tolerably certain that these *farceurs* were Molière's earliest masters in the art of acting; and we find that when he had made up his mind to go upon the stage, he took lessons from one of the clowns, and made a careful study of the business under his guidance. We must ask pardon for this digression. This is not the place for a disquisition on early French comedy, but we were tempted almost unawares into a by-path which branched naturally out of our subject.

Legal documents are not always very intelligible, more rarely are they amusing, yet they form the chief authorities for showing the fortunes of Molière and his first comrades in the theatre.¹ The

¹ We must not omit to mention our obligations to M. Soulié's most instructive work, '*Recherches sur Molière et sur sa famille*.' But for the reproduction of the documents which form the greater part of that volume, much would have been left blank in Molière's life that can now be relied upon with certainty.

complaint of French Molièrophiles is not against the documents themselves, but that they are not more abundant. For these old papers state facts and dates in the most positive manner. They speak with an air of quiet self-assurance that is stronger than the word of the most trustworthy of men. Registers of births, deaths, and marriages may acquire in our eyes a virtue that is almost magical. When Beffara found in 1821 the contract of marriage between Molière and Armande Béjard, he showed that she was born of other parents than the world had believed for a hundred and fifty years. And deeds showing dispositions of property, or otherwise relating to men's affairs, will often throw a new light upon what before was dark, or, what is more important, correct errors which had hitherto been accepted as undisputed facts.

In January 1643, when young Poquelin was not quite twenty-one—the age of majority in France at that time was twenty-five—he received 630 livres, or francs, from his father. He was due, when he came of age, to get 5000 livres from his mother's fortune, so that he was hardly exorbitant in his demand when he asked for this advance. But his father made him surrender his claim to the reversion of the office of *tapissier du roi*. This surrender appears to have been nominal, for he continued to style himself *tapissier et valet de chambre ordinaire du roi*, and in after-years he formally took up the title. But when he made his renunciation he was certainly foregoing all the advantages of an assured position in his father's business, because he was ambitious and wanted to do as he liked. It is easy for us now who are wise after the event, and had

no personal care whether he made his fortune or was ruined, to think that he was impelled by laudable desires; but we may recollect that his father, who saw only the disobedience of a wayward boy, and felt all the annoyance and even disgrace which this son would bring upon him, would not look upon this ambition with charitable eyes. The father must have known for what purpose the 630 livres which he gave to his son were to be employed, and he was not easy in his mind at parting with them. It is a futile wish, but we should very much like to know how these 630 livres were spent. This is from no sort of desire to act policeman over the future author of the 'Misanthrope' and convict him of having a flare-up and going on the spree. If our wish had no other meaning than that, it would be on a par with the questions of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. If we could see even some of the receipts for the money spent, it would be something learned of the early struggles of Molière's life. Facts are stepping-stones to the biographer on which he may found his opinion how the man he is writing about acted under certain conditions, and if they are judiciously handled they may be made exceedingly interesting; it is from them that attempts at characterisation are made.

After getting his money, there was a delay before the young enthusiast could mount the boards. Early in this year, 1643, Joseph Béjard died. He was the father of Madeleine, and of the other Béjards whose names we shall see presently connected with the new undertaking; he was also the father of Armande Béjard. His death may likely enough have retarded the undertaking with

which three of his children were connected. At last, on the 30th June 1643, six men and four women signed a document binding themselves to act together, and their troop was to be known by the significant name of the *Illustre Théâtre*. *Illustre* was in those days almost a slang word, but with not a very altered meaning from that which it ordinarily bears. Socially, it was synonymous with *précieux*. *Une précieuse* was an affected title for a lady of distinction, and as the word became common it fell out of repute—no doubt partly owing to the success of the satire in Molière's comedy 'Les Précieuses ridicules,' played in 1659—and was replaced by *illustre*. The title *Illustre Théâtre* meant to show to the world that the new company wished to try to attract the choicest company in Paris. The title was ambitious, and perhaps a little conceited; but youth is conceited and justifies it by hope. The names of the actors were Denis Beys, Germain, Jean Baptiste Poquelin—had not yet taken the name Molière—Nicolas Bonenfant, Jean Pinel, Joseph Béjard, Jeanne Béjard, Geneviève Béjard, Madeleine Malingre, and Jeanne des Urlis. Informal unions were not uncommon in those days, and it is possible before the date of this document of those who had signed acted together for amuse-
 ing their performances anybody who would do honour to go to see it when they had bound together legally by act they would demand the entrance-money. This is the best known document of the *Illustre Théâtre*; its importance in showing

ing when Molière definitely his dramatic career. His capabilities of an actor may perhaps be seen by the clause which allowed him and Clérin and Jean Béjard to play the hero in the pieces, each in his turn. At the end of the same paragraph it is said that Madeleine Béjard might be allowed to choose the part she likes. For the rest, besides its business-like character, the document was drawn up in the spirit of republicanism which was always customary in French theatres in the seventeenth century.

The actors had then to determine where they would pitch their tent. They chose to cross the Seine, perhaps to free themselves from the dangerous rivalry of the two older theatres already established on the more populous side of the river; and in the following September they hired a tennis-court, known as the *jeu de paume des Mestayers*, at the angle of what is now the Rue de Seine and the Rue Mazarine, immediately behind the present Institut de France, which was not then built. A marble tablet has been put up, and we are inclined to think quite recently, in front of the house, 12 Rue Mazarine, bearing the following inscription: "Ici s'élevait le jeu de paume des Mestayers où la troupe de Molière ouvrit en Décembre 1643 l'illustre Théâtre." We cannot help remarking here, that unless new and very positive information has come to light, the indication "Décembre 1643" seems to be a little hazardous. Tennis-courts were frequently used for theatres in those days, and they were built usually upon the trenches surrounding the town. At that time the ancient divisions of Paris into Town, City, and St. Hugo in his no

de Paris,' were not extinct. The Town still comprised nearly all that portion of Paris north of the Seine; the City was the Ile du Palais, or the Ile de la Cité, on which stood the great cathedral and Le Palais or the Law Courts; the University was the Latin Quarter or the Quartier des Écoles. The Faubourg Saint-Germain was almost a new district at the time of which we are writing. Marguerite de Valois had built herself a house on its outskirts, on one side of the Rue de Seine, in the first decade of the seventeenth century, and then, as now, the Rue de Seine divided the Faubourg Saint-Germain from the Quartier Latin; and one would say that the windows of her house looked out upon the humble theatre where Molière was trying to earn fame and glory, and a little money. The *jeu de paume des Mestayers* was taken for three years at a rental of 1900 livres a-year, to be paid monthly and in advance. The actors might conclude the lease by a three months' notice; but if the rent was not paid on the 15th of every month, the lessor might take possession and let his premises to other tenants. These strike us as being hard terms, and the sum demanded a high one for the times: the rent paid by the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the principal theatre in the town, and situated in a very much better position, was not more than 2000 livres. But the young people were full of hope, they were ambitious, their hearts were in their work, and they thought more of the delights of success than of bankruptcy; the money taken at the doors would at least pay their rent. Apparently there was a delay in getting the theatre ready for them, for they went to Rouen in November of that year. The

fête known as *la foire du pardon*, or *la fête de Saint Romain*, was then going on at Rouen, and this no doubt drew them away from Paris, where they were fretting because they were compelled to remain inactive. And they were paying money for their theatre, though it was not ready for them to use it. Of the large towns in France, Rouen was the nearest to Paris, and it was customary with strolling companies when they left the capital to begin their performances in the provinces at Rouen. It was at Rouen that Mondory, the head of his troop, brought out Corneille's first play, 'Mélite,' in 1629; and it is probable enough that in the same city Jean Baptiste Poquelin, afterwards Molière, first appeared on the stage as a professional actor. However this may be, the troop were back in Paris about Christmas; for Léonard Aubry, *paveur des bâtiments du roi*, had undertaken, "weather permitting," to have their house ready for them on the 31st December.

The inside of the theatre was exceedingly primitive. Besides some curtains through which the actors had to pass in going on and off the stage, there was no other decoration. The stage was lighted by candles. Of musical instruments there was a flute, a drum, and one or two violins. The shape of the room was oblong; there was a gallery running along each side-wall, and along the wall facing the stage. Here were the boxes, the price of each seat being ten sous; the groundlings stood during the performance, and paid five sous. The doors were open at one o'clock, the performance began at two; and by five people were on their way home. The customary dinner-hour then was mid-day.

Very likely the "first night" of

Illustre Théâtre was the 1st by 1644; but we do not know what was the play chosen with a view to charm the public. This is hostile testimony, written five years later, from one as then Molière's enemy, to whom the public refused to be drawn; and that after the first performance, when the applause continually given at the wrong end, nobody entered the doors of the theatre except a few water-land the friends of the actors whom a free entry was given. The troop had set about their work gallantly, and tried their best to make a bid for the public. They bought and paid plays by authors then in repu-

One piece was 'Scévole,' edited by Du Ryer. Tristan also furnished two others: 'Fort de Crispe,' and 'La le Sénèque.' Du Ryer com-altogether nineteen plays for the theatre, and obtained a seat in the French Academy in

This honour was more owing to his Greek and translations than to his literary success as a dramatist, any of the early Academi-owed their seats to the same

Tristan l'Hermite was elected a member of the Academy in 1649; per-sonen because he had friends art. He was the author of theatrical pieces, of which 'Mariamne,' in 1637, had a great success indeed, and re- in the repertory of the until many years after its death. And the troop ately admitted into their by one Nicolas Desfontaines, or of plays. He was not a in dramatic poetry, and as he did not appear as an

He became the author of oop, and may have been

chosen for this post because he had plays lying idle in his cupboard. At this time he had written half-a-dozen tragedies or tragi-comedies; and it would seem likely that some of them were acted, but with one exception we do not know upon what theatre.

It is sad to relate that there were bad days in store for the *Illustre Théâtre*, for people would not pay their money to see them. Molière had become their leader, but even his ingenuity could not stave off their troubles. It has been said of Molière very often, that, as a young man, he had a weakness for playing tragic parts, and that he played them very badly; and it is tolerably certain, too, that later in life, after his success came to him in Paris on his own theatre, he used to act tragedy until his enemies ridiculed him so mercilessly that he was obliged to abandon it. In comic parts his rivals were bound to admit that he was very amusing, but when they could lay their hands upon a weak point they did not fail to do so. Other comic actors since his day have had a passion for playing parts for which nature did not intend them; and we have heard of an actor of our own day whose talent in acting lies chiefly in showing the ugly sides of human nature, and whose elocution is assuredly detestable, playing the part of Romeo. But as two hundred and fifty years ago in France tragedy was much more popular with the public than comedy, authors had to write tragedy, and actors had to play it; and it need not be surprising that Molière should like to act the kind of piece that found most favour with his audience. It is evident enough, from whatever cause, that the affairs of the *Illustre Théâtre* were declining. Some of the

left the company. Their places were filled with new recruits, and among these was Daniel Mallet, who was hired as a dancer. This was on the 28th June 1644. We mention this to show what sort of amusement was then popular. The practice of dancing between the acts appears to have been common in England at any rate early in the seventeenth century; and we may add that it would be a curious, and not an ungrateful task, for any one to notice the likeness of the stage customs in England and in France about this time. The finest period of the English drama began, say, in 1590, and lasted until 1630; Shirley being the last of our principal dramatists until the Puritans caused the theatres to be closed: the glories of the French theatre began about the time when ours were ended, and lasted until Racine's 'Phèdre' in 1677. The document which relates to Daniel Mallet shows the first instance of young Poquelin having changed his mind, and here he signs himself boldly—DE MOLIERE. But in later documents we find him using his family name Poquelin before he appears to have finally adopted the name by which he is now known; and with this one exception, on the 28th June 1644, he never omitted the name Poquelin, or its initial letter. As for the particle *de*, that was not always intended or accepted as a sign of nobility. Actors commonly used it, and no one thought of depriving them of the privilege. In August 1644 the *Illustre Théâtre* played at the Luxembourg Palace before Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the uncle of Louis XIV., who was then only a child. The troop had been introduced to the Duke by M. de Modène (whom we have seen mentioned in connection with Madeleine Béjard), one of

the king's chamberlains. But the protection of Gaston did not put money in their purse. In December 1644 they signed a deed acknowledging a debt of 300 livres to François Pommier; and on the same day another deed acknowledging another debt to Pommier of 1700 livres. They bound themselves to repay these sums by giving up all profits from the receipts of the theatre. And in addition to these debts they had to pay to Louis Baulot 600 livres, "the remainder of a larger sum." A few months previously they had borrowed from Baulot 1100 livres, to pay for the plays already mentioned, and other expenses connected with the theatre. It may be seen, therefore, that their affairs were in a bad way. But they had paid off 500 livres of their debt to Baulot. This repayment is the only sign we know of showing that they had any sort of success. They owed altogether 2600 livres—or about £400 of our money now. Each member of the troop found a guarantor for his share of the liability; and they passed a deed of agreement amongst themselves not to divide any profits until they had cleared the debt. This was perhaps forced upon them; but it was something to get their creditors to acknowledge such an agreement.

As they could find no good luck in the *jeu de paume des Mestayers*, they determined to dislodge and try another part of Paris. Their lease was cancelled on the 14th December 1644, and the surrender was signed by Jean Baptiste Poquelin (Molière) alone in the name of the company. They then went to the outskirts of the Marais, then the most fashionable part of the town, and hired the *jeu de paume de la Croix Noire*, at the Port Saint Paul. It was situated

close to the river, on the north side, a little higher up than the Ile Saint Louis. Here, too, on the Quai des Célestins, No. 32, may be seen a marble tablet which tells its own tale: "À cette place s'élevait le jeu de paume de la Croix Noire où Molière et la troupe de l'illustre Théâtre jouèrent en 1645." It was within half a mile of the new Place Royale—still a handsome square, and now called the Place des Vosges—where people of the best families in France had built and owned their houses. So far as literature had got any hold upon the people, the Marais was the quarter of the town which those who had literary taste liked best, and where they congregated. This was a long way from the celebrated Hôtel de Rambouillet—which we should place in the present Place du Carrousel—but *assemblées*, or weekly "afternoons," were fashionable in Paris at this time, and many of the ladies affected the Marais quarter. We may imagine that Molière, who had now the most influence in the troop, wished to try if the neighbourhood of the gay world would not bring the paying public to his doors.

Their removal was not made without expense. Before Christmas they engaged a master carpenter named Girault to take away the boxes and other woodwork from their old theatre, and put them up in the new one. Girault was to receive 600 livres for his work, but he was to get his money from Pommier—so that of the 2000 livres which the actors owed to Pommier, 600 may really have been due to Girault. The troop still retained the privilege of belonging to *Son Altesse Royale*, Gaston, Duke of Orleans; and on 7th February 1645, Gaston gave a

ball at the Luxembourg Palace, and engaged his actors to entertain his guests. Unfortunately nothing is known of this performance except that it took place. The only piece known to have been played by the members of the *Illustre Théâtre* at the Port Saint Paul was a tragedy by one Magnon, called 'Artaxerce.' The brothers Parfaict, most accurate and praiseworthy historians of the French theatre, say a good word in favour of its versification; and another respectable authority is kind enough to say, "Cette pièce est assez bien faite et renferme des beautés de détail." This play was printed in 1645, and bears on its title-page an unusual indication: "Représentée par l'illustre Théâtre." Magnon wrote seven other tragedies, or tragedy comedies, which may be seen in the British Museum. He was assassinated on the Pont Neuf in 1662. The author Desfontaines was perhaps still in the troop; and if so, doubtless one or more of his tragi-comedies were acted, for two plays of his were printed in this year, 1645. If an author had any chance of getting his play acted, the second place would naturally be given to the printed publication. As the company were not now in a position to give much money for new plays, it is to be presumed they acted old ones. The only law then observed as to dramatic copyright was, that a play belonged to its author, or to the troop intrusted with its representation if they had bought it for a sum of ready money paid down, until it was printed; after that it became public property. But perhaps the custom of fair dealing would not allow one troop to put upon their theatre a play that had until lately always been acted by a rival troop, merely be-

cause it had been given to the world in a printed form. Corneille's most famous tragedies had been printed within the last few years; and it would be hazardous to say that they were put into requisition by the members of the *Illustre Théâtre* without further evidence.

At the close of the extract taken from the *historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux in the early part of this article, mention was made that Molière himself composed amusing comedies. That he did write farces early in his career is considered certain, and he may possibly have supplied the *Illustre Théâtre* with some of his first efforts; but there is no authority to lead us to suppose that he did so. It is not known when his first farces were written, or where they were first acted, or how many he did write. Two were discovered in 1819 which are now believed to be his—'La Jalousie du Barbouillé,' and 'Le Médecin Volant,'—and they appear to us to show that, though composed at an early period, he possessed the art of direct and lucid expression. Perhaps this quality is more essential to a dramatist than to any other class of writer. The names of a few other farces that Molière is believed to have written are known, and some of these were played occasionally as the after-piece on his own theatre in Paris, when he had returned from his twelve years' wanderings in the provinces.

It appears, however, plainly enough, whether from want of good plays or good acting, or want of proper appreciation on the part of the public, that the members of the *Illustre Théâtre* could not make their business a paying concern. They were in debt when they began their ven-

ture in the *jeu de paume de la Croix Noire*, and while they were there their troubles increased upon them. Molière, for his own wants, borrowed 291 livres from Jeanne Levé; this was in March 1645, and he did not finally extinguish all the arrears of his debt until May 1659. Jeanne Levé was probably a professional money-lender, and she had ample security for the money lent; and readers of the 'Avare' know that a young man who wants to borrow money does not get it upon easy terms. The document acknowledging this debt has come down to us, but there must have been other debts of which we have heard nothing. We do know, at all events, that for money owing by the troop, Molière, as their head man, was put into prison at the Grand Châtelet. The facts have not come to light with perfect clearness, but it is probable that he was locked up there twice. He was released on the 2d August 1645, when Léonard Aubry went bail for him, promising to pay 40 livres a-week for eight weeks, and again on the 4th August in the same year; and as far as can be judged, his first imprisonment was not much longer than his second. There is no word to show that his father or any of his relations came to his rescue. Aubry had no guarantee for his money—or none that we know of—but on the 24th December Molière's father gave Aubry a written promise that he would refund it. Jean Poquelin kept his word, but not until nearly three years later. Poquelin also paid 125 livres to Pommier's wife on his son's behalf. The other actors must have paid, or have had paid for them, their shares in the debt. The only other known instance of repayment was that of 120 livres

received by Pommier on behalf of Catherine Bourgeois. It may be that the liabilities of all the actors were not the same.

It has been thought that from the Port Saint Paul the troop made another endeavour to retrieve their fortunes in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; but new facts have been adduced to show that this is extremely unlikely. They had met with great reverses in the two parts of Paris where they had tried to gain the public favour, and one may imagine that they would be very little disposed to think that by a third venture in a different part of the town they would win their once coveted glory. The document, dated 16th August 1645, is the last which has as yet come to light concerning the affairs of the *Illustre Théâtre*, and from it we learn that their numbers had been reduced from eleven to seven. They were no longer described as belonging to *Son Altesse Royale*, for after Molière had been im-

prisoned for debt Gaston withdrew his "protection" from the troop. But since this distinction brought them more honour than money, they consoled themselves for the loss of it.

It is difficult to say at what date Molière left Paris to go strolling in the provinces—it can hardly have been before 1647—or how he began his wanderings, which were to last until October 1658. He was at Lyons in 1653, where he brought out the 'Étourdi,' which was his first five-act comedy written in verse. If he had never written anything else, this play would show a mind bright with wit and humour, and determined not to be put down by difficulties. In 1656 his 'Dépit Amoureux' was first played at Béziers. When he returned to Paris two years later he produced these two plays, and then he electrified the same public which twelve years earlier had refused to enter his doors.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

DANOVITCH: A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Two men were seated in an office.

It was not an office like that of any great commercial house in London. It was a small room with two windows, closely barred, looking out into a courtyard. Yet in spite of the prison look that these barred windows gave the place, it was a comfortable office. The floor was covered by a rich carpet from Persia. A tall stove burned in one corner—a high iron stove, half sunk into the wall.

A large desk and a few chairs were all the furniture it contained, unless the big iron safe which stood open with a bunch of keys in the lock could be classed as furniture. The writing-table stood near the window, the writer's seat being arranged that the light fell from behind him, yet sufficiently to one side to allow him to write without his hand casting a shadow over his work. On the table lay a pile of papers and a number of books, two or three of the latter dictionaries of foreign languages. A wire or two hung from the ceiling, with incandescent lamps affixed. Two men sat in the room—one at the writing-table, one on a chair facing him. One could see then why the table was so placed, so that the light from the window might fall full on the face of any one who sat opposite the desk.

The man who occupied the desk now was elderly. His grey hair was cropped close to his head, from which it stood up straight. A grey moustache, almost white, covered his upper lip. The complexion was pale, almost sallow, the face *thin*. The nose, slightly arched,

seemed to hint at Jewish origin. The lips were narrow, and held firmly together. Heavy dark eyebrows almost hid the narrow bright blue eyes that lay below. Circles surrounded the eyes, but it was difficult to say whether they were the marks of time, illness, or work. He wore a black frock-coat, with a small red button on one lapel. Beneath showed a white waistcoat, and a dark tie fastened in a large bow. His hands, half covered with the white shining cuffs, were thin and long and intensely white, almost as white as the cuffs themselves, which were fastened with great black solitaire studs with a silver coronet on each.

The other man was young. His hair, like the elder's, was cropped short, but, short as it was, seemed to have a tendency to curl; a brown moustache and beard covered the lower portion of his face. His forehead was high and slightly tanned by the sun; his brows fine and arched, but darker in colour than his hair. His lashes, too, were dark, and surrounded eyes of a bright blue—a blue that was almost mauve. His nose was long and narrow, forming almost a straight line with his forehead.

He was dressed as an Englishman in a tweed suit; but fair as he was, he did not look altogether an Englishman. Any one who had been asked would have said his father was English, his mother—I don't know what.

His head was buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees, at this moment. The elder man was watching him carefully from under those heavy eyebrows,

apparently all his attention crossed in the paring of his with a penknife.

The young man did not move.

He spoke. Presently the two seemed tired of his nails, and toyed with a little.

The young man did not speak. The man at the table touched a bell. A moment later the door opened, and a clerk in clean clothes entered.

"Abdurrahman there?"

"monsieur."

He spoke in French.

"Let him to come in. I will wait now."

"monsieur."

A minute later the door opened, and a strange figure entered.

Abdurrahman was an Arab—a burnt Arab. He wore the dress of his people, the loose flowing robe, in this case of yellow silk. On his head an imbricated urban almost concealed his

his handsome face, bronzed by sun, with regular features and dark piercing eyes.

He took his slippers at the door, entered, and walked across barefooted over the soft carpet until he stood opposite the Arab. He bowed slowly. "Come, Abdurrahman! You have arrived to-day?"

"The carpet is as soft as the hillside in spring," replied the Arab, still standing.

The Englishman passed over the European. This was trifling, and too busy a man to trifle. He tried to realise his position, however, and saw that his was too much of an oriental to do business at once. He rang the bell. The same man came as before.

"That is all he said. It is the spell."

"Yes, I have arrived to-day. It is cold here."

"You find it so? draw nearer the stove. Sit here."

The man had risen from his desk and placed a large chair before the stove. Without a word of thanks Abdurrahman seated himself, tucking his bare feet under him in true Arab fashion.

They were speaking in Arabic. A stranger could not notice any difference in their pronunciation, yet one who knew the language could have told that it was the European who was speaking the purer dialect, the Arab's being more or less a *patois*.

Coffee arrived, brought by a servant in livery—two tiny china cups balanced in gold holders on an oriental tray.

Abdurrahman took one in his hand, and looked at it for a moment.

"Is this mine?" he asked the European.

"Either—whichever you please."

"Is this mine?" Abdurrahman repeated the question calmly, as though no answer had been given.

"Yes, that is yours," responded the other, apparently annoyed.

"Then I will drink yours," said the Arab, smiling gently, "and you shall drink mine."

The European laughed harshly.

"You need have no fear, we are not in Persia," he said.

"No," answered the Arab, "but we are in Russia."

With the coffee business commenced.

"Tell me your news."

"The Englishman you wrote about has gone."

"You took him?"

"Yes, we took him."

"What did he say for himself?"

"Nothing. Oh yes, he said he was travelling for pleasure, for sport. I asked him why he wore

Arab clothes?—why he passed himself as a Mohammedan, when he was a dog of a Christian?"

The other smiled.

"He said," continued Abdurrahman, "that he did so because it attracted less suspicion,—because he travelled more easily in that guise. But he is gone."

"Where?"

"To a far-off land."

"Where?"

"To where all unbelievers go—to hell."

Again the European laughed.

"You are polite," he said.

"It is my nature," and the Arab smiled again, that soft smile that meant nothing—absolutely nothing.

"You have no news?" asked the man at the desk, after a moment or two's pause.

"I have no news."

"And you return—when?"

"Now, to-morrow, in a month, when it pleases you."

"You want money?"

"I have come here for that."

"You remember the price arranged for—for—"

"For sending the Englishman who travelled for *pleasure* and *sport* to where all unbelievers go. Yes, I remember the price."

"You believe him innocent?"

"I know him to have been so."

"Then why did you—send him away?"

"Because I wanted money."

"Yet your Koran says of the avaricious—'On the day of judgment their treasures shall be melted in the fire of hell, and their bodies branded therewith.'"

"You omit half the quotation," added Abdurrahman, — "'unless they use it not for the advancement of God's true religion.' For that purpose I use it."¹

The Russian rose from his seat

and took a bundle of notes from his safe.

The Arab proceeded to count them out.

"There is no need to count them; there is more than our bargain there."

"Blessed are those who give more than they owe," said Abdurrahman, thankfully.

"When shall I see you again?"

"When next I can—send away—yes, send away—an Englishman who is suspected of stirring up anti-Russian feelings on the Persian borders."

"And then?"

"Then I will come for some more money."

"Perhaps you will not get it."

"Then my tribe will ask British protection. And now, farewell."

The Arab rose slowly from his seat and bowed to the Russian, then as slowly walked across the room, slipping his feet into his shoes, and, just as a servant opened the door, bowed himself out.

The Russian sat down at his desk, and commenced looking for something there; made a note in a book, which he placed in the safe; then once more turned over his papers, as if he had mislaid some article, but without success.

"Well?" he asked presently.

The young man started, and raised his head.

"Well?" he asked again.

"I cannot," groaned the young man.

"You Montenegrins are not usually cowards."

The young man sprang to his feet.

"I am no coward!" he cried;

"God knows, I am no coward!" Again there was silence for a minute or two.

Presently the elder, with agitating persistency, said again—

¹ Al Koran, chap. ix., "The declaration of immunity."

?"
the young man looked up.
was all the response he

I will not trouble you
These words were in
tones. "You can go to
hunger, sickness — ay,
food day."

ung man rose and turned
or. The Russian touched
and a servant opened it.
hreshold he hesitated for
t, turned back, and said
"Yes, I will do it."

are wise."
no! I am mad! but mad-
atter than starvation."
are decided?"
I am decided."

sign this. You know its

like a machine than a man,
ger took a quill-pen and
deed.

d like Faust with Mephis-
' he said, almost hysteri-
e moment he had signed.
are complimentary, like
friend; but I forget you
t understand him. Any-
Faust, you have not lost
."

but I have lost my

—honour! What good is

honour? And you have won this,"
and he handed him a bundle of
notes. "When you want more,
let me know." Then he added,
"You know your orders. You
will start at once."

"At once."

"Then good-bye."

"Good-bye."

There was no friendliness in
their parting. The words were
uttered as though they were glad
to be rid of one another.

Again the young man reached
the door; again he hesitated.

The Russian was stooping to
place the newly signed deed in a
drawer. He looked up and saw the
hesitation in the other's face. He
lifted his pen and waved it, smiling.

"Too late, my young Dr Faust—
too late."

"Yes, too late," he echoed, and
crumbling the notes into his pocket,
he left the room.

For a moment the Russian stood
still, and then he buried his face in
his hands on the table, and cried—

"At last, at last! Twenty-five
years waiting for my time—and
now—and now." He pulled him-
self suddenly together, lit a cigar-
ette, and rang his bell.

The clerk answered.

"Tell Yetinsky I am ready now,"
he said.

CHAPTER II.

andsomely furnished study,
ark oak, with books on the
n floor to ceiling, sat Count
y writing. One could not
ice, for he was bending dili-
er his work, but with his
slyet skull-cap and long
ard he might almost have
en for an old astrologer.
reading-lamp was all the
e room contained, and it
nly to give an appearance

of darkness to the surrounding
bookcases of oak and the dark
covers of the books. There was
perfect silence in the room, and
except that the man's hand travelled
fast over the paper one would have
thought it uninhabited, and that
the black skull-cap and grey beard
belonged to a waxen figure.

Presently the Count raised his
head. Then one could see his
a comfortable face, stout

with rather a flat large nose and bright twinkling eyes, yet a face that looked as though it had known sorrow as well as happiness. For a moment or two he sat gazing before him, then took his manuscript up, carefully sorted the numbered pages, and put them in order. Rolling them, he fastened the bundle with a piece of string, and rose to his feet.

Then he walked across the room to one of the bookcases, drew out half-a-dozen books, pushed his hand in behind those that remained, and laid his manuscript to rest in the double back of the bookshelf. Once more he replaced the books he had removed, approached the stove, and, opening its brass door, threw in a couple of pine-logs from a basket. The open stove-door cast its red reflection on the bookshelves and rich panelled ceiling.

The Count drew a chair to the fire and sat himself down in it, but he could not settle himself comfortably. He rose again, drew from his pocket a cigarette-case of silver decorated in black, with a picture of a sledge, took out a tiny cigarette, and lit it with a match from a small gold match-box which hung on his chain.

He closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. He might have been asleep, but that every now and then a whiff of white smoke issued from his mouth and circled into the gloom above.

His cigarette burned out, but still he lay on.

Presently he rose and walked to the window. Drawing back the heavy velvet curtain, he looked without. Snow was falling fast, and beating against the double glass window. The wind shrieked and whistled in the bare trees.

He shivered, and walked back to the stove, threw a few more logs in, and settled himself once more.

Presently a servant entered,—a handsome, bearded, fair man in Russian dress, black velvet and red silk, with tall boots on. He brought some cognac and two bottles of soda.

"No, I will take tea to-night," said the Count, as the servant stood before him with the tray.

The man walked toward the door, hesitated for a moment, then spoke.

"Sir."

"Yes."

"There has been a sledge accident near here."

"Indeed!"

"A gentleman was in the sledge; it had been overturned, and Prowsky, on his return from town, found him lying in the snow."

"It would be like Prowsky to leave him there."

"No; he brought him here, sir."

"That's all right—where is he?"

"He is lying now nearly insensible in my room—we have wrapped him up in blankets."

"When he is better come and tell me. I would like to see him. Do all you can for him."

"Yes, sir."

The man was leaving.

"Give him some warm port wine," the Count called after him.

"Yes, sir."

Half an hour passed. Then the servant returned.

"The gentleman is better," he said, "and we have thawed his clothes and dried them. He is dressed again."

"Ask him to come here—if he is well enough."

The servant left.

Presently the door was opened, and a few seconds later the benighted stranger entered. He was a tall young man, well-built, and handsome in feature. His eyes were large and blue, surrounded by dark lashes, while his eyebrows were of the same dark shade, and

y arched. His forehead was and high—whiter than usual, as, for his exposure to cold. Brown hair curled loosely all his head. His nose was what known as a Greek nose, straight and fine. His mouth was a trifle wide, the lips wide and very red. He was clean shaven. His eyes were evidently of foreign origin.

He wore a loose double-breasted coat of thick grey cloth, trousers of the same material, and a silk scarf very open at the neck, were his principal characteristics.

He walked across the room, as it was, the Count read and liked it.

The young man approached, and the elder rose and held out his hand.

He was on the point of saying when the young man interrupted him.

"I must apologise," he said, "for my intrusion, and thank you for your hospitality. I owe you my thanks for your kindness."

His words were simple, just as they would have been expected under the circumstances; yet there was a pleasant ring in the speaker's voice that made them sound even sincere.

"Nonsense," said the Count, "down, my friend, here before me, and keep warm, or you will be ill to-morrow." Then turning to the servant, who still lingered, he said, "Bring the tea."

As he spoke in Russian, the young man spoke very fluently but with a slight Russian accent.

"You are a Russian?" asked the Count.

"No," he replied, "I am an Englishman; but my mother was Russian, and so I speak the language tolerably well, although I have seen but little of the country since I left Russia."

"And you are travelling to see the country—your mother's land? Well, you have chosen the worst season of the year. Winter is not the time to travel in these parts, where there are no railways."

"No; so I have discovered. But people told me in England that the winters were not severe in Southern Russia."

"All the winters are severe, this one more so than usual; and," he added, "by listening to what people who know nothing about it say, you have nearly lost your life."

"And you have saved it," replied the other, with a ring of thanks in his voice.

"Another word and I will put you out in the snow again," laughed the elder man.

A servant entered and wheeled a table before them, on which he set a large *samovar*,¹ two tumblers, some sugar, and a lemon.

"We out-of-date Russians in the country still stick to our *samovar*, you see."

"I love the *samovar*," replied the other. "It reminds me of my childhood. My mother was enough of a Russian always to use hers, even in England; and it brings back old associations of her."

"She is dead?" asked the other, quietly.

"Yes, she is dead"—he paused, then added, "and my father, too. He was a soldier, but inherited property, and left the army to live on his estate. He was killed hunting last winter."

"And you——"

"I am a wanderer. I have left the old place. I have no relations now, so I wander—sometimes here, sometimes there. I thought of going to Central Asia after leaving Russia."

¹ The Russian urn.

"Indeed!" said the Count, whose travels consisted in one visit of a month or two to St Petersburg every year—a long journey, too, from this estate in the south.

They drank their tea in silence. Both seemed buried in reverie. It was the young man who first broke the silence.

"I may stay here to-night?" he asked.

"Of course, of course. Stay here to-night? Why, where do think you are going else?"

"I was trying to reach Count Dmitresky's place."

"Why, man, you are in it!"

"You are Count Dmitresky?"

"Yes, I am he. You were coming to see me? Well, good luck has favoured you, and a sledge accident has brought you to my door."

"I lost my way; where I should have been by now if the accident had not happened I do not know. I have a letter for you."

He opened his coat and drew a small leather pocket-book from his inside pocket—the wet and snow had not reached its contents—and extracted a note from it, which he handed to the Count.

The Count tore it open and read it hastily; then rising, he grasped the young man's hand and said—

"Any one recommended to me by Orenof is indeed welcome. When did you see him last?"

"I saw him ten days ago in St Petersburg."

"He was well?"

"Enjoying the best of health."

"Well, good fortune has brought you to my house when you might be lying in the snow. You are most welcome, Mr"—he looked at the letter to find his name—"Leslie Smith." And he grasped his hand. "Orenof tells me you are writing a book here in Russia."

"I am."

"On Russia?"

"On the condition of the Russian peasantry," he added, looking round him. "I did not tell you before,—one has to be careful of what one says in this country."

"Ay, indeed," added the other; "but you are safe here. Some walls have ears, but not mine. You will stay with me a long time, then—weeks? My daughter is away. I am all alone. You will be dull, but I am delighted to have you. You will stay a long time, Mr Leslie Smith?"

"A few days only, I fear—perhaps a week."

"And you can write a book in a week?"

"No; but I must travel on. I am collecting facts from all parts,—much lies before me yet."

"I have heaps of facts. I, too, have collected them—facts of oppression and cruelty; but you must say nothing about it. I will help you."

"Thank you, many thanks; we will talk over it to-morrow. Don't think me rude, but I am tired, very tired."

"I am a fool to have been keeping you up." He rang a bell. The servant entered. "Show Mr Smith his room; his luggage is here?"

"Yes, sir; we sent for it at once. It came half an hour ago."

"Where have you made up Mr Smith's room?"

"In the north wing, sir."

"Well, well, that must do for to-night. To-morrow move him into the room next to mine. You will not mind an out-of-the-way room to-night?"

"I would not mind anything to-night, I am so tired."

They parted at the door, and the servant showed Mr Smith his room.

His luggage was already there. The servant lit a couple of candles

dressing-table, and fetched
ne hot water.

I get you anything more,

, nothing more, thank you.
ight."

nd night, sir."

and fatigue had apparently
Mr Smith. For a moment
d before the dressing-table,
nd trembling, then threw

himself full length on the bed, his
face buried in his hands.

"O my God!" he sobbed.

"O my God!" Then he un-
dressed, feverish and nervous, and
blowing out the candles, crept into
bed.

Cold and fatigue had tired him
beyond measure, and sleep soon
came—deep, dreamless, refreshing
sleep.

CHAPTER III.

ek had passed by. For the
w days the book had no
een talked about between
Dmitresky and Leslie Smith,
he acquaintanceship ripened
nnerest friendship on both
e subject was again men-

as one evening that they
ting as usual in the library.
ad been silent for some
t, the elder man gazing at
lishman's handsome profile
eaned forward, resting his
his hand.

Count was thinking of his
io had died when quite a
He would have been just
age now. He always
of him as Leslie, and often
im so. Perhaps just such
honest, good-looking fellow;
was no good thinking—he
d now, had been dead well-
pon twenty years. There
uline certainly left, but she
nger, and she was a girl.
Pauline! when would she
ack from her aunt's at
—soon, he hoped. But when
s, which he did nearly every
urged her to stay, it must
ull for her in this great
all alone with an old man
s,—and then he was cross,
en he had the gout.

were Count Dmitresky's

thoughts, as he watched the young
man's face in the gloom of the
library. It was Leslie Smith broke
the silence. "Three days have
passed," he said, "and I have not
touched my book."

"You are getting dull that you
remember your work again. But
what else can I expect?—an empty
house, no neighbours, and only an
old man for company."

"No; far from it! far from it!
I am not dull; I could not be
dull, what with your company,
and when you are not here, your
books."

"One can often judge a man's
character by the books he reads.
Tell me what have you been read-
ing while I was out to-day?"

"Well, I spent an hour turning
over the books until I found an
old Arabic manuscript on vellum,
richly illuminated. It is an in-
teresting account of Mecca and the
surrounding country, and I read it
to see whether it——"

"You read Arabic?" interrupted
the Count.

"Yes, fluently. For four years
before my mother died we lived
entirely in Egypt, and I being a
boy picked up the language at
once. My father had me taught to
read and write it."

"Then you speak it fluently too?"

"Yes; almost like a native."

There was no tone of pride in his accomplishment. Rather it seemed that he took it as a matter of course that he should speak the language.

"And were you repaid for reading it?"

"No; it contained nothing of very great interest."

"And what do you intend to read to-morrow?"

"To-morrow I shall work at my book."

"And I will help you."

"You are too good. Why do you take all this trouble for a stranger?"

"No; not a stranger, Leslie—not a stranger."

He was silent for a minute or two.

"I had a son once. If he had lived he might have been as good, as handsome a young man as you are, with your honest English face. But he died—God's will be done. Leslie, will you stay and be a son to me?"—he spoke hurriedly. "I have no one now but Pauline, and she is nineteen years of age, and will soon marry, I expect, and I shall be left alone. Could you bear to be always with an old man in this great house? I have books and horses and guns for you—everything you could wish. Tell me, Leslie, my boy, will you stay with me always? I have a vacant place in my heart; Pauline fills most of it, but there is room for another—will you stay and fill that void?"

Leslie rose and took the old man's hand. Their eyes met. There was a look of mutual friendship and trust—ay, of mutual love.

"It is too soon," he said, "too soon. I have only been in the house a week. You might repent, you know, when it was too late. No; it would not be fair to you. No; I cannot stay always."

"I have weighed it in my mind,

Leslie. I never change. I liked your upright, honest look the moment I saw you. I knew I could trust the man before me. Stay, Leslie; stay always, my boy."

Tears stood in his eyes.

"You do not know what you are asking," Leslie answered softly.

"Let me stay with you a month, or two; and then if you wish it ask me. It would not be fair to pledge yourself yet. I am only a stranger."

"So be it," said the Count; "you will stay a month, and I will ask you again then. Leslie, you will not refuse?"

The young man looked at him with his clear blue eyes and said—

"I think I shall not refuse."

The Russians are very demonstrative, and Dmitresky kissed his forehead.

The next day Leslie worked hard at his book, a table having been put at his service in the library. The Count gave him a pile of manuscript to look through—notes of facts concerning the agricultural depression in South Russia, and cases of cruelty against the Government. Leslie read it all through, carefully sorting all the matter which could be of use to him in writing the second half of his book—'Russia's Treatment of her Subjects.'

Sad indeed were some of the stories he came across amongst those piles of paper—loose journals kept by Dmitresky for some years past. Cases of families—poor families—blackmailed of all they had by unscrupulous police; cases of girls insulted, willingly insulted, to save their parents or brothers or sisters or sweethearts being sent to Siberia, on a charge which could never hold good; cases of one of a family seized in the dead of night,—perhaps a mother torn from her clinging

—to walk the weary miles
the Emperor's highway to

Nor were the facts alone
by Dmitresky,—notes of his
re added here and there.

," he wrote once, "if some
uld only let our beloved
now what is going on
t his 'little children'; if
the Father' could only have
opened to the cruelty and
me of his police,—how dif-
t would all be then! Our
r, with his fatherly love,
s kind generous heart, little
the orders that issue from
eau of the police."

n, in another spot, after
a case in which the village
turned out to be a spy
the police at St Petersburg,

written: "Why does not
ne tell him—tell him that
ess their spies in the garb
gion? He is a religious
he is our Czar; he would
omit such things."

again: "It is not from the
s that anarchy and nihilism
it is not in the country
nd villages it has its birth.
m search the town to pick
scoundrels, the devils who
assassination and dynamite
e colleges and schools, from
rors and poets. The peasants
ented enough, until the police
id break up their homes."

yet again in another place:
not the Czar the people
overthrow. They love him.
good and wise and just; he
tyrant. The tyrant is the
of the police. It is like
Hugo's octopus,—it stretches
long arms on sides and
the blood of the people,
ey say it is he—our little
,"

er another date: "Will no
ome to these poor people?
r batch of police have been
OL.—NO. DCCCCXII.

to the village. Another batch of
prisoners have left for, God knows
where!—probably for Siberia and
death. The people are being
driven wild: what will happen?
They whisper now in groups in
the streets, and point out to one
another the women's tear-stained
eyes. I love him, the Czar, as
every Russian and every man must,
yet I love my fellow-men too.
They are being driven wild. Un-
less it ceases it will end in outrage,
and who can wonder? I almost
think outrage is justified in God's
sight to remove this blight from
the land."

After relating some shocking
cruelty he had written: "She, too,
of all girls in the world, scarcely
more than a child, and to have
been married so soon to such a
good honest man. She did it to
save her lover, and God will re-
ward her, but she has lost her
honour. To-night I could myself
throw the bomb that would blow
the bureau of the police to a thou-
sand atoms, with him who wields
the power there, to rid the people
of espionage and cruelty."

There were many such notes as
these. Leslie sorted all the papers:
some he put back into a large box,
some he kept in a locked drawer
in his table.

On one or two afternoons the
Count would sit with him, sorting
through the papers Leslie had
reserved for use, giving him further
particulars of the cases, and adding
to his written notes a torrent of
words against the unholy workings
of the police.

The weeks slipped by and Leslie's
book progressed fast. It was all
arranged between them. The book
would be published in London, with
a preface by the Count,—an extra-
ordinary preface, of course, and
a translation of the Count's preface
should be given.

case, likewise anonymously, given as the opinion of a Russian noble on the sufferings of his poorer brethren. Leslie was to publish the book under a *nom de plume*. On this Count Dmitresky insisted.

"If you do not," he said, "you cannot stay here with me. Even as it is, even if you were to leave me, I should not be safe. It is known that you have been staying here, and I might be in danger."

"There is no other course open to me then," said Leslie, "but to adopt some *nom de plume*, though I do not like it. I hate taking another name; it always seems to

me dishonourable, as though one shirked the responsibility of one's task."

"No, no," said the Count; "not that, my boy, not that. But you would have to leave me, and I trust you will not do that. Leslie, our month is not up,—only a few days remain. Let us pass them over. Leslie, my son, will you stay with me?" and Dmitresky gazed affectionately into his face.

Leslie held out his hand. It was a slow movement,—all his movements were slow.

"Father," he said, "I will stay with you."

CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks later Pauline returned from her visit to Odessa. Leslie did not see her when she arrived, for he was hard at work in the library on his book, which was now fast growing towards completion. Still there was much work to be done. The already sorted notes and facts of Count Dmitresky had to be re-sorted, for there was not room to publish them all. Little by little as a chapter was finished it was sent to England to the publisher, and the old Count used to watch his notes sealed up in the long envelopes with Leslie's manuscript with pride. At last all the pains that he had taken in keeping this journal would prove useful, and possibly more,—might benefit the poor peasants around him.

The friendship of the two men had grown still closer. There was no secret now which one had not confided to the other. The Count, with tears in his eyes, had told of his wife's death, of Pauline's young days,—had told his whole history, ay, even how he had fought a duel with an officer about the girl who

was afterwards his wife, and how he had wounded him on the hand with his sword, and, victorious, married the girl.

Leslie, on the other hand, had much to tell too,—of his mother's death in Egypt, of his father, and their country place, now let; how the land had gradually depreciated in value, and how glad he was to get the whole place off his hands. That this land and some investments only brought him in three thousand a-year now, instead of four as formerly.

Pauline arrived, but it was not until dinner-time that Leslie saw her.

He came down from his room just as the bell sounded for dinner. A room leading out of the hall, with its door open, was lighted up. Leslie had never seen this room used before, but he knew it was Pauline's boudoir. When she was away they always sat in the library.

Within he heard the Count talking, and every now and then the laughter of a girl. He entered slowly. For a moment the occupants of the room did not see him.

Dmitresky was standing back to the stove, smiling at the fighter who faced him, one arm resting on either shoulder. Jack was turned to Leslie as he entered. He saw only the exact figure, neck, and arms, and a mass of light golden hair. He was laughing.

"Have you been good while I am away?" she was saying to him.

"My dear, I have been good; but here is Leslie—"

He turned round with a little smile and held out her hand. Leslie took it and bowed slightly.

"Your papa been good, Mr. Leslie," she asked.

"I've only known your father a few weeks," Leslie answered in a low voice; "but I know him well enough to say that he is all right."

"You've been spoiling him. My mother has been spoiling you,"

the man announced dinner. At the table Leslie had more opportunity to look at

him. There was no doubt she was very lovely, the loveliness of the purest type. Her face was long and slender, with dark-grey eyes, long black lashes, arched eyebrows, a rather fine straight nose, and slightly bowed lips. Though her features were not perhaps perfect, there was the surrounding of light-golden hair, the white neck of exquisite lace, and, to add to the charm, she was beautifully dressed.

The costume struck Leslie, who had been an eye to art, as as near as anything he had ever seen the way of women's dress. It was half a dinner dress, half a gown. The foundation was

of mauve silk, an exquisitely pale tone of mauve that was almost grey in shadow. Over the silk, and almost hiding it, was draped tulle of the same delicate hue. Where the tulle hung in loose folds over the body it was embroidered in tiny pearls, as was also the skirt. A train hung from her shoulders, a train of the same shade of silk brocade. The sleeves reached her elbows, — drooping sleeves of mauve tulle, held back by little strings of pearls. Over her neck and shoulders the tulle hung lightly, with no regularity or shape, but in natural folds, just thick enough for one to gather the perfect outline of her shoulders.

The conversation was bright; and although Leslie had rather dreaded the arrival of the young lady, fearing it would draw him from his work, now she was come he was very pleased. He felt then, for the first time, that the house had been a trifle dull before, though he was always assuring the Count to the contrary. How often one discovers something when it is all over!

After dinner Pauline left them to their cigarettes. They did not sit long; a couple of glasses of Dmitresky's famous Chateau Margaux, and they joined her in the boudoir.

She was seated at the piano playing, and made no attempt to leave as they came in. It was the Swan Song from "Lohengrin." She was only playing from ear, yet her touch was soft and sweet, and every note spoke of pathos, of the parting of Lohengrin and Elsa.

Leslie walked towards the piano. She turned towards him.

"Will you not sing it?" he said.

"No, certainly not. I sing 'Lohengrin'! Why, to begin with, it's a man's part, and would lose

its meaning if I sang it; and besides, I don't know the words."

"I do," said Leslie, quickly. "I can prompt you in them."

"Then if Mr Leslie Smith knows the words of Lohengrin's song, no doubt he can sing it."

"I never sing now," said Leslie.

"Ah, you are like all men," she said; "you want pressing. Papa made me think you were better than the rest—no, I don't mean that," she added hurriedly; "but I think you might sing."

"Would it please you?"

"That I can't say till I've heard you. There now, that's all the pressing you'll get, so sing or not as you please."

"No, it is as *you* please."

"Well then, sing."

She left out the melody, playing the accompaniment only, which she knew by heart.

Leslie stood behind her and sang—sang that most beautiful song in all Wagner's music in a voice one can seldom hear—a perfect tenor. As the difficult song proceeded, he worked more and more passion into it, until his voice died away in those last sweet notes.

The music ceased.

"You have sung before,—you have studied music?" she asked, hurriedly. "This is not the first time you have played Lohengrin?"

"And you are playing Elsa. Take care: perhaps if you ask these questions I shall go away, as Lohengrin did."

"Yes; and nice and comfortable a boat drawn by a swan would be in weather like this, with all the water frozen too."

And so they talked on, while the old Count sat at the other end of the room turning over page after page of a large manuscript.

Soon Pauline left them, and the

vision of mauve and loveliness was gone.

"Come into the library, Leslie," the old man said; "I have something to say to you."

They crossed the hall and entered the room with the black oak shelves.

"I am going to tell you something I have not told you before. No, you need not look so anxious; it is no cause for anxiety." Then nervously, "Leslie, I have written a novel. I only finished it the night you came."

"A novel!" cried Leslie, astonished. "I never thought you could have written a novel."

"No. I know it is very foolish and stupid of me, but I have been often alone and dull, you know, before you came. I have written it on and off for three years. I daresay it is very stupid; but would you read it?"

"Of course I will, with pleasure, and no doubt enjoy it too."

"Oh no, you won't do that. It is not a novel for enjoyment. It is a sad story."

"And what is its subject?" asked Leslie.

The Count looked round him. "It is a political novel," he said; "a little advanced in ideas perhaps, but you know how I think in these matters, and there are no secrets between us. Be careful to keep the manuscript locked away; and I thought if you found it passable you might send it to your publishers, to be translated into English and published anonymously. It might do good to the poor people here."

Count Dmitresky gave a thick roll of paper to Leslie, evidently the same roll he had been looking through during the singing in Pauline's boudoir. The Count did not wait to say more. He seemed

half to regret what he had said good night. Then poor he turned back, and to Leslie.

"I must think me an old man. Fancy my writing a letter, ha! Good night, Leslie."

"Good night, sir." As dawn began to force its way through the library curtains, Leslie, finishing the last pages of his manuscript, washed and tied the manuscript to the curtains, rolled them back, letting the morning's daylight in. A man-servant entered the room and started to see Mr Smith in his clothes.

"Your pardon, sir. I did not know you were here."

"All right," said Leslie, looking at his pale tired face, with a weary nod towards her; "is it?"

"Eight o'clock nearly," she said, "and breakfast will be ready in an hour."

Leslie walked to his room and found his hot head and eyes in

cold water, undressed, took his bath, and dressed himself in his morning clothes.

The bell rang for breakfast. He took the roll of manuscript, sealed it in a canvas envelope, and addressed it. Then he went downstairs.

After breakfast he took his hat and fur-coat in the hall.

"You are going out?" asked the Count.

"Yes," he replied. "I have some letters for the post."

"Send Ivan with them."

"No, thank you. I was working late last night,—the walk will do me good."

In an hour he returned. He found Dmitresky in his study.

"Ah, Leslie, I am glad you are back. I have thought differently about my novel. I will not publish it—or if I do it will be in the stove. Give me my manuscript back."

"Too late," laughed Leslie; "it is gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"To the—publisher."

CHAPTER V.

was going away."

Leslie who spoke these words one evening in the study. He had retired, so the Count and as usual adjourned to

Leslie jumped to his feet.

"Going away, Leslie?" he said in a low voice; "and you are going?"

"Not that,—anything but that. I have received a letter from my publisher. I must go and to see to my books."

"But, too, requires my presence. I shall only be away a month."

"Cannot you settle it from here? Write or telegraph. Say you can't come. We can't spare you, Leslie, my boy."

"What! not for a month or two?"

"No, not for a day. After Pauline, I love you best in the world. You must not go away and leave us; and Pauline will—will be sorry."

"I am grieved, sir, but I must go. However, I promise to return as soon as I can. I will not stay away long. A week or two in England ought to settle all my business."

"You will forget us when you get away,—forget the old house with its dull old man and its young hostess. Well, no wonder. It must be dull for you. I often thought so. I know it now."

Leslie rose from his chair and took the old Count's hand in his.

"Sir," he said, "father,—for you told me I might call you so,—put no opposition in my way. It is better I should go. I will only be away a month or two. The time will soon pass, and I will hurry back to my dear home here, which six months ago I entered a benighted stranger, which I shall leave now——"

"As a beloved son," broke in the old man, his voice half choked with a sob.

"As a beloved son," repeated Leslie in his slow sweet manner,—"as a beloved son."

"You *must* go, Leslie?"

"Yes, father, I must go; but remember, wherever I am I will not forget you and my home here,—and Pauline——"

Their eyes met.

I think the old man had guessed it before. He rose from his chair and laid his hand gently on Leslie's shoulder.

"You have spoken to her, Leslie?"

He looked down.

"No, father," he said, "not yet."

"But you will tell her before you leave."

"No, father. It will be best when I come back. There is business to settle in England. I wish to sell my property and put the money into securities. I have many things to do. I shall speak when I come back."

"You love her, Leslie?"

He looked up into the Count's face with those honest blue eyes of his.

"I love her with all my heart"

—he spoke as usual very slowly—"with all my heart and with all my soul. When she is near me I cease to live; I seem to leave this world behind me, to see, as in a dream, only her beauty, to hear only her voice. Do I love her? Ay, I deign to; for as the stars are above the earth, she is above me. Yet I deign to love her."

"God bless you, Leslie, my dear boy! I could wish nothing more than this. It has been my hope almost since I first saw you, when you came a benighted stranger to my house. It was the good God who brought you here."

"Do you think—what do you think she will say?"

"Leslie, I will tell you a secret. She has told me what she will say—'Yes!'"

Leslie sighed—a sigh of relief. "You guessed it?" asked Dmit-resky.

"Yes, I thought so," he answered.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"And you must really go away, Leslie?"

"Yes, I must really go; but do you think I shall not hurry back when such happiness awaits me?"

"I know you will, my boy,—I know you will."

"You are not angry with me for going?"

"I am never angry with you. If it must be, it must be. When do you intend to go?"

"To-morrow night."

"So soon, Leslie—so soon!"

"The sooner I go, the sooner shall come back," he answered cheerfully.

"True—yes, the sooner you ~~w~~ come back."

"It is late; good night, father—"

"Good night, my son. Grant it will not be long before I have a further right to call you ~~that~~."

The following morning after breakfast Lealie told Pauline that he was going away. She was standing at the piano turning over some music.

"Pauline," he said, for they called one another Pauline and Lealie now,—“Pauline, I have some news for you.”

“Good news or bad, Lealie?”

“Bad for me; for you, I do not know. You must judge for yourself.”

“Well, good or bad, tell it to me.”

“Pauline, I am going away.”

For a moment she paled and clutched the corner of the piano—it was but for a moment; then she steadied herself with an effort, and smiling, said—

“You are going to take a holiday?”

“A holiday? oh dear, no! Nothing but important business would take me away.”

“Important business,”—there was a tone of sarcasm in Pauline’s voice. It did not pass unnoticed by Lealie.

“Pauline,” he said, “do not make it harder for me to go than it is already. God knows it is a struggle, but it will be best for all of us. A month or two and I shall be back again—only a short absence.”

“A month or two is a long time.”

“Oh no, it is not. It soon flies by. It will with me. I shall count the days until I return, for I have much to look forward to when I come back.”

“You are sorry to go?”

“Yes, very sorry. I am sorry to leave your father and the books—and you, Pauline.”

“Father most, the books second, and Pauline last,” she cried, petulantly, dropping him a curtsey.

He said not a word, but his eyes fastened on hers.

She blushed.

“I am sorry I said that,” she added.

“Leslie!”

It was the Count’s voice that called him. He wanted him in the library to talk about his book.

“You will be very careful that my name is concealed. There are things in that book, as you know, that it would never do for me to own. There would be trouble in St Petersburg.”

“I will be very careful. You know, where your safety is concerned I would not do anything rash.”

“I trust you, my dear boy. I would put my life in your hands and have no fear.”

“Thank you, father.”

They sat talking all day, these two. Once or twice Lealie went to Pauline’s boudoir, but she was not there. He did not meet her till dinner-time. He was to leave after dinner, at nine o’clock, so they dined at six.

The summer was at its height, but they dined by artificial light, a soft light of candles with red shades.

Pauline wore the same dress as she had the first night they had met—a dream of mauve.

They did not talk much during dinner, and what conversation there was seemed forced.

The Count spoke a little of his book when the servants were not in the room. Pauline tried to keep her spirits up, and failed miserably. Not a word was said of Leslie’s departure, but all thought of it.

After dinner they strolled on to the terrace, a wide gravel walk. The sun was setting behind a great bank of dark clouds, throwing his last dying rays into the house and on the high hill behind. Every window-pane glowed; the old turrets stood out golden against the woods. There

they sat—the Count and Leslie talking and smoking, Pauline toying with her coffee. When Leslie was talking to the Count, her eyes were fixed on his face, and his sought hers at times. When they met, she coloured slightly, and dropped them.

The old Count was not lacking in diplomacy. He got up and left them.

For a few minutes neither of them spoke. Then Leslie drew his chair nearer Pauline's. The sun had set now, and the moon was shining clear and bright in the night air.

"Pauline, you will think of me sometimes when I am away?"

"I shall not forget you, Leslie."

"You are sorry I am going?"

"I am very sorry."

"Why?"

The question seemed to startle her, but in a moment she was herself again.

"Because I fear you may not come back."

"Pauline, I promise you I will come back. I give you my word—nay, more, I swear that, unless death or sickness stay me, I will return. I could not do otherwise. I am a wanderer in the world, without relations, almost without friends. Here I have a home, a father, and a—sister, Pauline. Can you imagine I would stay away? Directly my business is over I will return here as fast as steamer, rail, and coach can carry me. I will not rest day or night on the journey until once more I stand with you on this terrace, until once more I hold your hand in mine."

A nightingale burst into song on an orange-tree near by. Its plaintive melody seemed to both a fit accompaniment to their love.

"Thank you, Leslie," she whispered.

He held her hand lightly in his, and looked at her. She was passing fair in the pale moonlight; her dress of soft tulle seemed like a filmy cloud—like the filmy clouds that passed before the moon ever and anon, as if soaring by on a journey.

The minutes passed by slowly. Not one word they spoke. There was no need of words. Hearts can speak as surely and as deeply—ay, more deeply than lips. A phaeton with three horses harnessed abreast drove along the avenue from the stable, and drew up at the door of the house.

Leslie's hand closed faster on Pauline's. The footman brought his luggage out, and piled it up behind.

"Everything is ready, sir," said Ivan, as he handed him his soft travelling hat and light overcoat.

"Put my coat in the carriage; I shall not need it."

Ivan went away.

He held his hat in his left hand, with his right he clasped her trembling fingers.

"Pauline," he whispered.

"Oh, Leslie, my own dear love," and she threw her bare white arms round his neck and shoulders, and buried her face on his breast. He leaned over and kissed her brow and lips—again and again.

Then gently he withdrew her arms from his neck, and led her to a long cane-chair. She threw herself down, burying her face in her hands and sobbing.

Tears were in his eyes as he shook hands with the Count, and was kissed by him in return. Dmitresky had waited near the door; he would not disturb their farewell.

The carriage drove away down the avenue into the moonlight. They could hear it for a long time,

abling of its wheels on the
in the still night. Then all
ant.

tresky leaned over his
ar and kissed her.

"Come in, Pauline. The moon
is setting, and it is chilly. Come
in, my darling."

And they entered the house
together.

CHAPTER VI.

ost as far as the eye could
stretched a plain, on which
thern sun was beating down
errific force. Were it not
ere and there was a little
f coarse grass, or an aloe or
ared their spiky leaves, one
ave called it a desert. Far
n the distance was a range
burnt rocky hills. It was
t to say how far off they
or the hot sun rendered it
ble to judge distance, while
ted air gave an appearance
ality to everything, here and
rming mirage.

e were no signs of life visible

An Arab might have seen
alle which were lying amongst
ose stones, but a European
never have been able to pick
ut.

heat rose bewilderingly from
ins, and the sun streamed

Even a solitary palm-tree,
dried-up well at its foot,
but little shade. It was
even green; the white sand
ed itself into its leaves, giv-
an appearance of greyness.

quite a mistake to search
ur in the desert. There is
ur there. The white glare
sun turns everything black
ite. The sand, the sky, are

The trees, people, and
if there are any, look black.
ntly two specks issued from
in the bare rocky range of
At first it was impossible to
at they were. Soon one
cognise camels with figures

on their back. A little later, and
one could see the figures were those
of men. They halted.

One raised himself on his camel-
saddle and scanned the plain, then
turning his camel slightly, made for
the palm-tree, the other following.

The two camels came on with
drooping heads and necks and weary
gait. The riders were so muffled
in loose clothes that little was
visible of either except their eyes.

Over their backs were slung long-
barrelled guns of native manufac-
ture, while a scimitar hung at the
side of each.

The leader pulled up his camel
about a hundred yards from the
palm.

"Bah!" he cried; "by Allah, no
water!"

The other drew up to his side,
and gazed too at the empty tank,
with its bottom of hard-cracked
yellow clay.

"We must push on. Insh'allah!
we shall find water at the next
well." It was the other man who
spoke this time, and from his accent
it was plain he was not a native of
this part of the country.

"No, Al Hadj," said the man who
had spoken first; "we will rest
here a bit. There is just shade
enough for us to sit in, and when
the weather cools we will proceed.
When will sunset be?"

"Not for three hours or more
yet; but we will rest awhile here.
I still have some water in my
bottle."

Both men spoke to their camels.

who at once lay down, grunting the while.

They dismounted, and, hobbling the camels, unfastened the skin water-bottles from their saddles, and shook the sand from their clothes.

"Come into the shade, Al Hadj."

They crept under what little shadow the palm-tree gave.

Slowly one of the men unwound the bandage-like linen that half covered his face. He was very dark, almost brown, with a face marked with smallpox, and one eye blind. A scraggy beard and moustache half covered the lower portion of his face.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead with his hands, and drank a little more from his bottle.

Slowly the other man followed his example, uncovering his face.

He was a contrast to his companion. It was easy enough to see that he was a city Arab, while his companion hailed from the plains.

He would have been fair had not the sun tanned his face to a shade of light bronze. A small beard of brown hair covered his chin, a beard trimmed as the Arabs of the towns do. His eyes were blue, not uncommon amongst the city Arabs all over their country. His nose was fine and straight, his eyebrows and lashes dark. The dark man looked at his companion long and searchingly.

"Great are the sons of the Prophet," he said at last, "for many nations follow his teaching—nations of all colours and languages."

"God is great," said the other, wearily.

"Ay, and there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

"Blessed be his name."

"Where is your country, Al Hadj?"

"Oh, I come from afar, from Cairo—far, far away from here."

"Are all men fair in your land?" asked the other.

"No, not all; many are. My mother was a Turk," he added.

"Ah, from Stamboul?"

"Yes, from Stamboul."

For an hour or so they did not speak. Once they moved, for the afternoon sun had changed the shadow of the palm.

The fairer of the two, the Hadj, lay and watched the camels chewing with half-closed eyes.

It was he spoke first.

"When shall we find Abdurrahman's camp?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning, if we travel all night. It is only forty miles from here."

Neither spoke again until the sun, a burning orb of crimson, was setting, when the Arab of the plains touched the other, and said—

"We must be off."

Wearily the Hadj turned round and rose to his feet.

"Have you much water left in your bottle?" asked the dark Arab.

"No, not much."

"Allah látif, we have far to go before we reach another well."

"Is there sure to be water there?"

"Yes, and to spare. It is never dry."

The sun had set, and the after-glow lit up the plain with its lurid strange light, when they mounted their camels once more and set out.

"Abdurrahman is a great man about here?" asked the Hadj.

"Yes, lately he has been a great man, since the infidels—God's curse upon them!—have crept down south."

"God burn their fathers!" added the Hadj.

"Yes, now he is a great man. The Shah, wishing to keep him

o Persia, has called him
and men say the Russians
money."

"I don't know. We Arabs will
things for money."
"It dishonour our religion."
"There is no God but God,
and Mohammed is the prophet of

After an hour they journeyed
there was water in the next
stream. The tired and thirsty
men drank. Then on they went.
The night was cool, and
falling.

It came in time, and the
men slept again. The cicadas
chirped in the rocks and sand.
The wind sped over the plain,
raising the dust behind them.
The camels soared, searching his

The sun had been up some
hours when they crossed a range
of hills. From the summit
the view met their eyes.
There was Abdurrahman's camp,
in a green valley in the
middle of a clump of palm-trees.
In the middle of the valley
stream of clear water, rip-
pling its pebbly course. On
either side were women tending
the idle below wandered camels.
The encampment consisted of per-
centured tents in all—the
red *ghima* of the Arabs—
four.

The centre of the camp stood
out of European canvas.
The tent was a wall of burnt
red six feet in height, with
a door by which to enter
secure. On the summit of
the pole of the tent was a
red and a short flagstaff with
a flag flying.

Two men on their camels
slowly drew rein to gaze on
the beautiful scene. Scarcely a
word was heard from below except the

grinding of the stone hand corn-
mills, the pipes of the shepherd
boys and girls, and the music of the
stream. Not a breath of wind stirred
the palms, and the blue smoke of
the Arab fires curled and twisted in
shadowy blue columns into the
sky.

"This is the camp of Abdurrah-
man Khan," said the darker of the
two men. "Let us descend."

When they reached the stream
the Hadj dismounted, bathed his
face and hands in the cool water,
and threw off all the heavy over-
clothes that the Arabs wear as a
protection from the sun. He
looked wonderfully handsome now,
robed in a loose flowing garment of
sea-green silk, open down the front
where an under-dress of the palest
salmon-hue showed, fastened by a
sash of many colours. From the
sack which contained his baggage
on the camel he drew a new fez
and snowy turban, which he put
on his shaven head in place of the
travel-stained one he had worn
before. A pair of bright yellow
slippers completed his change.

"My Cairo Hadj must be a rich
man to wear clothes like that."

The other took no notice of this
remark, but threw a long broad
cloak over him, concealing his whole
costume, and proceeded to the
encampment. A crowd soon col-
lected. Visitors were rare in this
out-of-the-way spot on the Persian
frontier, where no one lived but the
wandering Arab border-tribes.

"Peace be with you all—the
peace of God! Is Abdurrahman in
his tent?"

"To you, too, peace: Abdurrah-
man is within. Who shall we tell
him wishes to see him?"

"Tell him a Hadj from Cairo."

His camel knelt down and he dis-
mounted, standing by the animal's
neck, as a couple of the men hur-
ried within to him.

man Khan of the arrival of the stranger.

A minute later they reissued, bidding the Cairo Hadj to enter.

Throwing back his cloak, he passed into the tent of Abdurrahman Khan.

CHAPTER VII.

Two men were seated in an office. It is the same office as we have seen before, the room with the barred windows and the Persian carpet.

The two men are the same also. At the desk sits the grey-headed man with the heavy brows, in his frock-coat with red button, and his loosely tied necktie. He has not altered in the least.

The other man is the same too. He has altered but slightly. He still wears a short brown beard and moustache, and his hair still has the same tendency to curl. This time, however, his face is not buried in his hands. He sits upright, waiting for the man at the desk to speak. He is writing busily.

"In one moment, Danovitch," he says, and continues writing. Presently he ceases, and throwing down his pen, sighs a sigh of relief.

"Finished at last. Have you brought the rest of those proofs?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Dear me! that's a pity. You could not get them, I suppose?"

"Yes, I could have got them."

"Then why on earth did you not bring them?"

"I was not able."

"Very annoying," murmured the other, "and I so nearly attaining what I have been working for these twenty-five years. However, I think we have enough here for my purpose." He rose and unlocked his safe. "Let me see. Here are copious notes, some underlined. Yes, this is our strongest point, perhaps—it is all strong, but

this is convincing—ah, and very amusing too:

"‘The tyrant is the bureau of the police. It is like Victor Hugo's octopus,—it stretches out its long arms on sides and sucks the blood of the people,’—a neat phrase, very neat. And here is more underlined: ‘To-night I could myself throw the bomb that would blow the bureau of the police into a thousand atoms, with him who wields the power there, to rid the people of espionage and cruelty’—‘and him who wields power there,’—dear me! I suppose that's myself: very shocking, are not they—these sentiments of murder? No! Assassination! I think if they blew me up I am sufficiently grand for my death to be an assassination—with a capital A, mind, Danovitch,”—and he showed his white teeth in a smile. “Yes, I fancy this, and—ah, let me see, here it is—a political novel that alone would send our dear old Count on a rather long journey.”

The younger man said nothing. A minute later the elder continued, “A pity you did not bring more proofs. However, you have done well, very well; you will get a step up for this: I will see to it. And the old boy treated you well, did he? Made you at home, I suppose? The sledge accident was splendidly managed. I could not have done it better myself, and I should have had a cold in my head next day, and that worries me so I should have been in a bad temper for a week, and the dear old fellow would not have asked me to stay with him.” The grey-headed man was evidently

excited; he did not show it much, but his hands worked fretfully, tapping the table. The cuff of his right hand slid back and showed a white scar on his wrist—evidently a rapier wound. He pulled his cuff back quickly—the white cuff with the great black solitaires and silver coronets—as though he was ashamed of this mark.

The young man had seen the scar, and the other's eyes perceived it.

"That was his mark," he said, coolly to all outward appearance, but evidently in a state of great excitement. "Yes, Dmitresky left that scar there, and a deeper one here"—he laid his hand upon his heart—"which it has taken these twenty-five years to wipe out, but it is nearly done now, nearly finished. A week more or less does not matter. With these papers in my hands I am certain of victory, of revenge—and he, gouty old man as he is, will trudge across the great plains this coming autumn. It is a long walk, Danovitch, but if I could I would make him walk it barefoot over and over again." His eyes glowed beneath the heavy brows with malignant hate. Suddenly he changed his expression, and said coolly—

"Have a cigarette?"

"Thank you, sir," and Danovitch took one from the silver box on the table.

"Dear me! I have wasted five minutes and more," said the man at the desk, "and five minutes of my time is valuable. Stay! you have not a light," and he handed Danovitch a lighted lucifer.

"Many thanks," he said.

"You have not brought the proofs? I am sorry for that. Then I suppose I can guess the object of your visit. Don't be afraid. I will supply it. No doubt it is money you want?"

"No, it is not money."

"But you will receive money for your work—for your success?"

"No, I will receive no money."

He looked surprised, but only for a moment, and then took to paring his nails, just as he had done at their first interview.

"You are a strange young man. If it is not money you want, why on earth have you come here?"

Danovitch spoke slowly.

"I have come for those papers back."

"What papers?"

"Count Dmitresky's papers."

"Come to ask for Count Dmitresky's papers back?" he asked, stupefied.

"No," said Danovitch, "not to ask for them back, to demand them back."

The other smiled sweetly.

"Really, my dear young friend, you are incomprehensible—or mad; let us say the former, it sounds better."

"If I am incomprehensible, I will soon make myself understood." Danovitch rose slowly and walked to the desk. "I want all those papers back."

"Really? Indeed?" said the other mockingly, as he laid them in a drawer and turned the key. "There is nothing I would not do for you, my young friend, but I fear this I must refuse."

"You will not refuse."

"Dear me! this is most interesting. I wish Tolstoi were here; he'd make a capital story of it."

"I ask you again, said Danovitch quietly, "will you give me the papers back?"

"Mr Danovitch, I will not."

He rang his bell. It was answered by the clerk. "Is any one waiting to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; Abdurrahman Khan is here." For a moment those narrow eyes of his sought Danovitch's

face, but nothing was to be read there.

"Show him in."

"I will leave you now," said Danovitch, "but I will wait. Perhaps you may like to see me later."

The other only bowed, and Danovitch passed out as Abdurrahman came in.

"Welcome, Abdurrahman!" said the Russian, speaking in Arabic.

The Arab entered, left his slippers at the door, and bowed slowly and gracefully. The Russian rang his bell and ordered coffee, while he himself motioned the Arab to be seated. As before, Abdurrahman tucked his legs under him, drew a small jewelled chibouk from under his loose clothes, and commenced smoking.

The Russian knew the Arab character too well to commence business at once, and he knew their love for flattery. "That is an exquisite pipe you have there," he said.

Abdurrahman drew the amber mouthpiece slowly from his lips and cast his eyes over the gold and jewelled stem.

"Yes," he said, "it is a masterpiece. It is partly because of that pipe that I am here."

"Indeed!" said the other, fairly astonished, though he was careful not to show it. The Arab took a whiff or two at his pipe, blowing little rings of smoke from his mouth.

The coffee arrived. Abdurrahman looked at the Russian and smiled, then turned to the servant, and said in Arabic, "Bring another cup—an empty one."

The man at the desk translated.

Until the third cup had arrived, and the servant had left, neither spoke: then the Arab lifted one of the full cups from the chased gold saucer, and poured half its contents

into the new cup; this he did with the other several times, until at last two cups remained full, but with the ingredients mixed.

The Russian did not know whether to laugh or to be annoyed. He laughed.

"Russia is a splendid country," said the Arab, "a vast empire, but their coffee is not always good. I like it mixed." The Russian drank his, and the Arab, smiling, followed his example.

"You bring me news, Abdurrahman? How goes it on the frontier?"

"Our friends—*my* friends—are stronger than ever."

"That's well. But say what brings you here to St Petersburg, and tell me the story of your pipe."

"It is too long, and not worth telling. I have come to St Petersburg to ask for something."

"To ask for something?"

"Yes, and to fetch something."

The Russian walked to his safe and pulled out a roll of notes.

"How much do you want?"

"It is not money I want."

The words struck him curiously—the same words as Danovitch had used a little before.

The Arab put a pinch of fresh tobacco in his pipe, lit it, and sat with half-closed eyes slowly inhaling the smoke, and breathing it out again in tiny rings.

"It is not money you want?"

"Can you make rings of smoke with your lips?" asked the Arab. "I only learned yesterday. A friend of yours taught me; but see, I do it to perfection already,"—and half-a-dozen little rings issued from the Arab's lips.

"A friend of mine taught you!"

"Yes; a friend of yours. His name is Danovitch."

"Danovitch!"

"Yes; a charming fellow. You

er the Englishman we—sent
the frontier? We thought
spy. He could not play the
your friend Danovitch can.
I had seen him here before
last interview, I did not
he was an infidel in dis-
an hour or two—when he
a visit."

en he paid you a visit?"
; you should get him to go
f your balls as a Cairo Hadj.
s the part to perfection."
speaks the language?"

e a native."
Russian saw it all then.
ch had understood their
ation before; he was going
sten him; still there were
fs. The bribe of the pipe!
was all clear now.

ll, if it is not money you
what is it?"

ant—Allah, my pipe is out.
u oblige me with a match?
know in my country matches
re than candles. The heat
o affect them, and they do
ke. A man could make a
if he brought matches to
hat would be sure to light."
l me, Abdurrahman, what it
want?" asked the other
rtly. The Arab lit his pipe,
fied it for a moment in

ant—Allah *lâtif*, my pipe
ot draw. Your Russian
does not do for these pipes.
had brought more with me.
ed me something?"
; I asked you what you are
?"

ve come to fetch the papers
e papers that Danovitch
on behalf of a Count with
me I cannot pronounce."
n you have come in vain.
ll not have them."

I buy Turkish — real
—tobacco in St Peters-

"I don't know."

They sat in silence for some
minutes. The Russian was pre-
tending to write. Abdurrahman
watched him with interest.

"You write very fast," he said;
"much faster than I write Arabic—
but it is clear writing. Alas! I
cannot read your sloping letters,
all joined together, but I can see
it is very clear."

He held up a little slip of paper
before him.

"My writing?"

"Yes; would you like to see it?
Come and look."

The Russian walked round and
leaned over the Arab's chair.

For a moment he turned deadly
pale; the next, with a burst of
laughter, he snatched away the
paper and tore it into a hundred
pieces.

The Arab smiled, and put his
hand into his sash and brought out
another slip precisely similar.

The Russian cursed.

"You would like to tear this
one up too? You are welcome.
I have any amount. These are
only copies. The original I have
not here. Would you mind ringing
your bell for Danovitch?"

A wicked smile spread over the
man's face as mechanically he
touched his bell.

Danovitch entered.

"Would you read this?" said
Abdurrahman; "unfortunately I
cannot read Russian."

Danovitch took the slip and
read—

"To Abdurrahman Khan, ten
thousand roubles for removing an
Englishman, suspected of being a
spy, on the Russo-Persian frontier.
November 20, 188—."

"The note I lost," hoarsely
whispered the Russian. Then he
sprang to his feet, hastily walked
across the room, and turned the key
in the door. "Fools!" he said.

"fools! I have you yet. I have only to order my men, and you will disappear—never to be heard of again. We can do these things in Russia!" There was a ring of proud victory in his voice.

The Arab rose slowly from his seat, stretched himself, and yawned, then folded his jewelled pipe carefully away in a silk handkerchief, and, as if not satisfied, unrolled it again, and once more wrapped it up.

The Russian glared from the door. Then Abdurrahman drew out his watch, held it to his ear to see if it was going, and looked at the time.

"I think you had better give me those papers at once," he said, with his soft musical voice. "It is a quarter to five now, and the British Ambassador is expecting me at the Embassy at five, and I should not like to keep him waiting."

"The British Ambassador!" hissed the Russian. "What do you want with him?"

"You have not heard," responded the Arab. "Why, I thought you Russian police knew everything. I have taken British protection for myself and my tribe. I am a British subject, so I must not keep my ambassador waiting—infidel though he is."

The Russian walked to his table, unlocked the drawer, and handed Danovitch the papers. "See if they are all there, Danovitch," said the Arab. "Russians sometimes make little mistakes, and a man so

overburdened with work as our friend here might by mishap have mislaid some."

The Russian had sunk back, sullen and pale, into his chair at the desk. The Arab approached him, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Good-bye, my dear friend," he said, "good-bye. If you hear of any place where they sell Turkish tobacco in St Petersburg, you might let me know. A note to the British Embassy will always find me."

The other did not answer.

"They are all here," said Danovitch. "There, let us go." The two men walked towards the door and unlocked it. Without a word they passed out.

On the threshold Abdurrahman turned, and, holding the door open, murmured, "You will not forget about the Turkish tobacco. Your Russian stuff does not do well for my jewelled pipe. If the English grew tobacco, I would smoke that. The Russian weed makes me sick sometimes. Adieu, and peace be with you!"

Leslie Smith's work with his publisher kept him three months away. He never wrote once all that time, and the letters sent to London were returned. He had forgotten to call for them, he said. They forgave his not writing when they saw him back once more. A month later Pauline and he were married.

A WINTER STATION.

in these days of general
ionment, there is always
be something peculiarly
e about the lot of the man
ot being an absolute in-
has been ordered by his
adviser to spend a winter

Though the patient him-
y, with loud and bitter
call down every conceiv-
of ill upon the head of
rant who sends him from
mfortable home and his
occupations to bore him-
death in a stuffy hotel
yet will not his friends
him; it is affectation, they
y, it is the very wanton-
triumph because he is
vedly blessed above his

And, indeed, there is
ing in this reasoning, when
t is meant by wintering
is to exchange the fog,
d cold of England for the
l and sunny shores of the
ranean, or the still more
ful warmth and laziness of
or Algiers. But it is
matter with those who
signed to some gruesome
f retirement in what the
are pleased to call "high
s"—a phrase which the
d patient at first supposes
ate the Arctic circle. Not
e present writer, at least,
ch reassured when his real-
tion was explained to him.
up among the snowy wil-
es of the Alps, in a narrow
like valley, shut in on all
y rocky heights, barren of
vegetation but dark pine-
which only add to the
gloom, lies the small and
town of Davos-Platz,—
he scene of much history.
CL—NO. DCCCCXII.

making, with about the usual
amount of attending bloodshed,—
now designated by the (medical)
fashion of the hour as the place of
universal cure for people whose
lungs are affected. It is a formid-
able pilgrimage, truly; for in days
gone by, armies have striven to
scale those difficult heights, and
striven in vain. But the pilgrim
who is daring enough to seek
health there, may very reasonably
expect to find it.

There are some circumstances
which make the pilgrimage less
toilsome in our days. For in-
stance, it would be vain to deny
that the whole journey can be ac-
complished by railway. Still, I
am not sure that there is not a
greater sense of exile at the ter-
minus of the kind of pioneer
mountain-railway known in such
parts than in places which no rail-
way has yet approached. We feel
that nature emphatically says to
civilisation, "Thus far shalt thou
go and no farther." No doubt,
the mere fact of there being a
ferry-boat across the Styx made
Hades seem yet more dismal when
the boat had gone back to the
other side. It is usual, therefore,
to soothe the traveller beforehand
with flattering promises, which, if
they be not strictly true, will at
most but betray him to his own
good. An exact description of
the locality would be too much
for him; you do not, for instance,
tell him that at Davos people
skate in flannels and straw hats,
because he would not believe that,
though it is true; but you may
encourage him by other more
credible but less accurate state-
ments, as that the sun shines there
for ever, that it never rains, &c.

you do not feel the cold, &c. To him who still proves recalcitrant there is a stronger argument on the score of health. "On the Riviera," says the experienced physician, "you won't get worse; in the Davoserthal you will get better." To this argument the searcher after health must needs yield, or avow himself a humbug.

There is much to cheer him on the way; for the journey after Zürich, when he begins to feel that he is approaching his destination, is a beautiful one. There are few scenes in Switzerland equal to that presented by the lovely Walensee, with the grand rugged cliffs that look down on its quiet waters, the queer little primitive villages dotted about the green alps above, and the general aspect of peace and remoteness from the world which characterises it. Further comes the pleasant valley of the Rhine, and the opening of that grand avenue which the river follows between the mountains of the Vorarlberg and of St Gall down to the Lake of Constance. The first moment of apprehension comes when the traveller is turned adrift from the main line at a mere wayside station, where, after partaking of refreshments in a hotel that has much the look of a frontier outpost, he enters the little mountain-railway with a gloomy feeling that he is leaving civilisation behind him. The train hastens to plunge into the heart of the mountains, and as it winds its slow way up a secluded valley, he feels his heart sink lower still. The demeanour of the railway officials becomes less formal and more independent as they penetrate farther into these mountain fastnesses, till the last village of the Prättigau is past and the last check on the lawless nature of

these wild hillmen removed. The traveller, by this time, is completely cowed; he dares no longer remonstrate against an unauthorised halt of ten minutes when the guard has business at the local post-office, or the engine-driver wishes to call on his mother-in-law. Still, as in the adventure of the Butcher and the Beaver,

"The valley grows narrower and narrower still,
And the evening grows colder and colder,"

and soon all that can be made out of the scenery is a confused mass of snow and rocks and pine-woods. There is no great change for the better when the top of the ridge is reached which separates the Davoserthal from the outer world; and a yet colder tinge is given to the view by the dark waters of the little lake, as yet unfrozen, and the snowy waste beyond. As the traveller approaches the Platz itself, the scene assumes such an aspect of weird desolation that he feels as one lost to the world for ever. The wildest legends of Arctic travel recur to his horrified mind, and he watches with anxiety for any symptom of the development of cannibalistic tendencies on the part of his fellow-passengers. It requires all the prosaic comfort of a hotel which is exactly like every other hotel, to restore him to comparative confidence.

The aspect of the same scene next morning will be—the case of snowstorms only excepted—reassuring, and even perhaps a little disappointing. The land of promise which we have attained is a narrow valley, some ten miles in length, and perhaps half a mile broad at Davos-Platz, closed up at the southern end by a very wall of mountains, through which it seems almost impossible for the little

, which is obstinately head-at way, to find a passage. And behind us, a barrier of rocky hills fences us in, then conceals from our view the lake which forms the one of the Davoserthal. As an addition of scenery, the valley is commonplace. In the summer probably derives a certain richness of colouring: in England, there is no like the green of Swiss grass, wild flowers are plentiful. In winter there is nothing on us but snow and pine-woods, then more snow, and some of bare rock and yet more.

Very few landscapes will show this universal covering of snow unless there are very salient features or a great expanse of country to be seen, the chief sensation left on the mind is that of monotony. In England, it is rare we are apt to think otherwise, but a really snow-covered landscape is a rarity with us, and not last more than a week or month; a month's residence in the mountains would probably cure our enthusiasm. The only exception to the general monotony of the scene is found in the boldness of the mountain-wall to the south; but even this only gives a discontented idea of the finer scenery which would elude itself if we could get out of the trough which is to be our lot for the winter. But repining at our lot is contrary to the orders.

The little town of Davos itself is insignificant enough, and in the before it became a health resort must have been much less than a mere Alpine village. At its time it has been a place of some importance, and its name was once a greater advantage than the Bishop of Chur

himself is accounted in this leveling age. Davos was then ruler over ten cities, like the faithful servant in the Bible, and the confederacy which it headed treated on equal terms with the two other great leagues which governed the country now known as the Gränbünden. The parliament of the leagues met in its Rathhaus, and courts of justice were held and criminals executed in the market-place outside. But these palmy days have long gone by, though they are still fondly held in memory by the peasantry. I believe that few houses belonging to the native population would be found without a volume of the chronicles of Guler or Sprecher, and the people are generally very well versed in their national and family history. The pride of blood is kept up among them to a remarkable degree, though it rarely becomes known to strangers. The disdainful foreigner who looks down upon the rough rustic inhabitants of the remote valleys to which he condescends to bring prosperity by his visits, might learn to his astonishment, were he to make inquiries, that the cabman who drove him was the undoubted representative of one of the oldest families of southern Germany, that his bootmaker was a free count of the empire, or that the chief magistrate of the district and the chimneysweep were the rival claimants of a French marquisate granted by Louis XIV. Such things often may be. There is a Russian story of a very numerous noble house, every member of which had a right to the title of prince. A grandee of this family, on his travels in Russia, felt aggrieved at the manner in which he was treated by a ferryman who was taking his equipages across a river, and thought it necessary to declare his

rank. "Do you know, fellow," said he, "that I am a Prince G——?" "What of that?" said the ferryman, roughly, "so am I." Such an episode might well happen in some parts of Switzerland, except that the grandee and the ferryman would be aware of their relationship, and in all probability personally acquainted.

Davos-Platz, as it now stands, consists of one street, formed by houses lining the main road of the valley, and a certain number of out-settlements above and below it, approached by more or less precipitous by-ways. Perhaps in summer these may be fairly passable; in winter, locomotion is impeded by the sports of the guileless youth of the valley, who skate along the main road and toboggan down the by-streets in a manner alarming to the timid visitor. The perils of his walks abroad are further enhanced by the eccentric conduct of the heavy sleighs on which the peasants bring in loads of wood or hay, or great blocks of ice from the lake. These are comparatively harmless while still laden, when they merely form an obstruction to vehicular traffic. The foot-passenger must take especial care of those which are returning empty, especially if the driver, in a merry mood, elects to drive along the footpath, as in a free country he has a perfect right to do. Do not the equitable laws under which he lives ordain that whosoever is foolish enough to let himself be run over shall, if he recover from his injuries, be thereafter punished for getting in the way? The stranger should therefore be wary, and not be in the way with his adversary at all if he can help it; it is a less dangerous and less expensive course than trying to agree with him afterwards. For the rest, Davos-Platz differs little from

other health resorts; it has the same shops, the same hotels, and the same migratory population who belong to no country in particular, but to all hotel-bearing nations alike. The houses are tall unsightly buildings of white or yellow stone, whose colour forms no relief to the dreary background of snow, and on dull days contributes to give to the whole landscape something of the effect of a bad photograph. The absence of the picturesque wooden *chalet* bears sad testimony to the fact that Davos has seceded from its ancient nationality to enrol itself in that vast international community whose great object in life is to prey upon the tourist and the stranger who is within its gates. The peasantry around may cling to their old traditions; Glaris is Swiss, Frauenkirch is Swiss, Dürrenboden is Swiss, even in the little group of old houses which clusters round the Rathhaus and the old church of St Johann there may live something of the wonted fires, but the present town belongs to the new country of Hotel-land, which scorns all such obsolete prejudices.

There are, it is true, distinctions of nationality at Davos-Platz, but these are foreign. There is, for instance, an English quarter where everything is English. The hotels are described as "possessing every English comfort," with a little additional note of recommendation for the proprietor: "Mr Schmidt has passed several years in England;" or, still better, "Mrs Schmidt is an Englishwoman!" The hotel servants speak English better than any other language,—their own they have, of course, long forgotten, as is the first duty of every good hotel servant, subject to the necessity of reacquiring a smattering with the aid of Ollendorff, if their compatriots be a travelling people,

the ear of the wandering tourist may rejoice from morning to night in the tuneful accents of the English tongue, occasionally varied by the soft tones of New York City. It deepens yet further the illusion that the traveller has but found at home abroad, well-meaning landlords have conceived the hospitality which is known as an English table." The tourist is never supposed to satisfy himself with masses of *rosbif*, *saig-* "as you like it, you others," washed down with *pêlé-éle* or *bier*. The "English cook" of the present day offers a combination of the nursery of one's infancy and the ordinary of a country town. The staple items of the menu will be Irish stew, steak and kidney-pudding, mutton and caper-sauce, or a treat—pork-chops, with adding and such simple delicacies to close the healthful process. The British traveller may feel touched and gratified by the provision thus made to his simple tastes.

He goes without saying that this is also a German quarter, and all is German, and there is in it a special Dutch quarter; the subjects of her gracious Majesty Wilhelmina I.—whom he preserve—do, for some or other, particularly affect parts. A more cosmopolitan element is supplied by the Swiss, an immense establishment surrounded by villa *dépendances* communicating with the building by subterranean passages more bewildering than the screw tunnels of the St. Gotthard railway. Here alone is a congregation of travellers of all parts—from France, Italy, Spain, Hungary and Russia; though the contingents from

these nationalities appear but as a few thin coatings spread over a solid German basis, yet there is a kind of prestige acquired by their presence, which perhaps justifies the assumption of the singular title of *Kurhaus*, where no *kur* exists but in the outside air, which is common to all.

The visitors are naturally supposed to be more or less invalids. But, as a point of fact, invalids are decidedly in the minority, while those who are really seriously ill form only a very small proportion of the society. A considerable robust element is supplied by the friends and relations who come out in charge of the sick. These and the robust invalids themselves have naturally started a variety of amusements in order to make life in the Davoserthal almost endurable, and with such success that there is now a large proportion of absolutely and inexcusably robust persons who come to Davos solely for the sake of the amusements aforesaid. To me it has always been a wonder, considering the vast extent of the *monde où l'on s'ennuie à force de s'amuser*, that any one should find any attractions that could sufficiently repay a month's sojourn among those inhospitable heights; but fortunately a wise Providence has ordained that we do not all desire the same things. I have even known a man—who was quite as sane as the general run of people in other things—voluntarily subject himself to all the horrors of a sea voyage when there was not the slightest necessity for it. For a man without occupation, who has no prospect of shooting, there may be worse places to spend a part of the winter in than Davos. There is skating—such skating as can rarely be had at home—and tobogganing, which is not a *pastime*

that can be indulged in at every street corner ; and what more can be required ? As Artemus Ward found sufficient variety in the prison diet of bacon and cabbage, because when he didn't hunger after bacon he could help himself to the cabbage, so he that seeks after pastimes should account himself blessed indeed when he finds two ready to his hand. Whereby the number of visitors is multiplied, and the hotel-keepers make fortunes, which is no doubt a highly desirable consummation. Still the invalids, in however small a minority, are the first comers, and are in some sort the founders of the feast, and should as such be treated with the greater honour ; for even to-day, without their presence, the glories of Davos would probably collapse, even as the sun would practically cease to shine upon Monaco were the Casino once removed.

The life of the invalid at Davos is a simple one ; he is sequestered from all the misleading influences of personal inclination or caprice. Here he eats, drinks, sleeps, moves and lives, entirely by ordinance of medicine. The will of the doctor is law, and his influence overshadows the whole community. I have even known cases where timid patients, who were afraid of attacking their landlords personally, have carried such complaints as they had to make concerning accommodation, food, &c., to the doctor instead ; and one word from that terrible potentate has always sufficed to reduce the most recalcitrant hotel-keeper to a state of abject submission. To his patients the good physician is naturally a still greater object of terror. Still, laws were made to be broken, and I will not say there are no refractory invalids, only that their transgressions against the medical rule

are committed with fear and trembling. There are some light-hearted sinners who rush at first into the wildest extremes of disobedience,—who go out to dances, and sit late at cards, and behave themselves generally in a manner worthy of the beasts that perish ; but not for long. Experience too soon proves that the vigilance of the doctor is not to be evaded ; and the hunted felon lives in comparative ease and peace of mind when contrasted with the erring invalid, who—though safely ensconced at the farthest corner of the supper-table or buried in the remotest recesses of the secluded smoking-room—sees continually before him a large and well-known figure, and hears a deep grave voice repeating in too familiar accents the awful words, “Why are you not in bed ?”

The advantages which invalids seek for in the valley of Davos are chiefly sunshine, freedom from damp, and the peculiar dry rarefied atmosphere which is found at such a great elevation. The sunshine of course is not constant, for there are variations of weather in the Davoserthal as elsewhere ; but it shines very often through the worst winter, and it brings its own heat with it when the earth is bound with the bitterest frost known since the glacial period. The cold is occasionally very severe—last winter as many as 60° of frost (Fahrenheit) were registered—and in every season the temperature is at times very low. But it is undoubtedly the case that the cold is not felt in the Davoserthal as it is elsewhere. Why this may be, scientific authorities will perhaps explain ; I can only testify to the fact. I have slept with a window partly open all night, when the thermometer outside the window

wooden window-sill form-
 of the framework, on the
 y from the ground—regis-
 below zero, or 44° below
 joint, and felt no incon-
 from the cold. In the
 the air—the *fond de l'air*
 ; bitterly cold ; but even
 ; no sun, there is not the
 ill that we experience in
 at a much higher tem-
 unless on very excep-
 : occasions—among which
 ; certainly include some
 he past very exceptional
 Rain during the winter
 s almost unknown—as
 arity from November to
 snow in Algiers. Snow,
 her hand, does fall pretty
 y with a vigour and per-
 worthy of a better cause ;
 are many worse things
 owstorm in the Davoser-
 or one thing, the snow
 thaw as it falls, and can
 or brushed off one's coat
 e dust. There are often
 patients taking their con-
 ls in a heavy snowstorm
 ould see out of doors in
 the very finest weather.
 storms, however, are oc-
 accompanied by strong
 rly cold winds, and then
 er cannot be described
 le.

are, of course, many
 of sickness and health
 e invalids. At Davos,
 er such places, we know
 e always exists a dis-
 ground of very serious
 which little is known to
 le world, partly because
 st sufferers are generally
 to their own rooms, and
 m a universal conspiracy
 on the subject, with the
 guarding other invalids
 ressing influences. The
 pulation consists chiefly

of those whose lungs are only
 slightly affected, as well as a con-
 siderable number of persons who,
 like the White Lady of Avenel,
 are

“ Neither ill nor well,
 Neither of heaven nor ——.”

But the rest of the quotation is
 irrelevant. Even among these
 there are various gradations of
 health and sickness. The air of
 Davos is a very strong remedy,
 and cannot always be admin-
 istered in large doses. Conse-
 quently there are some who can
 only be allowed to sit out all day
 long on the balcony, or to take
 a few minutes' walk in the very
 finest weather. For these, whose
 interest in the affairs of this world
 begins and ends with the warmth
 of the sun, Davos is a place
 of considerable attractions. The
 slightly robuster invalid is often
 tempted to envy them as he passes
 the groups sitting out together on
 the great common balcony of the
 hotel, with no business in life but
 just to keep warm and amuse
 themselves gently, for cheerfulness
 is a necessary factor in the
 health-restoring process. He, poor
 victim, has to follow the path of
 stern duty, as exemplified by the
 highroad, which he must daily
 perambulate for a certain number
 of hours by the clock. He may
 not turn to the right, for that
 would be uphill, nor to the left,
 for that would be down, and he is
 bound to keep on the level. His
 only hope is, that in time, by dint
 of perseverance on his treadmill
 and the improved health which
 should be the reward of persever-
 ance, he may be admitted to the
 privileges of the uphill cure ; ani-
 mated by which expectation he
 sturdily finishes his task, re-enters
 with joy the hotel, which, uninter-
 esting as it may be, is a

infinitely preferable to the dreary highroad, and swallows a huge glass of milk with the air of one who almost expects some day to persuade himself into liking it.

The uphill cure is a mysterious but potent remedy, suitable only for those who are fairly advanced on the road to recovery. It should be premised that one principal advantage of the Davoserthal is, that to fill one's lungs with this thin rarefied air, one is compelled to take in a greater quantity than would be sufficient at a lower altitude, and therefore to take deeper respirations, with the result of exercising and expanding the lungs to a greater extent—a process which is, of course, intensified when going uphill. These same qualities are often very disagreeable at first, producing a kind of choking sensation with the new-comer whenever he goes out, and causing him to become very easily exhausted. The dry cold air is also in many cases very irritating to the throat, however beneficial it may prove to the lungs. But to return to the uphill cure. The highroad is now exchanged for a more or less picturesque hill-path leading chiefly through pine-woods, and dotted with mysterious green posts bearing cabalistic inscriptions, such as A1, A2, D4, &c. These mark the stations of the pilgrimage. For the first week the patient's energies must not be strained beyond the height of A1; then for a season the limit is extended to A2, then to A3, and so on till the summit is reached at A7. Now a new system comes into force; the point which has taken 2 hours to reach at a very slow pace, must next day be done in 1 hour 55 minutes, then in 1 hour 50 minutes, and so on till the journey is accomplished in 1 hour. There can be no doubt

that those who are strong enough to adopt this cure, profit greatly by the gradual process of taxing the respiratory organs to their fullest extent—"lung gymnastics," as it is called by the able English physician of an adjacent Alpine valley.

Speaking of remedies, it would be impossible not to mention the great discovery of Dr Koch, though there is no space to discuss it properly here. Davos-Platz was naturally one of the places where the most interest was taken in the remedy, and each of the resident doctors in turn made a pilgrimage to Berlin to examine into the question. All returned with a great idea of the discovery, though in some cases with their original notions a little sobered down. It was not to sweep all kinds of consumption off the face of the earth at once; it would not suit every case; the idea had not even reached its full development, and the remedy was distinctly susceptible of improvement; but all agreed that it was worth trying at once, and I believe every single doctor—there are some sixteen, of various nationalities, at Davos—began forthwith to inoculate, and recommend inoculation to such of his patients as it was likely to suit. I think it may also be said that the result was generally favourable, at least according to the account given by the doctors themselves. All that an ignorant layman can do is to enumerate the results which came under his own observation, though it may be said that the real ultimate issue can hardly be known yet. The cases of which I had any particular knowledge, through personal acquaintance with the patients, were eight in number; of whom six showed decided improvement in a short time, and continued to maintain it, the alteration (for the better) in

pearance of one or two being ordinary. The seventh case is a fair one to cite. Dr. remedy was here only used at the patient's urgent request and contrary to the doctor's own desire, as the former was, in his opinion, strong enough to stand it, and one of the small number of those who had grown worse instead of better in the air of the mountains. The amount injected was never more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ milligrams, and in all probability produced hardly any result whatever; the patient undoubtedly did improve, and after some time was seriously ill, though apparently from quite separate causes. In the eighth case the remedy not only failed to do good, but did no harm, the patient being seriously affected as practically in all the decided improvements he had made since his arrival in the mountains.

It is difficult, unless one is to a manner born, to spend one's existence in thinking of health only. So that certain notions have been devised to make the stronger invalids able to turn their attention, while the robust visitors think of nothing else. This must not be regarded as imputing undue frivolity to the latter, as without some amusement to enliven it, Davoserthal would become so dreary that the majority of visitors would probably commit suicide,—a practice strongly urged by the best medical authorities as tending to suggest healthy ideas to the survivors. Diversions in which invalids are not entitled to any right to the title—like part, are not manifold; and the most popular is the amusement of driving. Though the itself is uninteresting, there is scenery in the neighbour-

hood within comparatively easy reach. It is true that driving here means sleighing, and a sleigh on a rough road is rather less comfortable than a Channel steamer in a choppy sea; but it is worth some trifling discomfort to escape from that dreary valley to the pleasant pine-clad slopes of Clavadel, or the glorious gorge of the Züge. The latter forms one of the most striking pieces of scenery in all Switzerland. As one approaches the southern end of the valley of Davos, it does seem to be literally shut in by an impassable barrier of rock, and progress rendered impossible unless a door were suddenly opened in the rock, as is wont to happen in Grimm's fairy tales, or a subterranean passage could be effected by river, after the manner of Mr Rider Haggard. There is, however, a road which finds its way through an extraordinarily deep and wild gorge, where there hardly seems room for anything but the little stream which foams and roars at the base of its stupendous cliffs. The sun, in winter at least, never reaches the depth of the Züge, and the walls of rock are clothed with frozen cascades of icicles in every kind of fantastic shape and form. At the farther end, the gorge widens out again into the broad valley of Wiesen, which even the universal covering of snow cannot make to look dismal, guarded on one side by the jagged rocky heights of the Tinzenhorn, and on the other by the broad snow-fields of the mighty Piz d'Aela. The only alloy to the pleasure of this excursion is the feeling that one must go back again some time to the dreary Davoserthal. It is a journey of historical interest too. Seven hundred years ago, if we may trust the pages of history—or rather of legend, which is always

more interesting, and generally quite as near the truth—the foresters of the Lord of Vaz, when hunting in the forest of Alvaneu, were led by the chase through this same wild gorge, which was entirely unknown to the oldest among them, and came at the end, as they reported, upon a fair valley full of rich pasture-land, and with a lake and stream swarming with fish. The fish still remain: for the pasture there is not much to be said, but Swiss cattle are not particular. Thus was the Davos-erthal first made known to the world.

Mere driving expeditions of this kind are generally considered too slow for the ardent spirits who come to Davos for amusement; and not unreasonably so, for it must be admitted that there is no danger whatever in an ordinary sleigh-drive, even if the carriage is in defective repair and comes to pieces on the way, which not unfrequently happens. To remedy this defect of tameness, some inventive genius has imagined the form of progression known as "tailing." A string of toboggans is fastened on to a sleigh in front, and on these the bolder adventurers are towed in the wake of the sleigh, which usually contains a few more prudent travellers, who prefer to enjoy the misfortunes of others without risk to themselves. For the great joy of this mode of locomotion is, that it is very difficult to stick on a toboggan when dragged at considerable speed along a more or less unequal surface, and so the tedium of the way is relieved by the excitement of falling off one's self, or the intoxicating delight of seeing one's neighbour fall. It is also considered proper for a tailing party to shout and scream, even as the merry Switzer is wont to enliven his progress in any

vehicle, if at all rapid, with divers unearthly yellings: this custom would therefore appear to have its origin in an attempt to catch a little of the local colour, which is praiseworthy in its intention, but painful in its effects.

Were Davos to receive a new grant of arms—which would be unnecessary—it would certainly be proper to give a toboggan a prominent place in its insignia. What would become of the place without its toboggans, it is difficult to conceive. The sport in question is native in Switzerland, not imported from America as many people suppose. The Swiss toboggan differs considerably in shape from the American, being in fact a small sleigh, used by the country women in winter to bring their goods to market, or to take back their purchases from the town: in form it is exactly similar to the larger horse-sleighs used for conveying wood, hay, ice, or other commodities. There is even a medium size of sleigh, answering to a truck or barrow, on which smaller loads of wood or fodder are pushed or drawn by a man. When the toboggan is used for locomotion, the rider sits upon it and propels himself till he gets sufficient impulse with a couple of pegs. The American toboggan, on the other hand, which is exclusively used for the sport, is much lower, longer, and narrower, and is ridden by a man lying on his face, or reclining on his side. In this case, the only agent either for propulsion or steering is the rider's foot. The American toboggan is, however, swifter than the Swiss, and allows more delicacy of steering, though from this very reason it is less easy for an inexperienced person to ride. The Swiss sleigh is the only one used by ladies, some of whom are great proficient in tobogganing.

which is perhaps for some reasons to be regretted. The attitude of the tobogganer (*more Helvetic*) is in no case a graceful one; but when to the necessarily awkward disposition of the lower limbs is added the encumbrance of feminine costume, the appearance of the rider more resembles that of a trussed fowl than anything else. Unless some dress-reform society will take the matter in hand, tobogganing must continue to be, with the single exception of tricycling, the most ungraceful of all pastimes for ladies.

The great event of the year for the tobogganer is what is somewhat pompously described as the International Race Meeting at Klosters, a picturesque old village at the head of the Prättigau, about nine miles from Davos. The nations which compete are not many in number; indeed, I believe all who do not come under the head of English, Swiss, Germans, or Dutch, are lumped together under one title as "other nations." Not more than six of any nation may enter, except in the case of the Swiss, who are allowed to appear as representatives of different valleys, if they can get enough competitors—some, for instance, forming a separate contingent from the Davoserthal, others from the Prättigau, others from the Engadine, &c. The only other full contingent is usually supplied by her Majesty's subjects, here grouped together under the invidious heading "English." In this year's races there were, as far as I remember, six Englishmen—until a better word than Britons can be found, national prejudices may be dropped for convenience' sake—five or six Swiss, three Dutchmen, one German, or rather Austrian, and one Frenchman; but the meeting had been put off week after week on account of the wea-

ther, and many intending competitors had been obliged to go away before the race.

A time race is seldom interesting to the spectators, but the Klosters toboggan meeting may be taken as an exception, if only for the interest of the scene. The course lies over two miles of the highroad to Klosters, which descends the side of the hill above the village in varying degrees of steepness, and with several sharp corners and zigzags. As the great art of tobogganing consists in turning the corners smoothly without retarding the pace, or sometimes even utilising them to accelerate it, these are the choicest points of view. The weather on both the race days last year was magnificent, and the surroundings are fine. Standing on a small platform of rock overhanging the course—an overcrowded haven of refuge, only reached by wading knee-deep through the snow—we had the little village exactly below us, for the most part a picturesque collection of wooden *chalets*, delighting the eye accustomed to the ugly stone buildings of Davos. Behind it rise bare rocky hills, separated here and there by narrow valleys dotted with little clusters of wooden huts, with sometimes the white steeple of a little church rising from the midst of them. Away to the left opens the long perspective of the Prättigau, winding down, as we suppose, to the outposts of the civilised world beyond. On the right some grander features appear—higher mountains whose snow-covering never leaves them, and the great dome-shaped Silvretta glacier, with a foreground of little partly wooded hills forming the outskirts of the pine-forest which stretches up the hill behind us. The white slope immediately below is made to live by the groups

of people scattered about it; alas that these should be so unpicturesque! But they are chiefly foreigners from the hotels at Davos, and even the natives have no distinctive costume.

The race itself, as the competitors were started at fixed intervals, was of no great interest, except when one champion was so much superior to the one before him as to catch and pass him on the way. The interest taken in the contest by the natives was exemplified by the conduct of a peasant, who insisted on slowly driving a heavy sleigh over the course just before the start. To the expostulations of his countrymen who were competing, he replied that the road was as free to him as to them, but that he would wait till the race was over for the consideration of twenty francs. This proposal being regarded as a little too extortionate, he was requested to go on and—prosper, no doubt. It appeared that the worthy man was in the habit of repeating this experiment year after year, and had perfect confidence in his prospect of some day getting that twenty francs from the impatient tobogganers. The end of the race was more exciting than it appeared, as three competitors were exactly equal in time—two Swiss and an Englishman. In running off the tie, one of the Swiss won—a blacksmith of Klosters—while the other was second. The other race, when American toboggans were allowed, fell to a young Dutchman;

so that the United Kingdom did not cover itself with glory.

Of other employments for the more robust, the chief is the skating, which is excellent, but that the rink is too small, and the ice on the lake soon gets rough. It must not, however, be supposed that there are none but athletic amusements to be found at Davos. For those who prefer sadder pleasures, there are plenty of openings for the display of ecclesiasticism. There are also scientific and literary societies, but of these I do not feel qualified to speak. The hollow world will also find enough of balls, concerts, theatricals, and innocent games of all kinds, from the slow and studious whist to the eventful and exhilarating euchre. I have known the time when, during a week of bad weather, the whole population of Davos shut itself up in small companies and played poker. On the following Sunday the English chaplain preached a sermon against gambling. Unfortunately the chief offenders were not present; but their wives, who attended in large numbers, objected to the denunciations hurled at them from the pulpit, and the imprudent pastor had wellnigh fallen a victim to the resentment of these infuriated lambs of his flock. Had there been a policeman nearer than Klosters, the protection of the Government would have been invoked; but fortunately there was no bloodshed, and Monday being a fine day, all classes returned to their usual avocations.

CAPTAIN LUDWEY'S JUMP.

the time that the incident red which I am about to, I had just attained my nancy in an Austrian lancer ent quartered in Hungary. barracks held two squadrons, f which was commanded by ain Captain Eichel, a very ext and very colourless gentle- on whose qualities it is not ary to enlarge, since he very disappeared from the scene. other squadron, the one to I had been appointed, was the command of Count ey.

s superior of mine deserves description. Tall, lithe, r-waisted, an ideal waltzer, eal dinner neighbour, a lib- pender of the ample fortune e Ludweys—he was, from to toe, the very picture of dry officer, of the sort which ng out more rapidly every whether to the detriment or advantage of the Austrian I will leave others to decide. s universally acknowledged among the half-dozen most nt riders in our cavalry. ever and wherever conver- happened to turn upon rian “stars,” the name of ey never failed to be pro- ed, as it were, with “hats The regiment was proud of sing him, and the squadron anded by him considered it- be the luckiest of the six ons. But the incense had to his head only to a very able degree. The inherent ility of his disposition had him from arrogance, and a frank simplicity of manner ed envy and made him par- ly fascinating to his less comrades. Gay and light-

hearted as a rule, there yet were things which he took seriously, a shade over-seriously perhaps. His notions of chivalry and honour, for instance, were just a trifle overstrained, but thoroughly honest and real, without a taint of affectation.

The same November which brought me my lieutenancy brought the removal of the colourless individual aforementioned, and the appointment of a new captain in his place.

Captain Delkof's reputation reached us long before he did; it was the reputation of a reformer, of a man with ideas of his own, with theories which frequently collided with the most venerable traditions of the Austrian cavalry, and which, consequently, found as many enemies as admirers.

We did not rejoice at his appointment, for rumour said of him that he was no favourite among his comrades. It further said of him that he was a man of an iron will, who had served from the ranks upwards, breaking his way through many difficulties by the sheer strength of talent and energy, more especially, however, by the perfectly callous egotism with which he was used to steer straight upon whatever object he might happen to have in view. Delkof's personal appearance was not prepossessing. In build he was stumpy, with a suggestion of tremendous strength in the almost disproportionate breadth of his shoulders. His coarse-grained face was strongly marked with smallpox.

From the very day of his advent a certain feeling of discomfort began to pervade the atmosphere of the barracks. In

a small space as this there was no room for two such authorities upon equestrian matters as Delkof and Ludwey. Ludwey, as I have remarked, was not by any means inordinately conceited, but he must have been more than human if he had not felt a certain disagreeable surprise at seeing the territory over which he had for several years reigned supreme suddenly invaded by so powerful a rival. Nevertheless he took the blow well, frankly welcoming his new comrade to the barracks. As for Delkof, it soon became clear to the densest looker-on that he found Ludwey inconvenient, and that he would not stick at a trifle to have him out of the way. What made the man particularly dangerous was the absolutely perfect command he had over his temper, which gave him the power of irritating another almost to the verge of madness, without ever for an instant being himself carried away by any movement of passion. Our sympathies were all with Ludwey; but, however little we cared for Delkof as a comrade, we were soon compelled to recognise his very considerable capacities. Ludwey was more of a sportsman, Delkof more of a horse-breaker; but of his kind each was admirable. The differences of opinion between the two captains showed themselves more or less plainly in the course of the winter, but it was not till a certain day in spring that anything of moment occurred.

One day in April the two squadrons were at work on different parts of the drilling-ground. There was a pause during which the men had dismounted, and the officers of both squadrons had drawn together. We moved along at a foot's pace, with reins hanging easy. The two captains were riding side by side; I was a

little way behind Ludwey, but near enough to hear every word that was spoken. The other lieutenants were talking among themselves.

This drilling-ground lay close to the barracks, and was a magnificent stretch of grass. The only weak point about it being that at one end—the one most distant from the barracks—the ground became marshy, so that between three and four hundred paces on that side were useless. Luckily the space was so large that they could well be spared. Beyond the marsh the drilling-ground was separated from a neighbouring maize-field by an acacia hedge and a deep water-ditch. I have since had occasion carefully to measure both that hedge and that ditch; the ditch was a trifle over twelve feet in width, the hedge a trifle under five feet high,—a double hedge, very thickly grown.

As we moved over the drilling-ground on that forenoon in April of which I am speaking, Ludwey, deep in the narrative of some hunting adventure which he was recounting to Delkof, never noticed the marsh until his horse splashed into an exceptionally soft spot. "Bless me! we should have turned quite six yards before," he said with a laugh, as he pulled his horse round, "there's no thoroughfare here."

"Except over the hedge," remarked Delkof.

"For a sparrow, you mean!"

"More convenient for a sparrow, no doubt, than for a horse. It would be a stiff jump, certainly."

"A jump!" echoed Ludwey; "I don't call it a jump at all, I call it an impossibility."

"I don't," said Delkof, coolly.

They had now turned and were slowly riding back towards the middle of the drilling-ground.

"Do you mean to say that you

joking?" Ludwey was say-

I generally joke?"

about horses, certainly; can't be quite serious now. the possibility of any existence being able to clear that and ditch: why, there's a of nearly five feet, not to the width, which, between, can't be much under six-

feet! "Have you never been in a" asked Delkof, with his ly irritating smile. "You ave seen horses there clear-

feet without touching a ." "The circus is firm ground," ob-

Ludwey; "you forget the even at a foot's-pace it is st passable. What chance beast up to its fetlocks in p have to rise five feet? ry big jump it is half the o have a good hard piece of to knock off from."

I the other half of the said Delkof, showing his

regular and not over-white "is to have a good stout o knock you off. It's as question of the rider as orse. 'Throw your heart d the horse will follow,'—

know that proverb, eh, ?"

ould you undertake to do it, asked Ludwey, evidently at irritated by the other's such a fool," said Delkof, huckle; "I consider horses' too precious objects to easily tossed over a hedge, for the fun of the thing. maintain is that the thing le, and I fancy I ought to hat I am talking about." ussion continued for some longer in the same strain; growing hotter and hotter he skilfully administered

pricks by which Delkof knew exactly how far it was safe to irritate his rival. I did not distinctly catch every remark that was made, but presently I heard Ludwey again: "All I can say is, that if there lives the horse capable of clearing that hedge and ditch, I pledge myself on my honour to follow him over on Satanella."

"On your honour?" repeated Delkof. "Isn't it just a little bit imprudent to give us your word stamped and sealed, as it were?"

I did not hear Ludwey's reply, but I felt more than inclined to shake my fist at Delkof's back. By this remark of his, and more so still by the tone in which it was uttered, Ludwey's exclamation, obviously made in the heat of the moment, and which else might have been passed by as casual, instantly assumed a different character; it was, so to say, held fast and made a note of. So keenly did I feel aware of the hidden taunt, that, on my return to the barracks, I repeated the remark to several of my comrades, and we all agreed in being indignant with Delkof for daring, even in this indirect fashion, to throw any shadow of a doubt upon our pet captain's pluck.

Summer passed uneventfully, but the strained relations between the two captains were growing more strained every day. Ludwey treated Delkof with a politeness too exquisite to deceive; while as for Delkof, there could exist no doubt that he would have liked nothing better than quietly to wring Ludwey's neck. By the time the usual autumn manoeuvres were over, and we were back again in the barracks, the middle of September was passed. This last fortnight before the arrival of the recruits is generally devoted to the *Remonten*—the unbroken you— horses, of which a certain

is drafted off every autumn to the different regiments, and then distributed among the squadrons.

One morning, very near the end of September, Delkof was at work in his open-air riding-school, an oblong square enclosed by a single wooden rail, and situated at not more than a couple of hundred paces from the barrack-walls. There were eight young horses in the riding-school, all ridden by non-commissioned officers, while Delkof on foot was superintending operations. Among the eight horses there happened to be one of those all but thoroughbreds which occasionally, by some chance, find their way into the generally mediocre were supplied to the file of the Austrian cavalry. This beast—a dark chestnut—was thoroughly refractory. Seeing that the rider was making no progress, Delkof ordered him to dismount, and, the horse having been freshly bridled with a complete set of reins, he proceeded to fix the two curb-reins, circus-fashion, to the saddle. Keeping hold of the snaffle-reins, he now passed these over the horse's head, and, standing straight in front of it, began by attempting to "loosen" the rebellious animal from the ground. The brute had bored its four feet into the earth as though it meant to take root there. The experiment had scarcely begun when the chestnut, rendered more than ever restive by the constrained position of its head, reared straight up. Delkof saw in an instant that, despite his great skill and huge strength, he had no choice but to let go or be thrown to the ground. At the same moment that he dropped the snaffle-reins, the buckle of the left hand curb-rein gave way, owing to the violent movement of the horse, so that the animal, losing its balance, fell over to the right, straight on to the top

of, and almost over, the rail beside which it had been standing. For the space of about two seconds it remained thus half-suspended; then, with a desperate effort, drew its hind-feet after it over the rail, and, feeling its head free,—for the remaining curb-rein had snapped in the struggle to get clear of the rail,—raced off at a mad pace towards the further end of the ground, and straight in the direction of the acacia hedge. Every one stood and stared after the galloping horse, wondering what the end was going to be. "The marsh will cool him down a bit," remarked Delkof with his usual composure, drawing his handkerchief over his hand, which had been cut by the sharp edge of the bridle.

The horse reached the marsh, still going in a straight line, and raced through it, apparently without any moderation of its pace, or at any rate none that was distinguishable from the distance at which we stood. It reached the hedge, rose to it, and half crashed through it, half jumped it. In what manner it landed it was not possible to guess, for the acacia leaves were still thick on the branches.

Without a word Delkof mounted the horse nearest at hand, and galloping over the drilling-ground, his lieutenants behind him, turned the end of the hedge. The chestnut was standing on the mair-field covered with foam, slime, and blood, its head hanging low between its fore-legs, its knees shaking and scraped to the bone. On its chest was a deep wound, where probably it had fallen upon one of the wooden posts planted at intervals as supports to the hedge. Its tongue was hanging out, and blood was dripping from its mouth.

Upon examination it proved that, in consequence of the violent

y which the animal had he buckle, and thereby head, its tongue had been ost in two by the pressure it, as though by the appli- f a blunt knife. The ter- in which this must have made the desperate leap maddened horse appear at more comprehensible. mark, in parenthesis, that stnut in question, though ably disfigured by that 's work, was in no way , and continued for five nger to serve his Majesty peror. "The horse with ongue" was often pointed curiosity.

event of the morning was : of that whole day. At the conversation turned ely upon the display of and agility of which a capable when under the of exceptional circum- Discussions were raised, aired, examples cited.

ing the excitement had creased than cooled down, conversation at supper was aggravated edition of the alk. It so happened that

had been away all day, been invited to a hunt in hbourhood, and had there- witnessed the performance hestnut. We were in the of supper when he entered, sly hungry and in the best s, for they had had a splen-

A dozen voices assailed the spot: "Have you ' "Do you know?" e missed the best sight year." "Worth a dozen s." "The chestnut," "the &c., &c. "You must "There is no call for violence," laughed Lud- king himself free, for one nost eager of the lieuten-
L.—NO. DCCCXXII.

ants had caught him by the sleeve. "I am quite willing to listen, I only stipulate for the choice of a speaker, but I warn him that he'll have to put it on pretty thick if I am to be made to repent my fox-hunt."

And then the story was told, with all its details and at great length. Ludwey listened at first with good-humoured interest. As the tale developed he grew graver; by the time it was ended he had become very quiet. Delkof was sitting at the other side of the long, narrow table, straight opposite to Ludwey. His voice had not been among the dozen eager voices which had assailed Ludwey on his entrance. He had finished his supper, and sat engaged with a toothpick, his plate pushed aside, his elbows on the table, and his eyes quietly watching Ludwey as he listened to the story. When the narrator had done he leant a little further forward over the table. "So I was right after all," he drawled, his eyes still on Ludwey's face. "Do you remember our discussion in spring? Well, there's the horse that has got to the other side of that hedge."

Ludwey made no reply. The two captains looked at each other steadily for the space of a few seconds, and Ludwey's clear olive skin paled just perceptibly. For the others, very likely the short scene had not the same significance that it had for me, for it was I alone who had been near enough to hear the words of that discussion in spring to which Delkof referred with that same odious smile on his lips. I had noted the glance exchanged, and I said to myself, "There is mischief brewing."

The storm of questions and exclamations had again broken loose; every one wanted to hear Ludwey's

opinion of the matter. To every one's surprise he seemed to have next to no opinion. He remarked, with apparent indifference, that it certainly was an interesting incident, an unusual feat, &c., and then immediately turned the conversation to the fox-hunt, and to the prospects for the season.

This conversation took place on Saturday evening. Early on Sunday morning I was awakened by my servant, who handed me a note. It was from Ludwey, and ran as follows: "You will find me waiting for you on the drilling-ground for a morning ride. Come on horseback, and at once."

I jumped out of bed and called for my boots. It was not by any means the first time that I had received somewhat similar notes from my captain. Being devoted to morning rides, and not being devoted to solitude, he had very frequently asked for my company in this same unceremonious fashion, well aware how gladly I came. For a minute or two the invitation did not strike me as anything peculiar. Suddenly, however, I withdrew my face from the basin of cold water into which I had dipped it, and started bolt-upright. I had not been thoroughly awake till now, but the shock of the cold water had given me back my senses; I remembered what had passed last night at the supper-table, and an uncomfortable presentiment took possession of me. I looked out of the window. The barrack-yard was so full of white autumn mist that the one long slanting beam which surmounted the big draw-well in the centre was only dimly discernible; the acacia trees dripped with chilly moisture. A strange morning, certainly, to choose for a ride.

No one was stirring yet as I rode out of the yard. On the drilling-ground I could see from

afar the figure of a mounted rider, waiting immovable. The mist somewhat blotted the outlines, and made man and horse appear of an almost unnatural size. As I drew nearer I recognised Ludwey, upon Satanella. Satanella was an exquisite animal, a coal-black thoroughbred mare, whom, however, very few people besides Ludwey could ride. There was no positive vice about her; it was simply that she was a beautiful she-devil, and like all she-devils, her peculiarity was that she was incalculable. There were days on which a child could have guided her with a silken ribbon in her mouth, when she behaved like a lamb and flew like a bird; and there were other days on which Louis Seeger himself could not have moved her from the spot, nor yet got her to do anything that she had taken into her beautiful glossy head not to do. What made the puzzle complete was that no one, not even Ludwey, had ever discovered the causes which determined her "good" and her "bad" days. When taken in the right humour the mare was capable of beating a dozen average horses at any feat of speed or strength.

Somehow the sight of Satanella at this moment rather increased than quieted the suspicions in my mind. As I approached Ludwey nodded to me, but he did not speak until I was close.

"Thank you for coming," he then said, with a grave smile. "It is not exactly a morning ride to which I am inviting you to-day, but I required a witness, and I thought you would not object to doing me this service. Do you remember the discussion between Captain Delkof and myself in spring—with regard to that acacia hedge? You were with us at the time, if I remember right."

"I remember the discussion."

"And did you hear the words that then passed; the declaration I made?"

"I heard, but——"

"You were at supper last night; did you happen to notice the remark which Captain Delkof made to me across the table?"

"But surely, Captain——"

"Did you hear the remark; yes or no?"

"Yes, I heard it."

"So much the better; that will save me a lot of explanation. Remember that nothing is further from me than the wish to impute any underlying motive to that remark of Captain Delkof's; he had every right to make it. I accuse him of nothing; but the remark once being made, I consider myself bound to attempt the jump."

I cannot say that I was exactly surprised. I had indistinctly expected this all along, but to hear it put into plain words simply frightened me. Having collected my wits I began to make some faint objections. I have a recollection of clinging with desperate pertinacity to the fact that the yesterday's leap had been accomplished by a riderless horse, and that therefore this alone completely altered the case, and released Ludwey from any obligation which he might otherwise, with his somewhat fantastical sense of honour, choose to consider incurred.

"There is nothing to dispute about," remarked Ludwey simply, having waived all my objections aside. "It may have been very foolish of me to pledge my word in such a matter as this, but that does not alter the fact that it has been so pledged. It may be that some men might discover a loophole in the case by which they could save both their honour and their neck, but I am not clever enough to *understand these shades and quibbles*. I prefer to keep to

the sense of the words that were actually spoken. I am going to ride at that hedge."

Then my self-control gave way, and I loudly declared that he should *not* ride at the hedge; that I refused to be witness to such an act of insanity; that I should call people from the barracks to keep him back, by main force, if necessary.

"By the time you have called them," said Ludwey, "I shall have done what I have to do long ago,—without witnesses if it must so be. There will be enough left over of me, in any case," he added, with a rather quaint smile, "to show that at least I have done my best." I looked desperately towards the barracks,—there was not a single moving figure to be seen; Sunday stillness reigned unbroken. "For the matter of that we shall soon see what my chances are," added Ludwey. "To tell the truth, I have not yet had the pluck to find out what sort of a temper Satanella is in. I rode her out of the stables as gingerly as though I had her on a cotton thread." The spot where we were standing was close to the usual regulation leaps to be found on every cavalry parade-ground in Austria; a hurdle two and a half feet in height, and a ditch five feet in width; things which Satanella, when so inclined, could have taken almost in her stride. Ludwey turned her gently round, and rode cautiously towards the hurdle. The mare went forward willingly enough at first, then suddenly stopped short and flung herself round. Ludwey turned her again as quietly as before, patted her neck, eased the reins, talked to her encouragingly, all with the most perfect coolness and patience. Then he once more approached the hurdle. He did not get so near it this time. Before she had got within fifty paces

of it, Satanella again threw herself round, and now the tussle began. Her nose went up, her flanks began to quiver, specks of foam flew from her nostrils to the grass, and all the time Ludwey remained quite still in the saddle, apparently doing nothing but holding the reins. Between the quick snorts of the mare, who was growing more unmanageable every moment, I could still hear his voice, talking to her in a tone as soothing as though he were reasoning with an obstinate child. My own horse, a generally phlegmatic brown, began to grow restive. My breath was coming faster and faster, for I foresaw the moment when Ludwey's patience must give way. The moment came almost as I thought of it; Satanella, whom Ludwey had succeeded in bringing within ten paces of the hurdle, reared straight up; Ludwey, who until that moment had not once touched her with either spur or whip, all at once reversed his riding-cane in his hand, and with the heavy silver top dealt the horse a tremendous blow between the ears. In the next instant Satanella was over the hurdle, and in the same moment I saw her head go down, and understood that she was bolting. The direction she had taken was towards the right-hand corner of the drilling-ground, where nothing but a narrow ditch separated the space of grass from the road alongside. I was watching horse and rider so intently that the idea of galloping after them never even occurred to my mind. Without being aware of anything like a distinct thought, I felt that the more absolutely immovable I remained the better should I be able to follow with my eyes each movement of both Ludwey and Satanella. Soon I perceived that Ludwey was endeavouring, by the most desperate

efforts, to alter the direction, and to turn Satanella's head towards the acacia hedge; I could distinctly see that he dropped the right-hand reins, and leaning back in the saddle was bringing all his weight and strength to bear on the inner reins, tugging at them with both hands. By degrees the mare turned in a wide curve towards the hedge, still going at the same insane pace. My sensations were those of a man who is condemned to watch the accomplishment of a suicide without being able to move a finger. Upon the marshy end of the drilling-ground the mist hung thicker, the hedge itself was half smothered in a white cloud. The figures of horse and rider grew gradually more hazy, and finally disappeared. I heard a sharp snapping of branches, but I could see nothing distinctly.

The moment that they disappeared I recovered my senses with a shock; I had sat till then so absolutely immovable, that I had not even discovered how cold my hands had grown. Even my teeth chattered nervously as I started to skirt the corner of the hedge.

Arrived on the maize-field, the first object that met my eyes was a startling and almost comically grotesque figure. Satanella was lying on the ground, or rather she was half standing on it, her knees folded under her, her weight resting on the front of her head, which was pressed deep into the wet earth of the field, while her hind-legs were still upright. It did not require the immobility of the carcass to tell me that her neck was broken. About fifteen paces further into the field, and among the maize stubbles, Ludwey lay upon his face without giving any sign of life. I remember noticing that his spurs were drenched with blood.

I had dismounted by this time,

and raising his head, I turned him over, in the firm conviction that I had a corpse before me. If I had not known that this was Ludwey I could not possibly have recognised him, for his face was covered with a mask of blood and dirt. I had scarcely laid him on his back, when to my astonishment, I might almost say to my horror, his limbs began to stretch, and he opened his eyes.

"Where is Satanella?" he asked faintly, but quite audibly, after having stared at me with a puzzled air for fully a minute. With my assistance he struggled to his feet, and proceeded to feel himself all over—his elbows, his knees, his shoulders: there was absolutely not a bone out of place. We stood and stared at one another incredulously; it did not seem quite rational to believe that this had happened. How many men have broken their necks over a furrow in a field, or been crippled for life through a stumble over a cart-rut, and here stood Ludwey beside the five-foot-high acacia hedge and the twelve-foot-wide water-ditch, with a dead horse beside him, it is true, but with sound limbs!

We then looked to Satanella. At the first touch the body lost its balance and fell over on its side. She lay before us stretched out at full length on the grass, her flanks still steaming with moisture, her eyes wide open and fixed. Ludwey bent down and closed them. He did not even say, "Poor Satanella!" but he remained very silent as we slowly walked back towards the barracks.

As for Delkof, I am bound to say that he got off with flying colours. When at dinner-time Ludwey entered the room, pale and grave, with various pieces of sticking-plaster about his forehead and chin, and, walking up to Delkof, began a declaration touching

the fashion in which he had redeemed his word, the other broke into his speech with boisterous joviality. Every one in the room had their eyes upon the two, but there was no shade of embarrassment about Delkof, as, in a manner almost hearty for him, he clapped his rival on the shoulder, and told him that it could only have been the unsatisfactory state of his liver or of his digestion which could have made him take a harmless joke in such a truly tragic fashion; that if he had even distantly suspected such desperate intentions on the part of his comrade, he would have sent out at least half his squadron to defend the acacia hedge against the attack of any such fantastical madman,—at the point of the lance, if necessary, &c., &c.

The officers of both squadrons who sat at the table looked at their plates, at their boots, at the ceiling, at anything except one another's faces. Each and every one was in his innermost mind convinced that the issue of the morning's incident was to Delkof a bitter disappointment, yet each was aware that to attempt to formulate an accusation would have been to make himself ridiculous. Once more the supreme and cold-blooded insolence of the man proved itself victorious. This incident, which would have made the position of any one else in the regiment untenable, did not even for an instant shake Delkof's position. True, he was more hated than before; but though he was aware of this fact he was absolutely indifferent to it, knowing well that mere hatred was powerless to harm him.

It is of this material that the most successful men are only too frequently formed. I have long since lost sight of Delkof, but I will lay a wager on his success in life.

ELVES.

I.

WE haunt the woods, we haunt the streams,
We chase the flying wave,
We ride upon the sunlight's beams,
And dance upon the grave.
Our lyres of rush and harps of grass
We hang before the breeze;
The zephyrs strike them as they pass
In eerie melodies.

II.

In spring we hide beneath the flowers
And sip their silver dew;
In summer, sheltered from the showers,
We sleep the long day through;
In autumn down the beck we glide
On skiffs of fallen leaves;
In winter anywhere we hide,
Like rats and moles and thieves.

III.

On fancy and on love we feed,
And in the forest chant,
And from his storehouse steal at need
The treasures of the ant.
We catch the bees and butterflies,
And stride their backs at noon;
From bout and feast at night we rise
To sport beneath the moon.

IV.

All sciences occult we know
Of herbs and minerals,
Where wizard-healing juices flow,
Where starry-nectar falls:
For knowledge comes to us with ease
Like beauty to the flowers;
With ache and fret we never tease
Our all-perceptive powers.

V.

Though pigmy-bodied, we contain
The sum supreme of bliss;
Our idyl-pleasures never wane;
Our breath is happiness;
We know no surfeit, pain, or ill,
Dread, loss, or jealousy:
Of Nature's best we take our fill,
Then in sweet dreams we die.

WILL. FORSTER

I M P S.

I.

We pinch the flowers, we pine the grass,
We gall the sapling's strength;
We set the lover and his lass
At odd suspicion's length:
The authors of all ill are we
In city, field, and sky—
A cradle-sworn conspiracy
To set the world awry.

II.

Beneath the toadstool all night long
We brew our wicked broth;
The greenening bubbles rise and throng
And curdle into froth;
Then forth we go when morn appears,
And scatter on the breeze
Grudges and hates and spites and fears,
And ogling jealousies.

III.

Our king is slim, our queen is sly,
Our councillors are vain;
Our workmen wink and drink and pry,
And honest work disdain:
No silly custom chains our ways—
Caprice our only law;
We chatter gossip all our days,
And mock the parson's saw.

IV.

When cloyed with cunning, dressed in state
We hold a motley fair,
And ape the manners of the great,
And lounge and strut and stare;
We dangle all our ornaments,
And hark some drawling tale,
And nod and grin and give assents,
And yawn the thing is stale.

V.

Of all the world we take our tolls,
To strife and discord callous;
We hide in crannies, creep through holes,
And plot in every palace.
Concocting mischief all our days,
Some wicked triumph after,
We burst with sheer conceit and craze
And die in shrieks of laughter.

WILL FOSTER.

CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

‘My will is backed with resolution.’

—SHAKESPEARE.

MR PIPPERLY found it utterly useless to remonstrate with Lavinia, or to advise her against the purchase of Scottowe. Touching financial questions she had been always open to reason till now; and never, up to this, had she refused to be guided by him.

“It is advertised at last,” she said; “and it will probably go for a song.”

Pipperly shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. “Don’t flatter yourself too much with that idea. It is hardly likely to go for a song.”

“Well, even if it takes a whole cantata, I must have it. So there!”

He never could logically face a woman’s “So there!” Who can? To be sure she had plenty of money, and there was no reason why, if she liked to do so, she should not please herself by making this foolish investment. Even if the old place went cheap, it must have fallen, after so many years, into a woful state of disrepair and dilapidation, which would make it costly at any price; and it was in such an out-of-the-way corner that she would not be likely soon to find a tenant. There was no earthly use in advancing these points now: he felt that he had arrived at strongly adverse conclusions without seeing the place; and she had made up her mind without seeing it either. Of the two she had been apparently the more reasonable, since she promised to wait for his decision, after personal inspection, before she actually

committed herself; but, after all, this was only subterfuge, as he now learned when she was off her guard.

Of course only a woman would buy a pig in a poke—so, in his superior wisdom, he thought; it was all so unbusiness-like and absurd. To purchase the place at all was bad enough, but to do so in trust for somebody else who might not want it by-and-by, was little short of madness he said to himself. To be sure, Lavinia had a wild theory, fostered by the rhapsodical talk of this interesting Kate, that a millionaire friend, from somewhere or other in the colonies, was to turn up and square everything.

Did you ever know such nonsense? This Kate Scottowe had simply become an infatuation with Lavinia, and who or what was she? That was the question. Who knew? Her brother had dropped from the clouds some years ago; and Westerly had accepted him as heaven-sent—if not heaven-born—without question. But what about this sister? Pipperly, as an astute man of business, did not “like the look of it.” He was in duty bound to ask the question of himself; and the answer was not reassuring. She was the wife of a runaway common soldier, who was within an ace of being arrested and tried for complicity in very shady transactions connected with racing and betting, proofs of which, in the shape of compromising documentary evidence, were in the hands of the

bank which Pipperly so ably conducted. To be sure, this same common soldier had voluntarily given these proofs of his own complicity in these transactions, for the purpose of putting the bank on its guard against Hinch. This in itself was a curious fact which puzzled the banker. Either the man did it out of a wish to embarrass his enemy Hinch; or he acted under the impulse of a twinge of conscience; or he and this pretty young wife of his had together concocted a scheme which had for its object the very result which Pipperly now deplored, but had to accept at the dictation of Lavinia.

This last conclusion seemed to him the only one which could be accepted by a man of common-sense with his eyes open. The revenge theory was a strong one enough, as a motive, when it did not involve any self-risk; but in this case Pipperly felt that he must look deeper; and, having done so, the result of his scrutiny was the conviction that Kate and her husband were a pair of subtle, wily diplomatists, who unfortunately had got the start, and were now more than a match for him in this matter.

He was wise enough to see that any doubts thrown out against the good faith of either would only cause irritation, and he did not venture. But it was clearly his duty, now, to visit the place before spending Lavinia's money, which he looked upon as trust-money. Before doing so he resolved to have an interview again with her—this time in the presence of Aunt Polly as a witness—to try finally if he could not break her off the project, though he felt it to be a forlorn-hope. He did not wish it to be said, by-and-by, by business people who would hear of the transaction, and comment on

it, that she acted by his advice. He determined also to write to her, so as to leave on record, and set him right with his successors, a true statement of his views, his doubts, and his fears; for he felt that it would never do to leave this in any uncertainty. People would naturally say, "What on earth was Pipperly about when he let the girl perpetrate such folly?"—or, "The man was clearly guilty, morally if not legally, of a gross breach of trust,"—and so forth. He could not lie easy in his grave—much less in his bed—if such things were said. He was quite right, from every point of view, in making his reputation as an honest sensible man of business absolutely safe; therefore it was, that when he had written the letter he carefully copied it into one of the big books kept by him under lock and key in the bank.

That Lavinia was her own mistress might be enough to satisfy herself; but it would not satisfy others, or clear him in the estimation of the outside world, or of those whose good opinion he valued, not only as men, but as bankers, lawyers, stock-brokers. Honesty had always been his policy.

"You say, my dear, that this mysterious nabob, from the other end of the world, will turn up and make everything right; but suppose he doesn't?"

"Turn up?"

"No, make everything right. Suppose he declines to have anything to do with the place, or to take it off your hands—which I should say is more than likely —"

"Why do you say that? Why is it more than likely?" she asked, abruptly. He wasn't prepared on the instant with an answer,

so she went on—"You say that, just because you want to convince me that I am doing a financially foolish thing—isn't that so? Now confess."

"Well, it is."

"But where's the use, when I have told you over and over again that I know it, and over and over again that I still mean to do it?"

The pertinacious Pipperly still held out. "Are you aware that you may never be able to realise what you have to pay for the place? It isn't that you may get only one per cent for your money, but that you will perhaps practically sink the principal hopelessly."

"Why, of course! Haven't I got it all clearly stated in your letter—which I mean to keep, and to refer to as my only consolation when time declares you to be a true prophet—my truest and best of friends? But, all the same, I don't care."

"Don't care for what, Lavinia?"

"Don't care for the interest, don't care for the principal, don't care for anything, in fact, which stands in the way of my doing this insane thing. I must save Scot-towe."

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated Pipperly; "unaccountable—and you always were so sensible in business matters."

"Unaccountable to you perhaps from a business point of view; but——" she paused, and he listened anxiously, expecting an explanation. He was disappointed, as she concluded the sentence with the words—"never mind that!" This was as difficult to grapple with as her previous "So there!" still he could not let it pass with her unchallenged.

"I can't help minding it," he said, with a shade of annoyance in

his tone. "Have you no influence?" he asked, turning, in his despair, to Aunt Polly.

"Oh, none," replied she, promptly; "none whatever, Mr Pipperly. I have done my very best."

"You have both done it, of course—as I knew you would," said Lavinia; "and I feel very grateful and very obstinate. I won't press you, Mr Pipperly, to go there if you really would prefer not to. I don't want you to act against your will and judgment."

"Oh, but I'll do it," said he.

"If you don't, I'll have to do it myself—that's all."

The alternative alarmed him. She would be swindled right, left, and centre if any human being but himself transacted her business. If he didn't pull her through, nobody else could or should. So, after playing with the subject a little longer, in the vain hope of turning her from her purpose, he finally declared that he had made up his mind to carry out her wishes to the letter, and to give her the benefit of his experience.

"Which has been of such service to me always," said Lavinia; "you ought to know how I value your opinion."

"Yet you have as good as told me, my dear, that my opinion is not worth a button."

"Now be just, like a dear, kind, good man as you are. Am I more unreasonable in being determined to purchase the place without seeing it than you are in advising me against a purchase, when you have never been near it either?"

"It is not the place, but the paying away of your good money for it that gives me so much trouble," said Pipperly, evading a direct reply. "But I'll go, all the same; and will look after your interests as keenly as if they were

. You'll not pay too
I can help it."
as safe," she said, put-
and kindly on the old
oulder, the touch of which
rill of affection through
—he loved her so much
years — "as it is just
or any one to feel, when
our hands."

sh I had the same con-
myself," said Pippetly,
uch of that self-flattering
ion to which we are all
d in which we indulge, no
ow self-opinionated we
lly be, or how high an
we may have formed of
vidual acumen. As a
fact, no one entertained
exalted idea of his own
capacity and judgment
erly himself; and—I may
one had a better right to
opinion, based as it was
rs of prosperous manage-
big banking concern: I
im for it. I can therefore
clude that the remark was
that peculiar pride which
nility; but I don't care
ort of thing much. When
is a good opinion of him-
ould always stand by it,
ake little of it.

hasn't that good opinion,
a rule less likely to be a
than to have fair grounds
ng at an adverse personal

I am inclined always to
at he must be indeed a
aracter who despises him-

ng Pippetly, therefore, so
y, I must set down his
ech as a mere *façon de*
He didn't mean it to de-
mself or anybody else.
wasn't taken in by it, and
therefore think it worth
as her first grand chance

of showing to Major Tynte that
she was capable of making a big
sacrifice (from a worldly point of
view) to do what she thought
would please him, or which would
at least show that—whether it
pleased him or not—she had made
an effort, as far as her lights went,
to carry out in the most liberal
spirit the letter of her promise to
befriend the Scottowes. She did
not say all this to herself; she did
not stop to analyse her own
motives; or to understand or
weigh her actions. She simply
felt an honest glow of pleasure
and gratification in doing as she
did. In affairs of the heart—

"Nemo in sese tentat descendere,"

says the satirist; and love leads
reason blindfold.

Pippetly thought her altogether
unwise; but wisdom is a relative
term, and is justified of her chil-
dren only. Lavinia was prepared
to abide the issue, be it good or
bad; and, out of the fulness of
her faith, to take the consequen-
ces. She was absolutely deter-
mined to do all she could for the
dear major, and for the wife of
his friend.

Commend me to a woman when
she makes up her mind to go
solid, either for or against. Sense
and reason bite the dust when her
sentiment shows fight; and this
is what makes the dear creature
so strong in her very weakness.
There is no danger which she will
not face, no obloquy which she
will not bear, no hazard which
she will not run, when the heart
impels. The rigid male hesitates
to even compound a felony, and
has been known to consult his
conscience on the refunding of
an income-tax which lack of moral
fibre has led him in the first
instance to evade. He will desert
a *quondam* friend because of pe-

cuniary defalcations, or an unmet six months' bill. I have known a weak-kneed father to declare out of his uselessly superabundant honesty that as Jack was born on Easter-Sunday the 1st of April in such-and-such a year, he must not travel half-fare this year after the 1st, though Easter-Sunday does not come round till the 21st. I maintain with the boy's mother that he has a right to travel half-fare till Easter-Sunday next—his birthday—and that he has clearly more than a fortnight to run.

You say I must admit that "there are certain broad lines of——"

No ; I admit nothing. I feel, of course, that I have weakened the major premiss by too much elaboration of the minor ; and I will say no more except to end as I began : commend me to a woman when she makes up her mind.

In addition to the incentives which her own love for Major Tynte gave her, there were so many winning points of character about Kate, and so many touching circumstances surrounding the

manner in which they had become acquainted, that she could not help feeling warmly attached to Tinkler's sister. Argument was simply lost upon her.

Aunt Polly followed Pipperly out, after the interview.

"You know," she said, "it is not really so foolish as it looks ; because, in any case, if Lavinia marries Major Tynte—as I sincerely trust she will—she can keep the old house or sell it as her husband may advise by-and-by—that is, if her other plans should fall through, or become impracticable."

"Just so," replied Pipperly. "I must do the best I can for her under the circumstances. It is possible we may get a bargain. Let us hope so, at all events."

And with a warm parting—for they were on most cordial terms, as we know—he took his leave of Aunt Polly, and went to his office-desk to write, by that post, to London for particulars as to title, valuation, rental, &c., &c., of Scot-towe Manor and estate.

CHAPTER XXIV.—GENERAL.

"War is death's feast."

—FULLER'S *Gnomologia*.

Events crowd themselves into the next few months. During this time the gallant deeds of the 201st were chronicled in the columns of the press, local and general, during the varying stages of the small but tedious war, which cost so much in life and treasure. Lavinia lived in daily, hourly terror of some disastrous news, the possibilities of which she durst not face, even in imagination, though they hung over her like a pall ; and Kate suffered equally. Each mail was eagerly watched for by both ; and the priceless, loving, wistful

letters—written on scraps with ink or with pencil, as the exigencies of the moment determined—were to a large extent interchangeable. Portions in praise of Scot-towe were read by Lavinia to Kate ; and a like return was made by Kate anent the major. These letters became an additional bond of union—if one were needed—between the two women, the strong one and the weak.

But they were weeks old when the postman brought them ; while there were horrid telegrams coming out every day, in large print,

made them seem older still, ribbly out of date. It was to think that they had chatted spoken lightly—though kindly—about poor Lieutenant Spunner, who had been killed in the major's last letter in connection with some good-frolic, and then to see, in the morning paper the same day, it recorded.

"Kate! isn't it perfectly horrible?" Lavinia said, nervously holding the newspaper in both

hands. A good cry, they folded the creases, and read and re-read the paragraph with their hands together; and then they wept again. Poor Spunner! This was given to the memory of a good and brave fellow as a mild find. The paragraph read: "This brush with the enemy was altogether in the nature of a surprise; and we have to record the loss of Lieutenant Spunner, who displayed the most heroic coolness and bravery on the occasion."

It was "perfectly dreadful"—there could be no doubt at all about it; and it was very well understood that the war had just come in at the door. In her good-nature she hurried off to Kate the instant she saw the news, because she was certain that Lavinia would sympathize, and that they would do good by mutual "grizzling." She was quite right in one respect not altogether; because "grizzling" notoriously does do good to women when indulged in in conversation. It was to ensure conversation, perhaps, that she was so unexpectedly, and so much ruder than usual. She was that Lavinia and Kate had their all of happiness on the lines of this war: and the conviction was ever pres-

ent with the two, that even while they talked and smiled, the loved ones might be gone, or be suffering excruciating agonies, deprived of that loving tenderness which a woman only can dispense at such a time. They felt it henceforth incumbent on them to be sad; or rather they discovered that it was impossible to be cheerful since the death of Spunner.

There were all sorts of dangers to be anticipated; for the dusky enemy was not only brave, but cunning and hard to get at. They were ever on the watch behind cover, and seldom to be met in the open. They were excellent marksmen; and many a brave 201st man fell by bullets sped from rifles of "Brummagem" manufacture, a supply of which had been sent out by an enterprising and patriotic "firm," which had an inkling in good time, through a local representative, that an outbreak was certain. It is well known and acknowledged all over the world that John Bull will always "push trade" whenever and wherever it can be pushed; and it is notorious also that he has pushed this nefarious branch of it among our foes more than once. It has ever appeared to me that if you supply a stranger with a weapon with which to kill your own brothers, and also make that stranger pay for the weapon, that you are not only a murderer but a skunk: I may be wrong, but I would lynch the man who did it. I question whether John Bull does not stand alone in this disgraceful traffic. Nay, more; he has even been charged by the stranger with outrageous swindling in selling a deadly weapon which as often kills the confiding purchaser as not. However, in the particular transaction to which we refer, there

sinuation; on the contrary, the "article gave great satisfaction," and with it the swarthy marksman only too often dropped his man.

In addition to the danger from home-made guns and cartridges, Tommy Atkins had to face wounds from poisoned spears and arrows, bad water, and the ravages of disease brought on by the fearful climate. Add to all these the fact that he could not rest safely even within the lines in camp at night; for these savages could see like cats, and creep noiselessly on all-fours, and kill poor Tommy while he slept and dreamed of home and loved ones.

All the horrors and the dangers were minutely detailed by war-correspondents, and were graphically sketched by artists who were there and who were not. One's feelings and sympathies were naturally at white heat. Nobody knew what a day might bring forth—though impartial minds had long since come fully to the conclusion that we had no right at all to be where we were, and deserved neither quarter nor pity; but pity is, as we know, extraneous to mere desert. It is, moreover, akin to love; and very close relations have always existed between Mars and Venus.

Philosophers of the cold calculating male order may tell us that it is useless and profitless to grieve, and extremely unwise to anticipate evil, since you thus suffer many times, instead of once or happily not at all; for the evil may never put in an appearance. You should not cry out, either, these wise men say, before you are hurt. I dispute that. People are never tired of inculcating the precept as being the essence of wisdom. I maintain that the truest philosophy of life more often than not consists in crying out be-

fore you are hurt, in blowing the trumpet—your own, of course—well in advance; and there seems to me to be far more sense in this course than in crying after you are hurt. The most intellectual dog I ever possessed acted always on this principle, and I never knew his tail to be trodden on, though he often got sympathy and reward. I don't think so much of philosophy as it does of itself. It is very easy to be a Stoic in theory. All you have got to do is to sit in a porch and preach; if it is somebody else's porch all the better.

It would have been utter folly to try and reason with these two terror-stricken souls, and Georgie felt this, though she was not a philosopher; but she was sensible enough to instinctively feel that when the emotional and the sentimental come together they make sad havoc of wise saws and modern instances. It was impossible that either Lavinia or Kate could shut out from their thoughts the possibilities that any moment might reveal. Georgie knew, too, that Kate was in that critical state of health during which sudden shock might prove dangerous; hence it was that she went in for routing them up, and set her face against "moping." Captain Tiptop had succumbed to fever some considerable time previously, but his death did not touch them like the other; and they were just settling down to discuss together the moral and religious aspects of the question as to which death was preferable, when Georgie cut short the lugubrious discourse.

She had come to be a very frequent and welcome visitor at the curate's lodgings—and not more welcome to Kate than to the Rev. Joseph Tinkler himself. There was no need of formal paying and

ing visits; she just dropped in she felt inclined—which she often—to see Kate. She o, and Kate believed it. e people maintain that no iendship is formed or can etween women. This is a libel. It existed between three, and yet they were erent as three persons well be. Making due allowance e fellow-feeling, I am asked : closely into this friendship, shall be certain to find—a

. Well, what of that? eal point is whether the is an estimable one or not. t whether Kate had any. turally affectionate unin- al woman may fall into tate with absolutely no , as I fancy Kate did. ve accounted for Lavinia's, was strong enough to in- er to make what Mr Pip- called a "big pecuniary e for sentiment": her loss s own reward. Georgie nto the mutual admiration s because Kate was Joseph's

always hard on Georgie, t I don't mean to be. If d, as we know, fully deter- to marry Joseph Tinkler, l it was far and away the ing that could happen to and undoubtedly she had, vinia, acted nobly through ial conflict which had raged rly about the advent of his and her equivocal position, nany months. She—to use ar but expressive phrase—to them through thick and through good report and ort—or rather through the nly, for there was nothing Was she not entitled to her ? If she was content with mall change in the matri- market, who but the rever-

end gentleman himself had any right to say her nay? She deserved to win; and I for one should be sorry if she didn't, because she never wavered for an instant; and when the tide turned, and Mrs Quodlibet came from the palace in her carriage and called on Kate, it was only natural that Georgie should feel a glow of triumph, and should take the first opportunity of encountering Mrs Fungus and stamping on her.

It was astonishing how this great scandal now dwindled and disappeared from the Westerly tea-tables. It got quite worn out by dint of rough usage and knocking about. Like any other dirt, calumny sticks for a while, when it is thrown; but let it dry, and you get rid of it easily. Some delicate textures suffer; but the everyday material does not show any stain worth noticing. The Rev. Septimus Stole, whether instigated by charity or by his diocesan, preached its funeral sermon, in this particular instance, in Westerly Church; and wound up his discourse by quoting the words of that most generous-souled and human-hearted of divines, old Fuller: "Of those of whom thou canst say no good, say nothing; of those of whom thou canst say some good, say no bad;" concluding with the remark that it would all be so easy if only this advice were followed by "those who profess and call themselves Christians." The discourse produced a most favourable impression; but Mrs Fungus did not think it quite seemly that so young a man should preach personalities and deliver an all-round lecture from a self-erected pedestal of superior virtue.

She thought it probable that the Canon would, before the girls, and out of the fulness of his disregard for Stole, agree with her as to it

not being quite the thing; and so he did, but his standpoint was a different one from hers.

"A self-sufficient young fellow like that," he said, "generally manages to talk nonsense. Of course we all know it would be easy enough, if it were easy—but it isn't. As a matter of fact, it is directly the reverse."

Not having been present, he was unaware that his sweeping condemnation of Stole involved an indirect censure on a greater than he. Dolly, the younger daughter—who had a tender regard for Stole, because of his beautiful eyes—enlightened her father by explaining that the preacher was merely quoting Dr Fuller; but the explanation was not received in good part, and was not satisfactory as an emollient.

"You don't know what you're talking about," was all the thanks she got; "or *he* doesn't, one or either. Fuller did not say it was easy: he merely laid down a precept, and did not draw an inference. In any case, he addressed himself to men—as men: he knew as well as I do that women must gossip and chatter, and will do it to the end of the chapter."

"Well, in any case," said Mrs Fungus, endeavouring to change the line of argument, "I don't see that Tinkler has much to complain about. Everybody has subscribed to this bothering testimonial till we are all sick of it. There is a very large sum collected."

So there was. People got ashamed of themselves for having taken an unkind and uncharitable view of the situation; and having fully enjoyed the satisfaction which of right belongs to scandal-mongering, they now went in for the counter-enjoyment which comes of a chastened repentance, and laboured hard to show contrition. It was

wonderful to hear people talk, and to discover, now, how few there were who "ever really believed it," and how many there were who had their "doubts from the first," and so forth. Every one was eager to show how he or she had been early in the field in upsetting the foul calumnies which had been circulated, and which nobody owned.

But if Mrs Quodlibet had not come to the rescue in her carriage-and-pair, Mrs Fungus and her satellites would have run down and completely overwhelmed not only Lavinia but Georgie also, in their joint efforts to keep Kate's reputation out of the mud. Georgie was dreadfully handicapped, because, in addition to Kate, she had also to look after the Rev. Joseph's, reputation, which might suffer by implication; and the subscriptions, which might suffer too, if the process of stamping out was not thorough. There was a complete and most satisfactory turn of the tide. The period of tension was over, and those who did not give in time, now gave doubly.

The hour was almost ripe for Georgie to make a bid not only for victory but for triumph; when a postponement was rendered absolutely necessary by the performance of a function at which Dr Collyrium presided and officiated with his usual skill and kindness.

A young Scottowe put in an appearance, claiming a vast amount of attention, and awakening a large share of interest. Fortunately, the event took place in Tinkler's absence. He had to go to his new church to "read himself in"; and, while in the parish, he learned the news, and was advised by the doctor to prolong his stay for a few days, as "the women would be better without him" till they got things in order at his lodgings. He found plenty to occupy his time and

thoughts about the church, the rectory, the schools, and the parish generally; and had, moreover, to look for a man to do temporary duty for him, as he did not see his way to going into residence for some considerable time. The house required "doing up" and papering and painting; furniture had afterwards to be got—and so on. He "put up" for the time being at the rectory of an adjoining and hospitable brother clergyman—a free-and-easy old chap, who, to Tinkler's horror, let things slide pretty considerably, and had no taste or ear for music—so that the choir under his control was simply excruciating. The old man "lived like a fighting cock," had no family, a retinue of servants to look after his wife and himself, and a well-stocked cellar and stable. He very kindly placed a horse and trap and man at his guest's disposal, so that a week passed rapidly enough. Tinkler went to see the historic old family mansion of Scottowe, which was, as we know, in the market; and he found it in possession of a nice old lady, who had been sent down by the Courts in London to take charge of it. She was very stiff and cold—so much so that the timid Tinkler didn't venture to be more than distantly respectful and polite—she seemed so much above the humble office which she filled, and the duties of a caretaker.

It gave her something to do, she explained, in her loneliness; and the grand old organ was the very best of company. He was sorry to be obliged to face the fact that, when the place changed hands, he would be deprived of her invaluable aid.

He found that she had done something for him in the schools for which he thanked her again; but this she made no compliment of, and only regretted that she

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could not do more. A strange creature he thought her as he took his leave; and what a sad life she must have all by herself in that big silent house! To be sure, there was an old doddering man-servant about the place, paid also by "the Courts"; but she was not likely to derive much satisfaction from this, he thought—merely a sense of security. If Tinkler had any insight into human character he would have known that, as far as any sense of security went, she and the man might safely change places; for he trembled in his bed at night—hearing strange sounds, groans, and ghostly footsteps in the long corridors overhead, and believing firmly that the house was haunted, and that the woman up-stairs was uncanny.

When Tinkler went back to his rectory and let himself, with the latch-key, into his own big empty house—looking doubly desolate from its utter lack of furniture—he shuddered involuntarily. What should he do there by-and-by, all alone—for years perhaps—a bachelor? Was there not a way out of the difficulty, or was it a difficulty at all?

The tongue turns ever to the aching tooth; and when the heart is troubled there are emotions which will not let it rest, but must keep probing on. There was no cure for Tinkler's ailment but Georgie: of that he became more and more convinced the more he thought about it.

If she had only known what his feelings were, what a lot of bother it might have saved—to say nothing of loss of time. Beating about a bush is often a tiresome process; but you must sometimes do it—not only to ascertain if the bird be there, but also to rout him out when he is.

CHAPTER XXV.—BABY.

"Maxima debetur puero reverentia."—JUVENAL.

Baby-worship is presumably the only form of idolatry which is winked at by the angels, and against which the Church has not entered a *caveat*. From considerations of expediency this is just as well, because when your orders are certain to be disregarded it is better not to issue them, or to insist where you have no power to enforce. What heed do we pay to Clemens Alexandrinus, for instance, who held, as I learn from my reverend friend Stole, that the second commandment was broken by ladies looking at themselves in the glass? "The likeness of anything that exists," he says. He might as well have held his tongue, for all that ladies care. But even the early fathers are nowhere when modern mothers take the field. Baby in arms carries everything before him. The women who can lay no claim to him kneel and worship, while the proud proprietress condescends to exhibit him ("a lump of delight"), and to hand him round,—the whole picture being but a forecast of another when, in a few years' time (if principles of generosity be duly inculcated), he will magnanimously hand round his lollipop or his apple, to be tasted by his playmates, but with natural fear and trembling lest too great inroads should be made upon his property.

Kate's baby was pronounced to be a wonderful baby; and as soon as she was able, she held a sort of continuous reception. Georgie and Lavinia were constant in their worship, of course. Mrs Quodlibet came, so did Mrs Fungus and

her daughters. Even Georgie's mamma put in an appearance; and they, one and all, pronounced the same verdict—from which it would be presumptuous in me to differ. Nevertheless, I will say—except that he seemed to have been born with more hair than other babies, I myself saw no great difference. I confess I am a little prejudiced: I always avoid very young babies when it can be done without endangering my position in the regard of their parents. As a rule, they strike me as being underdone, rare—in a sense other than the usual maternal acceptance of the term. My sympathies tend more towards appreciation of maturity; and worship began, in my case, when the object of it was at least eighteen: I never went behind that limit; and I am now a member of that Society of Antiquaries of which Father Time is president, and which may be said to boast a cosmopolitan list of compulsory members.

But to resume. In this particular instance even Aunt Polly found herself "in the swim"—couldn't keep out of it.

In fact, so great was the excitement that there were moments—mind, I say only moments—when Kate forgot the father while contemplating the son; when Lavinia forgot the major; and Georgie forgot the game she had to play—all the same, she made no false move.

Tinkler himself, when he returned, became unpleasantly alive to the conviction that he was more or less an outsider now; and he was only reconciled to the ex-

isting state of things when his claim to part-proprietorship was acknowledged by the honorary title of uncle, and by the information that he was to be allowed to stand sponsor in conjunction with Stole and Lavinia. Mrs Fungus so far showed her great interest as to promise that the ceremony of baptism should be performed by the Canon. Georgie came in, at her own special request, as a supplemental godmother.

There was the settlement of the Christian names, which had to be discussed. Hugh came first, because it was a Scottowe family name, then Adrian.

"Why Adrian?" Mrs Fungus inquired aside of Georgie.

"Oh, because it is the name of a very, very dear friend of theirs, who befriended Mr Tinkler and Kate in early life."

"Is he to be here? Is he dead?"

"Oh no, he's alive. He's coming back some day. He's away in New Zealand, I think. He has done a great deal of good over there—among the Huguenots."

"The what?" said Mrs Fungus.

"I mean the Hottentots," Georgie explained—"and that sort of thing."

"But, my dear, there are no Hottentots—or that sort of thing—in New Zealand that ever I heard of."

Georgie saw that she had made a slip, which she hastily corrected by explaining that she meant aborigines.

"Mrs Scottowe is a very favourable specimen of them at all events," continued Mrs Fungus.

This was too much! There was no smile on the old lady's countenance to intimate that she meant it for a joke, so Georgie had to explain.

"Of course she is not an aborigine. I don't suppose you really think that." She dropped the final *s*, so as to get rid of the awkward plural; but she wasn't quite sure that it was all right.

"Then this Mr Adrian is a missionary?" queried the old lady.

"No, he's not," said Georgie; "he's a philanthropist, and his name is Adrian Verney. He's very rich—made it all out there."

"Thank you," said Mrs Fungus, as she took her leave.

"Oh, mamma, wasn't it really fine?" remarked Miss Ethel, when they got out of earshot. "Georgie's ignorance is simply colossal—perfectly delightful."

"Isn't Botany Bay somewhere out there?" said the mother, trying to put this and that together; "where they used to send the convicts to, long ago."

"Yes, it is—sure enough."

"I don't think so," said Dolly; "isn't it in Australia—or Van Diemen's Land?"

"They're all the same," Ethel explained, out of the fulness of her knowledge.

"There's something curious about it at all events," Dolly remarked. "I never saw brother and sister so unlike as Mr Tinkler and Mrs Scottowe. Though, for the matter of that, Joel isn't very like either of us."

"He is the picture of one of his grand-uncles," explained the mother; "he is a Lapsus—takes after my side of the house."

And truly Joel did "take after" that aristocratic black-leg, the Honourable Jervaise Lapsus, in more subtle ways than outward seeming.

The difficulty which Mrs Fungus had now to face was that of getting her lord to fulfil the promise which she had made in his behalf, as to performing the baptismal ceremony

over this wonderful baby. She preferred to grapple with it single-handed, and to beard the lion in his den by herself. She dismissed her daughters, and entered his study alone. He was in a very bad humour. The struggle was protracted, but at last she emerged victorious. Her arguments were that—seeing how things were going, and the leanings of the Bishop and his wife—it would be a good stroke of business and of polity to give in; but her arguments had not half as much weight as her persistency. He could not get rid of her without consenting, so he yielded at last, with a very bad grace.

She did not tell him that she had actually promised for him; because, if she had, he would, out of sheer perversity, have peremptorily declined to act—as a punishment for her presumption; and would have left her to get out of the difficulty as best she could. All's well that ends well, she thought, as she shut the door behind her, and left the Canon to complete his sermon.

His mode of performing the baptismal function was of a very trying nature; because, not content with the usual dipping of the finger, he always made a cup of his hand, and poured the contents over the hapless infant; which, of course, resulted in lamentations and woe—the mother terrified lest her treasure should catch its death of

cold, and the poor baby gasping, struggling, and shrieking, through the remainder of the service: this was the grim satisfaction which he expected for his pains.

But when Master Scottowe went through this ordeal, he bore it in such a way as to win the admiration of even the Canon himself. He gasped, to be sure, poor little fellow, because, when nearly choked, he could not help it; but he did not howl: on the contrary, he kicked with both feet, and struck out with his little doubled-up fists, in a way which seemed to intimate to the cruel Canon that he would “go for him” if only able; and which wrung from his persecutor the confession that he was “a fine little chap.”

“And you don't know what a compliment that is,” said Mrs Fungus to the mother, “coming from my husband, because he hates babies as a rule, and never christens them when he can avoid it; so you may consider yourself highly flattered and favoured, my dear.”

“Oh, so I do,” said Kate, “and I am ever so much obliged to him. But how can any one possibly hate babies? I think they are the dearest things in the wide, wide world.”

I have heard other women say the same thing; but still, there are males to be found who entertain the unnatural sentiment with which the Canon was accredited by his wife.

CHAPTER XXVI.—GEORGIE PLAYS A TRUMP.

“I cannot give you an idea of the joy we have when we see a man turning fool for our sake.”—*Spectator*.

“The Syren's song is the sayler's wrack.”—STEPHEN GOSSEX.

The Westerly gift to the Rev. Joseph Tinkler included now, in addition to the originally contemplated purse of sovereigns, a very

nice turn-out of horse, harness, and trap. The presentation function went off most satisfactorily; and Dr Quodlibet was so good as

to mark his sense of the importance of it by expressing a wish that it should take place at the palace, and that Tinkler and the deputation should remain to lunch.

This lunch included ladies, among whom was Georgie. He would be starting for what the Bishop called "his new sphere of duty" very shortly, and "would leave a void not easily filled in the hearts of his old parishioners."

The words were very nice and very true, and Georgie felt that there was no time to be lost. If she let him go without declaring himself, there was no knowing what might or might not happen.

That evening, after dinner, her father having to attend a patient some miles out of town, took her in his brougham to see Kate, and dropped her at the door of Tinkler's lodgings. She was such a frequent visitor that she was expected, even if there had not been the special event of the day to talk about. Lavinia had only just left, after offering her congratulations. Tinkler himself opened the door for Georgie. If she hadn't come he would have been sorely disappointed—it was such an exceptional day.

Everything favoured and suggested prompt action on her part. She knew where her strong point lay. In affairs of the heart the influence of music stands supreme. You might doubt this if only poets said so, calling it the "food of love" and all that sort of thing; but sober scientific men bear like testimony—even stronger. Ritter maintains that there is electricity in it; and I remember reading that in Arcadia there was a section of the community the members of which, because they banished music from their schools, became the most cruel and wicked of all the Greeks. Doubtless

Shakespeare had these in his mind when he declared such men to be fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoils." Terpander, we are told, stopped sedition among the Lacedæmonians by introducing music; and with such results as to quite over-cure the evil, because subsequently their dash in battle had to be softened by tunes of a soothing nature: in fact, Terpander overdid it by the power of music. Experts say—or have said—that fevers were cured by it, deafness, even madness, epilepsy, sciatic gout,—and I know not what beside. It meant simply *loca dolentia decantare*—to bewitch the affected place. But enough; if not; I must respectfully refer the incredulous reader to the Transactions of the Academy of Science, where he will find exhaustive papers on the subject; to Capella; and to Dr Bianchini, Professor of Physic, who wrote a book devoted entirely to the subject—which I haven't read.

For our purpose it will suffice to say that a man more susceptible to the power of music than Joseph Tinkler did not exist. Anything connected with it interested him, even a dry discussion as to whether the ancients possessed counterpoint. The actual thing entranced him. You could knock him down with a solo, and utterly subjugate him with a recitative. He would, under the spell, sway to and fro on his seat, at times even endangering his equilibrium. I have spoken before of the craze he had for collecting musical instruments of all ages, kinds, and climes, and of the goodly assortment which he possessed. When Kate came to stay with him he added a grand piano on hire; and it was to this, in conjunction with her own sweet voice, that Georgie looked

for victory. She soon had him in the seventh heaven—in an ideal region of beauty, melody, and sweet sounds, called into existence by hands of exquisite touch, and eyes of unfathomable depth.

He felt shy and diffident at first, as if either doubting the reality of it all, or his own worthiness to be the recipient of so much ecstasy; and it was this diffidence which needed the nicest management on the part of Georgie.

The robin will perch within a few inches of you, while you go on potting your geraniums; but if you hold out your hand with a grub or try to catch the bird, or even to put salt on his tail, he will dash himself terror-stricken against the conservatory glass, or be out through the open door.

Cuteness and shyness are often confounded: they may keep an equal distance from you—measured by feet and inches; but they are miles apart when you come to deal with them. Cuteness can reason, and be convinced, and can put this and that together, and act on the compound experience; but timidity is hard to teach, and as hard to get into a cage as the other.

Georgie encouraged Tinkler in every possible way. She had him to stand by her, to lean over her, to turn leaves, to hunt up pieces of music in the portfolios,—sometimes on her knees she helped him. She even rallied him for being silly in overlooking something he wanted to find; and while Kate laughed, it made him happy.

Georgie played everything he wanted, and then—she suddenly burst into song.

I don't know what sort of a voice it was from a professional point of view—being utterly ignorant in these matters—but I know that it was simply magnifi-

cent: it insinuated itself, and then it ran riot, and simply played the mischief with you somehow—thrilled through you—kept you under a spell. I don't wonder that Tinkler came to grief—or rather, dropped into felicity. At all events his hour had come, and he was face to face with his destiny—and a very pretty face it was.

Georgie sang several songs; but I think the one that finished him was "Doctor Cupid," which I give below. I say this because it was the one he asked for a second time as a wind-up, when she had looked at her watch, and said something about the hour being late:—

1.

"I have doubts that come and go:
Thoughts that please
Yet tease
Me so.
Doctor Cupid, can you tell
How to break the magic spell?
What it means I do not know.
When shall I recover?
Now I'm well,
And now am ill;
Glad betimes, at others wailing.
What is this that moves me so?
Every guess is unavailing.
When shall I discover?
Not a reason can I find.
Doctor Cupid,
You are kind;
Am I stupid,
Or so very, VERY blind?

2.

"Why, of course!—The heart's affected
By your sore distress;
But a lover
May recover
Even though rejected:
That's the worldly way.
Many come and many go—
All must catch the fever;
And the cure, though it be slow,
Makes a staunch believer.
There's a 'Yes'
Behind the 'No':
Wait, and you'll discover.

3.

when fickle ones forget

Is there no redress?

Reassure me!

How to cure me,

Doctor Cupid, say!

Oh, disenchant!

Or, if you can't,

Yet—

Till I'm better—stay!

I give thee heart and soul,

I give thee mind and will;

Doctor Cupid, reassure—

Either kill,

Or quickly cure!"

ie finished, the fingers
ngeringly on the keys of
ument, the head fell back,
lustrous eyes looked full
enamoured face of Joseph.
re a subtle freemasonry
omen, or did Kate really
baby cry? She said she
she flew up-stairs just at
nent with a speed which
o imply conviction: why
uld I doubt?

ie rose, blew out the piano
as young ladies some-
ill, and then suddenly
e alarming discovery that
was in semi-darkness—
g only on the fire-light.
how stupid of me!" she
d. "I forgot that the
not lighted."

ubt she had forgotten,
the same, when Tinkler
to light it she put him
s he wished for the "ad-
glare," which, of course,
t; he preferred the sub-
llo tint from the fire,
ent its quivering wedge-
shadows from chair and
off into the distant
of the room, causing a
as gloom. The blaze
e hearth made that spot
righter by contrast.

fa stood in front of the
laced there by the good-
landlady, for the comfort

and convenience of Kate and the
baby.

Georgie seated herself upon it—
up near the pillow, and Tinkler
ventured on at the other end.
After a few commonplaces, the
whole thing came about in this
way:—

"I shall miss you very much
—very soon," he said, with a
sigh.

"Ah!" responded Georgie with
another, "and don't you think I
shall miss you—and Kate, dear
Kate? It is just the way of the
world. As soon as one forms real
friendships, something happens to
break them up or to interfere with
them, and——" The sentence
was left unfinished, save by an-
other sigh.

I said it all came about in this
way—and so it did. Tinkler got
gradually closer to Georgie, and—
it all followed then as a matter
of course. Georgie knew it was
coming before it did come; and it
gradually dawned upon Tinkler
that hesitation and reserve had
had their day. I could not tell
what particular word or look or
action or sigh convinced him. It
was a subtle something that only
the interested persons understood;
not to be defined, and quite inex-
plicable to the outsider, who only
notes the result. If I see a lady
looking into a shop-front, I can
always tell whether she is ad-
miring herself or examining the
goods; but what the indications
are that lead me to form an un-
erring conclusion I never could
define. To apply this—I suppose
that, looking through the eyes
into the heart, the lover can tell
on what the loved one's mental
vision is concentrated.

Be all this vain speculation and
surmise as it may, in less than
five minutes Tinkler's fondest
hopes were established on a firm

basis. His arm got round Georgie's trim little waist, and when she put up her hand to protect her heart, she found it made prisoner without any attempt to release it. How long this state of things lasted I am not going to tell; nor will I enter more minutely into detail: suffice it to say that, when Kate returned, she was rapturously kissed by both.

"I knew it!" she said, "I knew it—this, ever so long!"

"How could you?" asked the simple Tinkler, "when I didn't know it myself?"

"Never mind—I did. I am delighted. You dear Georgie! Oh! isn't it nice?"

Georgie acquiesced.

"And we'll always be friends."

"Always," assented Georgie.

"And you'll have to call him Joe! Have you begun? Isn't it funny?"

Tinkler didn't see the fun; and Georgie would rather the name had been any other than Joe: but this was a small matter.

"And, Joe, you'll have to call

her Georgie." Kate spoke as if these were wonderful discoveries.

"Yes, of course—Georgie." Tinkler ventured on the experiment diffidently, and in a tentative sort of way, as if anxious to test the sound of it coming from his own mouth; and being satisfied with the result, he took courage and kissed her on the forehead.

Just then the landlady knocked, and announced that the doctor had sent the brougham to fetch Georgie, and there had to be a parting, as a matter of course.

"We won't say one word till papa knows," she said, kissing Kate; and then gracefully submitting to another kiss from Tinkler (still on the forehead), she hurried down-stairs, and was off before the happy parson had time to do more than follow. The fact was, she did not want the coachman to know too much. A motion of the hand from the carriage-window up to Kate, who was peering through a corner of the blind, and she was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.—GEORGIE SPEAKS OUT.

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"The common lot which all the world have known,

To her 'tis more—because her heart is lonely."

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

I suppose it was to kill thought that Georgie hummed the words of "Doctor Cupid" to herself as she drove home.

Now, madam, if you are the happy mother of daughters, you will perhaps say that her conduct was not—all through this business—"quite the thing," and that she simply made "a dead set" at Joseph Tinkler, and manœuvred for a husband. Well, you might admit that she only did what her

mother should have done for her, and which you, with a proper sense of your responsibility—feel it your duty to do for your own girls. And, moreover, you are large-minded and generous enough not to be jealous of your husband, because of his affection for any one of those charming daughters—all of whom are so fortunate as to command a sympathy denied to Georgie. Take all these things into account, and judge her accordingly.

inhesitatingly that Joseph was a most fortunate fellow who had secured a wife who was all that a true and faithful man should be. He was a deal, but she would never regret self-love by letting him go; and if he had searched the world over, he would have found it in vain for one less likely to give him future cause for regret. She was a woman whose husband would "wear well" in the best sense of the word, and would never ask a bigger price at his hands than giving her the most unbecoming habit of the flute. I don't find fault with her for that, because he had a nice mouth, and it is only to see him distort it with a piece of stick. Even that goddess Minerva could not be so ridiculous as Juno and Andromeda, after looking at her mirror, discarded the flute. If she looked at a woman who could a commonplace like Tinkler escape being so?

Georgie got home, she sat at once to the drawing-table where she expected to find her sister sitting up for her.

"Well, it's all over, mamma!" she cried; "I have done it—or we both have!"

"I don't understand you," said Mrs Collyrium, taking her feet off the sofa, and smoothing down her coats.

"—Mr Tinkler has asked me to marry him, and—I'm going to say 'yes' all."

"The levity with which you regard so solemn a matter pains me," she said frequently, as you will know, pained me."

"There is no levity about it, mamma; it is serious enough, and all events true—which is the chief thing."

"I hope Mr Tinkler will never regret it," she said with icy coldness, which stung poor Georgie like a frost-bite. She had gone through many years of self-repression in order to keep from open war with her mother, and now the time was nearly come when they would cease to clash. But this speech cut her to the soul. Under the circumstances she thought she might have fairly looked for a mild compliment, or at least a harmless insincerity, with some semblance of kindness in it. What wonder if she flared up!

"No, mamma! I am very much obliged to you, of course; but he won't find any cause to regret. I'll tell you why, since you have such an interest in him. When he comes home after his day's work, I won't sit silently by the fire and mope. I won't make believe that I'm injured if he isn't in good spirits. I'll fuss about and have everything done nice for him—warmed up with a smile. I won't go in for silence and resignation as a virtue and a duty, when I should chatter and laugh, and when there is no cause for low spirits except what comes from sitting down to hatch grievances. He won't be tied to a wife who only cares to talk and make herself agreeable to visitors."

"Indeed!" said Mrs Collyrium.

"Yes," continued Georgie, "I mean to profit by experience. I want my husband to think me nice; and—I don't care much what anybody else may think."

"Very creditable, I am sure," remarked her mother.

"I don't mean to say that I shall be disagreeable to other people; but I do mean to say that—my house will be a different one from—yours."

"Don't you think you might have made mine somewhat different, Georgie?" Mrs Collyrium in-

quired, with a look of cold injury.

Georgie paused. "Yes," she replied; "perhaps I could, if I liked to fight with you. But then, things would only have been made hotter for papa—that's all."

"Perhaps you had better go to bed; you have kept me up very late as it is," said Mrs Collyrium.

"Yes, perhaps I had. I won't trouble you much longer, thank goodness! Of course there will be a certain amount of bother which can't be helped. If I could avoid it I would; but I don't see how I can. At all events, the wedding-breakfast will end it; and I hope we'll be better friends when I am gone."

"You had better, as I said, go to bed, and leave these unpleasant remarks till morning, when you are in a calmer frame of mind."

"Oh, all right, mamma: 'good night.'"

And Georgie, with a bursting heart, rushed up-stairs. The tension was too much for her, and she did not wish that her mother should have the triumph of seeing her break down. There was a light under the bedroom door, which showed that the doctor was there. She knocked, expecting to find him in bed reading—as usual.

"Holloa, child!" he exclaimed, looking up from his book.

Georgie literally rushed at him, and had her arms round his neck in an instant.

"Papa! papa!" she exclaimed, "I have just told mamma that it is all over at last. I'm going away from you. Are you glad too? I'm going to be married to Mr Tinkler. My little scheme has—come true."

"God bless my soul, Georgie! I'm not glad—that is, for myself;

but you will be happy, I have no doubt, and for your own sake I am glad."

"Well, I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, dear old man! It will cost you such a lot of money; but it can't be helped, and it won't happen often—at least I hope not."

"Don't talk like that, you little goose!" he said, kindly, "or I'll get up and give you a dose. Kiss me again, and don't be excited, or you'll certainly have to get a nasty draught to calm your nerves."

Then there was a fervent, long, and silent embrace; till, hearing her mother's footstep on the stairs, Georgie fled to her own room, and threw herself on the bed, face downwards.

Shall we say, "Poor Georgie"?

There is a prevailing belief that the tears of men are pitiful, but that those of women are merely curative, and not deserving of any compassion. A cynical old clergyman, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' goes even so far as to say that one should take as little heed of a weeping woman as of a goose going barefoot. I don't agree with him; and even if I did, I should be ashamed to acknowledge it. Such sweeping generalities are always wrong when applied to particular cases.

Undoubtedly there are females who can, and do, cry without adequate emotional cause—constitutionally damp ones, whose chief pleasure in life seems to be to enwrap themselves in a social wet blanket, and to live in a state of domestic influenza, which, though it may not be contagious, yet nevertheless has a most depressing effect on those around them. They resent sympathy in a stand-off sort of way, which seems to imply that they are of a sensitive

ffering nature which you do derstand,—you are so coarse-
d, so healthy, so hard, and
sympathetic. Then, on the
hand, if you do not express
commiseration, they are
d, and the dampness comes
th redoubled force—so that
you don't quite know what

to return to Georgie. I
she has a large claim on
nsideration. She loved her
—of that there was no
; and perhaps—who knows?
may have felt that she did
re Tinkler with that fervour
dness of which every young
heart is capable. If she had
appy at home, things might
turned out differently; but
a worldly point of view she
oing well, and her determi-
to make a good and faith-
fe sustained her.

She went to bed, and slept a
good sound honest sleep after the
fit was over. But Mrs Collyrium
kept the doctor awake far into the
night, and long after his large
stock of patience had been ex-
hausted. Finally he said—

“Well, my dear, we can't alter
matters now—if we tried to; and
even if we could, I don't see that
we ought: it is gone too far. All
we have to do is to go through
with it creditably, and to make the
child as happy over it as we can.”

“I will hope for the best,” said
the wife of his bosom, “and will
pray for a blessing.”

“Oh, blessing be hanged!” said
the doctor—but this was *sotto voce*.
A medical man of his standing and
reputation could hardly be expected
to put up with a clinical lecture,
even from his wife, with himself in
the dual capacity of audience and
patient.

AN HISTORICAL CLOCK.

"Ay, it's a braw, muckle, gallant clock, even if it hadna a history."

The speaker was one of those genuine old Scotswomen of a primitive type still to be found about Stirling. Although so poor that she can only afford the rent of one small room, and even to live there she has to "fecht wi' the wheel" for fourteen hours each day, "doin' the pirns for the warpers," who work in the mill beside the old Brig of Bannockburn, yet her fine shapely hands, and her expressive face with its well-developed brow, bespeak her one of God's gentlewomen.

"It is really a beautiful clock," I said, as she held a candle close to the dial for me to inspect it properly.

The case is mahogany, made in the Chippendale style, inlaid with boxwood. It is an eight-day clock, and the dial-plate is of finely wrought brass. On the door is that shell of inlaid work so familiar to us in furniture of the same period; lower down there is a bird, whilst a running pattern of fine scroll-work ornaments the sides and the top.

There are coloured pictures outside the dial at the four corners. On the right hand stands the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the father of Nicholas. He is represented as a fine stately personage, in a long flowing crimson cloak lined with ermine; on his head is the imperial crown, and in his hand a sceptre or wand, with which he is pointing to a fleet of ships "on a painted ocean" above the dial-plate. These are not all "idle," however, for one of them moves to and fro on a wave with each swing

of the pendulum. Opposite to the emperor, in the left-hand corner, a comely-looking woman stands knitting a long and capacious stocking. She is dressed in the straight short gown without a waist, belted high up under the bust, that was worn about ninety years ago. In the corner below her, on a sea-beach in front of some men-of-war, is a well-dressed gentleman of the same period; opposite to whom, underneath the emperor, a pretty young woman stands at a cottage door with a plump babe in her arms, the very picture of "smiling content."

"Over all yon there used to be a piece of wood," said the owner of the clock, "and it had this inscription on it—

" 'Wha wad ha'e thought it,
Stockings would ha'e boucht it!'

But my man—he was the sailor's son, the babe there, ye ken, in his mither's arms—he took it aff, I dinna ken what for; 'twas a pity, for it's lost noo."

I had heard of this clock from a friend in Stirling. Mangled versions of its history, with confusion of names, the original owner being called Wyllie in one account and Willcox in another, with other discrepancies, had appeared in 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal' in 1835, and later on in several Stirling papers.

"It is in Bannockburn now, I am told," said my friend, "in the possession of some Mrs Duncan; but who she is I cannot find out." On the strength of this slender scrap of information I set out one Saturday evening in the rough old shandrydan of an omnibus that runs to Bannockburn, in company

some women who had been living in Stirling.

"Do you know any Mrs Duncan Bannockburn?" I asked the likely-looking of the women.

Instead of an answer, there were the proverbial questions put to myself: "Do ye no' ken whaur they are?" "Are ye wantin' to see her?" "Do ye no' ken ony about her?" and so on. To which I could give no satisfactory reply; and the women looked at me in wonder. Duncan means no means an uncommon name in these parts.

"He has a high clock," I said in desperation.

"Are ye wantin' a high clock?"

One of my companions, quick-witted, I've got twa high clocks my-my ain hoose, near by."

"I'm not wanting to buy one," I replied, somewhat dejected, conscious of appearing small in the eyes of the

little girl in an odd pair of with her face tied up in a cloth, came to the rescue.

"There's a Mistress Duncan in next hoose to oor ain," she said, "an' I've seen a high clock a' inside o' her door."

"When I will walk home with her," I replied, briskly; "and if it be the Mistress Duncan I want, I'll ask at the post-office for her."

I wandered along a rough street in the twilight, down the p brae, and beside the old wall we entered a court.

"That's the hoose," said my guide, "an' Mistress Duncan's first door on your left, up the stair."

That was how I first became acquainted with the owner of the Journal had called the historical time-reckoner."

I inquired the hour of it at

various times since, whilst its owner and I have had "a crack thegither," as she expressed it, at her little fireside.

New acquaintances become intimate much more quickly, as a rule, if they find they have some valued friend in common. When Mrs Duncan told me she was a native of Dunning, I asked her if she had known the late Rev. Charles Stewart, who died some years ago at Scone. His wife was a Miss Lee, one of three beautiful sisters, in praise of whom the poet Thomas Campbell wrote a very pretty poem. I do not know if this was ever printed, but I copied it from the poet's own manuscript, the property of Miss Lee. In one verse he says,—

"Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
Their portraits till I'd painted yours."

Between myself and one of these three ladies there had been, until her death in 1883, peculiarly strong bonds of friendship. She used to write to me constantly as her "adopted daughter."

Mrs Duncan's face lightened up at once on hearing the minister's name.

"Did I know him?" she cried. "He was my ain minister. Weel I mind his putting his hand on my shoulder after he had been hearing us our Catechism; and, said he, 'Bella'—that was my name, ye ken, Isabella Cunningham—'Bella, to whom much is given, of them much will be required.' Eh, he was a fine gentleman! He went away frae Dunning; we werena sooted for the likes o' him; our folks wasna weel-mannert enough; there's brawer folk i' Scone; an' they a' likit him there fine. I mind weel the time he was first engaged; an' one o' his people told him it was re—"

he was goin' to be married. 'It's a Lee,' he said; 'let it lee.' So they thought it wasna true, till it turned out that ane o' the beautiful Miss Lees was really goin' to be married on him."

After a little more chat about Mr Stewart and his household, I brought our friend round to the subject of old Bettie and her clock again; and she gave me as many details as she could remember of the way in which it had come into the possession of the Duncan family.

"I sat in the self-same chair," she said, "that Bettie wrought the stockings in, till it wadna hauld thegither ony langer. It's a' in pieces noo, an' I hed to put it past in the attic overhead."

The true history of the clock I will now give, as Mrs Duncan told it to me. I wish I could tell it all in her own expressive picturesque words.

Bettie Willcox, the mother of the sailor, was not Scotch at all, although she has always been described as such. Her father was an Englishman, a paymaster-sergeant. His wife had followed him to the wars. "They was aye fechtin' i' thae times, ye ken." She was a good, brave woman, and as long as she lived she kept Willcox right, and he did well. But she died in Perth; and after the battle of Culloden, when Willcox had to march south with the English army, he took with him the "twa mitherless bairns," a boy and a girl. The boy he "drappit" long before he reached St Ninians—a village between Stirling and Bannockburn; and going in to drink with the other soldiers at a small hostelry there, he left the little girl playing outside, near the burn, where it crosses the road. When they marched on again, Willcox, being probably not himself, forgot

his poor bairn, and later on she was found "her lane, just greetin' there i' the gloamin'."

The so-called ruling elder of the parish church at that time was a certain Antony Dunning. He was a kind charitable man, and it was he who found the puir bit lassie, and took her to his home. She was just old enough to tell him her name was Bettie Willcox, that her mother was dead, and her little brother had been lost on the road, and her father had gone away with the soldiers, she thought. "And that was hoo Bettie lichted in St Ninians," said Mistress Duncan. The child was very fortunate in falling into the hands of a good man. Antony Dunning appears to have been very highly esteemed in the neighbourhood. His tombstone may still be seen in the old parish churchyard, although the letters of its inscription are becoming effaced by the lapse of time.

The man Willcox was never heard of again, and after Bettie had received a good education, she was sent away into farm service in the moorlands. There a son was borne by her in the year 1777, his father being the Laird of Sauchie. The name of John Duncan was given him, and his mother did her duty to him well.

One day a travelling packman, who went the round of the moorland farms, carrying all the news the farmer-folk had in those days, told Bettie he had come across a man of the same name as herself, an unusual name in Scotland. "That maun just be my ain brither," said Bettie; and she could not rest until she and her son "traivelled richt down to Dunbar," where the man was.

The sailor, John Duncan, often told of that meeting, and the pleasure it gave to his mother. When

was old enough, Bettie had apprenticed to the master of a fishing-vessel at Alloa, Robert, of the Ann Spittal of that

Then war broke out in 1807, and the pressgangs being at their dreaded work, John, like another sailor, was pressed and carried away in a man-of-war to the Baltic.

It was brought later on to Bettie that her son, the joy of her heart, had been taken prisoner by the Russians, and that he had been sent to Siberia, and she was altogether—"to yon cold land i' the North, ye ken, n' it was like to break her heart." She was aye a detairmined wi' a fine speerit in her—"I made up her mind to send her to the Emperor Alexander, when it a present, to try and get his heart and so obtain his release. No difficulties did the brave mother; she was for Paisley, "traivelled all the way alane," and obtained a quantity of fine yarn, such as they had the finest "harness" shawls. "Braw yairn it was," said our "I'll show ye a hank o'

she got up from the fire and took from a chest of drawers some beautiful fine yarn of a pale indigo-blue shade, and the blue-and-white shawls worn in our grandmothers' time. I have some of it now as I write; the blue is dark, with a thread of white interwoven. With this Bettie soon knitted three pairs of long stockings. "Eh! she was a braw knitter; an' here in a bonnie pattern, what

used to be called 'the sea wave' and 'the walls o' Troy.' She chose them because they were so suitable to John's story, ye ken." (I wonder if any among our oldest knitters can remember having heard of those fine patterns.)

Well, when her stockings were finished, Bettie had the good fortune to hear of a vessel that was about to sail for St Petersburg from Kincardine-on-Forth. She was not able to pen the letter herself, and so had recourse to a certain Alexander Bryce, a "pulicat" or gingham weaver at St Ninians, who acted as scribe to the poorer inhabitants of the village—"that vile body Saundoc Bryce" he was often called; a clever, idle wastrel, who was a kind of stump orator among the weavers of the Howff, an extreme Radical in his views, very much of a wag, and quite ready to obey Bettie when she told him "just pit in't what I'll say to ye." The letter was worded as follows:—

"ST NINIANS BY STIRLING,
April 2nd 1804.

"Unto the Most Excellent Alexander Emperor of that Great Dominion of Russia and the Territorys there Unto belonging Etc.

"Your Most Humble Servant Most Humbly begs your Most Gracious Pardon for my boldness in approtching Your Most Dread Sovering for Your Clemency at this time. My Sovering the conclusion of this Freedom is on account of My Son whose name is John Duncan aged 26 years¹ who was Prentiss with Robert Spittle his Master Captain of the Ann Spittle of Alloa at the time of the British Embargo in Your Soverings dominion in Russia and is the only support of me his Mother and Besaide I have

¹ It appears to be some discrepancy here, as the account given me was that he was caught by the pressgang, and got to Russia in a man-of-war. The probability is that his mother had no exact information as to this at the time the letter was written.

no other freene for My Support to accept of this small Present from Your Ever Wellwisher whilst I have Breath. The said Present is three pair of Stockens for Going on when your Sovering goes out a hunting. If your Sovering will be pleased to Accept of this and favour me with an answer of this by the Bearer and lett me Kno what Family of Children Your Sovering has I will send some Stockens for them for the Winter before the Winter comes on also what Sons and Dochters you might have.

"Most Dread Sovering I am Your Most Obedient Servant Till Death.

"(Signed) ELIZABETH WILLCOX.

"N.B.—Please to Direct to me to the care of Robert Rennie Banker in St Ninians by Stirling."

The parcel of stockings with the letter Bettie took to Kincardine, where she gave it in charge to the skipper, with many prayers for its safe delivery at its destination.

Some years previously a young doctor, James Wyllie, had left Kincardine, his native place: "he couldna get on there, an' he thought he'd try his luck in foreign pairts." He was equally unfortunate at first, elsewhere; but one day, being in St Petersburg—I am now giving Mrs Duncan's account of the early history of that physician who was afterwards well known as Sir James Wyllie, who left the bulk of his fortune to the Emperor Alexander as a token of his gratitude—this young doctor heard that the Grand Duke had a malignant boil on the neck, which no one could cure. "They'd no skill i' Rooshia i' those days, an' young Wyllie, he just whispered to ane o' the Grand Duke's attendants that he could soon help him." This was told to the Emperor; Wyllie was summoned, and he treated the Grand Duke so skilfully that he was soon well. "Efter that naething was too good for him; he was just like

Joseph in Pharaoh's court, ye ken; an' the Emperor would ha'e gi'en him onything he hed askit for."

Dr Wyllie heard of the Kincardine vessel's arrival, and he hurried down "to have a crack wi' her captain," who told him of Bettie's parcel for the Emperor. This he undertook to deliver safely; and the result was, the Emperor was greatly touched by the mother's love and her confidence in his kindness; and he not only ordered John to be immediately set at liberty, but he directed the Russian ambassador to pay to the banker at St Ninians one hundred pounds sterling as a token of his goodwill to Bettie Willcox.

"Eh! she was a happy woman then!" She was living in St Ninians, and she had always longed to possess an eight-day clock. At once she gave an order to David Somerville, clock-maker in that village, who was quite a noted workman of his time, to make for her one of the finest and best in his power, for the sum of ten pounds. He sent to Glasgow to have "thae braw pictures painted on it," and Bettie desired that the couplet—

"Wha would ha'e thought it,
Stockings would ha'e boucht it?"

should be painted on it.

It reminds us at once of the lines suggested as a motto for the wealthy snuff-manufacturer—

"Wha would ha'e thought it,
Snuff would ha'e kauft it?"

Bettie might have heard that story; or it might have been an instance of the French proverb, "Les beaux esprits se rencontrent."

"It was very generous of the Emperor," I observed.

"So't was; but eh! he was an

nice man, yon Emperor Alex-

I've read o' him i' mony
' readin's. Ef Bettie hed
pairson in a different posee-
life he would ha'e sent her
rtrait set wi' diamonds. He
listress Wyllie, the doctor's
r, a set o' gold cups and
s; an' Bettie, she traivelled
o Kincardine, an' drank tea
; oot o' them. Eh! she was
d woman that day."

ups and saucers of pure
" I asked.

nat was what she aye ca'd
Whatever they were, they'd
e to be real guid, for he was
fu' nice Emperor, yon."

ie time afterwards the Em-
having been much gratified
warm letter of thanks which

had written to him in ac-
edgment of his generous gift,
f his goodness towards her
nt a distinguished individual
name was never known, but
ople spoke of him as calling
f "an ambassador of the
ror of Rooshia"—to call on
ss Willcox at her little house

Ninians. Unfortunately
was out at the time of his
her door was locked, and the
aken away. So the distin-
d visitor had to go away
it seeing her or her clock,
he always regretted greatly
he neighbours had not made
efforts to find her, for she
ot far away. The honour
ad missed, as well as this
of the Emperor's kindly ap-
tion of her gratitude, was
opic of much conversation
her for the rest of her

n Duncan continued in the

He was on board the Shan-
t the time of the memorable
ht between that vessel and
merican frigate, the Chesa-
, 1st of June 1813, and off
. CL.—NO. DCCCXII.

Corunna in 1809, when Sir John
Moore fought his last battle. He
was evidently a man of taste, for
his daughter-in-law, my friend,
showed me various little curios
she still possesses that had been
brought home by him from for-
eign parts. He married later,
and appears to have done fairly
well, dying at the age of eighty-
three years; but his son, John
Duncan number two, was a plain
weaver in St Ninians and Ban-
nockburn. He left our Mrs Dun-
can a widow at an early age, with
a delicate helpless son dependent
on her.

"Eh! 'twas a sorrowfu' nicht
when we flitted from our braw
high rooms where we kep' hoose
thegither, an' cam' to this little
ane. I hed to saw the fit aff the
clock to make it stan' there, where
it is noo. I've hed mony a trial,
but no from onybody's ill-doin's.
It was aye the hand o' the Lord.
Whatever I've set my hert on, or
my face to, in a' these years, it was
aye ta'en awa' frae me. It must
ha'e been the best way, but it's
hard to be your lane. It's sair to
be hindmost. I canna make as
much as some of 'em will at the
wheel, doin' the warps; I'm slow
at it, but eh! I'm airnest."

"How much can you earn at
your wheel?"

"Six shillin's a-week is a' I
make, an' I'm at it workin' four-
teen hours a-day. The master could
get it a' done quicker an' cheaper
by machinery; but he's a kind
man, an' he gives oot a certain
quantity o' this wark each week to
the widows an' the auld lassies,
just to keep them oot o' the poor-
house. I wad ha'e been there my-
sel' lang syne, for I'm just that
frail a body. But I've a speerit:
I've a speerit!"

"Could your sons not help you
at all?" I asked. Then she told

me how the eldest, John, was a boy full of promise, and she and his father had struggled hard to give him a good education. He was apprenticed in the sheriff-clerk's office in Perth. When there he read closely in his leisure hours, and he wrote some very good ballads and poems, which are still sung and recited in Dunning, where he made his home for the time.

"Efter that," said Mrs Duncan, "John was in the office o' a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. Hed he lived he wad hae been a law lord; they a' tell't me sae. He got to be six foot two; a noble-lookin' laddie he was. I began to fail in health, and was low for a time; an' John said, 'Bear up, mother; I'll get a sairvant to ye soon, an' ye shall wark nae mair then.' But the Lord hed ither plans for John; an' he began to grow aye tired an' weak. One day some one tell't him it was a waste o' money, all thae buiks, an' the muckle study. 'It'll no' be lost in heaven,' he said, wi' a bonny smile. 'Ye never thought I'd be goin' so soon, mother; but I aye thought it.' And when he got near the hinder end, he lifted up his saft blue e'en to my ain, 'An', mother,' he said, 'mother, STRIVE! 'Twill be such a happy meeting in heaven!'

"This was his album, Willy Shakespeare on the foremost page. Eh, he was a gran' reader, was my John! And a' the guid that was in him, he told me he attributed it to the assiduity o' his mother. When he was dying he bid me burn a' his papers an' letters. 'Twas sair wark; maist o' a forenoon it took me. 'Twas a pity, too, for he hed written mony a bit o' verse an' ither things. There was a notice of him in the paper; they ca'ed him 'a young man fu'

o' intellectual power and promise.' A while efter he died my man went too; and then I was left alane wi' David, an' I cam' here."

About her husband Mrs Duncan was reticent. He was a weaver in Bannockburn, she said; but that was all she told me of him, and I respected her reserve and asked no questions about him.

"What was David's trade?" I asked.

"David couldna do ony outside wark; he just bided here in this bit room wi' me, an' helpit me at the organ."

"The organ?"

"That's what we ca' the big wheel whiles; it makes sae muckle noise, ye ken."

"And were you never tempted to sell the clock? It would fetch much more now, I think, than the ten pounds it cost Bettie."

"Some one writ a piece i' the Stirling papers aboot it ance; an' a nephew o' mine, who was in a baker's shop then, he heard o' it, an' he said, 'That's just my auntie's clock.' Then a man cam' out here one day, an' he said he would gie me a braw price for it, gin I would sell it to him. I was fechtin' wi' my wheel when he cam', an' I just turned roond on him, an' I said, 'Sell my clock? I'll sell mysel' first.' Then I went on wi' my warps; an' he niver cam' here again. No, I couldna miss it frae my bedside yonder; I think I'd soon gae mysel' ef I didna hear it tickin'."

Later on some one showed Mrs Duncan an old copy of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal' of the year 1835, in which the story of Bettie and her clock was told, evidently from hearsay and with many errors. Still the owner of the clock naturally felt flattered and pleased that it had attracted notice.

"Thae Chambers were gran'

an, an' true great writers,"
; "nothin' could beat the
s for decent men.

Sunday when I was awfu'
up, efter fechtin' wi' my
week, I met oor minister,
it him hoo he was? 'I'm
d, Mistress Duncan; I had
h three times the day,'

o wud ye like to tak' four-
rs at my wheel?' said I.

t then you are sitting
said he, 'an' I have to
my wark.'

vad read'ly change places
telt him. He just laugh-
a nice plaisant man, oor

'I know you would,' said
I're fond o' preaching, Mis-
necan.'

then puir David was
ay. He grew weaker an'
till he died, on my bed
The day he went I cried
t in a' my trouble that
en I was left all my lane,

still cry to the Lord,

He slay me, yet will I
Him.'

evenin' you cam' first here,
elin' so weary. It seems
must just ha'e been sent.

two-three weeks I hed
t tired, I thought I might
oon an' ha'e done wi' the
or guid. I canna tell ye
ur comin' an' sittin' here
ed like to me."

ave drunk tea together,

and eaten some of her own fresh-
ly-baked buttermilk scones, "an'
hed a crack thegither" several
times since, about many of the
poets and prose-writers of the
last fifty years. She has read
widely in her lifetime, and if poor
in this world's gear, she is by no
means so intellectually.

"When they bury me, they'll
think they hev pit a puir auld
body underground; they'll no' ken
that I was rich, rich," she repeat-
ed. "Ye don't reckon up a pair-
son by what they hev, do ye?"

The first time I visited Mrs
Duncan, I asked her if she would
sell me a quaint watch-stand of
inlaid wood that stands on her
dresser.

"Na, na," she said quickly, tak-
ing it out of my hands and replac-
ing it; "I canna do that. The
sailor brought it back wi' him, an'
I've aye thought we should never
do onything that would grieve the
dead."

May she never know any want
that could tempt her to part with
her treasure! and ever hear that
"muckle gallant clock" ticking
beside her bed, until the summons
comes to her to join her loved
ones in the land o' the leal, when,
as far as she is concerned, old
Father Time will have laid down
his scythe, and no clock will be
needed to mark the fleeting hours,
for the day will be eternal!

J. A. OWEN.

IMAGINATION.

A DASH of paradox sometimes contributes the poignancy essential to a good aphorism. It acts like the etcher's acid, biting into the copper the lightest scratches of his needle and making them permanent. When Disraeli affirmed that, of all the attributes of a statesman, imagination was one of the most important, people perhaps thought he was trying to be original or funny. It seems so clear that in the routine of office-work—finance, diplomacy, patronage, the methodical conduct of business in Parliament—the less rein given to imagination the safer should be the management of affairs. Nobody, it might be urged, would intrust his private business to the hands of a dreamer of dreams; how much less commit the affairs of a nation to the care of a visionary!

This would be downright sound sense if imagination were nothing but reverie, had no more solid properties and fulfilled no more important functions than those commonly credited to it. But, rightly weighed, this saying of Disraeli's will reveal unsuspected meaning. It is the observation of one long schooled in "the great principles of human experience," and deeply versed in the ways of men. What seems at first sight but glitter of phrase, shines forth as the steady flame of understanding. Everything depends on what meaning is attached to the term imagination. If, as is often wrongly done, it is restricted to an act of dreamy reflection, whereby unsubstantial visions are encouraged to throng the field of thought, then, as soon as it is a question of quick wit and ready

hand, when unerring deed must follow close on kindling thought, men do well to look suspiciously on imaginative persons; but to take this view is to do wrong to that gift which, of all those we are endowed with, brings us most near to the Divine. Imagination is an engine that cannot be dispensed with in the arsenal of him who aspires to govern his fellow-men. Countless are the occasions in the ordinary work of administration when its presence will enable a ruler to carry his purpose without a blow struck; while, without it, one directing all the artillery of authority may lay a country in ruins, and deluge it with blood and tears—only to pave the avenue to his own fall.

The Western world soon wearied of its kings, when, walled about by ceremony and the exaggerated etiquette copied from oriental courts, they were made to stand so far apart from their subjects that the tide of intelligent sympathy between them had to meander through artificial channels so many and so intricate that it grew cold and sluggish. Gibbon has traced the weakness of the Roman Empire to the day when Diocletian, by withdrawing the Imperial Court to Milan from Rome, where the popular assembly held its sittings, dealt a mortal wound to the constitution.

Hitherto the Emperor had been but the chief citizen; no special sanctity beyond what was conferred by the suffrages of his countrymen hedged him from easy though respectful access; his prerogative was as jealously limited by custom as by law. But as soon as he imitated the Persian

rchy in crowning himself the diadem—hitherto unknown to Roman rulers—tedious, abject obeisance, difficult each, were insisted on, deepening the awe but diluting the notion that formerly moulded relations between ruler and subject. The gulf was made so

that the popular imagination could not bridge it. Is it wide now, think you, between cottars of Connemara and Windsor Castle and the royal? Those responsible for oriental social schemes were loath to avail themselves of safe, impracticable among the princes of the West. Slavery could be relied on to carry out most tyrannous edicts; and if it was not a cunning conceit on the principle *divide et impera*, was at all events a convenient machinery for severing one set of subjects from all sympathy of operation with another.

What could the king do now, so long as he was near and dear to his people; but the moment officials ceased to be links became barriers, the magic was interrupted, he had to name ministers as interpreters, the first fool in office brought down the crash. Charles I., by gentle and considerate, have shrunk from intense oppression; but it required greater imagination than his to face the hardships inflicted in France, and he paid the penalty. After the monarch must be content to reign; ministers do rule, but still it was woe to the minister whose imagination

could trace the course of the leading up to the revolt of the American colonies without Lord North's somnolence moaning the obstinacy with

which he re-enacted the blunders of the preceding century? Of course it may be urged in the minister's defence that this was the first time that a British colony had grown so powerful as to be able to defy the home Government—that there was no parallel experience in British history to guide him. Precisely! experience is much, but it is not all; it can never stand in the stead of the divine flash which illumines the true course through a dilemma—of imagination, that is to say, the power of forming with indescribable swiftness a true mental image of the result of calculated causes. Experience cannot count for much in a youth of four-and-twenty, but William Pitt became Prime Minister at that age, and has never been excelled in the sagacious courage he brought to a great undertaking. He possessed that faculty which, being akin to divination, enables sagacity to outrun and dispense with experience, creates an intuitive sympathy with untried conditions of life, and confers foreknowledge of human motive.

"There is nothing," writes George Eliot, "more widely misleading than sagacity if it happens to get on the wrong scent; and sagacity, persuaded that men usually act and speak from distinct motives, with a consciously proposed end in view, is certain to waste its energies on imaginary game."

Imagination, on the homœopathic principle, is the surest influence to preserve sagacity from following the scent of "imaginary game"; but it is a formidable power, imposing great danger, as well as high privilege, on its possessor. Of the former, an anecdote which occurs somewhere in Sir Walter Scott's writings is a good illustration:—

"An Italian nobleman, suffering from ague, was inveigled by his valet into such a situation as involved a ducking and a severe fright. The valet's intention was good—namely, to cure his master's disease; and the cure was effectual. But his master, determined to punish him appropriately for the trick, had him tried for his life and sentenced to decapitation. He was led to the scaffold blindfolded, and laid his head on the block, when the executioner, acting on his instructions, dashed a jugful of cold water on his neck. The joke was then complete; but poor Gonella did not see it, for it was found that he had died from the shock to his nerves."

In other words, his imagination had killed him.

A trivial instance of the kind of second-sight supplied by imagination takes place as I write these lines. I happen to be travelling in an express train on the Great Western Railway, full of gratitude to that excellent Company for the luxury in which I am carried at high speed on this bright summer day through the fair English champaign. It is pleasant, in the intervals of scribbling, to rest the eyes on voluptuous hedgerows and breadths of springing corn, on breezy downs and velvety woodlands. But for the last half-hour I have been tempted to irritation by some passengers in a forward carriage who find amusement in trailing a newspaper on a long string from their carriage-window. It has been dancing and flapping against the panes of my compartment in the most exasperating way, interfering with the view of the landscape, and wholly infringing upon my privilege as a first-class passenger. Just now I am specially anxious to get a good view of the White Horse on Uffington Hill—the confounded sheet has spread itself over the glass, and for the twentieth time I am on the point

of seizing the wretched paper and breaking the string. But it flashes across my mind that at the other end of the string there are probably a couple of children, whose pastime gives them more pleasure than it gives me annoyance; and if I put an end to it (as I have a perfect right to do), those in charge of them would in turn have to suffer from their restlessness. So I refrain; and even while I am revolving these trifles in my mind, we run into Swindon Junction, and my journey is at an end. In this case imagination was a medium of information which no other faculty could have supplied, and in the more important affairs of life it is often of advantage to know what is going on at the distant end of the string.

A healthy vigorous imagination is the best possible safeguard against despondency about human nature. By it a man understands that every lofty thought or noble aspiration which thrills him is the common property of his fellows, and he will be slow to impute unworthy motives to others. To quote George Eliot once more—"Plotting covetousness and deliberate contrivance, in order to compass a selfish end, are nowhere abundant but in the world of the dramatist; they demand too intense a mental action for many of our fellow-parishioners to be guilty of them."

In a recent number of one of the more serious weeklies, there was a paper entitled "Small Meanesses," which gave an unpleasant glimpse into the mental process of the "unco guid." To deplore the imperfection of human nature is part of the moralist's proper work; but he has other and not less important functions, and (not to put it too high) the general effect is more artistic when these are al-

l some influence in leading to gment.

e writer of this essay on all Meannesses" begins by sweeping assertion—"One of most curious and unpleasant characteristics of human nature is inability to resist the temptation of fraud, should ever an opportunity of wrongful possession without the possibility of detection or punishment, present it-

this the mournful case? Of the gleamless dogmas of fatalism is surely the most sorrow-

Happily it is as groundless as is unpleasant. There are many natures, of course, just as there are cowardly and cruel and selfish natures; but surely it is the case that, if a man carelessly leaves on his dressing-table an uncounted handful of gold or silver; his valet is *certain* to slip it out of the sovereigns into his coat-pocket because it would be the most impossible to detect or punish him. The chance of detecting a morning caller's theft (and there are many traces of human selfishness even in morning callers) is less than in the case of a servant; yet a lady may still, with perfect safety, allow valuable trinkets to lie about on dressing-tables.

Take the two instances given by the essayist as *ex ungue leonem*. The first is that of an entertainment given during last summer in a charity, by the Benchers of the Middle Temple. It was that owing to a licence not having been taken out in time, the committee would have been acting illegally in taking a price for the seats; consequently the visitors received their money back at the end with a request that they forward it direct to the managers of the charity. Some

weeks after, a gentleman writes to the papers complaining that the fund is still considerably short of the amount which should have been remitted if everybody had paid up punctually, upon which the hebdomadal moralist works himself into a paroxysm of virtue, and asks what hope there can be for humanity when a number of well (? expensively) dressed people thus conspire to defraud a charity. But charity, in its fuller sense, would take into account the ease with which small debts are overlooked or postponed at the busiest season of the social year (especially when, as in the case in question, it is impossible to send reminders), and imagination would read in "small meanness" only forgetfulness writ large.

In the other case, however, there could be no mistake about the evil intention. A "gentleman" escorting a lady home in a hansom cab, left her at her house, and told the cabman to drive to another address: before reaching it he stopped the cab, asked the driver what the fare was, and on being told 5s. 6d., said generously, "Make it six bob!" pressed three coins into his hand, and disappeared in the darkness. The cabman discovered immediately that the coins were not florins but coppers, and being naturally unwilling to be bilked, had recourse to a stratagem which implies something akin to genius. He drove straight back to the lady's house, told her that her friend had enormously overpaid him, and as he (cabby) was sure there was a mistake, begged her to let him know the gentleman's address. The result was the bringing of a rascal to justice. But how childish—rather, how old-womanish—it is to offer the conduct of this crepuscular scamper as an average sample of the

people in general treat cabmen! Nine men out of ten habitually and purposely overpay them. The legal fare in London is one shilling for two miles: he who would give less than eighteenpence between South Kensington station and Westminster Bridge, must be one who is forced by circumstances to look not only at both sides of a coin before parting with it, but at the nicks too.

There is a compact little sentence in one of Mr Birrel's "Obiter Dicta" — other essayists please copy — "The spots in the sun may be an interesting study, but anyhow the sun is not all spots." A right imagination will behold

"Men—not animals erect—but mortal gods;"

it will not dwell on human failure and error, but will rejoice with the angels at every conquest of difficulty, at every triumph over temptation and weakness.

It is not study, nor is it altogether training, that gives this affinity to what is noble in others; it is the spontaneous action of imagination imparting that quality which our great-grandmothers termed sensibility. Still, training is responsible for a great deal: the power of sympathy may be brought out or dwarfed according to the encouragement given and the example set to it. Who is not familiar with the odious phrases that one hears year after year when the annual harvest of English art is ripe? "Been to the Academy? Poor show, isn't it?"—"Shocking set of daubs!"—"There's hardly a picture fit to look at"—"Should be hung faces to the wall," &c. Young people are encouraged to go to Burlington House in an adversely critical spirit; to look out for faults *instead* of anticipating beauty. *What* an opportunity is here lost

of exalting the imagination by leading a young mind to comprehend the painter's enterprise, realise his patient toil, and sympathise with his success (in truth, there is always plenty of this last), leaving the garbage of failure to be snarled over by narrower souls! What a pure source of pleasure is poisoned by this carping habit—the pleasure of reading nature interpreted by accomplished hands! What reverence is discouraged—the reverence for laborious and intricate handicraft! Train a youth going to one of these exhibitions to look out for what pleases him, for what he can admire; he will soon find that he has no time for displeasure with shortcomings.

Pope was of this mind:—

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind."

Many people have found difficulty in endorsing Pope's estimate of Akenside as a poet. When the author of the 'Pleasures of Imagination' offered his manuscript to Dodsley the publisher for £120, the latter asked Pope's advice before closing on the bargain, and the verdict was favourable to Akenside,—“For here,” said Pope, “you have no everyday writer.” The impression left on the reader of to-day by the perusal of that Akenside's chief work, is that the bard was something deficient in the faculty which he celebrated in several hundred lines of the blankest of blank verse. Nevertheless the source of sympathy between the two poets may have been the generous tribute Akenside was always ready to bear to the accomplishment of others. He

not speak contemptuously of
 ers and their work, but grate-
 and reverently, as of those

"With easier hand
 iving lines, and with more ample
 cope
 ing colours, can to general sight
 ce those permanent and perfect
 orms,
 characters of heroes and of gods
 h form the crude materials of the
 world
 own high minds created."

in art, so in the conduct of
 tuned to the proper pitch, a
 g mind will respond to the
 ing of a higher authority than
 , and will unconsciously draw
 self "whatsoever things are
 whatsoever things are honest,
 soever things are just, what-
 r things are pure, whatso-
 things are lovely." "Un-
 iously!" demurs the theo-
 n; "but this is conscience."
 , we will not dispute about
 , for to some it will always
 hard to define the difference
 een conscience and trained
 ination. A chemist will sus-
 a common iron key in a vat
 ining double cyanide of gold
 potassium: it might hang in
 olution till the crack of doom
 ever be anything but an iron

but thrill its molecules with
 current from a Daniell cell,
 lo! the homely little object
 us to draw to itself all the
 ous metal out of the surround-
 uid, clothing itself with gold,
 at henceforth it shall take
 among the aristocracy of
 and be for ever secure against
 or corrosion.

ne education consists in di-
 g upon the growing mind
 influence which, like the
 ic current on the key, gives
 ceaseless affinity to noble
 ession and aspiration, and is
 ferent in method as it is in

result from the prevailing system
 of "cram," which, for any perma-
 nent end, is about as fruitless as
 trying to gild the key by burying
 it in a bag of dry gold.

Think how the enjoyment of
 life is deepened and widened by
 the cultivation of this faculty;
 how many a poor little horizon
 has been illumined by the splen-
 dours of imagination! He who
 possesses it moves, indeed, in a
 light to which the eyes of others
 may be blind, yet they are con-
 scious of the radiance reflected
 from him; but colloquial English
 is so *mesquin* that all they can say
 of him is that he is "clever."

We have no other word to ex-
 press that quality which enables,
 nay impels, a mind to extract
 precious essence from common-
 place surroundings. It is from
 such a mind that criticism distills,
 not as a corrosive and defacing
 acid, but a cleansing, sparkling
 source of refreshment. We have
 literary parasites on the heroic
 scale of Thomas Warton, who, so
 far from weakening the authors on
 whom they feed, make them nobler
 and more satisfying to less gifted
 students: just as a mounted horse,
 so far from suffering disadvantage
 from the weight of his rider, will
 go farther and faster than one
 without a load, so poets and mor-
 alists gain in effect when subject-
 ed to the play of a just critic's
 imagination.

Baron Stosch laboured hard to
 prove that the human soul was
 nothing but a little glue; he
 would have been nearer the mark
 in declaring that it was a slumber-
 ing fire capable of being nursed
 and fanned into a clear flame.
 One possessed of such a power of
 penetrating the surface and solv-
 ing the substance of things, can
 never, unless condemned to soli-
 tary confinement, be dull; even
 Ovid was probably not so uttered

wretched in his exile at Tomi as he endeavoured to make us believe; rest assured that his thoughts were busy enough with what was passing round him. "Le repos," said Voltaire, "est une bonne chose, mais l'ennui est son frère;" a man of quick imagination, not debarred from intercourse with men and women, will never droop from *ennui* except such as arises from indigestion. Is the imaginative person among dull people—their very dullness will be a source of amused speculation to him; even if he is doomed to be with lovers—his own thoughts are not handcuffed by passion or self-interest, and, as an onlooker, he sees most of the game.

Greatly as this faculty is to be prized and richly as it responds to cultivation, one has only to compare the characters and lives of some of those endowed with it above the common to realise the risks besetting it. Honoré de Balzac, the novelist, offers an extreme instance of vivid but undisciplined imagination. It is not only that he allowed himself to live in a perpetual moonlight of hallucination, under the glamour of which he wandered into a labyrinth of debt and anxiety out of which he never found a way: that only affected his own happiness, or, to speak more accurately, only that of those personally concerned with him, for he was wonderfully water-proofed against despondency by the intense realism of his fancy. He used to delude himself with the belief that he was living in affluence, and straightway he positively derived through his imagination all the pleasures that could be conveyed by riches; so that, except at the moments when he was actually flying from his creditors, a comfortless and anxious life was transformed for him into one of perfect content and limitless pos-

sibility. The means by which he imposed upon himself were ludicrously simple. Mr Leslie Stephen has described the manner in which, being heavily in debt, Balzac managed to furnish and decorate Les Jardies, a cottage which he built for himself in the suburbs of Paris: "He inscribed in one place on the bare walls of his house, 'Ici un revêtement de marbre de Paros'; in another, 'Ici un plafond peint par Eugène Delacroix'; in a third, 'Ici des portes, façon Trianon,'" and so on: and if we are to believe the testimony of those who know him, he derived as much satisfaction from this childish device as he could have done from the gorgeous reality. In short, he carried into effect the delusion described in Præd's "Love and Hope"—

"When poverty beset their path
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money."

But a mind so saturated with sham could not produce wholesome fruit. Balzac's novels oppress one like the nightmare. 'La Comédie Humaine' is a series of scenes in a God-forgotten, hope-deserted, dread-haunted world: the author portrays plenty of sacrifice—of the virtuous and gentle by the evil and cruel; but he offers no picture of the chief ordeal of nobility—self-sacrifice; he exhibits all the savage temper of the tragedian, without the tenderness essential to the production of perfect art—all the cynicism of the vivisector undisturbed by the misgivings of sympathy. Even in those parts of his writings which approach most nearly to tenderness, the sentiment is like the night-wind—

"Wafting wallflower scents
the crumbling ruin of false
numbers of transgression now
n."

ted that Parisian society
tering mass of corruption,
innocent lives were irre-
y at the mercy of selfish,
s, and avaricious mon-
et he is always invoking
er's admiration for what
him the only city in the
"O Paris! qui n'a pas
tes sombres paysages, tes
es de lumière, tes culs-de-
nds et silencieux; qui n'a
ndu tes murmures entre
et deux heures du matin,
ait encore rien de ta vraie
i de tes bizarres et larges
es!"

ven his adoration for the
Paris was part of the
nd in moments of inti-
would allow his mask to
le and reveal the angry
features of a disappoint-

He would at such times
friend to a spot at Les
whence a view of the
ght be had, exclaiming,
! allons cracher sur

to the despairing confes-
he allowed to flow from
at the moment when
ished illusions turned to

elles âmes arrivent difficile-
croire aux mauvais senti-
la trahison, à l'ingratitude,
r éducation est faite en ce
elles s'élèvent alors à une
e qui est peut-être le dernier
mépris pour l'humanité."

refreshing to turn from
lzac's record to that of
of the demigods of imag-

Just at the time when
volumes of 'La Comédie
e' appeared, another long
fiction was drawing to its

close, not inferior to the French-
man's work in graphic description
and illusory spell, but, unlike his,
exalting the aims and refining the
pleasures of mankind, though with-
out prudishly screening its frailty
and failure. Sir Walter Scott's
money troubles were on a scale
which dwarfs those of Balzac to
insignificance; and though the two
men agree in this, that neither of
them permitted anxiety or embar-
rassment to dull his imagination or
damp his energy, one of them con-
fronted disaster with virile resolu-
tion to repair it, while the other
simply refused to acknowledge it,
created an imaginary credit to bal-
ance liabilities which were them-
selves to a great extent illusory,
and had recourse to the vulgar
device of evasion.

The epithet "vulgar" calls to
mind an incident recorded by
Lockhart in his 'Life of Scott'
(which, be it said in passing,
remains, in spite of the host of
competitors which the taste for
that class of literature has pro-
duced, the masterpiece of biogra-
phy in this century):—

"Sir Walter Scott's daughter once
spoke in his hearing of something she
could not endure because it was vul-
gar. 'My dear,' replied her father,
'you speak like a very young lady.
Do you know, after all, the meaning
of this word *vulgar*? It is only *com-
mon*; nothing that is common, except
wickedness, can deserve to be spoken
of with contempt. When you have
lived to my years, you will be disposed
to agree with me in thanking God
that nothing really worth having or
caring about in this world is *un-
common*.'"

In this sentence, perhaps, may
be recognised the keynote of Scott's
genius. His sympathy with the
aspirations, the temptations, the
shortcomings, and the disappoint-
ments of his fellow-men was so
complete, his mind was so thor-
oughly *manly*, that he was able

out of everyday material to create thoroughly wholesome and ennobling images. His villains are black enough, but their dye is not allowed to suffuse every page; vice persists, but is not permitted to prevail, and the reader is not oppressed by the dreary feeling that, do what we may, evil governs the world, and it is neither pleasant nor profitable to be virtuous, or true, or chaste, or unselfish. In Scott's universe there is God above and heaven before us; in Balzac's there is neither—nothing but vindictive fate inhabiting a vault of bewilderment. To lay down 'L'Histoire des Treize' or 'Le Père Goriot,' and to take up 'Quentin Durward' or 'The Antiquary,' is to pass from the exhausted air and unfragrant thoroughfares of a city to leafy lanes and summer hill-sides.

There is not more difference between the work of these two masters and its influence on the imagination of millions, than there is between the place each of the two men now holds in the affection of mankind. The name of Honoré de Balzac can scarcely be pronounced without a smile, recalling, as it does, a career of gasconade, of make-shift and make-believe. But through all his embarrassment Walter Scott never forgot his dignity: popular though his writings have been almost beyond precedent, that which his countrymen cherish even more fondly is the memory of his kindly quaint ways, his unswerving integrity, and above all, his firm faith in the good that is in human nature. Balzac's imagination was most penetrating, but it was deficient in scope: dwelling almost exclusively on the evil side of humanity, its pinions never carried him to the purer levels of life; but Scott's raised him to that helpful understanding of his fellow-men which has been

epitomised in the saying—"Comprendre—c'est tout pardonner."

A very common fault in modern literature—especially fiction—is too minute description of gesture, too laborious exposition of feeling and motive. Every one is familiar with one characteristic of the journalism of the present day which spares no detail of dress or feature of public men; but after all, journalism is a record: it may be as important to be informed that Lord Salisbury wore a black frock-coat and shepherd's-plaid trousers in the House of Lords last week, as that Mr Fox wore a blue coat and buff waistcoat in the House of Commons last century. But it is altogether intolerable that this practice should be carried into fiction in a degree insulting to the reader's imagination and injurious to his understanding. There is a fine contrast between the naïve, almost bald narrative of such a work as Prévost's 'Manon Lescaut,' and the unctuous, overloaded pages of the average modern novel. The genuine artist is not careful to explain all the motives and dissect all the emotions of his characters; he knows it is his business to tell his tale clearly, be it in fifty pages or five hundred, relying on the events he has to describe being capable of engaging the reader's interest, and crediting his reader with enough imagination to supply much that might be written between the lines. The truth is, that although he might not like to be told it, the modern analytic writer is far more matter-of-fact than the old-fashioned synthetic one, because he labours to explain everything as if he doubted his readers having any imagination at all. One gets exasperated with him, and constantly feels inclined to exclaim, "You ass! I can see that without your telling me." — *unpardonably*

drawing his guest's attention to the excellence of his dishes and the quality of his wines. It is the business of a writer to show the fine feats of his own imagination, but to stimulate that of his readers.

To illustrate this modern vice of description, here is a passage from a novel opened at random—a passage not selected for the present purpose, but literally the nearest to the mark among a row in the club or the circulating library :—

"Her delicacy more than beauty was the charm of the woman's face. The expression was wistful and abstracted, something of glacial austerity in its intensity, and a coldness of pride in its intensity, and the way her face was set on a long and slender neck that awed. Her arms were rounded and white like a child's young girl's, though extreme thinness was not the claim of her proud face. Her neck, too, was but slenderly filled in, unadorned by gem or flowers, and so as to suggest the want of red in her veins. The colour and texture of her gown, pale blue of airy stuff, full in fold and much creased and flounced, added to the aerial unreality of her extreme youth, as did her brown hair worn loosely coiled, with a pearl catching its topmost roll," &c.

To compare with this verbose style in which l'Abbé Manon is described, in the above-mentioned edition of 'Manon Lescaut,' endows admiration for his heroine.

It is not easy to find any page in which she is described. One reads page after page of this tingling story, and is penetrated with the sense of Manon's youth and charm, in spite of the fact that the author nowhere tells us what the colour of her eyes is. The reader's imagination has been ennobled and exalted.

The description approaching most nearly to detail is given in the Chevalier Desgrieux's own words. It is after he has given up Manon, returned to Saint Sulpice, and made his oration in the School of Theology. He has not seen his old mistress for more than a year, and is manfully striving to forget all about her in preparing for the sacred calling chosen for him. He is told that a lady has called to see him, and he goes to the parlour to wait upon her :—

"Dieu ! quelle apparition surprenante ! j'y trouvai Manon. C'était elle, mais plus aimable et plus brillante que je ne l'avais jamais vue. Elle était dans sa dix-huitième année : ses charmes surpassaient tout ce qu'on peut décrire : c'était un air si fin, si doux, si engageant ! l'air de l'amour même. Toute sa figure me parut un enchantement."

That is all — practically all the personal description given of what every one who has read the romance will agree is one of the most fascinating female characters in fiction.

By condescending to superfluous detail, a writer forfeits the respect which he should be very jealous to secure. Authors aspire to control and direct opinion : it is at their peril that they forget that rulers betray themselves when they stoop to familiarity. If they are to maintain their authority, there must be no visible anxiety to please ; they should rather invite others to share their prerogative of understanding, than step down from their dais to gossip in corridors or at street corners. This is the kind of pride which Chamfort declared includes all the commandments of God ; whereas to show how cleverly trivial details may be explained is part of the vanity which, he said, contains the

stances of the sway wielded by an individual over masses of his fellows, without the aid of religious excitement, is that of Count Wallenstein, who commanded the Emperor Ferdinand's forces in the Thirty Years' War. His military capacity and great wealth would doubtless have proved enough in themselves to make him remarkable; but it was his austere personality, enhanced by the exaggerated ceremony on which he insisted, that exalted him into an object of superstitious dread, and made his power unrivalled while it lasted, by means of the impression on the imagination of those whom he ruled:—

"Wallenstein's appearance," writes Michiels, "was enough in itself to inspire fear and respect. His tall thin figure, his haughty attitude, the stern expression of his pale face, his wide forehead that seemed formed to command, his black hair (other accounts describe it as red), close-shorn and harsh, his little dark eyes, in which the flame of authority shone, his haughty and suspicious look, his thick moustaches and tufted beard, produced at the first glance a striking sensation. . . . Whilst his army devoted itself to pleasure, the deepest silence reigned around the general. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer was secretly put to death because his spurs clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the room like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved round his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chains were also stretched across the streets in order to guard him against any sound. . . . He was never seen to smile, and his pride rendered him inaccessible to sensual pleasures. . . . When he gave any orders or explanations he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp the soldiers were obliged to pretend they did not see him. Yet they experienced an in-

voluntary shudder when they saw him pass like a supernatural being. . . . He walked alone, surrounded by this magic influence like a saddening halo."

Thus, if Disraeli was right in declaring imagination to be necessary in a ruler, it is not less true that it has to be reckoned with in the ruled. The example of Wallenstein may seem to be at variance with what has been said above about weakening the influence of rulers by increasing the gulf between them and those they should rule, but the difference here is that Wallenstein was always present with and visible to his armies.

This is not merely that influence on the imagination of a people which exalts a favourite politician into a hero, whose every saying and movement commands attention, but a most practical and commonplace result, which makes people willing to be heavily taxed for imaginary enjoyment. For example, the pleasures of tobacco are shrewdly analysed by one of the characters in the *Memoirs of Jacques Cazanova* (a book remarkable for better qualities than its outrageous profligacy). Josouff, a Russian Jew, "qui fumait en Turc, c'est-à-dire sans cracher," utters some reflections which the experience of every smoker will confirm:—

"Écoute! le principal plaisir de fumer consiste dans la vue de la fumée. Tu ne dois jamais la voir sortir de la bouche, mais toute du coin de la bouche, à distances mesurées et jamais trop fréquentes. Il est si vrai que ce plaisir est le principal que tu ne verras nulle part un aveugle fumer. Essaie toi-même de fumer dans ta chambre la nuit sans lumière; un moment après avoir allumé ta pipe tu la mettras bas."

Nobody can smoke in the dark; so it seems as if Josouff's explanation is correct, that the ch-

re consists in watching the
 -a pleasure, in fact, of the
 ation. What are the people
 country willing to pay for
 asure? In 1890 the amount
 paid on about 46,000,000
 imported tobacco was no less
 £9,214,627; and allowing
 pipefuls to every ounce, we
 at the astounding total of
 141,000 pipes consumed by
 nation of 38,000,000. The
 ncrease in duty paid over
 preceding year was nearly half
 in, representing 560,000,000
 more in 1890 than in 1889.
 w of these stupendous fig-
 which themselves almost
 and imagination, what Chan-
 of the Exchequer can hence-
 disregard the imagination
 people as a chief factor
 ng the national coffers?
 n agent to make life sweeter
 etter, the imagination is
 of infinite extension by
 ion. Each new avenue of
 ence opened admits it to
 uence of fresh delight. It
 er humiliating that the ex-
 e of so many ages of civilis-
 as not enabled us to decide
 best curriculum; many are
 out against the prescription
 classics, complaining that
 rifice our children's time and
 to acquiring a knowledge
 d languages which should
 oted to modern literature,
 , and art. It is a question
 y to decide; but one thing
 clear, that it is a grievous
 action in upper-class educa-
 at it should be radically
 it for the two sexes. To
 boy's mind with the philo-
 of Greek and Roman sages,
 il into him the charm of
 poetry and allusion, and to
 him to choose a companion
 from among girls who have
 refully excluded from such
 dge; and, conversely, while

girls are taught music and modern
 languages as a matter of course, to
 leave it to pure chance whether a
 boy acquires any instruction at all
 in these,—seems to be a system
 devised to hinder rather than en-
 courage the quick sympathy essen-
 tial to perfect union. When two
 young persons enter the state of
 matrimony, it is in compliance with
 a mutual impulse of harmony;
 each invests the other with ideal
 attributes which can never, in the
 imperfection of human nature, be
 fully realised. But the chill of
 disappointment has been carefully
 prepared by a scheme of education
 which has trained the thoughts of
 husband and wife to run in differ-
 ent channels, and accustomed the
 intellect of each to slake its thirst
 at sources inaccessible to the other.
 Such refreshment is a necessity;
 what wonder, then, if minds which
 ought to move together often grow
 accustomed to seek their relaxa-
 tion separately? Companionship
 postulates common understanding;
 it is to be deplored that the present
 system provides so little common
 ground.

More careful culture of the
 imagination would put an end
 once and for all to slipshod habits
 in writing or speech. Emerson
 said that "in a letter any expres-
 sions may be abbreviated rather
 than those of respect and kindness:
 never write 'Yours affly.'" But
 be it said with all respect, this
 smacks of pedantry. The close of
 a letter is mere formula, and is
 precisely that part which, in writ-
 ing to a friend, may without risk
 of misunderstanding be cut short
 or dispensed with: between friends
ça va sans dire. But no haste or
 degree of familiarity excuses care-
 less expressions in the letter itself.
 Written words stand by them-
 selves; the tone of voice and the
 glance of the eye, which often
 convey more than half the mean-

ing, are not there as footnotes; many and many an unintentional sting has been planted by a clumsy phrase or halting expression. The same principle holds good in conversation. Considering what a beautiful instrument is speech, and how closely it may express every thought and fear and hope, it is astonishing how awkwardly and carelessly it is employed. A good talker—not a profuse conversationalist nor an orator, but one who expresses himself in clear and simple words—imparts so much pleasure, that it is much to be regretted that the species is so rare. And the value we set upon such a one is not solely because he tickles our ears agreeably; the imagination at once, and rightly, connects distinct articulation and appropriate words as indicative of intellectual clearness and vigour; if the thoughts are not powerful and well ordered, the speech will be awkward and blundering. Men of great mental power may be insignificant in person and homely in feature, but they are almost always remarkable for lucidity of expression. St Paul may have justly described his own presence as weak, but he probably did himself an injustice when he added that his speech was contemptible. There is, however, one exception to this rule. Literary men, accustomed to express their thoughts by mechanical contrivance instead of by the natural organs, often come far short of a satisfactory standard of elocution.

There is one sweetener of society which, perhaps above all others, depends on a quick imagination, and that is chivalry. It has its rules, no doubt; but they have never been written, at least they are observed by men (especially some in humble life) who never

can have read them; and they must be *felt*, not uttered. Chivalry implies forgetfulness of self and consideration of others, and cannot exist save where the imagination is trained and lively.

As this paper begins with allusion to a saying of Mr Disraeli's, it may fitly conclude with reference to an incident in that statesman's life affording an apt illustration of the charm which the spirit of chivalry infuses into everyday life. Mr Gladstone was delivering an attack in the House of Commons upon the administration of Mr Disraeli. He had begun a sentence—"The right honourable gentleman and his satellites"—when some interruption threw him out; he came to a stop, and seemed on the point of breaking down. Disraeli leaned across the table and repeated the word "*satellites*," whereupon his adversary at once recollected himself and resumed his invective.

There must always be "*sides*" in this life. "If there were no difference of opinion there would be no fancy waistcoats." It is good to be reminded sometimes that there is still room in the long-drawn conflict for sympathy of chivalrous spirits.

A friendly critic, looking through the proof-sheets of this paper, has just remarked that it is so rambling that it requires a good deal of imagination to imagine that the subject of it is imagination. The thrust is fair enough: nevertheless, when the circumstances under which it has been thrown together are remembered (chiefly in railway trains or in lobbies of the House of Commons waiting for divisions), the writer cannot but be thankful that it has a semblance at all of organic cohesion.

HERBERT MAXWELL

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FRIEND of my childhood, boyhood, manhood, age,
How can I fail thy bitter loss to mourn,
That from the book of life its glowing page
So filled with golden memories has torn?

No! no! those memories still remain—more sad—
That they are now but silent dreams that rise,
Faint phantoms, once so real, living, glad,
Now only to be seen through tear-filled eyes.

Ah! of Truth's temples gone are nearly all
Of its strong props, by cruel death o'erthrown;
And now, like some weak pillar near to fall,
Amid the wreck I stand almost alone.

We roamed together through the fields of play,
We strove through life as strenuous friends and warm;
No doubting shadows in our pathway lay,
Nor o'er our friendship swept one passing storm.

Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, through life
We went; ne'er asking which was best or first,
Unknowing envy, jealousy, or strife,
Sure of each other—through the best and worst.

Fame, honour, fortune, crowned thee with its wreath;
Justly the world to thee adjudged its prize;
But simple, heedless of its flattering breath,
Thy path was onward with uplooking eyes,—

Onward through life, strong, earnest in the fight
For freedom, duty, justice, all things good,
Sowing brave words, high thoughts, for Truth, for Right,
And unseduced by all Life's siren brood.

Nature to thee the poet's power bestowed,
A genial humour, and a trenchant wit,
That now like mild heat-lightning gleamed and glowed,
Now with a sudden flash life's centre hit.

All the great gifts that lavish Nature gave
By study, culture, art, were trained and formed.
As scholar, critic, poet—gay or grave—
The world to thee with heart responsive warmed.

Thy loss, not I alone, a nation mourns,
The double nation of our English speech,
Where'er the illuming light of letters burns,
Where'er brave words and noble thoughts can reach.

Grateful I listen to the generous strain
Of praise and grief, that through the whole world rings,—
But ah! what hand like thine will wake again
The glad old music on my broken strings?

W. W. STORY.

INGLIS, JUSTICE-GENERAL OF SCOTLAND.

judge is almost as rare as a comet. In the long list of judges whose names are preserved, or in the till lengthy catalogue of the College of Justice, the title of judges of Session, to how few has been applied!

Talent is not born, like a comet. It requires time and opportunities. It is acquired by patience, self-reliance, and a liberal education. A judge only begins his career when too many poets have

With judicial talent can be combined judicial to produce that union and mental and moral necessary to complete the career of a consummate judge. Unfortunately these qualities are not though in a lesser degree than a defect in one or more, by many. There have been, and, we may say, there is the strong sense of duty which is part of the nation—there will always be, a number of good, even a few great judges. The respect of the public and the fact that by the death of the Supreme Courts

Mr Inglis, the counsellor, judge who belongs to the great judges, will, we are justified by future generations his name will be ranked among the serious predecessors to whom he was fond of Lord Stair, Forbes of Craig, Campbell of Succobert Blair of Avon-
er the existing fashion

of training judges, nor the circumstances under which judicial business is carried on in Scotland, are perhaps calculated to produce the highest kind of judicial excellence. It almost seems to be in spite rather than because of such antecedents and surroundings that we occasionally see the spectacle of a great judge on the Scottish bench. When we do, it is well worthy not only of respectful admiration but of attentive observation. What, in fact, in the majority of cases has been the training of judges in this country? An education not so much directed to the principles of jurisprudence as to case law, the styles current in conveyancing and pleading, and the habits and customs of offices; a sudden immersion of the early successful counsel in the practice of advocacy, in which he is expected, not as falsely suggested on the stage to make the worse appear the better reason, yet to present with all the acuteness of his intellect one side of the causes in which he is engaged; a transfer almost as sudden to the service of party, and finally an elevation to the bench, often due to party services or exigencies, and not to the answer to the simple question whether the person chosen is the best qualified to administer justice. And what is the result we desire to obtain? A mind free from political or any other bias, able to see every side of a dispute, yet fixing, as if by instinct, on the right side; quick but patient, never overlooking details, never allowing details to hide principles; listening to all that can be fairly said for every litigant, practising habitual reticence in speech and command

of temper, checking by a look or a word not merely untruth but inaccuracy or verbosity; reasoning with mathematical precision, and deciding with logical clearness and brevity. The transformation from an advocate to a judge is or should be almost as complete as one of thesecret metamorphoses of nature. It has to be effected in public, not at an early stage of life, but after the habits have been formed and the character seems already fixed. To work such a transformation requires, it will be allowed, a large and expansive intellect exercising itself on a wide and varied scene of activity. Here, again, another fact pertinent to the present subject must be stated. The Law of Scotland is still a wide field which has absorbed into its native soil some of the best constituents of the civil and canon law of European as well as English jurisprudence. But its practice has been cribbed, cabined, and confined. While its independence was conceded at the Union, its jurisdiction was gradually shorn of several of the departments which force lawyers to take a large view of affairs. It is now seldom concerned with constitutional questions—either international or maritime law in the wider sense, or the problems which the Colonies and Dependencies present for judicial solution to the supreme courts of England. The parliamentary monopoly of an important class of matters really litigious, and the accident which has separated the commercial from the judicial centre of Scotland, have brought about other limitations sufficiently obvious. It is scarcely possible for a Scottish judge to attain the same kind of excellence as distinguished Hardwicke, Mansfield, or Stowell. Yet how fair a fame may be gained, and by what means, and how good an example may be

set of the judicial character in spite of these adverse circumstances, can, we believe, be learnt from the career of the jurist and judge whose loss his countrymen mourn after watching his conduct on the Scottish bench for thirty-three years, during twenty-four of which he presided over it.

John Inglis, grandson of the minister of Tibbermore, and son of the minister of the Old Greyfriars in Edinburgh, was born in that town in 1810, and may almost be said to belong to one of the clerical families whose hereditary devotion to the Church is one of the strong roots of the Scottish Presbyterian Establishment. Though educated in part in England, and following a lay profession, his attachment to the Church of his fathers was deep and constant. His father died in 1834, just as he entered on active life. His mother, Miss Passmore, daughter of a Devonshire gentleman, lived to the age of eighty-seven, and it was not the least felicity of his life that she witnessed almost all his honours. The minister of Greyfriars, who was one of the leaders of the General Assembly, of which he was Moderator in 1804, was deemed one of the three best preachers of his time, and it was the time of Chalmers. Cockburn, who observed him from the opposite camp, describes the death of Dr Inglis as "a great loss at this crisis of the Church," when the coming struggle of the Disruption was already imminent. The same master of literary portraiture gives a view of his character, in which more than one trait may be noted that descended to his son:—

"He was a most sagacious person, whose only great blunder (but to be sure that *was* one) was Leslie's case. A powerful debater, and the *only* leader, so far as I knew, of

opinions were enlarging with the times."

khart, almost as skilful an has given, in 'Peter's Letter to his Kinsfolk,' a more fine-minature of Dr Inglis—might, in most of its features have served for that of his

chief of the Moderate or Tory in the Assembly, or rather, perhaps a small college of cardinals in that party is managed. The is an ungainly figure of a man sight, but on looking a little ily observes in him the marks breeding and strong intellect. s not appear to speak under e violent impulses of personal ich characterise the baronet's (enry Moncreiff's) eloquence, is quite as logical in his reas-and perhaps still more dex-in the way in which he brings iments to bear upon the con-to which he would conduct rers. Even his voice, when he upon any topic of feeling, something totally unexpected, heast notes being, as it were, l and deepened into a myste-rt of tremor which is irresist-pressive."

f his pulpit eloquence he

the arrangement of his subject whole strain of his language very little different from the our own High Church preach-England. Dr Inglis might the sermon I heard in any al in England, and would not press his audience with great ion of his talents, but carry ith him in the whole turn of ights the perfect intelligence sympathies."

ng John Inglis was thus id bred in a home in which t history and present poli- the Established Presby- Church were probably the subjects of conversation. zereast he took in the eccle- l history of Scotland, may

be traced to this early influence. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, when Carson, one of the best classical scholars of Scotland, was rector; and numbered amongst his class-fellows in the class of Mr Mackay, another good practical Scottish schoolmaster, Lord Moncreiff and Sir Douglas Maclagan. From the High School he went to the University of Glasgow, then distinguished for the study of ancient languages. "I can never forget," he said, when addressing the Glasgow students as Rector, "with what delight I listened to the prelections of Sandford, whose reading of Greek poetry conveyed to the hearers the highest intellectual pleasure." In 1830 he passed to Balliol College on the foundation of Mr Snell. It would have gratified that pious founder could he have known that amongst the young Scots who were to profit by his bounty was to be one of the successors of Lord Stair, gratitude for whose instruction as a professor led to the institution of his bursaries. Inglis was placed in the third class in the final classical school in 1833, two years after Mr Gladstone and one year before Lord Selborne graduated with honours which foretold more distinctly their future eminence. Like many lawyers, he does not appear to have applied himself strenuously to study, until the practice of the law, by attracting his interest, called out his powers. But his mind received at the university the academic stamp whose value may be exaggerated, but which means at least an introduction to the best thoughts of the past, some of the best instructors of the present, and some of the men of the future, in a town whose architecture is a daily lesson in art and history. One who had spent his receptive years at Glasgow and Oxford could forget

neither the national importance of, nor the difference between, the English and Scottish universities. While he showed himself in after-life desirous to engraft on the Scottish the points in which the English system was superior—adequate endowments, a higher standard and more frequent practice of graduation, and an increase of social intercourse—he never overlooked the distinction between a popular university and aristocratic colleges whose members were chiefly drawn from the richer classes, the aim of whose tutors then was to form gentlemen and scholars of the sons of scholars and gentlemen, rather than to convert raw youths, for the most part members of poor families, into men trained for the professions and active life.

In 1835, the year after his father's death, he became a Scottish advocate. His success was not so immediate as has been sometimes represented. The first steps of counsel often depend so much on interest and personal acquaintance with the dispensers of briefs, that an English education frequently postpones the discovery of legal ability at the Scottish bar. Nor, it may be suspected, did the independence which marked Mr Inglis in his relations with the bench, the bar, and the solicitors, favour an early rise in his profession. There were also, at the time he joined the bar, many older men well qualified for the performance of its business. Cockburn and Jeffrey had recently become judges. Hope, the Dean of Faculty, Rutherford, Cunningham, and Keay, were the leading seniors. M'Neill (Lord Colonsay) and Ivory were on the point of becoming seniors. The junior practice was largely engrossed by the Robertsons—the witty "Lord Peter," and the grave Hercules

(Lord Benholme)—Neaves, Marshall, Penney, Cowan, Deas, Patton, and Gordon, all afterwards judges. His earliest practice was in ecclesiastical and teind cases. But his first great cause was the *Hot Blast Patent* case in 1842, which, though the first verdict was lost by a misdirection of Justice-Clerk Hope that proof of prior use was not sufficient to upset a patent unless continued to its date, was won on the second trial against the great iron-masters the Bairds, and gave Mr Neilson of Glasgow the large profits, and Scotland the honour, of an invention which revolutionised the iron trade. Mr Inglis is said to have been enabled to marry by the position he secured through his valuable services, though the junior of four counsel for the patentee. The intricacies of patent law, in which he then served an apprenticeship, has had no clearer expositor. In 1844 he was appointed Advocate Depute under Duncan M'Neill as Lord Advocate. This office of public prosecutor, which he held for two years, has no English equivalent, for the chief duty of the English so-called director of public prosecutions is said to be to find reasons for not prosecuting. An Advocate Depute requires to be familiar not merely with the principles of criminal law, but with its practice from the first investigation to the final sentence. The Scottish indictment then used followed strictly the form of a syllogism, and, like the Shorter Catechism, was one of the causes or consequences of the logical turn for which the Scotch pride themselves. It undoubtedly formed a valuable part of the training of the reasoning powers to construct such syllogisms and to detect their flaws.

Practice in the criminal courts which was resur-

al and Lord Advocate, and
ortant cases for the defence
Dean of Faculty, was of
in enlarging his judicial
ty. The same may be said
regard to the practice of
n arguments, now almost
ned, in which he was much
red, and which he was able
tinue when the effects of a
illness withdrew him for
e from the Court. It is
ompensation for the limita-
f Scottish practice to which
ve referred, that few Scot-
wyers can afford or desire
specialists. The curious
lies of a barrister who has
been out of the Equity
acting as a criminal judge,
ne whose practice has been
at the Old Bailey or circuit,
ting to administer appellate
in the most difficult ques-
of civil jurisprudence, are
wn in Scotland. Saved
the unhappy separation of
d equity, which legislation
yet only partially healed in
id, the Scottish advocate
s almost necessarily conver-
ith the principles of crimi-
d of all parts of the civil
nd when he possesses the
l force and acumen of Mr
the result is to form a legal
t which can pass readily
ny one to any other branch
al practice in the ordinary
of life. It was admittedly
t, when he became a judge,
whether Mr Inglis excelled
a charging a jury, solving a
n of medical jurisprudence,
iding principles of equity,
; the precedents of the com-
w, or construing an old Scot-
a modern British statute.
n 1846, when he ceased to
vocate Depute through the
the Conservative Ministry,
to 1852, when, on its return

year Solicitor-General, Lord Advo-
cate, and, after another turn of
the political wheel, Dean of the
Faculty of Advocates, Mr Inglis's
progress was as rapid as has per-
haps ever occurred. He was pro-
moted over several able seniors,
but that this was not due to inter-
est or party services, was shown
by the unanimous voice of his
brethren when he ceased to serve
the Crown. In fact, though a Con-
servative by hereditary tendency,
personal conviction, and profes-
sional habit, he was not so much
an ardent party man amongst law-
yers as the best lawyer of his
party. His main interest was law,
and it was probably a welcome re-
lief when he became a judge, to
abandon party politics not in name
only but in spirit. The office of
Dean of Faculty, which he filled
from 1852 to 1858, is the most
cherished characteristic of the
Scottish bar.

"I have so often come across,"
said Sydney Smith, "Deans of no
faculty, that I am delighted to
meet with a Dean of Faculty."
The relation between the Dean and
the Faculty, the head and the
members of the Scottish bar, has
had the happiest effects on the
profession.

"My constant desire and earnest
endeavour have been," wrote Mr
Inglis in his farewell letter as Dean,
"to render the office practically avail-
able for the purposes which it is
intended to serve; to induce unity
of sentiment and action within the
Faculty; to maintain its privileges and
independence; to secure a scrupulous
observance of the rules of profes-
sional propriety; to promote that
social harmony for which the Scot-
tish bar has been distinguished; to
advance the reputation of the Faculty
as a learned society and a national
institution; to encourage by all legiti-
mate means the cultivation of learn-
ing and scholarlike accomplishments
by all who enter the profession."

in which should

be written in the heart of every advocate, "*To the efficient administration of justice, not even the purity of the bench is more requisite than the independence and integrity of the bar.*"

Amongst the eminent lawyers who have held this office, no one has discharged its duties with more general acceptance or more dignity. His own business or amusement — and he was the busiest man at the bar, and as fond of relaxation as its youngest member — was never allowed to interfere with the business of the Faculty. Legal education, the Advocates' Library, the representation of the Faculty on public occasions or boards, were diligently attended to. The confidence of his brethren in his sagacity was shown by appeal being made to him in matters of unusual delicacy after he ceased to be Dean.

It was when Dean of Faculty in 1857 that the successful defence of Madeline Smith made his name known to a wider circle, so general is the interest in a great criminal trial. It is a mistake to think this did much to enhance his professional reputation. That was already assured. But it added even to the interest of such a trial to see a forensic combat between him and his old schoolfellow and competitor at the bar, who became his colleague on the bench, Lord Advocate Moncreiff. The German jurist Mittermayer described this trial as the most representative specimen of the excellence of criminal trial by jury in Great Britain, and the jury as well as the public doubted whether the moderate and clear statement of the Lord Advocate, or the earnest and eloquent speech of the Dean, was the most remarkable feature in it. One of the skilled witnesses particularly observed the tact Mr Inglis showed in putting, and abstaining from, questions, perhaps

the severest test of an advocate's art. In one respect the defence was a notable incident in his career, and an exception from its general tenor. It was the only, or at least one of the few instances in which he tried the style of impassioned oratory. Yet even in this speech his opening was a simple statement of fact, his conclusion an appeal almost as simple to the conscience of the jurors. For he felt that this style was not suited to his genius. There are, in truth, two kinds of eloquence. The one has been defined by a great master of English as always putting the right words in the right places. The other is speech transfigured by emotion and illumined by imagination. This is the eloquence of Pitt in the senate; of Romilly and Follett at the bar; of Sir William Grant and Lord Lyndhurst on the bench. That is the eloquence of Oatham, Sheridan, Erskine, Curran. Burke was a master of both styles. There will always be difference of opinion as to which is superior, but there can be none that it was in the former Mr Inglis excelled. Its merits are simplicity, lucidity, dignity. It is always instructive, sometimes impressive, and, when the occasion demands, solemn. But it never turns aside to the amusing, or rises to the sublime. It prefers citations to epigrams, and despises rhetorical artifice. It does not stimulate by original thought, but it persuades by the precision with which it states facts, and the unerring accuracy of its reasoning. It is the more generally appropriate style for the advocate, and, with rare exceptions, the only proper style for the judge.

We have heard the same extrajudicial speech of Mr Inglis characterised by opposite critics that "he had said everything," and that "he had said nothing"; but

ever heard any one describe judicial opinions otherwise than they expressed in the fewest words precisely as they should have been said to his judgment.

In 1858 he again became Lord of Session, and though he sat only a few months in Parliament for Scotland, he was fortunate in passing a bill for the reform of Scottish Universities. The Lord of Justice-Clerk Hope in the summer of that year opened a new place on the Scottish Bench and recognising where his strength lay, he withdrew from what might have been a full parliamentary career, and became President of the

Division of the Court. In the transfer of Lord Colonsay

to the House of Lords in 1867 he was appointed to the Presidency of the Court of Session and the High Court, whose title of Justice-General, from its historical associations, he preferred. But by profession he will be best remembered as "The President." In presiding as *primus inter pares* that he showed his capacity. He led his colleagues and ruled the arguments in the bar with a hand firm yet

When he asked a question was always pertinent, often never put for display or the sake of interruption. When he rendered judgment it frequently seemed superfluous for the other to add anything.

He attended personally to the details of practice, and was very careful in wording orders and judgments. He spoke and wrote with equal ease and exactness; it was characteristic of his conscientiousness that, even if it seemed to others small, if he thought phraseology of importance he committed what he said to writing.

His most notable judgments are too recent or too well known to require, nor is this the place for, legal comment. Two points only may be noted. They embraced leading cases in every branch; and when the liquidation of the City of Glasgow Bank created almost a new department of law in the Scottish Courts (though the Western Bank cases had to a certain extent prepared him for it), his grasp of principle made him capable of dealing with it as well as English judges of whose practice it had long formed a considerable part. That he would have taken rank amongst the foremost judges in the House of Lords had he been transferred to it, cannot be doubted. But that honour, probably through his declining it, fell, on Lord Colonsay's death, to the lot of a younger lawyer, who has sustained the reputation of Scottish jurisprudence on "the Bench of British Themis with no mean applause."

Mr Inglis felt that his vocation lay in Scotland, where he had other duties which no one could discharge well in absence, and which were only second in importance to the administration of the law. To these it is proper now to refer.

It was a critical epoch for university education in general, and the Scottish universities in particular, when in 1858 the University Act was passed. Every one interested in education knew that the advance of knowledge demanded reform. Neither the medieval model which still existed in a modified form in the English colleges, nor that of the Reformation University represented by the Royal College of James VI. in Edinburgh, was sufficient for the giant strides made by the sciences during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. New methods

had been introduced for teaching, especially in medicine and science. New subjects had established a right to recognition in the University curriculum. The spirit of historical criticism had profoundly altered the study not only of history, but of theology. The systems of patronage for the chairs and of graduation for the students were alike faulty. An antiquated test limited the choice of professors. There was a risk that the best instruction in theology would have to be sought abroad or in the Divinity Halls of the Churches, and the best instruction in law at the German universities. The old fame of Scotland for classical scholarship and mathematical attainment had so far sunk that many of its best students went to complete their education in England. This was partly due to the want of good secondary schools, which the University professors had to supply by the sacrifice of the time necessary for higher education, and partly to the absence of adequate endowments. It would be an exaggeration to say that the measure Mr Inglis carried by good fortune as well as good guidance, or the Commission to carry it out, over which he presided without missing a meeting, effected all the necessary changes and improvements. A new University Act, the Commission of Inquiry which preceded it, and the Executive Commission now sitting, prove the contrary. But the reform of 1858 paved the way for the more complete adaptation of the Scottish universities to the intellectual aspirations of the age and the requirements of students. While he acknowledged the aid he obtained from the bill drafted by Lord Advocate Moncreiff, and his own bill received some improve-

ment during its passage, it was the statesman-like mind of Mr Inglis which expressed itself in the changes actually effected, under which a new career of prosperity began for the Scottish universities. When he addressed, as Chancellor, the memorable assembly which represented the academic world at the Tercenary Festival of the University of Edinburgh, he was able to state that the number of students had more than doubled between 1868 and 1885.

In educational matters he was a courageous, though a conservative, reformer. "The great principle," he said, in his address as Chancellor after his election, "at the foundation of every sound theory of university education, is that the professors are made for the students, and not the students for the professors." Hence he insisted on the paramount importance of the selection of the best professors, and with that end, of placing the patronage in impartial hands. The three qualifications for patrons he described as "honesty, firmness, and the capacity of making a discriminating choice." He preferred a small Board of Curators to the patronage either of the Crown, the Town Council, or the Teaching Body.

He recognised the importance of extra-mural teaching—the name given in Scotland for what the Germans call *Lehr-freiheit*—the instruction which competes with and supplements that of the professors. Its advantages have rarely been more forcibly stated than in this address; but he doubted whether it was applicable to the smaller Faculties of Law and Theology, or even to Arts, until the professoriate was better endowed. It was a piece

regular good fortune that the of the University Act preserved the Commission to carry out its operation, and, as Chancellor, as a court of last resort, its practical working. In the finances of the Commission, especially in the larger class to deal with endowments, and in regulating graduation in which we can trace his hand. By his lectures on Constitutional Law and History from the Professor of History, and on Internal Law from the Professor of Public Law, the first step was taken for making the Law a school not merely for Scottish lawyers, but for all to whose future career a liberal education in jurisprudence was so important. The survey of the very slender endowments at the command of the Scottish universities led Mr Inglis, an impartial and intelligent observer, to see that without a considerable increase from the Imperial, secular and private benefactors, it would be impossible for them to compete on fair terms either with English colleges, so liberally endowed by their founders, the queens, nobles, and commons of England, from the days of Edward to those of Victoria, or with Continental universities, which are one of the primary sources of all enlightened modern science, whatever their form of government. By acting as Chairman of the Association for the Re-endowment of the Universities and emphasising on public occasions its pecuniary needs, he was successful with the co-operation of his Principal Sir A. Grant (who has a commander had a more or more loyal lieutenant), in securing considerable private gifts and legacies. If they were less successful with the Treasury, it

was due not to the want of a clear statement of the case, but to the ignorance too often shown of the circumstances and wishes of Scotland on the part of permanent officials and Ministers, who seldom think about the Scottish universities except when they aspire to office in them. The election of Mr Inglis to the Rectorship of King's College, Aberdeen, in 1857, of Glasgow University in 1865, and to the Chancellorship of Edinburgh in 1869, was pregnant proof that his services were recognised by the students as well as the graduates, not of one, but of all the universities of Scotland. The last election partook more of a party contest than is desirable; but now that it is possible to look back upon it with the light of more than twenty years' experience of the continuous close attention given by the head of the law resident in Scotland to the business of the University, many of those who voted in the minority will admit that splendid and varied as are the talents of Mr Gladstone, the right man was in this instance put into the right place. It is to be wished that his addresses on these and some other occasions should be preserved from the fate of fugitive literature; for though they contain little not now generally accepted, they embody in forcible language the observations of one of their best friends as to the history and prospects of the Scottish universities. The Second Commission of 1876 was also presided over by Mr Inglis. It collected much information and produced some useful but one-sided essays towards further reform. But whether it was that it had no executive powers, or that too much influence was exercised by the members who represented physical science and underestimated the value of phil-

osophy, language, and the arts, and by Mr Froude, who viewed history and law from a purely English University standpoint, the fact is, that its recommendations failed to obtain the approval of any Scottish educationists, and are now forgotten. They do not bear the stamp of the mind of the chairman as the practical measures of the former Commission did. This pointed perhaps to a limitation or qualification of the character of intellect which Mr Inglis possessed. His was not one of those minds which originate ideas or start reforms, but of those which test them, and after testing carry them out. The credit of reforming Civil and Criminal procedure, of simplifying the law of Conveyancing and all but abolishing the law of Entail, belongs to other lawyers of his time, Rutherford, Moncreiff, Young, Gordon, Balfour, Macdonald. He would scarcely have suggested any of these necessary changes, although he loyally administered the new law. The question he put as regards the universities, was not what was the ideal of University Education, though he recognised its existence, but what was practicable and safe in present circumstances. He often disappointed enthusiasts and experimentalists. But he satisfied practical men, for he expressed in language and embodied in action their opinions better than they could do themselves.

From his academic tastes and graceful and easy style of composition, as was shown in his letters on the gravest or slightest occasion, it might have been expected that he would have contributed more to literature. Besides his university addresses, one on "The Scottish Lawyers of the Seventeenth Century," delivered to the Juridical Society, and a few short but happy

speeches, such as those spoken at the Crimean Banquet, the Banquet of the Faculty on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and the opening of the National Portrait Gallery, in which, as in everything which preserved the characteristics of old Scotland, he took a keen interest,—we are only aware of two essays, one "On the Present Position of the Church of Scotland," and the other "On Montrose and the Covenant of 1638." Both were published in this Magazine, the former in 1839, the latter in 1887. No one who reads these papers can doubt that he could have adorned more than one branch of literature. In the history of his own country he was specially well read, an acute critic, and a sound judge of men and events. The paper on the Church of Scotland is a learned historical statement of the law relating to Patronage, and a closely reasoned defence of it, as modified by the veto of the parishioners on sufficient and stated grounds. Now that Patronage has been abolished, it reads like ancient history. But in spite of the epigrams of Cobden and Disraeli, ancient as well as modern history has its value, and should not be neglected by politicians. His character of Montrose is a dispassionate sketch of a period which few Scotchmen can even yet approach without prejudice. He arrives independently at the same view of the conduct of the most gallant of the Scottish cavaliers as Mr Gardiner, whom he describes as "the most judicious of recent historians." It may account for the singularly firm and temperate view he took of this as of other parts of Scottish history, that it was his habit as a young man, as we have heard from one of his contemporaries, to read the Waverley Novels once a year—a healthier

more than the perusal of the
of the year, the more
literary food of lawyers.
would unravel the tan-
of the Scottish annals,
guise the good as well as
the parties and sections of
who wove it, must still
ys and nights in the study
works of Scott. It is
at that his two chief
ions to literature were
, one before he became
in practice, and the other
ing experience had made
ours of the bench an
ause a familiar, task. In
ere are two reasons, one
the other bad, but both
, which make lawyers in
times in general abstain
ature. The former, which
with him, is the conviction
centration of the mind
itself is necessary to
its complex principles
uminous details, to do
o clients as counsel, and
tigators and the public as
The latter is the prejudice
l in the saying, that "law
is mistress;" the obstacles
maginary which are placed
way of a lawyer, even
sure and inclination, at-
to engage in any intel-
oursuit, except law and
Such leisure as he gained
admirable method he em-
everything he undertook,
reward for the conscien-
roughness with which he
d the discharge of his pro-
and judicial duties, was
o vocations more practical
as public than literature.
erable land-owner in Mid-
he set an example of
lment of the pleasant
f a country gentleman.
ttish judges of an earlier
especially of Lord Kames,

he was fond of agriculture and
forestry, of building and garden-
ing, of sport as an exercise and
relaxation. He was, as long as his
health permitted, an ardent devotee
of the national game of golf; and
perhaps, had he not observed pro-
portion in everything, he would
have been gratified by his election
as captain of the Honourable and
Ancient Company of Golfers of St
Andrews, almost as much as by
the honours which, without the
least self-seeking, were conferred on
him by the Crown, his Profession,
and the Universities. Neither
business nor pleasure prevented him
from performing parochial duties
in the parish of Glencorse, where
his estate lay. He combined also,
what it is to be regretted so few
country gentlemen in Scotland now
do, though the vicinity of Glencorse
to Edinburgh rendered this com-
paratively easy, residence in the
town with residence in the country,
and took an active share in such
parts of the public and charitable
business of the capital as he deemed
he would be useful in. The Fettes
College was to a large extent formed
and guided by his counsels as trustee.
He had the good taste of an
educated amateur in the fine arts of
painting, sculpture, and architec-
ture, and found scope for promot-
ing their advancement in the
board which, by a curious anomaly,
is called in Scotland "The Board
of Manufactures." One of his last
public acts was to attend one of
its meetings. His leisure was
neither dissipated by the demands
of society, nor jealously husbanded
for his own amusement. As he
was recognised throughout Scot-
land as one of its truest patriots,
so he was known in Edinburgh as
one of its most public-spirited
citizens. In brief, whatever he did
he did well, whether small or great;
and his life was spent, though his,

modesty would have disclaimed the comparison, no less than that of the English poet, as "ever under his great Taskmaster's eye."

A long life was granted to him, but that gift has seldom been more honourably or usefully employed. There was in it as a whole as in its separate parts, a rare completeness and consistency. A letter he wrote to the Society of Solicitors a short time before his death, in reply to a request that his portrait should be painted on the window of their new library, is too striking and characteristic to be omitted even in the short notice our space permits:—

"EDINBURGH, February 18, 1891.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 12th, with accompanying drawing. I feel much honoured by the proposal made by you on behalf of the Society of Solicitors before the Supreme Courts.

"But I trust you have not forgotten the wise counsel given by a great lawyer and a great law-maker—Solon, to Cræsus, King of Lydia, in the height of his prosperity—that no man's life could be pronounced altogether happy till its close.

"The moral is, that whatever a man's eminence may be during the greater part of his life, it may be all blotted out and destroyed by some fatal lapse before he dies.

"This is the principle on which men refrain from erecting monuments or permanent memorials to persons who are still living, and it is a sound principle confirmed and fortified by experience.

"With this caution and protest, I leave myself in the hands of the Society.

"I will not undertake to fulfil Solon's condition of becoming altogether happy by predecease of the execution of your stained-glass windows, though such an event is by no means unlikely.

"As regards the most appropriate

likeness, I think I had better refer you to my son, Mr A. Wood Inglis, Secretary of the Board of Manufactures, to whom I have handed the drawing which accompanied your letter.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
"JOHN INGLIS."

That he cited the maxim of the Athenian sage, as he did a line of Theognis in an address as Chancellor, was probably due to reminiscences of early Glasgow and Oxford days. In later life his reading was more in the jurists and historians than the philosophers or poets, in Latin and English rather than in Greek or modern Continental literature. His character, and the strong, firm, calm features which half revealed and half concealed it, were formed on the grave and simple Roman rather than the ductile and versatile Grecian mould. Perhaps he might be said to belong to the school which, though founded in Greece, had some of its best representatives amongst the jurists of Rome. His virtues were the virtues of a Stoic, but of a Christian Stoic—moderation, prudence, self-control, piety, justice.

Thinking of him we recall the familiar line of Horace—

"*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*"

The circumstances of his time and country fortunately did not call on him to resist the dictation either of a mob or of a tyrant, but he would have been equal to either task. One who attempts hastily and imperfectly to sketch his career, may be allowed to conclude with the final words of the same ode—

"*Desine pervicax,*

Magna modis tenuare parca."

SEAL-FISHERIES QUESTION : PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE.

truth of the oft-quoted proverb, that everything to those who have learnt to is once more exemplified in the Sea difficulty. It is at concluded — or concluded time being — although at ioid it bade fair, despite the to disappoint those who had or years devoutly wishing h a consummation. But his conclusion is not neces- or even probably final, it ot be amiss, now that we eached a definite resting- n the history of the affair, stock of its leading fea-

For, truth to tell, the main n has worn so many aspects, n obscured by so many side that it has become almost gnisable. Moreover, much ay be said to be lost in the f antiquity—to have passed, r words, from the realm of to that of fiction.

re turning to the present on of affairs, it is import- fix in our minds the early of the islands which form eding-grounds of the fur- Of these the most valuable

Prybilovskis. Discovered ago as 1786, a settlement ablished upon them in the ag year, and an indiscrim- laughter of the animals in- l—indiscriminate, at least, as regards age and sex. the commencement of this r the control of the islands to the hands of the Russian- an Fur Company. Not ssimilar in constitution and rom the Hudson Bay Com- his body traded over a vast of country, and dealt with kind of produce. To the

seals, sea-otters, and sables, how- ever, it owed its chief prosperity. It is from the history of this body that we first gain an idea of the value of Russia's possessions in these remote and lonely seas. At the time of the establishment of the Company upon the islands, no less than 800,000 pelts were lying in the storehouses. There was, it is true, a temporary but somewhat alarming diminution in the breed- ing-stock, owing to the improvident system of slaughter which at that time prevailed, but it does not appear to have had much in- fluence upon the dividends which poured into the pockets of the fortunate shareholders. The Rus- sian-American Company carried on its operations for three periods of twenty years. For the first period they paid an average divi- dend of 30 per cent per annum; for the second, of 55 per cent; for the third, of 45 per cent—the net profit being over ten million roubles. It was this goodly heri- tage, or the better part of it, which passed into the hands of our American cousins upon the occasion of their purchase of Alaska in 1867. No one, it is to be imagined, could be found to suggest that the purchasers were not fully aware of the value of their bargain. Our recollections of that transaction, indeed, are possibly keener than we feel to be at all necessary. We must therefore admit that in making such a purchase, guided as she was to a very large extent by the consideration of the enormous value of the seal-fisheries, Amer- ica had a prescriptive right to in- sist that her position should be respected, and that the status

quo should be maintained. For whether Russia's ukase of 1821 were to be accepted or not, the fact remained that for a period of forty-five years the fisheries had been left undisturbed. It was only fair to suppose that, in taking over the sovereignty of Alaska, with all the rights and privileges thereto attaching, a like immunity from depredations would attend the rule of the United States Government.

To return to our story, however. The lengthy *pourparlers* concerning the cession of Alaska were not without their effect upon the seals. Between the tenancy of the Russian-American Company and the advent of the Americans there occurred a species of interregnum, in which the islands became a Noman's land. The enormous wealth thus left unprotected proved too great a temptation for the whale and sea-otter hunters who frequented Bering Sea. Raid after raid was made upon the rookeries; and when, in 1870, the Alaska Commercial Company entered upon their twenty years' lease of the islands, the seals were found to be so reduced in numbers as to necessitate the immediate adoption of some system of protection.

The policy adopted redounds very greatly to the credit of the lessees, although, no doubt, in great measure owing to the initiative of the State. For the seals, after all, were practically so much capital lent by Government, who were not likely to sanction any usage which should in any way cause its waste. Restricted killing was therefore at once instituted. The slaughter of all females was forbidden. The skins of the so-called "bachelors" who had not yet been admitted to the breeding-grounds were alone taken; and,

finally, the breeding-grounds were left as much as possible undisturbed. With these measures prosperity once more returned, and the rookeries quickly refilled. The Company, however, did not confine itself to the care of the seals alone. Decent houses were built for the Aleut *employés*, schools erected for their children, and the importation of liquor stopped. From a state of drunken, improvident, and ignorant savagery, the natives became a sober and respectable people.

There are but two other breeding-places of the fur-seal in the North Pacific—the Komandorski group and the little sand-cay known as Robben Island, lying off the southern point of Saghalien. These, too, at about the same time, came under the control of the same owners, being leased from the Russian Government. The same system of protection was put in force, and the same rules instituted for the *employés*. In the year 1890, then, the Alaska Commercial Company had held the monopoly of the seal-fishing in the North Pacific for a period of about twenty years.

The interregnum or raiding period just previous to the establishment of the Company has already been mentioned. Attempts were made to continue these operations, but they can hardly be described as successful. The Company were by no means disposed to trifle, and the rookeries were well defended with Winchester rifles and men who knew how to use them. And use them they most certainly did. In time it came to be known to the raiders that the reception awaiting them on these visits was likely to be of an unequivocal nature. On more than one occasion the poachers sustained heavy losses in killed

and wounded, and eventually raiding was practically abandoned.

Such was the condition of affairs until early in the Eighties. The seals were as abundant as in the prosperous days of the Russian American Company. From the Prybilov Islands from 100,000 to 120,000 skins could be annually obtained; from the Komandorskis about 40,000. The total from all parts of the North Pacific, at the fullest estimate, averaged from 160,000 to 175,000. The "take" was so arranged as to bear a just relation to the strength of the rookery. The Company not only lived well within its income, as it were, but added steadily to its capital. Then came a change, or rather the forebodings of a change. It had long been known that in their passage northwards to the breeding-grounds in spring, the seals rested on the shores of the north-west coast of America and the straits of the Aleutian Islands. The natives had from time immemorial obtained their skins during this period of passage; but the number thus taken was so small as to arouse no feelings of apprehension in the minds of the lessees of the islands. The whaling industry in these regions has long ceased to be of any importance, but sea-otters and walrus have always tempted small schooners to the confines of Bering Sea. The increase in the rookeries, consequent upon the measures adopted by the Company, expressed itself only too plainly at the "hauling-up" grounds affected by the animals in their annual migration, and these vagrant craft found it more than worth while to take advantage of the fact. Their success attracted attention, and slowly but surely the little fleet grew. Not only did these schooners sail from the shores of British Columbia,

Washington, and California, but a like trade established itself upon the other side of the Pacific, and vessels were yearly fitted out from Chinese and Japanese ports. Thereafter it was found more profitable to hang about the neighbourhood of the seal-islands than to pursue chance sea-otters or evanescent walrus. Not that much raiding was effected. The scant courtesy shown to visitors by the Cossacks of the Alaska Commercial Company acted as a tolerably efficient deterrent. But the seals swarmed in the waters adjacent to the islands, especially after the autumn disorganisation of the rookeries, and it was easy to run in close, under cover of the thick fogs so frequent in those seas, and give the crew an hour or two with the boats.

It was hardly to be supposed that either the Company or the two nations chiefly concerned would watch the progress of events with equanimity. Both Russia and America kept their men-of-war on guard, but were unable to suppress the depredations, for difficulties of all sorts—geographical, meteorological, and legal—hampered them in their endeavours. It is probable that the "Bering Sea Difficulty," protracted an affair as it even then was, would still be a long way off solution but for the fact of the termination of the Alaska Company's twenty years' lease. The enormous rise in the rental of the islands drew the attention of schooner-owners, prospective and actual, to the chances offered them. In the New World people do not take so long thinking over matters as do we. With the feeling of Canada at their back, and a fine contempt for 100-mile limits, the seal-hunters threw an increased vigour into the traffic. They met

with phenomenal success, and the corresponding decrease in the population of the rookeries became so alarming as to bring matters to a crisis.

The figures showing how quickly the "take" of the poaching schooners increased it is not necessary to give at length. It is sufficient for our purpose to record the fact that in the year 1890 the number of skins obtained by the fleet sailing from the American side reached a total of 43,315, and that their value was estimated at about £100,000. We have no record of the number killed by the Asiatic vessels, but it is safe to conclude that it was scarcely if at all less. The rookeries, then, were depleted in 1890 to the tune of about 90,000 individuals. We have seen that, even in favourable seasons, the legitimate "take" of the Komandorski and Prybilov Islands combined only reached a total of 160,000 skins. They were thus robbed of more than half their yield, even if mere numbers only be taken into account. But 90,000 seals killed by the schooners is a very different matter from 90,000 killed upon the rookery. In the latter case, as we have seen, the greatest possible care is taken to slaughter only the *holluschicki*, or bachelor seals; but to the free sealers all is fish that comes to the net.

The chief yield of the resting-grounds of the Aleutian Islands is at the time of the spring or northern migration, when the larger proportion of the females are in young; and the crews of the schooners themselves admit that "two-thirds of their catch consist of females." In the immediate neighbourhood of the breeding islands, also, the females are the most frequent victims. The nominal slaughter then of 90,000, rep-

resents in reality a considerably larger figure. How much larger this figure may be, would need careful records and lengthy calculations to discover; but it is not too much to say that, had the schooners been permitted to continue their work this year without interruption, their take would not have been less than that legitimately obtained by the lessees of the islands at the most prosperous period.

With 1890 the lease of all the breeding-grounds expired, and the islands changed hands—an event which tended somewhat to the complication of matters. A newly formed American company outbid its predecessor for the Prybilovskis, and Bering Island was taken by a syndicate in St Petersburg. The old Alaska Company had to content themselves with Copper Island—the other island of the Commander group. Safe in the assurance that difficulties would eventually be smoothed away, the new lessees of the Prybilovs agreed to pay the Alaska Government the enormous royalty of \$10½ upon every skin taken—nearly five times the sum demanded of their predecessors. But they must have trembled for their position; for instead of the 120,000 pelts which they might fairly calculate on obtaining, so alarmingly reduced in numbers had the animals become, that the United States Government Agent stationed at the islands prohibited the slaughter of more than 21,000. From the records of Bishop Veniaminov we learn that the reckless slaughter of former years did not make itself felt at the rookeries for some time. It was not for three or four years or more that the real extent of the mischief became apparent. And so, although it may be argued that, judging from last year's re-

the damage done is not exact, it is evident that we are unable at present to realise what it may be.

It, in brief, is what may be called the local history of the matter. Its political history is diffuse and less interesting, and the perusal of the Blue-Book detailing it lies much wearisome to the flesh. The determination of the Americans to stop sealing led, as all the world knows, to the seizure of various vessels upon the high seas—of the *Sylvia Handy* and *W. Wyward* attracting, perhaps, most attention. Russia, whose vessels were jeopardised to the same extent as those of America, took decisive steps and imposed the Nemo in 1882. High-handed measures might with impunity be taken by the United States on the far side of the Atlantic; but the adjustment of American difficulties with vessels flying the British flag was not so simple, and for years negotiations dragged wearily around the tables of completion. Accustomed to trace these different steps to a question, and the various issues which arose, would be a law to the reader's eye which could scarcely fail to dishonour. The bulk of the matter is fortunately not of vital importance. The first real step in the direction of an international agreement was made in February 1889 at an interview between Mr Phelps and Lord Salisbury, in which the former pleaded for the establishment of a close season for fur-seal "between the 15th and 1st November in each year, and between 160° of west longitude and 170° of east longitude in the Bering Sea." It is probable that some such agreement would have been actually

made but for a somewhat premature letter addressed by Mr Phelps to Secretary Bayard three days later, in which it was stated that Lord Salisbury assented to the proposition—a statement which was denied by that Minister, who, while admitting "the entire readiness of her Majesty's Government to join in an agreement with Russia and the United States to establish a close time for seal-fishing north of some latitude to be fixed," expressed himself as only accepting the general principle of a close time. But even this became subject to modification when the views of Canada upon the subject were more fully known. The Dominion had even by this time so large a stake at issue that she was not disposed to yield without protestation to a measure which would at once entail its loss. So the *pourparlers* now known as the London negotiation came to an untimely end, dying to the slow music of mild remonstrances upon the part of our opponents, who inwardly resolved to continue their original policy. Whether this failure was due, as the United States Government assert, to the direct intervention of Canada, or whether the then impending general election in America was its cause, is a question into which it is scarcely worth while to enter.

Matters could not long remain in this condition. The formation of a new Cabinet at Washington left both parties without excuse for further delay; and, in February 1889, negotiations were resumed between Mr Blaine, M. de Struve, the Russian Minister, and Sir Julian Pauncefote. The inquiry was limited to the consideration of the means to be adopted for the preservation of the fur-seal, without prejudice to the in-

terests of any Power. But the contention of Mr Blaine, "that the killing of seals in the open sea tends certainly and rapidly to the extermination of the species," was met with so vigorous a denial by the Canadian Minister of Marine, that all hope of coming to a solution of the difficulty was at an end, and the negotiations remained as fruitless as those of the previous year. Had the opinion of unbiased experts been obtained at the outset of affairs, there is no doubt that the matter might have been equitably settled with little or no trouble. For the *quæstiones vexatæ* were such as could be fairly adjudicated upon by naturalists, but by naturalists only. It was hardly to be supposed that upon the evidence of biased parties alone a true and just solution of the difficulty could be arrived at. The failure of the conference was inevitable.

The result was a change of front on the part of the United States Government. Hitherto the contention had been for the necessity of establishing a close season. Now this point was relinquished, and America advanced her plea of *mare clausum*. In the enactment (sect. 1956, Rev. Statutes, ch. iii., Title 23) concerning the seal-islands, we find that the killing of fur-seals is interdicted "within the limits of Alaska Territory, or in the waters thereof;" and in the original Act, the phrase, "the waters adjacent thereto," occurs. The limits these words were supposed to comprehend were not distinctly specified. The clause subsequently proposed to be inserted by the House of Representatives described the Act just quoted as applying to and including "all the waters of Bering Sea in Alaska embraced within the boundary-lines mentioned and

described in the treaty with Russia;" but this definition the Senate declined to adopt, and the clause now stands as follows: "Section 1956 of the Revised Statutes of the United States is hereby declared to include and apply to all the dominions of the United States in the waters of Bering Sea."

In Alexander I.'s celebrated ukase of 1821, Bering Sea was certainly claimed as *mare clausum*, but the claim was never strictly enforced; and Russia contented herself with prohibiting vessels from approaching within a distance of 100 Italian miles of the shore. America, moreover, was the first to contest this claim, and it savoured of the ridiculous that she should find herself supporting it half a century later. For though after a time she was ready, as we see, to surrender her contention for the privacy of Bering Sea in its entirety, she still upheld her right to the 100-mile limit. It must be confessed, however, that the plea was ill-judged. In the case of Russia, the lesser claim was based upon the greater; and America, having yielded upon the question of the validity of her right to close the gates of Bering Sea, could not hope for anything more advantageous than a three-mile limit. The negotiations again failed, and nothing worthy of note occurred until the present summer, when, as every one knows, the "Seal Fishery (Bering Sea) Act," after a phenomenally rapid passage through both Houses, suddenly became law.

So much for history: we must now turn to consider what are the questions at issue at the present moment. The chief of these—indeed almost the sole problem, for it embraces nearly all the rest—is whether "pelagic" sealing is or is

be permitted in future. The opinion of those owning the vessels is that, if persisted in, the number of the North Pacific will in a year or two cease to exist; on the other hand we find the Canadian Minister of Marine Fisheries as stoutly contending that free sealing in no way tends to lessen the numbers of the species. In the face of two irreconcilable statements it may be imagined that facts irreconcilable could be adduced.

But such is not the case. On examining into the "take" of sealing schooners, we find that they own two sources — the west coast catch on the shores of North-West America without the limits of Bering Sea; the other the catch within Bering Sea; as it might with more accuracy be described, in the neighbourhood of the breeding grounds.

So distinct are these two, that the former has lately become the custom of a ship to hang about the coast of Bering Sea in order to procure the skins of the "shore" catch from the schooners before they proceed northwards to the breeding grounds.

Now, whatever the colour or sex of the seals taken on the islands may be, there is no doubt concerning that the shore catch, as has already stated a few pages back. The proportion are females in the proportion of three to one.

That this is no matter of opinion, but undeniable fact, is abundantly evident. All nature is aware that in the northward migration every adult female sealant, and that it is these tenacious "haul up" to rest. The sealers themselves admit in Rear-Admiral Hotham's report from Esquimalt, dated October 10, 1890, occur the following words: "They also mention that two-thirds of their

catch consisted of female seals, but that after 1st July very few indeed were captured in pup; and that when sealing outside the Bering Sea round the coast on the way up, where this year the heaviest catches were made, they acknowledged that seals in pup were frequently captured."

This one fact, when it is considered that the numbers of the sealing-schooners are yearly increasing by the rules of geometrical rather than arithmetical progression, is sufficient to prove that "pelagic" sealing, as at present carried on, cannot long be continued. We have a still stronger argument, moreover, in the pages of history. The number of seals at one time existing on the south-east coast of South America was perhaps even greater than that in the North Pacific. The South Shetlands, the Crozets, Masafuera, and other islands, were almost equally populous. Free sealing was permitted, and they are now nearly extinct. We have no reason to believe that similar action in the North Pacific would be followed by any but similar results. Theoretically, perhaps, no harm should result from "pelagic" sealing. If fairly carried on, it is probable that the breeding-stock upon the islands would hardly be affected. The ideal sealer would of course be superior to temptation. The youth and inexperience of the "pup" would but arouse his compassion, while matrons in an interesting condition would meet with the chivalrous attention that such a state demands. He would of course confine himself to the "bachelors," and of those would only select such as were above the age of three and under that of five years. But the ideal sealer does not man the majority of schooners. Were it

so, few of those adventurous craft would court the alternate storms and fogs of Bering Sea.

Given, then, that some steps must be taken to amend the state of things at present existing, the question is, What should those steps be? The contention of *mare clausum*, advanced by America, never really received anything but a half-hearted support. The position was felt to be untenable; it was only adopted in consequence of the failure of other measures, and the policy which dictated it was early recognised as mistaken. With the twentieth century within touch, a *mare clausum* could be nothing but an impossibility. On the other hand, the legally accepted three-mile limit would be almost valueless for the preservation of the species even if the law could be enforced; while if it could not, it would be completely so. So self-evident is it that the latter of the two alternatives could only result, that it scarcely needs demonstration. The whole fleet of the United States would be insufficient to guard the seaboard of Alaska, for each schooner which hovered just outside the limit would need a vessel to watch it.

The closure of Bering Sea being therefore impossible, and the three-mile limit inadequate, the question arises whether any middle course would meet the difficulty. Such a middle course, it will be remembered, was actually proposed when America fell back upon Russia's claim of a limit of 100 Italian miles; but even if this claim, based as it was upon the larger, had not from this reason fallen to the ground, it asked too much to have met with a different fate. Supposing any lesser demand to be made and granted, it is doubtful whether it would be much more successful in

its effect than the three-mile limit. For, with a coast-line so vast and so little known, the chances afforded to the illicit schooners for the evasion of the law would hardly be lessened, and it is probable that the large majority would entirely escape observation. In an employment so remunerative, such slight risks would willingly be accepted by owners. It needs but little reflection, then, to convince us that the solution of the difficulty lies elsewhere than in the interpretation of the phrase, "in the waters of Bering Sea."

Among the various arguments advanced by the United States in their vigorous endeavours to protect what they considered to be their rights, was one which Mr Phelps and Mr Blaine made as it were their special property, and which is not without weight. We have to do, they plead, with a long-established and exceedingly valuable fishery, which, if managed according to the rules of public utility, can only be carried on upon certain shores, belonging to certain nations who have combined to regulate and protect this fishery. It is proposed to allow the vessels of foreign nations to destroy it by the indiscriminate slaughter of the animals during the period of gestation, and it is suggested that the nations to whom the fishery belongs have no remedy, because the sea within a certain distance from the coast is free. If such action be permissible, then the slave-trade when practised in the open sea is so likewise. And if the fish off the Canadian coast (for example) could be destroyed with profit by the use of dynamite or other means in the adjacent sea, Canada would be held to be defenceless should any other nation choose so to act.

Such an

difficult to answer, but it must be remembered that it practically postulates that the seals are private property; and secondly, that while it may be admitted that it is both barbarous and wasteful to slaughter them when heavy with young, the *laches* of the seal-hunter in this respect does not deprive him of the right to kill *feræ nature* in the proper season. The action of the Canadian and Japanese sealers in Bering Sea has no doubt exceeded the limits of what may be termed fair usage, and such excess has been a matter of no little loss and annoyance to the Americans. But after all, a keeper cannot claim to turn out the pockets of any chance individual he may meet with upon the king's highway.

No *modus vivendi*, then, is practicable, save and except such as is based upon the acceptance of the fact that the fur-seal is an animal of great value to mankind at large, that under the present circumstances it is fast being exterminated, and that it therefore behoves the nations specially interested to sink minor political differences in a joint endeavour to preserve the species. England, moreover, is more interested in the matter than appears at first sight, for, roughly speaking, every skin is "made" in London. The establishment, by international agreement, of a close time, can alone set matters finally and satisfactorily at rest. No proposal short of this, or other than this, will be of the smallest use.

Have we got this in the lately passed Bering Sea Act? It would seem that by the majority it is supposed that the institution of a close season for the future is a *fait accompli*. Such, however, is very far from being the case.

of seals by British ships until the 1st May 1892. The agreement is signed by England and America only; and although scant ceremony will doubtless be shown to sealing-schooners sailing under the Japanese or Chinese flags, should they think it worth while to try their fortune in Bering Sea, their Governments, nevertheless, acknowledge nothing more than the three-mile limit. It is probable that next year will witness a considerable increase in the numbers of the Asiatic fleet; and it must be confessed that unless illegal seizures are again resorted to, it is difficult to see how the seals can be protected. Then, again, since no agreement has been made with Russia, the Act can only apply to American waters, and hence the entire western half of Bering Sea is left open to the schooners, which are at liberty to harass the waters of Robben Island and the Komandorskis at their pleasure. One island of the last-named group is leased to an American company, and we are thus provided with a liberal opening for complications. The agreement is manifestly a step in the right direction; but until Russia, China, and Japan make common cause, the seal is as likely to become an extinct species as the American bison.

The Commissioners appointed to report upon the subject have already returned from their visit to the islands, and the result of their investigations will doubtless soon be made known. Although few more competent men could have been found to act as our representatives than Sir George Baden-Powell and Professor Dawson, a wiser choice might perhaps have indicated two who were less

sons of our

nominees be at variance with those of Professors Mendenhall and Merriam, we must be prepared for unpleasantnesses which might have been avoided, or at least mitigated, had English naturalists of known standing been appointed. For, after all, the question is such as the scientific naturalist is best qualified to decide. Our cause in the controversy was at one time greatly injured by wild statements in support of our claims which would never have been advanced had the opinion of experts been obtained, and it is much to be desired, not only that every country interested should be represented at such an international inquiry as is here suggested, but that each country should include at least one practical zoologist among its representatives.

Upon the report of the Commissioners the fate of the fur-seal hangs. It is most earnestly to be hoped that they may see their way to the recommendation of a close

season, not merely for a portion but for the entire area of the seas frequented by the animal, and that such a close season may be made an international matter. That this is an imperative necessity the writer feels convinced, not only from the mass of evidence that has been adduced, but from his own personal experience of the Komandorski group. The latest news that we have from Bering Sea confirms more strongly than ever what has been said in the foregoing pages. It is stated that 100,000 seals have already been killed this year by the poaching schooners. But even if this be exaggeration, there is a world of significance in the simple fact that the North American Commercial Company have claimed, and obtained, compensation from the Government, which has seen fit to reduce the annual rental of the Prybilovskis from \$50,000 to the modest sum of \$3750.

F. H. H. GUILLEMAUD.

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VOL. CL.

"THE ELEGIE."

"I will grind thee to paint, my Bride!"

you know how Schoene-
"Elegie" came to be

is the story.

the summer of '40, Emil
emann, then quite a young
sturned from Leipsic, where
d been studying under
off, to his native village
ttendorf-am-Rhein. He
ready written his "Traum-
" those delicious fugitive
ts which Vieth's fine ren-
has since made known all
urope; and we can trace
early composition the warm
ation, the aspirations to-
the Beautiful and the Good,
e wide, vague hopes as yet
lled, which mark the history
artists.

enemann came back to the
family, to the cottage-
with its low rooms, its tiny
and orchard, to the beauti-
ine country with its vine-
wooded hills, and swiftly-
river, purposing to spend
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the summer months in a profitable
solitude.

But his fame had preceded him.
Every one knew of young Schoene-
mann's Academy successes; Herr
Postmeister and Herr Schulmeister
held learned discussions on the
subject of his musical genius, and
Herr Schumacher, who had played
the 'cello in trios with Emil's
father, predicted emphatically a
great career for his old friend's
son. But it was Harms, the or-
ganist, who did most to spread
Schoenemann's glory round and
about; for it was to Harms, his
earliest master, that Emil had
sent in affectionate remembrance
a manuscript copy of the "Traum-
Bilder" the preceding Christmas.

Harms became enthusiastic over
this composition. All the winter
it had been his constant theme for
discourse. He had played por-
tions on every piano in Kletten-
dorf, and for miles around. He
could not see an instrument with-
out sitting down to it, asked

or unasked, to demonstrate the beauties of the "Bilder." He would play a few bars, then dash his hands down upon the notes in a rush of admiration which rendered his fingers powerless, and flinging himself round to face his audience, would call their attention in stammering words to the profundity of the thought, the subtlety of the scoring, the originality of this or that phrase, until he had roused excitement to a pitch nearly equalling his own. Then he would toss back his already grizzling head with a dog-like shake, and begin the composition over again, to recommence the moment he had finished, lest inadvertently he should have slurred over one of its thousand excellences.

Yet that Klettendorf took Schoenemann at Harms's estimate was due rather to the latter's faith, energy, and goodwill, than to his skilful interpretation of his ex-pupil's work; poor Harms was but a mediocre pianist. It was reserved for Vieth to combine a just appreciation of Schoenemann's genius with a fine illustrative talent of his own. Naturally, if Harms had possessed such a talent, he would not have found himself at forty the obscure organist of a Rhine village.

Among those persons to whom he had spoken of the young composer with most warmth were the Dittenheims. Graf Dittenheim owned Klettendorf and most of the land thereabouts; he possessed across the river at Godesberg a beautiful villa, generally occupied for a few months only during the summer season. But this year the family had been there since early March, the Graefin having been ordered away from the bitter winds of Berlin. Again, as on previous occasions, Harms was

allowed to give piano-lessons to the only daughter, the little Contesse Marie. But he, with the simple uncalculating generosity that distinguished him, wished her to have Schoenemann for a master instead.

"When Schoenemann comes to us in the summer," he told the Graefin, "you should not fail to give the Contesse the advantages of his help. She has a charming talent, to which I have at least done no harm; possibly even some little good. But I can take her no further. I have taught her all I know. Now Schoenemann in six weeks will do more for her than I could in six years."

The Graefin looked at him from blue and sunken eyes. She had no interest in or opinion on the subject of music; it was nothing to her whether Schoenemann or Harms was her daughter's teacher. The only subject which really interested her was her own failing health; and as she looked and mused on August's ugly face and thick-set figure, where nevertheless strength and long life were so legibly written, she grew bitter against the fate which threatened to cut her off in the height of her youth and beauty. She was thirty-four, and looked twenty-six, and her passionate love of life and amusement grew keener in proportion as she seemed destined to forego them. Yet she did remember to say to her husband the next time she happened to see him, "That odd Harms wants us to have young Schoenemann to give Marie music-lessons. It seems he is expected back in Klettendorf."

"So? Schoenemann?" said the Graf; "he is expected home, is he? I hear he is one of our stirring men. By all means bring him, if the little one wishes. I should be

ther's sake. Poor Franz was a faithful servant, and a good man himself. His touch on the violin was superb."

As Harms obtained the wished-for permission to bring Emil to the vista, and present him to the 7. But on the day fixed for the ceremony it happened that a musical service was to be celebrated at the Hofkapelle in Bonn, and the organist was taken ill. He was asked to supply his place; and in consequence, Schoenemann found himself on the way to the villa alone.

It was June, gloriously sunny, in the afternoon. It was a road lying by woodland streams, leading to the small sounds of water and life, seeing in fancy coy and nymphs peeping out from behind the tree-boles. The road to the castle was long, dusty, and monotonous; most people would have found it insuperably dull; but Emil, who walked in the melody of his own thoughts, raised far above dulness.

A very impression received through the senses became music as it reached this young man's ears.

The birds sang to him, and the breeze in the trees. A complaining cry of a gate as a woman opened to drive some young calves, became a whole phrase in the tone-poem ringing up in his soul. A band of children, holding hands as they advanced towards him, introduced a new train of thought. He felt himself again just such a little as one of these, running down the village street, and listening to the tune which his iron-bound wheels rang out upon the cobbles.

A whole of this walk, or rather notions which it set free, has been immortalised in the description of the scene.

whom Schoenemann confided much of his history and early experiences: the dreamy and delicious adagio was born of the rose-garden, and the impulsive passionate finale of the events that followed. But first I must describe to you this garden of Bellavista.

The highroad ran right through it; or rather, there were two separate gardens, one on either hand. In the centre of the right-hand garden, fenced off from the highway by a wire-rail and a laurel hedge, stood the house; a villa in the Italian style, that thus determined the foreign form its name should take. On the other side of the road, railed off in a similar manner, was a garden for pleasure only, extending from road to Rhine. And the view obtained from the windows of Bellavista, of rose, of myrtle, of broad-bosomed river, of upland vineyard and wood beyond, fully justified the claim set forth in the name itself.

Floating out from the two gardens, innumerable flower-perfumes blent themselves into one intoxicating whole, which was wafted far and wide, so that Schoenemann revelled in it long before he reached the open iron wicket that gave access to the house.

The path wound first between walls of glossy laurel. Then you suddenly found yourself upon an open lawn, pierced with flower-beds resembling jewels in their gorgeous colourings and geometrical shapes. Here lay a ruby, formed of black and red and crimson roses, pinned closely down to the grass in circular pattern; there rose a clematis about a slender rod, which, massing its purple blossoms in an immense bouquet at the top, looked like a cluster of deep-hued amethysts and sapphires invisibly suspended a few feet

1. And scarlets,

yellows, and whites, yellows and scarlets, flashed and flamed and glimmered against the greenness on every side. Yonder lay the tubing which finished in the iron stand-piece of a movable fountain. It was playing now. Two broad rings of water, one above the other, revolved in contrary directions; and while the inner portion of each ring was of a glassy tenuity and smoothness, the outer edges broke up into a spray that scattered its myriad drops like diamonds in the sunshine. Continental gardens have a charm of which those who only know the green lawns and shady trees of England can form no idea. Those trees and lawns are beautiful indeed in their own peaceful way; but such a garden as Bellavista is a veritable land of enchantment, where warmth, colour, perfume, and the aural coolness of plashing water, all woo the senses at once.

Schoenemann found the door of the villa wide open like the gate. He stood on the threshold of a square hall, solemn and silent as a temple; and the Medicean Venus, who, from her pedestal of porphyry, was reflected at all her white and lovely length in the marble floor below, appeared like the goddess of the shrine. On either hand were doorways closed by heavy curtains, but there was no sight or sound of human life. Only the noise of water from a vase of roses overturned upon a side-table, falling drop-wise into a self-formed pool on the pavement below. Only this, and the murmur of a bee, which had followed the young man in from the garden, broke the stillness. And when presently the water was all drained away, and the bee having found out the flowers settled down to enjoy them, the silence grew intense.

Emil told himself he had come

upon a fairy palace, of which the inhabitants had long ago been touched to sleep. He stood there upon the threshold, and savoured a perfect enjoyment. He was not in the least embarrassed. The possessor of genius never is. He feels himself at all times and in all places far above external circumstances. Nature has crowned him king; and though a king may meet his equals, none stand above him. Now it is only the consciousness of a real or fancied inferiority that causes embarrassment.

For some little time the young man remained quiescent, because the beauty, silence, and solitude of his surroundings pleased him; but when presently he noticed a doorway of which the curtains were not closed, he thought it natural to walk straightway in.

He found himself in a large drawing-room, with a parquered floor, an admirably painted ceiling, and walls hung with silk brocade. Three long windows looked out across the garden on to the Rhine, and a fourth window at the farther end of the room stood open on to a conservatory filled with tropical plants. There were flowers here too, and the stronger fragrance of tuberose and gardenia effaced the remembrance of the roses outside.

But the only object which appealed to Schoenemann's interest was a grand-piano placed at an angle to this conservatory door. There are men who go into a room and leave it again, having seen absolutely nothing of its contents. Others there are who will give not only a correct inventory of all the furniture, but an appraisal of every article at its just price. There are those who see only the pictures, and those who see only the books; and some among the latter cannot resist looking at

p from the table or down e shelf, although they knew immediate expulsion were to consequence.

enemann was affected in this musical instruments. He ot keep his fingers off them. crossed over to the piano, it, and seated himself at -board with the same calm-d self-absorption as at the nstrument in his Leipsic , or at the wheezy old in the tiny living-room . He began to transmute rough his fingers, with the faculty given to musicians all the impressions of life and beauty which his soul eived. At first with a cer-itation, as his fingers sought it chords—a hesitation still in the first eight bars, be-nes the change of key—the ies rose and swelled and the room with sound un-hat most unique and beau-ansition—I write with my pon the published score—sed to the light scherzo ent, which paints so well s joyousness, and which e Nature, to those who er best, reveals an under-pain. Cruder no doubt in than in its now perfected e work which has appealed any thousands of feeling ever since, must have pos-an extraordinary fascina-the day when it was first warm and palpitating out ce by the power of the n's soul.

piano was placed so that yer faced the Rhine win-and as Emil played, his velled across the river and on the clustering roofs of village; but rapt by the he created, he was raised eal world. He was uncon-

scious of the instrument he played on, of the realities around him.

Velvet curtains hung on either side of the conservatory door, fell in voluminous folds and lay on the floor in masses of drapery to delight a painter's heart. While Schoenemann played, one of these curtains was pulled gently aside, to reveal hitherto concealed behind it, a very young girl. She had been sitting there reading, until the warmth of the day, the silence, and the enervating perfumes of the flowers had sent her to sleep. The book, a slim volume of Goethe's 'Lieder,' still lay open where it had slipped to her feet. If she had dreamed she was in heaven listening to the music of the spheres, she awoke to find the music was real; and she drew aside the curtain to perceive, with blue astonished eyes, a veritable flesh-and-blood young man, an entire stranger, seated at the piano before her.

Schoenemann struck the final chords, and slowly released the notes one by one. The faint harmonies still delighted his ear, when his glance fell upon the young girl. He looked at her, not with surprise, but with interest that passed into a passionate pleasure. In a flash of light he caught a resemblance between her and the ideal woman he had vainly sought since boyhood. The next moment real and ideal were inextricably blended, and he devoted himself body and soul to the worship of Marie von Dittenheim. If his very first words did not tell her what had happened to him, at least his eyes must have done so; for, leaning on the piano and blushing deeply, she murmured in broken phrases her thanks for his music, and her praise, while her mind swung like a pendulum between terror and joy.

II.

That evening Emil sought out Harms, and overflowed to him on the subject of the Contesse Marie.

"She is the most beautiful creature I have ever met! Where were your eyes, Harms, not to have seen it? Wonderful man that you are! You have always spoken of her to me as a mere child. If I ever pictured her to myself at all, it was as a most ordinary young person. But she is holy as an angel, and exquisite as a Grecian statue into whom the gods have just breathed life. Just so must Galatea have looked when she stepped down from her pedestal to Pygmalion. Have you not noticed her throat? It is like marble, as white, as columnar, as softly rounded. You feel irresistibly inclined to lay your hand on its smooth contours, precisely as you desire to touch some subtly modelled piece of statuary."

Harms was bewildered, as much by Emil's warmth of language as by the new light his praises shed over the little Contesse. In point of fact, Harms had hitherto considered her as an amiable, nice-looking, but not unordinary young girl. Now, influenced as ever by Emil, he began to readjust this opinion. Certainly she had a full white throat—this was a point about her he remembered; but he had never felt tempted to touch it in the way Emil described. His attitude towards woman was altogether too timorous to allow him to entertain any such poetic idea.

"And then her hair!" pursued Schoenemann; "I like that light-brown crinkly sort of hair. And it is gathered back into a loose knot behind, from which a golden haze escapes to float like an aureola about her face."

In true lover fashion he saw beauties where the sane man might reasonably have found defects.

"She has no eyelashes, Harms, or scarcely any. Have you observed? But then her eyelids have curves that Phidias might have copied. And after all, eyelashes are a type of low organisation. Cattle and deer have them in far greater abundance than man; while the highest point of human beauty, as achieved by the Greeks, is entirely devoid of them. Yet who has ever felt the need of giving eyelashes to the Milan Venus? And, Harms, what heavenly dove's eyes! the bluest blue I have ever seen. There are no eyes like blue eyes, I think."

"Dark eyes are beautiful too," Harms answered. Emil's own were "black as our eyes endure;" but Harms was thinking of other eyes less beautiful than Emil's, but which he was once in the way of loving even better.

"Marie! Marie!" murmured the young man rapturously; "the name of Marie has acquired quite a new meaning for me. I am coming to consider it the most beautiful name in the world."

"It has always seemed so to me," said Harms with a certain shyness; but Emil was too self-absorbed to remember that Harms had any particular reason for caring about the name.

"Yes?" he said carelessly; "but being my sister's name, it had become a household word to me devoid of meaning. Now only has its significance and its poetry returned. I am to go over to Bellavista again next Friday. Ah! how shall I live through the days and the nights till then!"

The two men were

in the woods above Klettendorf. They reached a point in the steep ascent where a clearing had been made, and a bench placed that the climber might rest awhile and enjoy the view. The trees fell away on either hand, permitting the eye to travel down over umbrageous masses of foliage to the river far below; to the level opposite shore, where stretched the gardens of Godesberg; to where beyond them a glowing sun sank down towards a horizon of distant trees. And as he sank, long ranks of crimson cloudlets radiated out and up to the very zenith of the sky, while the broad-bosomed Rhine flowing below was stained to a corresponding crimson glory.

Emil and Harms sat down on the bench, which was an old and favourite haunt of theirs. The younger man continued his love-litany. The elder listened, uttered the necessary responses, and like many another worshipper who prays devoutly with the lips, allowed his thoughts to stray away to personal matters. It was impossible for him not to recall that, on just such an evening as this six years ago, he and Emil had sat together on that same bench, and their talk then as now had been of love, but with this difference—then Harms had been the lover, Emil the listener; and he had listened in absolute silence to August's unexpected and unpleasant confession—listened until he could endure it no longer, but had broken out into a passion of protestation and grief. He had thrown himself over there upon the ground and wept ragingly. Harms could still see the slight boyish figure shaken by sobs, and the black head low among the grasses, half hidden by nodding ferns.

Whence came these tears? Harms had foolishly slipped into

love with Emil's sister. He had known Marie Schoenemann since he first came to Klettendorf. She had been his piano-pupil as well as Emil. He had seen her grow from a child to a shy and silent maiden, to a woman gay, hopeful, and kind. She could talk and jest now, as well as knit and sew; could wash her men-folk's shirts as well as cook their dinners. Harms admired all she did. He saw in her a heaven-sent wife. But he had never dared think practically of marrying her, until the unexpected offer of a fairly good post at Bremen made marriage a possibility instead of a dream. And then he had been stricken dumb by the manner in which Emil had received his confidence. He had looked at the prone figure before him, and been filled with perplexity and pain.

The storm had passed as suddenly as it had broken. Emil had sprung up pale and with flashing eyes, to demonstrate to Harms his colossal selfishness in desiring to take Marie away from her recently widowed mother, not to speak of the irreparable loss his friendship and daily companionship would be to Emil himself. The boy had spoken with singular lucidity and force. He was one of those gifted people who, the moment they have adopted an opinion, are able to impose it upon others by mere strength of will. Instantly they marshal forward such an array of weighty arguments that even opponents are forced to admit reason is on the other side. While Emil had spoken, poor Harms had sunk through every stage of humiliation and self-reproach. Nor had the boy spared him for this. When the iron glows hot and malleable is not the moment to give over striking.

"And Marie does not care for

you," he had said, "except as a friend. Of that I am certain. Who could have better opportunities of judging than I? To tell her of your feelings towards her would be to destroy for ever the harmonious relations existing between you. She will marry, of course, some day; but it must be with a man more suited to her than you. Marie is twenty, but in many respects even younger than I am. You are nearly forty, and old for your years. What possible sympathy could there be between you?"

"There is something in what you say," August had admitted humbly; and he realised for the first time that youth was irrevocably gone. Such knowledge usually comes with a shock and an extraordinary bitterness. For so many years one has been young, very young, the youngest of one's company.

"There would, of course, be little inducement for a girl to leave her own people and begin life in a new place for my sake. It was folly of me ever to think of it. I will do so no more. But keep my secret, Emil, that I may keep her friendship. I would sooner see her and you daily, and be of some use to you both, than meet with all the good fortune in the world elsewhere."

In consequence of this conversation Harms had declined the Bremen offer, and from that day he strenuously endeavoured to put from him all idle hopes. But to-night scene and circumstance brought back past dreams so vividly, he could not at once trample them under foot. For a while he lost himself in them, and the pains of renunciation were renewed. Whereby he came to sympathise all the more strongly with Emil, who appeared to him to be open-

ing the first volume of an equally unpropitious love-story. For August found it impossible to contemplate seriously an alliance between a Dittenheim and the son of Franz Schoenemann. He thought he could gauge the Graefin's amazed reception of such an idea.

"Did you see no one beside Con-tesse Marie?" he asked Emil.

"A vague-looking lady with red eyebrows came in, but I did not observe her much."

"That would be the English governess," said Harms.

"And then I was summoned into another room to be presented to the Graefin."

"Ah, now! what did you think of her?" asked Harms, with interest. "Sad she should be so delicate, is it not? But she is still universally considered a very beautiful woman." He himself thought her, so far as appearance went, better worth praise than her little daughter.

"Perhaps," said Emil, briefly; "I scarcely remember. Do you know, Harms," said he, clasping his two hands behind his neck with an action which was habitual to him, "I have made a discovery: all life and all art is but a preparation for Love. Love is the end of life, and I do not seem to have really lived until to-day. I have eaten and drunk, have slept and have awakened, but, like an infant on its nurse's arm, have hitherto been utterly unconscious of the real meaning and purpose of existence. In the same way my music has been but a vague groping after joys and beauties which have for ever eluded me. I have played on an instrument from which the key-note has been missing, and the result has been as unsatisfying as a series of unresolved chords. But henceforth all will be different. With Marie

sweetheart and wife, I shall the highest pinnacles." Harms was staggered by this sentence.

"But," objected he, "do you think the Dittenheims would ever consent to accept you as a suitor?"

"Why not?" asked Emil, surprised. "Love makes all things possible; and if she loves me, she is on the same level as mine."

Harms stared, doubting whether Harms did not betray him.

"Is it possible you mean she is one of those fools call 'well-born,' and not? To my mind the best is he who has received the blessing of the gods direct. Read the Iliad."

"Does he not put musicians first of all—even above poets and orators? False modesty shall lead me to deny or belittle the session which I prize and honour a thousand times more than any other."

"Yes, yes, I agree with all you say," cried Harms; "and those who are of opinion is better worth having than mine, to-day put genius first. But will the Dittenheims do so? I cannot endure to see you preparing for yourself a bitter disappointment."

"I love this girl," said Emil; "and if she loves me—and she

will love me—no power on earth shall stand between us. I have set my whole heart and mind on this thing, and you or the Dittenheims could as easily turn me from it as you could make the Rhine there flow backwards."

From childhood up, Emil had achieved his own way—hitherto in silence. This was the first occasion on which he openly announced his intention of always achieving it.

The upper rim of the sun-ball now touched the trees behind the gardens of Godesberg. Looking down on the river, the two men saw it all orange and indigo, while the sky flamed with orange and rose. They began their descent through the twilight of the woods. When they gained the open hillside, the heavens were painted with the softer colours of the after-glow. In the east, river and sky were red with reflected light; but in the west, sky and river were of an exquisite unearthly green. The islands and wooded promontories rose up with a new sombreness, and to Emil's fancy the trees justled closer together and moved into new combinations as he watched them through the gathering gloom.

III.

Schoenemann, who would recognize no difficulties in the way of love for Marie von Dittenheim, had to observe no reticences. Before Friday came, his family, I had almost said Lettendorf, knew of his passion.

Precisely as he had overheard on the subject to Harms, overflowed to his mother, his Kunie, his sister Marie. The older women were dismayed. The discipline of life had taught them to place expediency before

sentiment. Besides, Emil's sentiments appeared to them exaggerated, his hopes impossible to fulfil. But although, when alone together, they reiterated the insuperable difficulties which barred his wishes, neither ventured to point these out to the young man himself. Their love for him was largely tempered with fear.

Marie Schoenemann, on the contrary, was strangely stirred by the event. Here, for the first time in her life, was a real love-story be-

ginning under her very eyes. She could not hear enough of it from Emil; nor could she recover from her surprise that the Contesse Marie, whom she had last seen two summers ago, a little girl in short frocks, with plaited hair down her back, should be capable of inspiring such a passion as her brother's.

But, besides elation, she was conscious of feeling a species of envy, and when at night combing out her long dark hair she looked in the glass at her agreeable reflection, she longed for some such happiness as Marie von Dittenheim's to befall herself. She was already six-and-twenty: it was time the lover came. And now, while she cooked and scoured, washed Emil's shirts and ironed them, she ceased to sing. For the first time in her life her youthful confidence in her own future began to be shaken.

Emil, who did not lean on chance, but had the lofty assurance his future should be as he chose to make it, lost neither time nor opportunity in furthering his desires. His second interview with the little Contesse was decisive. I know not how he managed to again escape the company of the vague lady with the fiery eyebrows. I only know that determined lovers always do succeed in managing such things. But he did not leave Bellavista a second time without having won from the young girl her tremulous admission that she loved him too. Masculine fire such as his could not burn without awakening a corresponding glow in the feminine mirror.

The lady with the eyebrows, though constantly out-generalled by Emil in matters of detail, could not be altogether blinded to the state of affairs. She carried her surmises to the Graefin, who, first incredulous, then disdainfully am-

used, caused a letter to be written to Emil putting a stop to her daughter's lessons. Emil continued to visit Bellavista as a friend. The servants had orders to deny him the door. Aided at every point by the little Contesse herself, he contrived to meet her in the Rhine garden. The Graefin, now angry in earnest, kept the girl a prisoner in the house. Emil wrote her letters, which were confiscated before reaching her. He determined to make a bold appeal to the Graf to sanction a betrothal. The Graefin appealed to her husband on the same day for his interference and support.

Von Dittenheim turned from a perusal of Schoenemann's extraordinary epistle to listen to his wife's denunciation of the writer. He sent for his daughter, and drew from her a meagre confession and an abundance of tears. Alone again in his study, he gave himself up to a sense of dispassionate entertainment. He was a student of human nature, and constantly deplored the fact that conformity and mental flabbiness rendered so few humans profitable studies. But he scented in Emil's letter a refreshing amount of originality of mind. It was undeniably original that the son of his deceased under-ranger should write and calmly demand the hand of his only daughter in marriage. He must see between four walls what manner of man it was who could prefer so audacious a request.

Emil accordingly came over again to Bellavista at von Dittenheim's desire, who, devoting eye and ear to the young man before him, told himself he had not for months past experienced so keen a pleasure. And indeed there are no pleasures comparable to those of observation. To these alone time bringeth not satiety, and the

inveterate sportsman rejoices when his prey falls living into hands, than does the character on first turning a fresh page the history of his fellows.

"You tell me my daughter is much in love with you as you with her? Good. Love is all things equal, you say? good. You won't take a

Very good; very good. I continue walking up and down gives you any solace."

Emil for the first time in his life slightly disconcerted. He had not yet to experience the most violent opposition; scorn, perhaps derision. He had armed himself with counter-scorn, with passionate eloquence, irresistible pleading to beat it down; and he found an unexpected foe very courteous, bland, almost cordial. It was going out to assault a castle, finding yourself engulfed in a smooth, smiling, and heroic sea.

Dittenheim, leaning comfortably in an easy-chair, noted Emil's look, registered his smallest smile, and while he appeared to be merely listening, was collating evidence, weighing it, passing judgment. Not for one moment did he contemplate an alliance between daughter and his late servant's son, but he fancied he detected in Emil's own character that which he would have made him refuse the union, no matter how highly born a young man had been.

The Graf, pointing the ends of his moustache with white fingers, looked up at Emil. "You are right," he went on, "that the case and you belong to widely different ranks? Yes, yes, you have told me already that genius is superior to birth; that such gifts are received straight from the gods, are better than a worn-out sword, handed down through a line

of enfeebled progenitors. No doubt you are right. Only there is this point to be considered. Any fool can verify the social value of a name; but as to the genius, the supposed possessor, when young and unknown as you are, stands in the position of a page who has still to win his spurs. The genius is unproven. You say you can prove it? Very good indeed. Go out into the world, make your reputation there, come back in seven years' time—and then I will reconsider the question of giving you my daughter."

Emil protested against seven years. It was a lifetime.

"But can you reach the goal in less? You know the difficulties of the career you have chosen. Besides, did ever man yet make a reputation worth having before he was thirty? Putting the Contesse out of the question, are seven years too long for the work you have mapped yourself out?"

"Give me ten years," said Emil, impetuously, "and I reach the top of the ladder."

"And I as a reasonable man offer to take you while you are yet a few rungs lower down. Only, that I should see you first fairly mounted, is not, I think, too much to ask. Go out into the world, go to Paris,"—there was, in fact, a project that Schoenemann should go to Paris to complete his studies; Brockhoff, his Leipsic master, had recommended it; it had been a question of ways and means which had hitherto prevented him from acting on Brockhoff's advice,— "study, succeed, set the name of Schoenemann as high in the musical world as Dittenheim stands in society circles, come back in seven years crowned with laurels, and Marie is yours—provided of course she still wishes it."

Emil required at the least a for-

mal betrothal, but this the Graf pleasantly refused. "With seven years' separation before you it is better both should be absolutely free. But why let that depress you? What are words or promises? How can they make more binding an affection which you tell me nothing can weaken or change? Betrothals may be useful between persons who believe more in the sanctity of a promise than in the sanctity of love; but to you, and presumably to my daughter, who understand so perfectly love's divine unalterable nature, it could only be a work of supererogation."

"But," objected the young man, "you and all her people will endeavour to make her forget me?"

"I shall certainly try," admitted Dittenheim. "I should be very glad to think I could succeed. Unfortunately Marie is of a steadfast disposition." He looked at his visitor smilingly, had a phrase on the tip of his tongue, bit it back as imprudent, and after all, could not resist letting it go. "It is rather on your inconstancy that I build my hopes!"

Emil was indignant, demanded explanations, and received them after this fashion:—

"Marie is a good but ordinary girl; you are an exceptional young man. It is not probable she will ever again be wooed with such poetic fire and passion. She will compare future suitors with you to their disadvantage. The mere fact of your absence will not efface your memory from her heart. I even contemplate the possibility of her remaining intolerably true. She will continue to lead a sheltered and more or less monotonous life, running always in accustomed grooves. It will be difficult to obliterate the impression you have created.

Besides which, she has reached the highest point of her development. She will never be much other than what she now is. But you have still a long way to go. It is safe to predict that five years hence will find you a very different person from what you are now. You will have discovered new wants, of which at the present moment you have no suspicion. You will have rid yourself of many old possessions, which have their uses while we linger in the valley, but become impedimenta when climbing the mountain-side. And then you will have met in Paris the most refined, the most charming, the most intellectual women in the world. I have lived there, and speak with knowledge. You will look back with astonishment at this *grande passion* of yours, this green love-episode, and you will remember, with gratitude let me hope, that you are absolutely free. This at least, my young friend, is what I reckon on, and it partly explains the equanimity with which I have listened to your entirely preposterous proposals."

This frankly cynical speech was delivered with a confidence which Emil found extremely galling. The well-chosen words fell like drops of ice-water upon his red-hot passion. They rankled, like iron, long in his breast. He could not forget Dittenheim's looks and tones, which asserted a superiority in worldly wisdom hard to forgive. An immense desire to prove the Graf wrong laid hold of Emil, who said to himself that even in the impossible case of his ever loving Marie less than at that moment, he would marry her merely to show von Dittenheim how much he had been mistaken.

Meanwhile his departure for Paris became a settled thing, and his arrangements were facilitated,

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her. The Graf fully be-
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asked for a final inter-
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the broad plains of Koeln.
eaning on the stone balus-
Schoenemann held Marie's
little red hand between his
rvous white ones, and im-

plored her over and over again to
be true.

"I think it is you who will
first forget me!" she told him,
for she too had heard of the
sirens of Paris.

"Never shall I cease remember-
ing you! Alone, in exile, among
strangers, how could I forget?
But you will meet some man of
your own rank, and your people
will persuade you into taking him."

"Ah! indeed I would die
sooner!" she declared, with the
pardonable exaggeration of the
very young.

Emil had bought in Bonn two
crystal locketts exactly alike;
cheap enough trinkets, but as dear
as his purse could afford; pain-
fully ugly but safe guardians
for their destined locks of hair.
The lovers exchanged these me-
mentoes with due ceremony. They
were to be worn day and night
as talismans against misfortunes,
and pledges of secretly plighted
troth. Marie slipped his on to her
little gold neck-chain, which she
had worn with an Immaculate
Conception medal since childhood,
and gave him these also. He tied
hers with a ribbon round her
throat, and hid the locket in the
bosom of her dress. And finally,
after an incredibly protracted
leave-taking, and manifold signs
of impatience from the red eye-
browed lady who played propriety
at a little distance off, the young
people parted with vows, tears,
kisses, and mutual heart-break.

IV.

's first months in Paris,
tariness, the difficulties he
tered, and the extent to
he enhanced these by his
oud and impetuous bearing,
found in the biographies.
all this aside, being con-

cerned in following one thread
only of his story, in casting light
on a single episode in a career
which boasted many episodes, and
which, dating from his arrival in
Paris, embraced wider and more
varied interests daily.

By the time that he had published the first book of "Preludes," the worst struggle was over. He was beginning to be favourably noticed. Custom had softened his early detestation of the city and its ways into tolerance, which in its turn grew imperceptibly into affection. As in the beginning he had wondered how he could ever endure the new life and strange people, so at length he asked himself how he could ever again exchange the intellectual brilliancy of Paris for the somnolence of a German town.

At first the idea of Marie Dittenheim had been his constant companion. But as his days grew more busy, he could only remember her in leisure moments, and by-and-by when he occasionally recalled her image, it was to reproach himself with having so habitually forgotten it. For he was now beginning to make that long succession of warm friendships which is one of the remarkable features of his life; and to the friend of the hour he was always passionately and exclusively attached. It is true, these intimacies were seldom of long duration, and yet it was not fickleness which brought them to a close. The moment that Schoenemann discovered that he had passed his friend intellectually, he deliberately threw him aside. He said, and with some show of reason, that friendship being an exchange of mutual benefit, directly one ceases to derive advantage from one's friend, the friendship by that very reason is dissolved.

The most durable of his friendships was that, perhaps, with Madame Vasseur, some account of whom is pertinent to my sketch, since it was perhaps as much because of the empire which this lady began to exercise over him,

as from any other cause, that he eventually held true to his German sweetheart.

Flore Vasseur would be now entirely forgotten but for her connection with Schoenemann (which led to her tragic death in Rome years later), on which account brief notice is given of her by most of his biographers. She was, however, in her day, a flower-painter of some repute. Curiously enough, I recently came across one of her studies in an *appartement garni* of the Quartier Marais. It was a fruit-pie splashily painted, but all its colours faded to a uniform neutrality of tint. Nothing remained of its pristine glories, save the "Flore" boldly written in vermilion letters across one corner, and the date, "1842," underneath. She voluntarily sacrificed future glory for the praise of her contemporaries, and obtained by illegitimate methods a brilliancy of colouring as unrivalled as it was transitory. When it was pointed out to her that her work would not endure, she replied it would probably endure quite as long as it deserved to do. She had not the smallest desire it should be immortal.

"I wish to leave room for those who come after me," said she, jesting; "and every twenty years will produce a flower-painter as good or better than I. Such an art is perennial as the flowers themselves. It is not like the genius of Emil Schoenemann. The true musician and the aloe-blossom appear only once in a century."

Madame Vasseur lived just outside Paris, at Cerçay-sous-Senart. Her acquaintance with Emil dated from the third year of his Paris sojourn. They were introduced to each other at a musical evening given by the Pleyels. Emil had by this time just made the dis-

covery that general society was distasteful to him, that the adulation people now gave him was worse than their former neglect, and that the round of so-called amusement which he had at first followed with youthful ardour was in reality as insipid as it was enervating.

Madame Vasseur attracted him from the first moment he met her. She was not so pretty as many women, but she was vivacious, intelligent, and extraordinarily sympathetic. He acquired the habit of spending a good deal of his time at Cérçay. He found he could work there under happier conditions than in Paris. After an industrious and solitary morning, he liked to spend the rest of the day in Flore's studio. Here, to please him, she had placed a grand-piano, on which he would try over his latest compositions, while she painted with rapid skilful hand. Or if he wished to talk, she put down her brushes and gave him her whole attention. She had pieced together the scraps he had let fall of his early history, and took so vivid an interest in all that concerned him, that she could speak of the incidents of his boyhood, and of the people of Kletten-dorf, with almost as much confidence as though personally acquainted with them. She knew, too, all about the Contesse Marie; but on this subject at least, it must be confessed, her attitude was slightly chilling.

When she first knew Emil, four years of freedom still lay before him, and the years ahead seem vague and long as centuries; it is only when one looks back that they seem to have gone like so many days. In the beginning, his infrequent references to the young girl troubled Flore but little; she told herself a thousand things

might yet happen to release him from a position she felt sure no longer held for him any charm. But when, at last, he began to speak of his departure for Germany as likely to take place within a year—within a few months—her feelings towards Mademoiselle von Dittenheim deepened into dislike. It was characteristic of Schoenemann that, seeing this, he should refer to the subject more often than he might otherwise have done, and that he should adopt a tone of decision he was, in reality, far from feeling.

For he began to ask himself every day more seriously whether it was not a piece of quixotic folly to remain bound to a woman whom he had long ago recognised as unessential to his scheme of life. His mind swayed this way and that. Whenever he received a letter from Harms, he became for the next few weeks quite determined neither to return to Germany nor to fulfil his engagement; for poor August's expressed or implied confidence he would do both, produced an entirely opposite effect to that which the writer intended. But Emil could not forget his interview with Graf Dittenheim. He would recall the man's shrewd amused eyes, hear again the complacent superiority of his tone, and again be filled with the strong determination to prove his suspicions had been baseless. And naturally, there were many other motives pressing down the scale on this side or that. In real life, conduct is ever complex: it is only in the story-books that we find it determined by a beautiful singleness of purpose. Thus, much as Schoenemann might believe he despised social rank, he could not be a German and not appreciate the honour of an alliance with a Dittenheim; and, however coldly egotistic he

had become, he could not, as a man, stifle all feeling for the young girl, who, as Harms and rumour told him, still loved him so devotedly. Yet he knew that never again could she be anything to him but a burden; he knew he had passed her immeasurably, and that all the stimulus he found in such companionship as Flore's would be entirely wanting in his home life, should he make Marie his wife. The problem how to act best was a knotty one.

He sat one evening in the studio, with a letter from Harms in his pocket received that day. It was a more annoying letter than usual; for, whereas Harms as a rule spoke of Emil's return as a matter of course, he now, to the young man's great surprise, urged him vehemently to return at once. "Do not wait for the summer, best of friends," wrote Harms, "but come immediately and claim your Betrothed;" and then he hinted at some appalling misfortune overhanging the head of the little Contesse in dark enigmatical language, which aroused Emil's anger rather than his sympathy. He sat lost in thought, with set lips and a frown on his handsome forehead, while Madame Vasseur watched him pensively.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked him when the silence had endured some little time; "you are not happy to-night. Tell me what is troubling you."

"Do you think confession would make me happier?" said the young man, and his calm glances rested on her face with immense inward satisfaction. She had what he called such *fragende Augen*, eyes that seemed to ask and confide so much more than the smiling lips would admit to.

"Assuredly! I always find

that to confess my troubles is the first step towards dismissing them."

"Because probably your troubles are not real ones. I do not see how a real trouble or perplexity is to be vanquished by imparting it to another mind—especially to a mind less capable of sustaining it."

"A sweet compliment!" said Flore, laughing; and he found her childlike type of face delicious when she laughed. "But tell me, do you make no account of sympathy?"

"Not much. I begin to think that sympathy, like charity, is more harmful than helpful to the recipient."

"You are becoming so self-sufficing," said Flore, "that I should advise you to imitate St Simon Stylites; build yourself a pillar, and make music on the top of it."

"It appears to me," said Emil, musing, "that as we advance—mentally—we do live, so to speak, each of us on the top of a pillar, and have less and less communication with our fellow-men. In childhood the love and praise of our home circle alone is essential to us; later on we seek eagerly the wider appreciation of the world; but finally, we outgrow the necessity for either, and ask nothing but the approbation of our own souls."

Flore, with her graceful head on one side, watched him smilingly. "You have not reached the highest point yet then," said she, "for you do not look to-night entirely convinced of your soul's approbation. And I am glad of it," she added: "when that time comes, my poor praises will no longer give you any pleasure."

"Every man of course likes praise," said Emil, "but it is just as well to learn to do without it. I foresee little enough in the life

fore me. That is to intelligent praise, and worth the having."

"You thinking of your *fiancée*?" asked Flore.

my *fiancée* who is soon to be married."

He sat him in silence, but

"You are determined to wait the summer?" she said

ponder. In fact I have been away from home which necessitate my immediate return to Paris to settle my affairs, and he had come to bid you

in colour that rose to her momentary hesitation pass unobserved by him; but when she spoke, of her tone once more

her dramatic announcement, cried, "although I decision was only this me to. Well, you my best wishes were away for any other cause your marriage; but I a poor friend indeed affect to regard such a

ficial to you." "I know your objections," said Emil; "although, a married woman, the rather oddly."

what does it matter Whether I make more progress, am more or less difference does it for the true artist, genius, it is otherwise. asks from him, and best he can give; and reduction of his best, is an essential. How bly be happy married with whom he has no

doubtedly," said Emil; —NO. DCCCCXIII.

"yet what can I do? Morally I am bound to keep my word. Besides, the girl loves me. Her happiness counts for something in the affair."

"She does not love you," cried Flore, "if she cannot sacrifice her happiness to her love! Why, I . . . that is to say, a woman who really loved a man, would cheerfully see him married to another if it were for his greater good. But when she saw him going blindly to his own destruction, she would let the whole world perish, if by doing so she could save him."

"It is curious," said Schoenemann, speaking more to himself than his companion, "how one's opinions change! Seven years ago it seemed to me that life held nothing more desirable than my little sweetheart. Then I would have married her joyfully, and should have considered myself the most fortunate fellow in the world." He mused, clasping his hands behind his head with the action Flore knew so well. "Then I looked upon the whole of life merely as a preparation for love. Then it seemed to me that music itself was but a means of honouring the beloved one. Now I know that life and love, too, are but steps upwards towards the attainment of the highest art, and the passion which seemed so beautiful in youth, is only valuable for the deeper and wider emotions it enables us to express."

Madame Vasseur watched him with an indefinable air. "So you have outgrown love," she said, "as you have outgrown society, and as you will presently, no doubt, outgrow friendship. You progress so fast that with the best intentions in the world you could not promise to remain to-

morrow where you stand to-day. Do you not see that for you it is madness to contemplate matrimony?"

"True again," he answered: "to give up in any measure my liberty and independence, is to deduct just so much from the likelihood of producing good work. Yet it seems to me that if Mademoiselle von Dittenheim still desires it, I am bound in honour to fulfil my engagement."

Flore's smile condensed a vast number of meanings. "What! have you not outgrown such puerile notions of honour also?" she cried.

"In point of fact," said Emil, seriously, "I begin to think I have. The honourableness of holding to the letter of a promise, when the spirit which quickened it is dead or changed, does seem sufficiently puerile. And yet——"

How difficult he found it to decide what to do! He remembered the satisfaction his infidelity would afford Graf Dittenheim, and he inclined to go; but he remembered, too, the urgency of Harm's entreaties that he should return home, and he was almost fixed in his determination to stay.

Madame Vasseur, who openly watched him, seemed to read his thoughts. A flash of triumph lighted her soft eyes. The pleasure she felt was too strong to be concealed, and she betrayed it in her smile, in her dimples, in the animation of her voice.

"You will not go!" she cried gaily. "Ah! I felt sure all along you could not go. And I confess the studio would seem a strange and desolate land without you. I have the fancy I could no longer paint if you were no longer here to play to me."

Schoenemann looked down the long and lofty room, with its half-

lighted distances, its widely dispersed lamps, and said to himself he too should feel strange rooted out from a life that had grown so congenial to him. Here at the piano he had spent delicious hours, weaving musical fancies into which all his surroundings made subtle entrance,—the blossoms, flowers, and creepers, which during more than half the year trailed their lengths, shed their perfume, and spread their beauty all over the place; those other flowers scarcely less brilliant, which still during the winter months bloomed from the walls; the bizarre properties, the gorgeous bits of drapery, the thousand and one knick-knacks, every fold and piece of which he knew so well; Madame Vasseur's light graceful figure, and the small brown head held flower-fashion, now this side and now that, as she walked to and fro before her easel.

Yes, he recognised it was Flore herself whom he would miss most of all. She had acquired an influence over him which might in time grow irresistible. As he glanced at her and listened to her confident assertions, he told himself she would use every means to increase and rivet her power. He felt she would make far greater claims on him than a Marie Dittenheim could do. Here, even more than in marriage, was he likely to lose the independence he held so dear. Were he at the end of his life, he might perhaps be ready to acquiesce in this woman's gentle yoke; but now, in the zenith of his youth, with so much still to learn and to achieve, he must break it while he could yet do so without much pain.

As his hesitations finally condensed themselves into settled purpose, his brow cleared. Flore read his meaning in the bright

coldness of his glance. Her face lost its smile, and she sat in pale suspense.

"It is getting late," said he, rising, "and I have a great deal to

do, so you must allow me to say good-night. Good-night and good-bye both together. For at last I have made up my mind. I return to Germany after all."

v.

The Dittenheims, father and daughter, were residing in Berlin. The Graefin had been laid to rest long since in the cemetery at Nice, the town wherein so many European health-seekers find only a grave.

Schoenemann did not purpose going straight to the capital. He broke his journey at Koeln, in order to spend half a week at Klettendorf. He desired particularly to see Harms, that he might reproach him for the irritating urgency of his letter. He intended to recapitulate to him all Flore's arguments against marriage, to prove incontestably that for him, Emil, it would be especially fatal; then having reduced the unfortunate Harms to a state of abject despair, to go to move heaven and earth to make that marriage an accomplished fact. Quite at the back of his mind he rejoiced in the idea that when all his predicted misery should have actually come to pass, he would be able to inflict on Harms a still more poignant regret.

Outside of these intentions he found a real pleasure in returning to Klettendorf. He wanted to see the village, the old home, his own people again. He loved them all because of the relation in which they stood to himself. He remembered with the greatest affection the little Emil of long ago; the boy who had run so light-heartedly up and down the highways of Klettendorf, or in the dark cottage room had sat so many hours at the loose-tongued old piano, trying to

reproduce the song of the birds, or the gush and babble of the mountain streams. From the beginning all the world had made music to him; it was to beautiful and harmonious sounds his affections had first responded. Almost a baby, he had heard melodies in the winter winds which torment the woods above Klettendorf, and the Rhine for ever flowing swiftly seawards taught him harmonies.

He remembered now as though it were yesterday, numberless incidents which had impressed themselves on his child's mind, in which either his dead father or mother, Marie or Harms, arose as attendant figures; the humble house, the poor village as familiar background.

There was a unique occasion on which he had come into collision with his father, who had reprimanded him with some roughness. For two hours afterwards he had lain upon the floor, weeping tropically, and refusing to be comforted. He was about five years old then, and he had said to his mother in reference to the event a few days later, "I am always happy, and I wanted to be unhappy to see what it was like."

The man Emil smiled as he looked back on the child's curiosity to probe sensations,—a curiosity which, on another occasion, had made him persist, despite of gathering nausea, in assisting at the slaughter of a pig. He had stood a stubborn and white-faced spectator of the scene, until he had fallen down on the stones in a

faint. But the smoking blood, the shrieks of the victim, had worked upon his mind, and he had composed a little battle-song for piano and fiddle, to commemorate the impression. He had tried to represent horror and tumultuous movement, and to simulate by long wailing notes on the violin the cries of the dying. He wondered what had become of this early *opus*, which Harms had praised enthusiastically, as by the way he had praised every single work Schoenemann had produced since.

He remembered how as a child he had adored his mother; how she had once seemed to him not only the most beautiful and the kindest of women, but the cleverest also. It was only very gradually he came to discover her wanting in perceptions, and too occupied in mending and cooking to have time to listen to his music. By the age of ten he had already begun to lean more on his sister Marie, who was then seventeen, and full of the hopes, the gaiety, the uncarefulness of a young girl. Marie was devoted to the clever little brother, and no sacrifice was too much for her to make him. When he wanted her company she would give up any personal pleasure, or rise at four to get through the household tasks, so as to be free for his service. He remembered the hours he had spent with her dreaming aloud, while she listened and praised. And then as he came to be fifteen, she was less necessary to him than Harms; he had learned all she was able to teach him; she was as a book he had read through, and one of those books that do not bear reading twice. Henceforth all his spare time was spent in August's room discussing life, music, glory; improvising on his piano, or climbing with him the wooded hills

that shelter Klettendorf, walking through the apple and cherry orchards that gather round it. At that time he simply could not have existed in his narrow village but for the sympathy and affection he found in Harms. No wonder he had opposed August's desire to marry his sister; and Marie herself had become dear to him as ever, the moment there had seemed a possibility of losing her. But as it turned out, they might have married so far as he was concerned; and he thought with a faint and natural contempt of the weakness of poor Harms in allowing the whole course of his life to be altered by the will of a boy.

Memories such as these beguiled the way to Klettendorf; and for himself he was filled with a tender compassion. What a foolish affectionate fellow he had been! Ever ready to expend his heart on other people, ever believing he had found in each new personality the brother soul which was to satisfy him, ever condemned to struggle upwards alone. His past was strewn with the friendships he had tried in the balance and found wanting.

He was already beginning to gauge the limits of Harms's capacities when he had met Marie Dittenheim. His passion for her had been but transitory, yet how beautiful while it lasted! She would always retain a certain interest for him in having been the passive object which had awakened those heavenly feelings of first love. But he had long seen clearly that it was the light of his own genius which had transfigured her, and that he had fallen at the feet of an idol of his own creation. Ah! the wild, the wonderful, the delicious generosity of youth! He could not restrain a smile when he reflected, that in those days he had desired to con-

his whole powers, his whole life, to the service of a little faced girl with round eyes and hands.

supposed her hands were no red. Harms had written a grown thin, and had other- such changed. But the real must of course remain the a soul on a lower plane could never be raised to his, ore than he could success- toop to her. And such was heir union, one in name but in fact.

could and would show her as, bear himself with pati- ut henceforth all his highest and sympathies must be un- . Mournful anticipations of ture began to blot out the iter reminiscences of the nd he reached Klettendorf ood with his hand on the r garden-gate.

click of the latch brought omen out from the cottage t him: an old woman with f yellow-white hair showing it of a close net cap—his Kunie; and a woman no young, with the expression get whose lives have been y without one satisfying joy was the once bright and l sister.

enemann sat down with o the meal they had pre- or him; the best they could e, and yet almost barbarous omely ingredients and rude g, after the civilisations of

The coarse tablecloth was eful to him, so were the undled knives and forks, the beer-mugs with their tops. Aunt Kunie produced honour the Bowle wine, she made herself from elder- and oranges, and which as he had thought so delicious. e found it detestable, and scarcely bring himself to

finish the small glassful she ladled out for him. Her hesitating, trivial conversation teased him; he was only annoyed by her well-meant efforts to please. She thought herself bound to talk about Paris, the friends he had made there, and the musical world. It cost him a struggle to reply to her with civility.

When he looked at Marie, he was amazed to see how plain and old she had become. Again the thought crossed his mind it might have been better for her had Harms made her his wife. Certainly no man would marry her now.

He almost wished he had never returned to Klettendorf at all. His memory-pictures would always have remained agreeable had he never confronted them with the reality. However, he had been obliged to come in order to see Harms.

"What is all this about the Dittenheims?" he asked his sister. "August writes such mysterious letters. Marie Dittenheim has lived well enough without me for seven years. What is the 'urgent need' she has for me now?"

"People say she has always counted on your coming," said the other Marie.

"Well, and have I not come? I always intended coming this summer, but it would have been more convenient to have come a few months later on. Only, August finally gave me no peace. Where is he? Why is he not here to meet me?"

"He will be here at four. He had a lesson to give across the river."

"Always the same life, I suppose? He still lodges with Schumacher?"

"Always the same," said the sister drily; "no change but one ever comes to the poor."

"You will wish to go and visit

your blessed mother's grave?" said aunt Kunie. "Marie will take you there, and you will be back in time for coffee."

Emil walked with his sister to the quiet God's acre on the hill. He stood before the slate headstone inscribed to the memory of Franz Schoenemann and Marie his wife, and thought over many things. It is certain that a man cannot stand by the grave of his mother and not experience emotion. He had told her once in a transport of child-affection, that when he was a man he would never leave her, but would live with her always. And yet he had not found it possible to get to her dying bed. He wished now it had been possible; but it had not been so, although he had forgotten by this time the particular obstacles which had prevented him. He left the graveyard trying to recall them. He walked fast, absorbed in thought, and his sister was left far behind.

A man in slovenly clothes stood by aunt Kunie in the little garden watching for his return. Emil saw it was Harms, and said to himself he too had changed for the worse. He looked broken-down, blunted, unsatisfied with life, yet hopeless of mending it. After kissing Emil with his old affection, he waited for Marie to come up, and exchanged a few words with her of the most ordinary commonplace. The hopes he had once entertained were long ago extinguished. Now he was so wedded to the dull routine of life he would have dreaded any change. He had reached the point where all divinely implanted discontent withers away, and could meet the woman he had once loved and no colour rise to his cheek, his heart beat no whit the faster.

Her lot was perhaps harder; she had never known the happi-

ness of even unrequited love, but had lost youth and freshness, youth's adjuncts of hope and high spirits, and the gaiety that lends a passing charm to glance and smile, nursing in secret the agonising conviction that never once to any man had she afforded eye-satisfaction or heart-pleasure. She treated Harms with a certain bitterness, but there was no particular meaning in this; it was her attitude towards all the world.

Aunt Kunie had prepared coffee for two in the parlour. She and Marie retired to drink theirs in the kitchen, feeling sure that Emil would prefer being left alone with his friend. Harms sat for long silent and embarrassed. Momentarily he grew more impressed with Emil's immense superiority, visible even in such trifles as his dress, his manners, the way in which he held his head. He saw that any equality or companionship between his former pupil and friend was out of the question. He feared he had shown presumption in the warmth of his greetings. Emil was obliged to question him before he regained courage to talk.

"The Contesse Marie is ill! Is that the misfortune you hint at! You seem to imply she is dying of love for me. The idea is absurd. Now and again I have heard of the Dittenheims from Berliners in Paris, and from all accounts my Betrothed has become a most accomplished young lady of the world: the exact counterpart of her mother."

"You still love her, my poor Emil?" asked Harms, earnestly.

"Does it not look like it," parried the other, "since I am here?"

"You wish to make her your wife?"

"I mean, of course, to make her my wife."

"I knew it; I could trust

ed Harms, enthusiastically knew that you, a Rhine-
uld be true. And she,
3, loves you still; but
urally weak, and then
ached her—she spoke of
ne last year—and of
family made the most

But you can save her
at once to Berlin; pre-
self. It is fixed for next
believe; but when she
ie will retract her word.

beside her she will feel
ong enough to face the
es, and you will rescue
the worst possible fate.
orld knows what that
racter is; and besides,

how could he ever satisfy a woman
who has been honoured with such
an affection as yours?"

Schoenemann stared at the
speaker with a glacial irritation.
"You are raving," said he; "I
have no conception of your mean-
ing. Speak German—if you are
able—and tell me what fate
threatens my Betrothed?"

"Then command yourself,
Emil," said the good Harms,
himself greatly agitated; "keep
calm, I implore you! She has
yielded at last to over-persuasion,
and has consented to marry her
cousin, Baron Max Dittenheim.
The wedding is arranged for Fri-
day next."

VI.

ords surprised Emil as
douche of cold water in

He was quite silent.
felt a movement of sen-
! He saw for the first
ll its completeness how
im was the liberty with
ad been prepared to part.
ee, and in the only way
him, through the initia-
rie herself.

is surprise returned. It
ishing she should have

up—astonishing to the
moyance. A great many

Paris, some as well-born,
prettier and more intel-
an the little Contesse,
ve been proud of his

. Flore, an artist to
r-tips, good, gay, and
th the warmest heart
l desire, the most cul-
ind, only longed to be
o serve him. And he
d them all, had treated
h studied coldness for
of this little girl, who
d to play him false—
ing him wait for her
rs, and just when the

moment had come to claim the
fulfilment of her promise.

Beneath a calm exterior his
thoughts travelled with stormy
rapidity. What unexampled im-
pudence on the part of the father,
what treachery in the daughter!
His anger augmented. He could
no longer conceal it; for his armour
of polished coldness was but a
weapon of defence painfully ac-
quired. The colour rose all over
his face, and his ireful eyes fixed
themselves on August as though
he saw in him the chief cause of
offence.

"Go to Berlin," Harms urged;
"you will yet be in time."

"Do you imagine I should be-
seech her to reconsider, to marry
me after all? No. I think my-
self fortunate in discovering, before
it was too late, the falseness and
vacuity of which she is capable.
But I will go to Berlin and see
her. I owe this to myself. She
shall not ease her conscience by
saying I made no claim."

"Yes, I will see her," he re-
flected. "I will reproach her to
her face." He foreboded in this

interview a new experience which would be instructive to him. Still, as when a child, he sought curiously for emotions, and was eager to exalt, to intoxicate, to crucify his heart for the pleasure of standing aside to watch the effects. He purposely worked himself into the delusion that he still loved Marie Dittenheim with passion, in order that the sensations of the final interview might be the more intense.

He began at once to prepare for departure. Harms desired to accompany him, and Emil permitted him to do so, not caring sufficiently for his absence to find it worth while to forbid his presence. He kissed his women-kind without affection, and turned his back on Klettendorf without regret. It happened that he never saw either kindred or village again.

He made the journey to Berlin in impenetrable silence—arranging the phrases he should make use of in the coming scene, testing the bitter flavour of each word, and selecting those that would inflict the sharpest pain.

Harms respected Schoenemann's silence. He knew so well what the renunciation of the beloved one means. His heart suffered vicariously for the suffering of his friend.

Berlin was reached late one evening, and the two men put up at a small hotel. Harms informed himself as to the quarter of the town the Dittenheims inhabited, its distance, and the way thither. He accompanied Emil next morning part of the way. "Take courage!" he said. "Be sure she still loves you;" and then, with a warm hand-grip, turned and left him.

It was March; an iron day. The streets were searched by a piercing wind, trying even to the stolid cheeriness of the Berliners. People walked with heads held

low, wraps muffled up to nose and ears, hands encased in good woollen gloves, and still the universal enemy pierced into every chink and cranny, froze the marrow of their bones, and filled their eyes with dust. Not a propitious day for a wedding, if to-day it was, and yet the day poetic justice should select for the wedding of one who had broken plighted vows.

The Dittenheim house was large and handsome, with many windows looking on the street. Emil found the door standing half open, as though some one had just hurriedly passed in or out. An immense basket of flowers stood in the hall. Other flowers, rows of tall white lilies, masses of white bridal roses, white narcissi, and white snowdrops, were heaped in disordered beauty against one wall. There was a sense of expectancy, a flavour of excitement in the air, as though some imposing ceremony were about to take place. Emil, going in, found no one to question him. It was as though the household, thrown off its balance by the coming event, had abandoned its accustomed routine.

A door shut above. Looking up at the gallery which ran round the upper floor, Schoenemann saw a young woman flit rapidly by. She was in a light-coloured gown. She was not unlike Marie. He was convinced it was Marie. He hurried up the shallow steps. But before he reached the landing she had disappeared through one of the several doors which met his view.

An overpowering scent of flowers greeted him. Here and there on the crimson carpets lay a sprig of jasmine or a lily of the valley, as though such quantities had been carried up that the few which fell were left unheeded. The unfamiliar house in which he found himself, the silence, the fragrance,

led Emil of that other day, long ago, when he first visited the artist; then unknown to him, he was advancing to Love's

Now he told himself with earnestness he did not feel, he came to Love's grave.

Close to him, as he reached the end of the stairs, were high windows of white enamelled wood. They gave presumably on to the drawing-rooms, the dozen windows of which overlooked the

Here he should doubtless find Marie herself, or at least one who could bring him to her. He opened one door-wing.

To his surprise he faced darkness, the wind rushing up from the street momentarily extinguished the wax candles which stood in silver candlesticks down the

center of the floor. Emil took a step forward and closed the door behind him. The lights burned dimly in yellow and steady. They

cast their radiance down on a carpet of flowers, on a cloth of blue satin . . . what was it?

An altar? . . . or a bed on which a woman was sleeping? . . . The next instant Emil saw it was

Facing him he stood between the candles, looking down on the

Marie. For he knew instantly it was she, though at first his eyes denied it. She was

Angled from the little moon-girl he remembered. She

was sanctified and ennobled by the hand of Death almost beyond recognition. Her features in their

softer and finer outlines recalled those of her dead mother. Emil,

had looked at the Graefin never seen her in the old

saw her now, and admitted that she was fairer than the little

girl who stood beside her; the dead girl who lay at his

was even fairer than the

mother. Nothing remained absolutely of the Marie he remembered but the light-brown crinkly hair, which, flowing down on either side of the pale face, was spread out over the coverlet to the slightly raised knees. The delicate and waxen hands were crossed upon a crucifix, and on a satin ribbon round the neck hung a common crystal locket.

Emil had sought emotions: here he found some of unexpected thrillingness. He was genuinely shaken. The charm of his lost love for Marie returned with full force. His heart seemed to melt, tears gushed from his eyes, all his cold self-sufficiency fell from him. Could the dead at that moment have come to life, he might have flung himself at her feet and sworn eternal devotion. The locket cherished to the end touched him inexpressibly. He recognised his own hair still within it. He knew she had worn it day and night upon her heart, and had wished it to go untouched with her to the grave. He remembered with compunction that the companion locket was long since lost. It had gone astray in one of his many Paris removals.

For the moment he hated himself. By the power which is given to the imaginative, he identified himself with the dead Marie. In the interval of a few seconds he lived through her entire life, loved with her, suffered with her. He understood how completely and irrevocably she had given up her life to him, how to her gentle and faithful nature he had appeared the only man possible; he felt how constantly she had thought about him, how patiently she had waited and hoped, how the disappointment of his silence had only strengthened her love through pain. While he had

been working, living, enjoying a thousand interests, or concentrating them all into the one absorbing pursuit, his image had been for her all in all. During these seven years, when he had forgotten her for months at a time, or only remembered her with coldness, every hour of every day her thoughts had turned to him. Love and hope had kept her alive, when otherwise she must long ago have fallen a victim to the hereditary disease which shed its fateful beauty upon her face. It was only when hope was crushed out, and she found herself on the point of ceding to the continuous pressure of relatives and circumstances, that she had given up the struggle and life both together.

Down Emil's cheeks tears ran unchecked. Love, melancholy, and passionate regret flooded his soul. He gazed at the dead face, and to his shaken fantasy it seemed to regain the warmth and colours of life. He listened intently, and could have sworn he heard low and regular breathing. . . . But suddenly his heart stood still! A new force overwhelmed it. . . .

Meanwhile a figure, sitting hitherto unnoticed in the darkness beyond the circle of candle-light, rose and came forward. It was Graf Dittenheim, but an altered man. His air of amused superiority, his ironical smile, were gone. Death for the moment had dragged him down to a level with his fellows. He and Emil exchanged glances of instant recognition. Surprise, doubt, a sort of remorse showed themselves on Dittenheim's countenance. He looked at the tears which still wetted the young man's face, and with a movement of the hand indicated the dead Marie.

"Is it possible you cared for her after all?" he said in a low voice; "that you have remained true?"

But Schoenemann only looked at him in silence and with an intense earnestness. Then he turned abruptly and walked out of the room. Out of the room, out of the house. Like one distraught he slipped through the streets of the city, and meeting Harms on the tavern steps, flung him aside with furious impatience.

"Oh, for God's sake, leave me alone!" he cried violently; and Harms was not wounded. He saw that something terrible had happened, and he understood so well the hopeless misery that cries for solitude.

Meanwhile Emil double-locked the doors of his room, fearful only that the unlucky encounter might have stemmed or diverted the torrent of music flowing within him. He seized pen and paper, and began to pour it forth in a series of spluttering dots and dashes. His brain was on fire with the excitement, his soul filled with the fierce joy which only the artist knows, and he in the moments of creation alone.

With the waning light the sketch lay complete, and Schoenemann threw himself back in his chair with a smile of supreme contentment. Then presently came the reaction, he yawned, felt inclined for supper, locked up his papers, and went down to seek Harms, who was stupefied by his friend's genial spirits. But the latter was happy, knowing that the work he had just completed was very good.

For it was thus that the famous "Elegie" came to be written. This is the story.

THE FUTURE RÔLE OF THE ARMY RESERVE.

THE whole question of recruiting has been very much on the *tapis* during the last few months, and the Commission which has been appointed to consider the whole question will no doubt have many useful suggestions to make in their final report. Whether their recommendations will be carried into effect remains to be seen.

As, however, no important question was ever satisfactorily settled without a clear perception of the real points at issue, it may perhaps be worth while to point out to those of the general public who take an interest in this matter, that before any measures which may be proposed with a view of facilitating recruiting and rendering army service more popular than it is at present can have any possible hope or prospect of success, it is absolutely essential that some definite policy with regard to the duties which our Reserve is for the future to be called upon to perform should be settled and adhered to. Up to the present time unfortunately, it is only too evident that upon this point we have had no definite policy at all.

What, then, is the question to be settled? Briefly stated, and in precise terms, it may be put as follows:—

Is the Army Reserve for the future to be employed only as originally intended, in times of great emergency; or is it to be made use of, to a greater or less extent, for our petty colonial wars?

It will be well before coming to a decision upon this point to examine somewhat in detail the advantages and disadvantages which the adoption of either of these two policies is likely to entail.

If it should be officially announced that the Army Reserve was for the future to be made use of only for the purpose for which it was originally intended—i.e., for times of great national emergency—it might be possible in time to overcome the prejudices against Reservists which are now, as I have shown in former articles, unfortunately prevalent in the public mind, and by working systematically upon some well-considered plan, to find employment for a large number of them either in Government posts or in the general labour market.

It may be objected that if this course be adopted the country will have a large and numerous body of the best and most matured men in its army securely locked up in the Reserve who can never be made use of for the minor occasions which any day may arise for their services—i.e., for our petty colonial wars.

The practical answers to this objection are plain.

Firstly, it is obviously desirable that our Army Reserve should be kept in reserve for the occasions when we shall be certain most sorely to need it.

Secondly, if a Reserve force is looked at in its true light—viz., as a national insurance against a great and possible peril—a Government is surely quite justified in paying a certain annual price as a safeguard against an uncertain event which may possibly yet take place.

It will naturally, moreover, be urged by those who are in favour of restricting the Reserve to its proper use—i.e., that for which it was originally formed—that, considering our little wars seldom require the despatch of more than 5000 or so additional men from

home to the scene of action, our military organisation must be of very little value indeed if our disposable force at home cannot furnish that number of trained men without having recourse to the Reserve. The truth of this argument it is hard to gainsay.

Let us now consider the other alternative—i.e., let us suppose that it should be decided that, whenever a few thousand extra men should be required for one of our petty colonial wars, the Army Reserve should be made use of to the extent that may be required, and that consequently liability to be called out at any time should be recognised for the future as the normal rôle of the Army Reserve man.

In such a case it is doubtless very convenient for the military authorities to have the Army Reserve to fall back upon, with which to fill up any gaps in the ranks of the corps proceeding on active service.

This luxury, however, like other things of the kind, has its price, and as a direct consequence of this enlargement of the obligations of the Reservists, it will always be as difficult as it is now for them to obtain employment in the labour market. Hence the great majority of the men of the force will have to remain in the same condition of semi-destitution and poverty in which they find themselves at present. Now this present condition of a very large number of Reservists raises up, as is well known, the most formidable barrier against recruiting, lowers the character and reputation of the service, and naturally tends far more than anything else to prevent army service being regarded as a desirable calling by the working classes. That, I maintain, is the price which the country is paying for the luxury of being able to cover up and make

good the shortcomings of our ordinary organisation by making use of the Reserve for our little wars. I think it will be owned by most of those who have considered this subject that this is a price which the taxpayers and the country certainly cannot afford to continue for the future to pay. The public, moreover, may well ask whether it is worth while, for the sake of the 3000 or 4000 men who may be wanted to fill up gaps in the ranks for any little war, deliberately to destroy all chance of the establishment of any regular system of employment in civil life for men of the Reserve, which is, and always has been, the cardinal point upon which the ultimate success of short service must hinge, which is the goal at which the army authorities should aim in order to reap from short service to their full extent the satisfactory results which might then, and not till then, be reasonably expected to accrue from it? I say emphatically, No, it is not worth while to do this. If our ordinary organisation is worth the money which the country pays for it, it should be able to meet the requirements of any little war without having recourse to the Reserve.

There is another side, however, to this question.

It will doubtless be asked, Is, then, the country to maintain a Reserve which it is afraid to use for fear of offending the susceptibilities of the classes from which our recruits are drawn? The reply to this is plain enough. The present retaining fee of the Reservist was fixed when the obligation of Reserve service (in accordance with paragraph 5 of the Army Enlistment Act of 1870) consisted in liability to be called out in times of great emergency only. Since this obligation has now been made far more onerous than that

which he originally undertook, not only has the special charm of short service disappeared, but the Reservist naturally considers that he is entitled to a good deal more pay than he gets at present, in order to compensate for the disadvantages which, during his whole period of Reserve service, he is under in the general labour market.

To suppose that men will be content to give their services for great emergencies which occur but seldom, and for our little wars which occur very often, at the same rate, is about as reasonable as to suppose that labourers who had agreed to give their landlord one day's labour in the month for a certain payment, would be satisfied if it were proposed to them, on the strength of this agreement, that they should give a day's labour every week for the same wage.

If, then, the foregoing methods of dealing with the future use of the Army Reserve are the only two alternatives which it is possible for the War Office to adopt, I think it must be owned that the balance of advantage is greatly in favour of restricting the force to its proper use—i.e., for times of imminent national danger.

There is, however, a third course open to the War Office which, in my opinion, would present many advantages, and would deliver the army authorities from the dilemma in which, as must be evident from what has been said, they stand at present with regard to this matter.

As has been already remarked, the requirements of our small wars, as a rule, scarcely ever necessitate the despatch from England of more than 3000 or 4000 men to the seat of war to reinforce the troops serving abroad which are ordered there. If the military authorities are not prepared to take the responsibility of supply-

ing all the men who may in future be required for our little wars without having recourse to the Reserve, would it not be feasible and advantageous to establish and maintain a special class of about one-twelfth of the Army Reserve—viz., 4000 to 5000 men—who should be specially liable to be called out for any little wars for which their services might be required? It might then be officially announced that the remaining eleven-twelfths of the Reserve were for the future to be absolutely exempt from any liability to be called out, except in times of real national emergency. This would be the first step towards repairing the mischief which has already been done, and by giving confidence to employers and the public in general, would render it far easier than at present for nine-tenths of the Reservists to obtain employment in the general labour market, inasmuch as the only duty to which the bulk of the Reservists would be liable would be occasional trainings of a fortnight or so.

It may easily happen any day in the near future, as it has often happened before, that the War Office may find itself called upon to send out from our shores a force of 5000 to 6000 men, say, for instance, to South Africa. If such a necessity were to arise now—i.e., this month or next month—every one knows what would inevitably happen. Even the regiments first for foreign service would have to be weeded of fully 40 per cent of their rank and file on account of that percentage being found too immature to proceed on active service, and their places would have to be filled up in accordance with what, alas! has now become the established practice, either with volunteers from other corps or with Reservists.

Consequently, all our regiments

remaining at home would virtually be disintegrated and destroyed for nearly a year by being drained of all their best men. In short, the confusion, the work, and the strain which the preparation of 6000 to 7000 infantry for active service would under present circumstances involve, would be very great.

Suppose, however, that whenever any sudden emergency arose, the War Office had at its disposal a body of some 3000 to 4000 picked men of the Reserve, every one of whom was known to be able-bodied, medically fit, and periodically drilled, and upon every man of whom the military authorities knew that they could lay their hands at once when wanted, how very different would be the state of affairs, and how greatly the hands of the War Office would be strengthened by even such a simple organisation as this! Not a single volunteer would have to be called for or taken from any regiment remaining at home,¹ as the ranks could at once be filled up and stiffened with these men of the Reserve. On the other hand, every ordinary Reservist would know that he was quite safe from any liability to be called out for active service, and employers also would know that their men would not be taken away from them.

Of course it would be difficult for these Reservists to obtain regular employment in the labour market; but when once a scheme for obtaining employment for men of the Reserve has been properly organised, the War Office ought to have no difficulty in providing or procuring employment for so small a number as 3000 or 4000 men.

To those who were not so employed it would, of course, be necessary to give higher pay.

Surely some scheme of this kind is no impossible chimera, but one which, under wise management, might easily be brought within the domain of accomplished fact. As soon as this small portion of the Reserve had been thoroughly organised, other steps might be taken with a view of making the main body of the force more efficient than at present it promises to be. This, however, may be regarded from every point of view as the first thing to be carried out to a successful issue. For some years past it has seemed to the writer that some such plan as has here been sketched out would serve to solve some of the difficulties with which, whenever there is a sudden demand for old soldiers to stiffen the ranks of any regiment which may be ordered on foreign service, the War Office is from time to time called upon to deal.

With regard to this question of the employment of Reservists, it must be plain to any one who has even cursorily considered the subject, that there is one obvious means which the State might always have had at its command for effecting this object. I refer, of course, to the employment of soldiers who have served their time in numerous subordinate posts in civil departments. This idea of conferring "State rewards for State services" has, as every one is well aware, been amply discussed during the last ten or fifteen years from every point of view. Some ten or twelve years ago a Select Committee considered and reported upon it, and made

¹ This alone would be a great advantage, inasmuch as none of our regiments would have, on an emergency, to be disintegrated and utterly spoiled for a time as effective corps, by having their best men taken from them in order to fill up other corps ordered out on active service.

various recommendations and suggestions, by the adoption of which it was hoped that in process of time the desired results might be achieved. Unfortunately, scarcely any of these recommendations have ever been carried out, or, at any rate, no earnest attempt has ever been made to put them into practical shape. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as there is plenty of evidence and experience to show that when the system has been judiciously tried under conditions and restrictions that would be calculated to render it a success, it has fully answered the expectations of its advocates. Indeed, what can be done in this way, under due supervision and management, with soldiers after discharge, is amply shown by what Sir E. Walter has achieved with the Corps of Commissionaires.

The fact that the attempts hitherto made to give this project practical effect should, in spite of there being so much to recommend it, have wholly failed, would seem to indicate that there must have been, in the case of each effort which has been made, causes at work which have practically discouraged and hindered the due development of the scheme. These causes, though various in their origin, are perhaps not far to seek. Some of them may be stated very briefly as follows :—

In the first place, there was, as in all cases when a new project or system is taken in hand, the usual amount of opposition from vested interests and prejudices to be overcome. The proposed innovation—viz., that of rewarding deserving soldiers with subordinate posts in the Civil Service—was regarded by many as a threatened intrusion upon the rights and privileges which they had long looked upon as belonging to themselves, their dependants, and friends.

Secondly, the project was taken up so warmly by some of its advocates, that they somewhat injudiciously went to the length of proposing that all subordinate posts requiring merely clerical abilities and aptitude should in future be filled by soldiers or sailors ; and that, in fact, service in the army or navy should be the only avenue to such posts. Such extreme views naturally gave rise to much opposition to the scheme, inasmuch as this was going much too far, especially in a country where military service is unpopular and despised.

Thirdly, whilst long service was in vogue, there was in many cases the disqualification of age. Under the system of short service, however, this disqualification has, of course, disappeared. It is evident that among Reservists of from three or four to twelve years' service, and of fair education, there must necessarily be many more men eligible and competent for civil employ than was the case in the days of long service, when many old soldiers, from the stiffness of acquired habits, both mental and physical, and from defective education, were quite unfit for any situations in civil employ.

Fourthly, another cause which has probably hindered and retarded the development of the system is the strong bias against any project of the kind which is undoubtedly prevalent among some of the higher officials of the Civil Service. This bias may in a great measure be attributed to the failure of several ill-managed attempts which were made some twelve or thirteen years ago to obtain employment for old soldiers in the Post Office and other departments of the State, and which, owing to there having been no proper supervision exercised in the selection of men to be employed, naturally ended in a total failure.

To those who are acquainted with what has been attempted and what has been proposed in this matter, it will probably be plain that, owing to the various causes already referred to, the number of subordinate posts in the civil departments of the State open to Reservists on discharge will probably be small, and even if the War Office does its part and takes up the matter earnestly, it will be possible to provide thus for a very small number of men. It is equally plain that if any scheme is to provide employment for any appreciable number of the numerous Reservists who are now to be found all over the country, it must be worked upon a tolerably large scale, and over an area as wide as that from which our recruits are drawn. It would take a large number of appointments to supply even 300 or 400 vacancies annually. Even if the civil Government departments were eventually willing (as they might be if the War Office led the way) to co-operate with that department in this matter, some 50 or 60 appointments here, and 30 or 40 there, making up it may be from 300 to 400 in the course of the year, would of course be all very well, but would go but very little way towards providing the thousands of men who now compose the Reserve with employment and work. It is clear, therefore, that it is the general labour market that must be looked to as the chief means of providing Reserve men with work. Most unfortunately, however, owing to the Reservist having been left to shift for himself, and for other reasons already explained in a former article, the general labour market will now have nothing to do with him, and he finds nearly everywhere a strong prejudice against him. On this account, the task which the War Office will now have, *volens volens*,

to undertake, will be far more arduous and costly than it need have been if the Department had taken him by the hand on the first formation of the Reserve.

While on the subject of Reservists, there is another matter to be noted. Under our present regimental system the combatant strength of our regiments, both in the cavalry and infantry, is seriously diminished by the number of men in each corps who are employed in various posts, such as officers' servants, mess-waiters, clerks in the orderly-room, quartermaster's office, in the canteen, artificer's shops, &c., &c. In fact, it may safely be asserted that at present some 6000 or 8000 men in the British army are thus constantly employed. Surely these posts might advantageously be filled in each regiment by men who have served their time in the corps and passed into the Reserve.

As our army nearly always wants some 3000 to 4000 men to complete its established strength, there could be no better and cheaper method of thus adding some thousands of good men to its combatant strength, and of, at the same time, popularising the service, than the adoption of some such system as this.

The War Office would then be giving these Reserve men full pay for doing active work, and would have a large number of Reservists contented, instead of giving them 6d. per day for doing nothing, and sending them to starve for lack of employment, with the inevitable result that they will probably be, during the whole of their Reserve service, a standing warning against enlistment among the classes from which our recruits should be drawn. Which is the more satisfactory plan? It must be borne in mind, moreover, that these posts, which are at present filled by soldiers

withdrawn from the combatant strength, are generally the most coveted posts in the regiment; and that, therefore, if these berths were allotted to Reserve men, the prospect of obtaining them would form an inducement to good conduct during their period of service with the colours.

In close connection with this whole subject must be considered the question of deferred pay. There is a general consensus of opinion in the army that the present method of disbursing deferred pay is most mischievous, both to the interests of the soldier and to the character and reputation of the service. In short, under the present system, what might have been a blessing to the soldier has been turned into a curse. One of the most practical suggestions is, that the amount to which the soldier may be entitled in passing into the Reserve should be spread over his term of Reserve service, and added to his Reserve pay.

Again, it has always seemed to the writer that the system of deferred pay at present in vogue offers facilities for giving the War Office a hold upon any Reserve men for whom employment might be procured, either in Government departments or in the general labour market.

At present the whole of a man's deferred pay (which amounts to some £18 or so in the case of a man who has served six years with the colours) is sent to a man on his passing into the Reserve. This money is often, it is notorious, unwisely and quickly spent—not to say squandered—without any ultimate benefit to the man. If one-third of this sum (say £6 or so) was retained by the War Office till his term of Reserve service was over, and a

fair rate of interest was paid to him for it, the money might often be made use of much more advantageously, both in the interests of the War Office and also of the soldier, than at present. As the War Office would retain in hand some £6 or so of each man's deferred pay, the honesty of any man provided with employment might be guaranteed by Government to the limit of that amount. A somewhat similar regulation is, I believe, in force in the Corps of Commissionaires, and is found to work well.

One might even go further than this, and propose that the War Office should keep a soldier's deferred pay till he had finished his time in the Reserve, giving him interest and some small augmentation at the end of his time. This would, at any rate, have the effect of keeping many a man in the service who is now tempted to leave the colours as soon as he can, by the prospect of obtaining a few pounds of ready money.

With reference to this question of deferred pay, there is another point to be noted, which is, I venture to think, well worthy of the attention of the authorities of the War Office.

It is now rather more than two years ago since Sir E. Walter, the well-known founder of the Corps of Commissionaires, issued a circular to the men of his corps, in which he pointed out what a good use might be made of their deferred pay by men of the Reserve *if they were members of the corps*. The first paragraphs of the circular run as follows:—

"The founder of the corps, after several years' experience as regards the important question of 'Thrift' amongst soldiers of the Reserve, has found their present scale of payment to the savings-bank is not only quite

inadequate as a provision against the time when the temporary pension expires, but leaves the 'Reservist' in a most unfavourable position compared with that of his pensioned comrades, who, as a rule, when they have attained the age of forty years enjoy an average weekly annuity of seven shillings, thus enabling them, with their corps savings, to retire from active work at the age of sixty-five, or sooner if they are so disposed; and besides this, with the knowledge that they have made a comfortable provision for those they may leave behind."

"The possession of even £100 at forty years of age would be much below the value of a pension of a shilling per day at this period of life, and considerably less than the sum which every prudent man *could and should have saved if he has any self-respect or true spirit of independence.*"

"During his period of Reserve service—if a member of the corps—the soldier has ample opportunities of ensuring a competent provision for his old age; but as the duration of his temporary pension varies so greatly, it becomes absolutely necessary, in order to attain a certain result at a fixed period, that the savings-bank deposit on entrance, as well as the subsequent annual payments, should vary with the age of the candidate, and the expiry of his service in the Reserve."

"The following tables have therefore been prepared by order of the founder, and will show those Reservists who desire to enter the corps their ability to ensure themselves a fair provision—viz., £100 at the age of forty," &c.

It is not necessary to quote here the figures of the tables given with this circular, but the idea naturally occurs that if Reservists who enter the Corps of Commissionaires can be induced or compelled to make use of their deferred pay for their future benefit, Reservists who may be taken into Government employ might easily be compelled to do so likewise. It might indeed be made a condition of Government

employment that a Reservist should thus utilise his deferred pay or the greater part of it.

Again, seeing how greatly the spectacle of Reservists wandering about the country in a destitute or semi-destitute condition tends to discredit the service, it seems worthy of consideration whether the Reservist who has spent his deferred pay, and has been unable to find employment, should not be allowed to return to the colours within a reasonable period, and to serve out his time without being called upon to refund any portion of his deferred pay. This deferred pay, it may be observed, has been fairly earned by the soldier, and it is difficult to see upon what principle its refund in such cases should ever have been demanded by the War Office. In many cases a good and a trained soldier would be saved to the army, if men were thus allowed to return. In addition to this, there would be no inducement in future to any man to commit one of the commonest military crimes of the present day—viz., desertion from the Reserve and re-enlistment under a false name.

The great objection, of course, to men being thus allowed to return to the colours is, that the growth of the Army Reserve has hitherto been very slow, and that any measure of this kind must tend still further to retard its growth. While the numerical strength of the force was very small, this objection was valid enough. But now that the force has attained its present respectable strength, and is yearly increasing, the loss which the Army Reserve would suffer by the return of a certain number of men to the ranks might fairly be held to be fully compensated by the retention of a corresponding number of good men with their corps. The

authorities could exercise their discretion in deciding whether a man should be allowed to return to the ranks, and no man who was not thoroughly efficient in every way should be allowed to do so.

There is another rôle, and that is a very important one indeed, which the Army Reserve might have been playing for the last dozen years; if the welfare of soldiers, soon as they had passed into the Reserve, had received any fostering care and assistance from the authorities, and if the Reserve had not been made use of during the first years of the formation of the force for our petty wars, might easily have been made use of the greatest, most efficient, and cheapest recruiting agencies available. Unfortunately, however, we all know, an exactly opposite condition of things exists—inasmuch as the condition of the Reservists all over the country tends more than anything else to deter men from joining. If there were now thousands of Reservists contented, as well, and many of them in Government employ, all over the country, does any one suppose that the popularity of recruiting would be enormously increased thereby? It does indeed seem a strange thing that a great and important department of the State like the

War Office, manned as it is by able men, should year after year consent to be forced on the one hand to struggle and strive (and too with very indifferent success) to induce by every means at its command men and youths to enlist in sufficient numbers to fill up annual vacancies in the ranks, and that, on the other hand, it should, by its steadfast adherence to its disastrous policy of never doing anything to help the Reservists on leaving the colours, be the best and most certain of ensuring that the un-

popularity of the Queen's service should be deepened and accentuated among the various strata of our population as year after year goes by. It seems strange that it cannot realise that its difficulties in procuring a sufficient supply of recruits are, nine-tenths of them, of its own creation; and that for the last ten or fifteen years the work which it has laboriously and painfully effected with one hand, it has been undoing with tenfold speed with the other. Even if the War Office had, with the means and the money at its command, made some attempt in this direction, and had after a fair trial of some years failed utterly to achieve any success, the credit of having tried to do something might fairly be put to its score. But to have gone on year after year in the same rut and track, each year with no better success than before, with the inevitable final result of finding, in spite of a largely increased population, that military service at present is no whit more popular nor recruits more plentiful (but rather the contrary) than was the case a decade or two ago, does seem a somewhat pitiful waste of the great opportunities the department had on the first formation of the Reserve.

It can, however, serve no practical purpose to bewail and deplore the mistakes and neglect of the irrevocable past. Every one who has the welfare of the army at heart must hope that, for the future, a wiser policy will be followed, and that due consideration will be given to the obvious fact that the condition and prospects of the Reservists must always exercise an enormous influence for good or for evil upon the popularity and reputation of army service in the eyes of those from whom our recruits are drawn.

F. CHENEVIX TRENCH.

AUTUMN LIGHTS AND SHADES.

THE fading foliage of the various trees in our woods shows tones of maroon, crimson, orange, bright yellow, russet, and that pale-greenish grey, so hard—one might say impossible—to place rightly on canvas or to give an idea of with the pen. For, as the leaf-tissues get worn with the wear and tear of the season, they become semi-transparent, and the light shines through.

I have never seen a picture that seemed to me to do full justice to what might be called this humming-bird scale of colouring. After most careful mixing of the richest and most transparent colours for those wonderful shadows that have a bloom like that of grapes in their inmost depths, and after finding the clearest tones with which to touch in the bright high lights crisply and lightly, so that the colours may not be worked in the least degree, it proves all to no purpose.

One look at the canvas, one more look at the woodlands, with their living glorious colours, and the palette-knife scrapes off all that has been so carefully placed on. Easel and canvas are strapped up, and the would-be painter departs, muttering something about another time.

That time is still far away: no artist, dead or living, has ever adequately represented the glow of the fall.

The trunks of the giant beeches, flashing silver-grey in the sunlight, as it falls now here and now there, are spangled from their mighty roots, for some distance up the smooth stems, with the richest golden-green moss; and the dead leaves on the ground be-

neath, madder-brown in tone, throw the whole up in fine relief.

There is a depth of three feet and more, in some places, of pure leaf-mould; generation after generation of dead leaves lie there. Where some great tree, after living his life, has crashed down, huge branches from other beeches have swept over. Trees, like humanity, must have elbow-room. The sun shines in wherever the foliage is open enough. That giant limb that springs from the main trunk some thirty feet from the roots of the tree, bends downwards until the branches touch the dead leaves beneath. Then it sweeps up again in the full light of the sun, the gold, crimson, and russet tones of the foliage awaking a fancy that some splendid piece of tapestry of the richest hues has been stretched out in the woods to air it.

If the woods do not give all this variety of form and colour, you have only to turn round at the next break, and to look at the hills that rise directly above you in all their various shades of green. The colouring is very different there, but it is in perfect keeping with the glowing woodlands. You will find no jarring tone in Nature. The short velvet turf that covers the chalk is very different in hue from the junipers that stud the hillsides; holly and thorns help to vary the scale still more. The final touches are given by the white breaks of the chalk showing through, and the winding sheep-tracks that lead hither and thither over the hillsides. There are little patches of mottled gold and crimson scattered at intervals over the barest portions of the turf. The

used by the dying leaves of ailing brambles. It is very here; no footstep of ours heard on these soft, elastic leaves.

Still is it that the brown owl motionless, asleep, close to the of a Scotch fir which is near

One look at him through old-glass, and we pass on. Life is very scanty in these in the late autumn; even that great green woodpecker—the leaves his stronghold of echoes for a season. He however, proof positive that is not quite deserted them or as we slip quietly along, catches sight of us as he is busy in the stem of a decayed beech. Scuttling round, we can hear the click of his claws on the bark softly; he just pokes his crumpled poll round the other. His quick eye gives one glance at the intruder, then he yells loudest, making the woods ring with his maniacal yikes! I know any two birds that make more noise when startled than the yaffle and the blackbird. One may occasionally hear both together, then the row is terrible. At first, when out observing Nature, one does one's utmost to avoid seeing either of these birds, for contact is most disastrous.

When you pass through these old woods you might almost fancy you are walking down the aisles of a great cathedral. Not even a rustle can be heard either above or below; but walking on, you chance to step on a dead leaf which had been concealed beneath the leaves—it snaps, and what a commotion that simple act of has created! From some place in the undergrowth, where hidden eyes have been watching you passed, out dashes the bird, and shriek after shriek

peals forth as he flies. Misfortunes never come alone, and when the frightened yells of the yaffle—not his yikeing laugh—join issue with shrieks from the flute-player of the woods, the observer of Nature may as well “make tracks” at once; that rotten stick has proved a marplot.

The wood, which had appeared deserted, becomes instantly full of life; wood-pigeons shoot up from the tree-tops with loud claps of their wings as they dash hither and thither, crossing and recrossing in all directions. You can see through the breaks in the trees the under-coverts of the birds' wings gleaming in the light like silver. Rabbits, to whom you had been visible, although you had not noticed one of them, start out in all directions, showing their white scuts, from the hollows between the moss-covered roots where they had been feeding. Missel-thrushes screech their loudest; as to the jays, it is a continuous squawk! squawk! squawk! The chiding and chattering of the wrens, as they hop alongside of us in the undergrowth, suggest some fairy's rattle. As to the robins, you will not go fifty yards without seeing one, perched on a spray, looking at you most intently with his large dark eyes. He has come to see if it is a fox, polecat, weasel, or hawk that has made the disturbance. Finding who the real culprit is, he is not in the least put out; for he has seen a creature like that many times before, in the shape of a woodman who fed his family, times without number, during the keen frosts of the last bitter winter when they needed it so badly. The worst sound of all is the cry of the cock pheasant, and the drum of his wings as he flies through the trees, alarmed by the cry of the other birds. Chuck! chuck! chuck!

chuckup! Chuckup! chuck! chuck! —others take the alarm, and join in chorus with the chucking solo.

Before you have gone three hundred yards you feel sure in your own mind that you will come across a keeper; and you are not mistaken, for, as you cross one of those mighty kissing-stiles, at a place where rides or woodland paths meet, close to the stem of a tree which you have to pass, stands the guardian of the woods—a stout ash-plant in his hand, capable of fetching a man or stray dog down at one blow—with his retriever by his side, man and dog motionless. He will look hard at the field-glass in your hand, and at yourself too; and if you chance to turn round as you go on your way, you will find that he is watching you still. If you thought fit to tell him that you used that glass as a harmless observer of birds, he might appear to credit your assertion, "jest to obligate ye," as our country folks say; but in his own mind he would associate that innocent double-barrel with partridges marked down from the road, juggled for the night, or pheasants marked to roost. That field-glass in his eyes is far more dangerous than his own double-barrel. "Any tool as will bring hares, rabbits, an' birds, a long spell off, right under yer nose, waun't made fur nothin', you may 'pend on't."

Leaving these woods and the chalk hills behind us, we cross a trout-stream after a time, and find ourselves in the fir and heather district—a distinctly different country to all appearance, yet only divided from the former by a road and a stream. In front of us the firs stretch away mile after mile. Heather, broom, wortle-shrubs, and bracken cling, climb, and hold on

to any surface which their roots can penetrate.

Sandstone crops up out of the light soil in all directions. The banks and roads consist of a light sandy loam; the whole face of the hill on this side of the moor is composed of stone of the toughest and most durable description. A walk of three miles brings us to the highest ridge of these hills, and down the further side of it we look into the field lands, the hedge-sides being lined for some distance with fine oak-trees. In these the rooks are busy enough, cackling and cawing in high glee, as they thrash the acorns down in showers, like flocks of pigeons. As the day is hot and cloudless, and not a leaf or twig is stirring, we can see all their movements to perfection, looking right down on them as we do from the higher ground. A rook will have nuts if he risks his life for them. During the last fortnight I have watched these birds strip a large walnut-tree, right in front of my painting-room window. When they had finished amongst the boughs they very deliberately searched the ground at the foot of the tree for all the nuts they had dropped. These amusing thieves, dressed in shining black, are most wideawake and sagacious birds. Filberts and cobnuts they have a weakness for, as well as walnuts; the shell of the fine nuts being thin, they can split them open with one dig of the pick-axe bill. It is only when he can get no more of these by hook or by crook that the rook condescends to visit the oak-trees. In spite of all his astute calculations, he is a little out of his reckoning at times, for pigs are turned out in the fallow fields in mast-time to get their own living. Vicious, snapping, and chopping old mothers come

their large families of small s. Little pigs are the fun-creatures in existence; as stand watching them feed on mast—no matter if it be acorn each—first one and then er will pluck up courage to and look, until the whole of amily will be in front of you, tails wiggling, and their snouts twisting in all direc- whilst their little twinkling observe you keenly.

esently one will begin to frisk , like that little pig which the nan could not count. The s follow suit; then they face , and you will hear in rapid ssion snork! snork! week! ! snork! and then away they scamper helter-skelter, as if were flying for dear life.

you stop long enough—I it a point never to do that —you will hear the hazel crash, and savage grunts as some fierce sow rushes She champs her jaws, and icked red eyes look all ways ce to see who it is that has her darling snorks.

hear much about domestica- of animals: it has taken ages t them in that useful condi- but so strong are the laws of re that she asserts herself at rst opportunity, and the tame wild again. I know this to e case as regards pigs, at any

I speak from experience y bought.

en the farm lad who leads a y of snorks from one part of od or field to another finds too much for him at times, gh they are so well used to

The poor innocent sheep, as called by those who do not better, will clear the floor at ; and when a sheep runs k, he is nothing less than a

living catapult, that, if he took you fair, would knock the life out of you. We admire the rooks at their labours, which to-day appear to be for the sole benefit of the snorks and their mothers on the ground below, and pass on.

The firs on the outside belt get larger and more ragged, and the junipers show in great clumps on the open spaces—a sure sign that we are nearing the crest of this hill. Soon we come to the great stone quarry, which has been worked so deeply that it looks like some sea-cliff. We can tramp on without taking heed where we place our feet, for the vipers went to ground some weeks ago. I used to wonder at the way the woodmen would shake and poke about at their coats before putting them on again, after they had been lying in the heather, until I saw one of the reptiles found, coiled up asleep, in a velveteen jacket that had been folded up and laid on the ground.

We take the up and down track, over the intervening hills, in order to reach the moor. No cottages are here, with blue-grey smoke from the wood-fires on the open hearths curling up through the trees; nothing but hills, high banks, and knolls, with ragged firs on them, or birches perched on the sides gleaming out from their dark surroundings. If your foot catches in the heather you might as well be caught by a wire. Hollows abound, with their splashy bits of coarse rush-covered flats; so thick is the undergrowth that it is always cool and moist here in the hottest weather. It is a dreary part to travel over, for you will not see wild creatures about this district; many places on and about these hills are, for good reasons, avoided by them. Some birds

may fly over at times, but they do not rest here. Up and down goes the narrow path, partly covered in places by the tangle, and littered with stones,—a most trying path to follow. No sheep-bells tinkle here, no sound from farm or snugly placed cottage reaches you. Not even the distant crow of some lively rooster makes itself heard; for this is the very centre of the hollows of the hills—a district of fir-trees, furze, heath, and old thorns, growing in a mixture of stone, sand, and peat.

This growth is grey with moss. You will see no bits of wool hanging from branch or stem, to tell you that sheep graze here; you will never find any animal or bird, wild or domesticated, frequent a spot that is not beneficial to it. If domesticated animals are placed in pastures that do not suit them, they are certain to make a way out of them if it is possible for them to do so. This is now so well understood that farmers grow just what they know the stock will take to. You do not find cattle breaking bounds as they used to do in past years.

Where three or four cross roads meet, you will often find the pound which serves for different scattered hamlets; and close to the pound the finger-post is placed, directing you which road to take in order to reach a given point—if you can only get there. No doubt the number of miles is correctly stated by these ancient guides, but I feel there cannot have been the least stint in the measurement.

Three miles up a country track, called by courtesy a road, the wheel-ruts eighteen inches and often two feet in depth, the centre only a splashy track, is trying to

the temper—especially if you happen to slip in one of those ruts. The longest roads end some time. We reach the top of the last hill through the wilderness track, and then a view rewards our efforts that words give but a faint idea of. On and on the landscape of woodlands, hillsides, and valleys stretches into the dim distance. All the tones of colour that were ever spread on canvas, or dreamed of, are there before us. The light is so pure and strong on this glorious day that the shadows are luminous, and the trunks of the firs can be seen diminishing into the purple grey, clear even in the distance, like the columns in a cathedral when the sun shines, as it does shine at times, through stained-glass windows of the olden time. I could linger and gaze for hours, turning over in my mind the why and wherefore of the discord and jangle in this life of ours. The rush and hurry, the fret and struggle for existence, so much of which is needless and simply the outcome of human mismanagement. But we remember that Nature and her unalterable laws are just now our study; and these will act for good and ill irrespective of man, with his surmisings, his doubts, and his fears.

One thing is certain, when some of the mighty forces that are part and parcel of this same beautiful Nature act, as they do at times, disastrously, so far as man is concerned, he and all he has made are swept away, like ants off a path, by a gust of the wind.

Moralising is very apt to make you take little note of time or distance; we find we have reached the last spur that leads direct to the moor. I say *the* moor, because this is one of the most beautiful stretches of moorland

that the eye of man, woman, or child can look on.

After coming down the side of the hill our feet are on soft, mossy, velvety turf, for which this spot is noted. In point of fact this is a moorland glen, closed in almost entirely by the hills. You are in a spangled hollow, secure from all winds; not a sound, not even a chirp is to be heard. You might fancy it a scene from some fairy tale. This lovely moor is not frequented. It seems to be unknown save to a few; the destroyers of the beautiful have not been here. May they never come!

You are not able to see to the end of this natural paradise, for it extends to a long distance. Not even a drip or a trickle can be heard, yet the water is coming silently from the hill-top as it has done for centuries. Under the golden-green moss, and the dry grey hill moss, it runs through the matted roots of the fir-trees that show for miles on both sides of the moorland road, filling its hollows, even where the moorland stock have left the impress of their feet. Nature has done her own filtering here, and the work is perfect. The heather is still in full bloom in some parts; where it has been cut or eaten off, it is green, tender, and luxuriant: it is new growth in this sheltered glen. I visited this spot in the middle of last November, and at first I fancied from the distance that the patches of fresh green were self-sown firs. The thorns, both white and black, are ancient, covered from root to topmost twig with lichen and grey moss. The trees that line the road have, as I noticed before, their roots above the surface, running in all directions.

Each fir has its own circlet of

roots, covered over with mosses from the base of the trunk to the finest root-end that shows above ground. They look like huge spider-webs spread about. The never-ceasing run of the water from above is continually carrying minute atoms of the soil into the trout-stream that rises here; for this is the source of the Tillingsbourne.

On the hillside near the stream a luxuriant growth of bracken droops over. It has not been cut here, and it simply hangs, "nodding to its fall" in great masses of rich brown and orange, the tones brought up by the nearness of the dark foliage of the firs. What it must have been in the bright glad summer-time I cannot tell, but it is glorious in November, in the time of the falling leaf. In some parts, where the moor undulates, the stream forms little pools. From these moorland mirrors it falls in miniature cascades into other pools; then it is a stream once more, and on it runs down the moor. So clear is the water that the most minute objects are reflected in these little lakes, fit for elfin folk to sail on. There is a bottom of peat to all of them, paved over with large dark-red stones from the moor.

As the path we are pursuing is above the stream and the pools, the reflection we see is perfect. Birch-trees have a great liking for banks directly over pools; there is something in the mixed soil and the surroundings that suits their growth admirably. All is double; we have the birch above, and the birch reflected in the water below. The silvery stems, the drooping branches hanging over the pool, with the fading golden foliage, that ranges from all shades of rich red gold, through the inter-

mediate changes, to a shimmering greenish gold—all are here. A small handful of leaves have fallen on the mirrored surface, where they rest. Not a bird comes, even to drink. Excepting for the insect-life that is joyously disporting itself, all is quiet; if we did not know better we might fancy there was little life here. Yet this place teems with it; it is hidden from us, but we should not have to look long before we found it, concealed near to, in the luxuriant woodland growth. As we look we are reminded that there is life in the pools at least; for as we are looking at one of them, there is a very gentle rise, just enough to cause a few rings in the water, but they proceed from a good trout. All large fish rise gently, compared with small ones; a trout of two ounces will make more show in taking the fly than a two-pounder.

It is their close season, however, now, and they can dispose of themselves as they like. They will run up the rills like water-rats at play—a little circumstance that the herons profit by. These birds have been well acquainted with the quantity and quality of the trout in this particular moor-stream, and that of others round about these hills, from past records. Generations after generations of herons have, by means and ways known to their family alone, handed the knowledge down, through successive ages, that our moorland streams—and this one in particular in November—are full of trout. As we travel down the moor the stream widens; large rush-tufts, in rank luxuriance of growth, begin to line the stream, mixed with flags and sword-grass. Alders begin to show as the moor widens, and the vegetation is swampy in character,

but it is peculiar to the district. The alders are old, and, like the thorns that we have left behind us, grey with moss and lichens. Some of them have fallen through sheer old age, others have been caught in falling by those still flourishing. The living and the dead alders are coated alike with the same grey moss. On the knolls that rise here and there above the course of the stream are clumps of firs, self-sown; fine trees, many of them, with clean stems for some distance up, then a few limbs run out, and there is a thick crown of foliage above. No moss grows on their trunks, or “stams,” as they are generally called in woodland dialect.

We have passed through quite half the moor, when the hills above us, we find, are silently sending water down in great quantities; in fact, the road here is covered with the purest spring-water, and we are very cautiously wading through. It is two and three inches deep on the road, but if we stepped off for one moment we might find two or three feet of the same pure water under that golden-green moss which looks as smooth and level as a carpet. We go through this clear but very cold water at a snail's pace, so that we may not cause the least splash, for round the next bend in the moor we expect to find one or two herons fishing. If we took the higher ground, on the side of the hill farthest from the stream, to avoid that cold water, our search would, we well know, be a fruitless one; for no bird living has keener eyes than Jack Hern. Before we do actually come to the turn we slip on one side, and skirt round and in between some old grey thorns that grow on a line of moss-covered hillocks; more than

once we find ourselves about to sink through with one leg. Those only who have travelled through bogs and swamps know the peculiar gentle sinking, the final breaking of the upper crust. There is a dull sob as the leg is pulled out, and you see the hole filled with water instantly. As the ground here is higher, and my field-glass is a good one, I have from our ambush a complete view of the trout-stream and all that surrounds it. Sweeping the banks I get the alder twigs fifty yards away, covered with moss, so near, that the various tints are distinctly visible; the fallen leaves floating on the stream show even their curled-up edges. No herons are to be seen yet; I give my glasses an extra polish, and once more look right before me, and then I see something that completely staggers me; for though the heron has been a familiar figure to me for half a century, I have never seen him as he shows himself now.

From the trunk of one of the grey alders, the very tree that my glasses rested on, what appears like a grey stump steps, or rather seems to drop down, just as a dead limb drops from a tree. It walks, and now a fine cock heron "stands confessed." He is in full plumage; his long black crest plumes would be considered splendid trophies by any falconer. I fancy there is not the least fear of my losing sight of him; yet I do, and with the glass full on him; for presently he springs up noiselessly from the opposite side of the stream, into the firs. He walked across, on a fallen limb, unseen by me, in spite of my intent watchfulness. So very gently does he glide along, and his sober yet beautiful grey-white and black suit, touched slightly with grey-green

and yellow, harmonises so perfectly with his surroundings, that as he stands on one of the limbs close to the trunk of the tree, no one would take him for a bird, unless they had seen him fly up there, or had observed him move on his perch.

There is a blue-grey light under all firs when the sun shines on them. It creeps and quivers down the warm red trunks, softly wandering, now here now there as the sunlight falls on the foliage, peeping through it in places. It is all a warm purple-grey in the shadows. So is the heron. As he stands there on one leg, though to all appearance near enough for you to stroke his feathers, he seems only a shadowy form. Never before in my life have I seen him in such perfect mimicry of plumage, so conformed to his natural surroundings, as I see him just now. He soon wakes up again, glides along the limb, and floats down, light as a single feather, to our side of the stream.

And now I have him to perfection. Who cares for wet feet when his blood runs hotly as mine does now! I can see the movement of his fish-spear of a bill, which he gently moves as he glides—for his movement is too smooth to be called walking. All at once, almost with the rapidity of thought, up goes his crest, out go his neck and wings; with one spring he is in the stream and out again upon the bank, as quickly as he went into it. He has captured what he went in for, but what the prize is we are not able to tell, we can only see it passing down his gullet. Then he proceeds to shake himself in a most unbirdlike fashion, exactly as a dog does when he comes out of the water; the long-pointed breast and dorsal feathers

fly out from each side of him, so does the water.

That the heron, like the rest of the waders, could swim if necessary, I have known for many years; but that he would plunge from the bank for his prey into water too deep for wading, I certainly did not know before. In my eagerness to observe every motion of his, hoping to be able to add to my store another fresh trait in his character, I moved slightly from the cramped position, where I had been gradually sinking through a crust of vegetation between the roots of two old thorns. That slight rustle has made him suspicious, his long neck is raised, and the bird looks exactly like a pointed, decayed grey stake. The long light stripe is wonderfully like bare decayed wood where the bark has fallen from it. Then there is a change—that long lithe neck swiftly writhes round in all

directions, and his quick eye catches the glint of light on the field-glass. It is enough: slowly he floats up, without, as it appears, the least effort on his part; and from the trees, where she has been standing all this time unseen by us, floats his mate. Golden clouds mass themselves, pile upon pile, behind an old tower in the distance: it is a glorious closing to a glorious day. The light falls for a few moments on the whole length of that lovely secluded moor, making gorgeous the tree-tops and the hillsides; purple depths are in the valley. As the light shifts, those level treacherous mosses look like golden carpets. The light quivers, flashes, dies out, and the day is done—a cloud coming gradually over all. It is grey and misty, and, with the light, fade the herons far up in the distant sky.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

DAWN IN NYASSALAND.

NEW day is dawning upon the a region of East Central a. It was in 1859 that Livingstone and Kirk first travelled the Shire valley and highlands. Livingstone was captivated with the country and its possibilities. He wrote his letters home at that time were full of schemes of colonization. Christian colonies, the lack of arts and civilisation, the production of cotton, and the possibility of reaching the great interior by this door, so took possession of his mind, that we find him writing to his friends to draw private means to the extent of £1000 to £3000. The bright future for the Shire was then so near as Livingstone's heart anticipated. One day after another blighted his hopes, and his schemes fell to the ground. Now, however, a new day is dawning, nay, the sun is up. We therefore need not be unprofitable to recall what has already been done, what is now doing, and what we may hope for in these days on behalf of Africa.

Nyassaland is an immense tract of country lying around one of the great lakes in the centre of East Africa. Nyassa itself is an inland sea of perfect water, estimated at 1000 square miles in surface.

Its water is like that of our Scottish lakes. It is rich in fish, which, while they are not of the best quality, are fit to eat. The country is high, being on an average 2000 feet above the sea. In some places to the north it is very much higher. Speaking generally, it is cool, and fertile, and is quite well populated. This inland sea divides itself into one large river

—the Shire—which, after winding through a hundred miles of fertile highland country, rushes over the Murchison Cataracts, and then winds through a plain of rich alluvial soil. What the possibilities of these valleys and mountains may be in the production of rice, cotton, coffee, tea, tobacco, cinnamon, and cinchona, it is hard to say. The lands occupy three levels. There is first a plain on the level of the lower Shire river, much like the Nile; this is rich, close, hot, unhealthy, but with possibilities. Rising above this and stretching to the east and west is a terrace land, on an average of 2000 feet, which is, while less rich, salubrious and pleasant. Above is a third terrace, 2000 to 3000 feet higher than the former, and stretching east and west of the lake itself. This is positively cold, with a soil in many places like that of England. It can be said that the whole region is well watered. Most people in travelling—even during the dry season—trouble themselves little as to water, depending on the streams by the way. In many stretches of country the traveller does not journey more than an hour without crossing a rivulet. In some parts the rainfall is considerably above that of the Shire highlands, where it is proved to be on an average 52 inches.

The pictures drawn by Livingstone of the desolation by slavery which blighted these lands when first he saw them are most harrowing. Slave-hunters by profession were marauding the country, driving the inhabitants before them; burning their villages, destroying their crops, and capturing every creature on whom they could lay

hands. A British consul at Zanzibar estimated that 19,000 slaves from the Nyassa region *alone* passed annually through the custom-house there. Livingstone's own words are, "The slavers have hindered us effectually, by sweeping away the population into slavery. Thousands have perished, and wherever we go human skeletons appear." Such was the state of the Shiré and Nyassaland thirty years ago. Trade! the only trade that flourished was the slave trade.

The honour of first entering this region as pioneers of Christianity and civilisation fell to the lot of the Universities Mission. After doing all that men could do in battling against slavery, against tribal warfare, against sickness and latterly death itself, they were forced to leave the Shiré. There is plenty of evidence of the mark they made. Does not Bishop Mackenzie lie buried at the Ruu, across the threshold of Nyassaland? They were forced to leave the land in 1864, only, however, again to return. Eleven years after, the Scottish Churches began operations, and have succeeded. Now, other Churches and trading companies and coffee-planters and consuls have followed from time to time; and at the present moment a truly marvellous development for Africa is in progress. The early missionaries crossed with all possible haste the unhealthy flats on the Lower Shiré, and settled on the high plateaux and shores of Lake Nyassa. The success, after years of difficulty, opposition, sickness, death, that has crowned their labours is, we make bold to say, greater than they probably conceived. Could Livingstone travel up the Shiré river to-day and land at Katunga and see the trading station there and the cotton plantations and the natives; could he

set his face to the Shiré hills and travel along the well-made road of eight feet broad and twenty-six miles long, winding up the hills he climbed so long ago, to Mandala and Blantyre; could he see the coffee plantations being laid out on every side, the roads, and native village; could he continue his journey to Matopé, along an equally good road, and join the steamer there, and sail on the Upper Shiré into the lake itself; could he see the mission-stations there, with many schools of many hundreds in attendance; could he see the once wild Angoni or Magwangwara coming under civilising influence,—how his soul would be rejoiced at the fruit of his life's labour! Further, could he realise that the same influence was extending to Lake Tanganyika, and, although feebly, still further west, he would see that he had not spent his time in vain, but had been a real blessing to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men.

The Blantyre Mission is situated half-way between Katunga and Matopé, and nearly opposite the Murchison Cataracts. Mandala and Blantyre are adjacent. Travelling towards Blantyre from Mandala you cross a wooden bridge and enter an avenue of blue gum-trees half a mile in length. This leads to a square of several acres in extent, beautifully laid out. And, what! a cathedral! at the top of this avenue rise the dome and turrets of one of the most beautiful churches in Africa. Considering everything, that building is a marvel! It was designed by a missionary and built by the natives. Clean, well-clothed, intelligent English-speaking natives are seen walking about or engaged in their several occupations. No exotics of foster growth are these, but men of the

Anganja, or Atonga tribes. They are builders, some some gardeners, some—for this is an industrial—as are all the missions in land. You inquire as to soils, and find there are 200 people in attendance, that men and lads are boarders, from the tribes around, and families of influence. The scenery is equally interesting. The Blantyre is by no means the least; its productiveness is won-

Most English vegetables, and most fruit-trees—peaches, oranges, &c. You see by the head of the mission is the garden terraces with coffee-plant—I had called it a tree—standing by and speaking of it he refers you to the regular lines of coffee-plantations that have sprung up around. These hundred-thousands of coffee-plants sprung from that one tree.

Blantyre is admirably situated. Being high and healthy, it is the heart of no one powerful but between three,—the Anganja, and Angoni. For these three were at constant one with the other. Now,

that mission influence brought to bear on them, enable to live at peace.

Of us the greatest work Blantyre Mission is the guiding influence on these tribes of quarrelsome

Instead of war-ravages in the country, you have the Angoni coming from the west of Blantyre, living peaceably with their enemies the Ajawas; and Anganja from the Lower joining them as porters.

These three the spear is broken.

Work of similar magnitude

has been done by the Livingstonia and Universities Missions on the lake. Countries that but a few years ago were the scenes of cruel wrong and oppression are now comparatively peaceful. It seems, speaking generally, that the weaker peoples occupy the less healthy lake shore, and the more powerful dominate the hills. These latter groups have much of the Zulu element, and keep the weaker in constant terror. The one boast in days gone by was for the Zulu to drive the coast people into the lake. When mission influence was brought to bear in these parts, it was found impossible to occupy the lake shore without influencing the hill peoples. Years ago Livingstonia missionaries extracted a promise from a war-loving Angoni chief that he would not send raiding bands to certain parts of the lake shore. That promise has been scrupulously kept. Young fighting men have gone against the chief's order and wrought havoc, but they have been over and over again most severely punished. In many cases they have been maimed for life. Those coming into the country at the present time and travelling through it can have little idea of what has really been effected in this way. They are apt to talk loudly of those "wild beasts" the Angoni, and the Magwangwara, and the Awamwamba, and propose enlisting the Arab influence to crush them, and forget the true force of this milder method. It is only the resident in the country who can estimate the power of these savages of the spear. But the self-denying labours of the missionary, his living in their midst and creating a desire for employment, ever dealing justly, and, above all, his quiet advice against wrong, seems to tame these men as no amount of force will

ever do. Besides the above-named mission agencies, which have been long at work, there are seven Moravian missionaries and four members of the Evangelical Churches of Berlin at present on their way to the German territory north and east of the lake.

Yet another force is at work in these interesting regions, and is already making itself felt. It is the planting influence, and above all the growth of coffee. Fully ten years ago a coffee-plant—a solitary coffee-plant—the gift of Kew Gardens, reached Blantyre. Other coffee-plants were sent, but this alone survived. It grew, bore seed, proved itself wonderfully productive, and now coffee bids fair to have a mighty civilising influence on this part of Africa, and become an inestimable boon to its people. Already one planter has upwards of a million plants laid out, and others have hundreds of thousands. The Shiré coffee has long ago reached European markets, and is highly valued, commanding a first place.¹ So productive already are the plants, that one, who has had an India experience of many years, assured me that he had never seen their equal. In three years the bushes give return. Notwithstanding the heavy transport charges, all expenses can be borne, and a return secured, such as promises great things for the future. Already consignments of six and twelve tons of coffee have been shipped from one planter, and another has such large plantations that he has put a small steamer on the rivers. Year by year will see these returns doubled and quadrupled. There are at present ten planters in the country who have laid out, or are laying out, gardens, and some of

the more enterprising of the natives themselves are growing coffee, and finding a ready market for their crop. It is not difficult to foresee that, unless some serious blight overtakes this industry, the Shiré highlands will become a great coffee-growing region. The history of this industry more and more demonstrates that it is being located in its growth. The establishment of coffee-growing in the centre of Africa is a great factor not only for the settler, but as a benefit to the down-trodden people. Coffee, rubber, tea, cinchona, oil-seeds, all have promises. Tea has been tried, and although no return has been yet secured, the promises are considerable. Many plants are growing, and some have drunk tea from their own gardens. Coal has been found not fifty miles from Blantyre, and it has also been seen in one or two places on the lake, but nothing definite is known. Tobacco grows admirably all over the country, and is already a small industry in the hands of some. Good cheroots can be bought for 4s. per hundred. Cinnamon, too, grows, but has not been exported. The higher lands are free from "tsetse" fly and mosquitoes. The periodical droughts which were said to visit these lands have not been experienced for the last fifteen years; moreover coffee, on which so much depends, is one of those plants which does well on a comparatively dry soil; at all events it does not require the constant irrigation of most other crops, and seems to be well suited to the Nyassa region.

Within the last two years there has been quite a rush—not for gold, but for land. Every planter buys his own land. All that seems to be necessary to secure great

¹ It has recently fetched 112s. per cwt. in the London market.

hes of country is to draw out
ment whereby the supposed
—the chief and the head-
f the tribe—assigns the land,
, and rivers to the purchaser,
full and absolute possession
ll time coming. For the
of jurisdiction, legislation,
ven government, the buyer
in lieu of many guns, so many
so many guns, so much pow-
oes, &c. Such a document,
igned by the chief, head-men,
vitnesses, and adorned with
ish stamp, and certified to by
ritish consul, appears to be
hat is necessary. In this
er all the land around Blan-
worth buying has been bought.

too, on the Lower Shiré river
tuo and the lake has been so
d. Indeed, it seems that as
ily as cloth and guns and
er can be brought into the
ry, the land is so disposed of.
e other thing tends to the
tening of the new day on this
f the Dark Continent. Near-
y years ago the Chindi mouth
Zambesi river was declared
as steamers could cross.
erto a suitable entrance to
parts had always been a
r. This Chindi entrance is
able. Already several of
Majesty's gunboats, as the
and the Mariner, have
d the bar and sailed up fully
iles—even into the Zambesi

In June of this year the
ers Venice and Juba entered
hindi river, and discharged,
ut any difficulty, their cargo
the James Stevenson of the
an Lakes Company, and the
river gunboats Herald and
uitoe. It is therefore pos-
to sail from England up the
esi and Shiré to the foot of
urchison Cataracts without
traversing one foot of land.

surely, is a hopeful pros-

pect for the Shiré and Nyassa
districts.

So much for what has been done
by the early pioneers. Another,
a new and a greater, influence is
arising. This district of East
Africa has been declared a British
protectorate, and Mr H. H. John-
ston has been sent out as Com-
missioner. Mr Johnston is now
entering the country with the best
of prospects and opportunities.
The white influence is united, the
native tribes are at peace, and have
every confidence in the white men.
It only remains for the Commis-
sioner to utilise the materials made
ready to his hand, and a splendid
work on behalf of Africa will be ac-
complished. He brings with him
ten white men, two hundred native
"Zanzibaris" and Seikhs, one hun-
dred tons of goods, twenty ponies
and donkeys. Vice-consuls are
being appointed; a police force is
in contemplation; customs are
being formed; postal arrange-
ments, money circulation, and
other great plans are thought of.
It is not difficult, therefore, to
prophecy that the schemes which
moved the big heart of Living-
stone in 1862 are now actually
casting their benign influence over
Lake Nyassa and the surrounding
country.

The fifteen years' experiment of
white men living on these uplands
has demonstrated that Europeans
can settle and enjoy comparative
health in Central Africa. This
was denied by some. On the other
hand, Europeans resident in Afri-
can tropical countries and engaged
in pioneering work, are greatly
tempted to take liberties with
their own health, such as they
would never dream of at home.
Imagine walking for hours in tall
wet grass that frequently towers
overhead; imagine sleeping in the
bush in the heaviest of dewa with-

out a tent or other covering; fancy living in grass huts, or it may be in huts with mud walls, and exposing one's self by day to the fierceness of a tropical sun; or living on native food, or worse still, on tinned meats years old, or bread like a stone! Did Europeans abuse culinary affairs at home as they do in Africa, and live in equally bad houses, or expose themselves to the same influences, they would not exist six months. Utter recklessness is the occasion of many troubles that are put down to the climate. Africa, it is freely admitted, is malarious. We reiterate, therefore, that every European should have a good house, and not a thatched one. It should be raised above the ground, and every room should have a fireplace. That a fire should be lit in the sleeping-room each day we consider most important, not for the cold alone but for the damp. The cold, when the sun is to the north, is considerable. Few of us in Nyassaland complain of the heat when the sun is south, but we do complain of the cold, the damp, and the winds, and the amount of moisture during certain months of the year is more than is generally believed. Whenever, therefore, a European exerts himself and perspires freely, the perspiration does not evaporate, but adheres to the underclothing, and results in a chill and fever. Apart from fever, Africa is singularly free from diseases.

Livingstone's scheme of colonisation of the Shiré region by the English and Scottish poor, most of us think impossible meantime. The European living there does so at the expense of great energy. His constitution is much undermined. It is therefore absolutely necessary that one in five or seven years should be spent in

other latitudes. This was the experience of the first European pioneers in India, and it equally holds good in Africa. This being so, it is to the interest of the planter to conserve and encourage native labour, and indeed to entice the native to build and reside on his plantation. Africa can only truly be developed by the Africans. It is most interesting to see on the Shiré highlands this form of development carried out on the coffee plantations. There you may notice the European home in the centre of the plantation, with long rows of square neat houses in which native workers reside.

Thanks to the slave trade, Nyassaland is now quite underpopulated. Great tracts of fertile country are found without inhabitants. These will one day be put to good account by the planter, and in so doing he will benefit himself, and be an untold blessing to the native negro. Everywhere there is a demand for work, and that demand is greatly on the increase. The people are slowly perceiving that energy and the ability to work are of value. Nothing is more encouraging than this fact. Already the Angoni travel from the hills to Mandala and Blantyre, and the Mambwé to Karonga. They may come a distance of seven or ten days' journey, and remain for months engaged as builders or hoers or carriers. The Atonga go hundreds of miles from their own home, and trust absolutely the "Mzungu"—white man. Another tribe, the Mambwé, come two hundred miles for work. All of them carry loads of 50 lb. in weight for a distance of sixty miles for two yards of calico, that in Africa may not cost one shilling. The standard wage for an ordinary labouring man at Mandala is seven or

eight yards per month, which may be equal in value to 3s. A brick-layer gets a rupee per week: five fowls can be bought for 9d.

The native has a strong frame, a wonderfully persistent vitality, and withstands privations with remarkable light-heartedness. Imagine carrying a load of 50 lb. weight, with food and sleeping-mats in addition, fifteen miles, day after day, for a few yards of common calico!

The morning has dawned! The heavy part of pioneering work in these regions is over. The internal

slave trade between hostile native tribes is almost past. It is only in the far west of Lake Nyassa that the Arabs and half-caste Portuguese still openly carry on their diabolical work in human beings.

May the light of Christian civilisation and commerce that is breaking over the Shiré highlands and Lake Nyassa extend west to the great interior.

D. KERR CROSS.

BLANTYRE,
EAST CENTRAL AFRICA,
28th July 1891.

CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONGRATULATORY.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I am satisfied,
And therefore do account myself well paid."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true."

—*Ibid.*

TINKLER'S interview with the doctor, when next morning he went to discuss the momentous question which had so suddenly cropped up, was of a most satisfactory character. He merely called to ask for Georgie as a free gift, and nothing more. He did not mean to bargain or haggle over pounds, shillings, and pence, considering himself most fortunate and amply rewarded by securing the paternal consent. Therefore he was agreeably surprised when he learned during the progress of the interview that she would have, while her father lived, an ample yearly allowance, and at his death would become—as was natural—his sole heir.

"I have nobody else to leave it to, Tinkler," said the doctor; "and of course she gets all, subject to a

provision for her mother. Georgie will have a good man for a husband, and I am satisfied, and very thankful; but I'm sorry she is going, all the same. I grudge her to you, Tinkler."

"That is only to be expected, sir."

"Well, it is. We will not be strangers, however."

"I hope not," said Tinkler. "Please God we'll often see you at the rectory, where you will be ever welcome."

They were holding each other's hand all this time.

"Mind," the doctor said at parting, "I don't distinctly say that I may not make some change, by-and-by, in my will; but this doubtful point need not seriously trouble you as my son-in-law. The

change would be merely that I might give Georgie and you a life-use only, with reversion to one or more of your children, as the fit may take me."

"I only want your daughter, sir," explained the happy lover. "You have agreed to trust her to my keeping, and you may do as you like about money matters—everything touching the disposition of your property is entirely in your own hands. I am to-day fortunate beyond my deserts; and I feel truly thankful."

He went away without explaining whether his gratitude was given to Providence or to the doctor, or equally to both. Tinkler was not sordid; and as he shut the study door behind him, his heart-felt prayer was that the doctor might live to a ripe old age. He felt no curiosity to know how much his future wife was to get annually, or how his father-in-law was ultimately likely to "cut up." He asked no questions as to settlements, and was supremely happy in the prospect of possessing the object of his affections, and in realising his supremest anticipations of mundane felicity.

There was no hitch later on. Mrs Collyrium—whom he always rather feared—was melancholy, but resigned and complacent; and this was as much as he could expect.

"Did you kiss mamma when you were coming away?" asked Georgie in the hall, where she had been watching for him.

Good gracious, no! The idea never entered the head of the un-presuming Joseph; and he looked at Georgie, quite puzzled, but without making answer.

"But you know you ought to," she explained; "you'll have to get into the way of kissing your mother-in-law. Come back with

me now and make a beginning." She was amused at his perplexity.

"Oh no—not now—not to-day," said Joseph; "I think I'll be content with a substitute. Look here, Georgie—you'll come over—to Kate—in the evening, won't you! There is ever so much to—talk about." And here he looked about him furtively and nervously, as if the presence of a third party just then would not be too gratefully acknowledged or received.

Here I turn my back upon them, and leave them while—Georgie sees him out.

The news of the engagement spread with astounding rapidity, though no one could trace the source from which it started. The evening papers got hold of it, and paraded the information in largest print. It went all over the town in "less than no time." I believe myself, that Kate, in the fulness of her joy, let out the secret to her landlady, who was in the habit of coming in to admire the baby; and that, in this way, it got wind. But she was not herself conscious of having mentioned the fact, and was quite as puzzled as Georgie to account for its publicity. However, as Tinkler said, it didn't really matter, as it would have to be known soon, in any case.

Congratulations poured in upon him and Georgie from every quarter. He had no idea till now how popular he was in Westerly. The presentation made some time ago disclosed a great deal, but nothing to what was made manifest by the knowledge that he was about to be married to Georgie. A thrill of general and lively interest pervaded the community—the happy event touched so many chords of sympathy. Of course the wedding would be a big affair, as the doctor was known to be a large-hearted man, and rich. It would

benefit the shopkeepers—milliners, jewellers, confectioners—everybody. Wedding presents had to be got; and there was great speculation as to when the wedding would take place, who were to be invited to it, and who would be Georgie's bridesmaids.

When Canon Fungus got his paper, and saw the announcement, he took it in to his wife, neatly folded; and with his finger marking the exact spot, called her attention to it. He watched the effect with a sense of enjoyment and a grim smile.

"Well! the artfulness of it all!" exclaimed Mrs Fungus. "Just fancy!"

"I am not a highly imaginative person, my dear," explained the Canon; "would you mind enlightening me a bit?"

"My goodness!—can't you see?"

"See what?"

"Why—that the whole thing was planned. They might have told us before, and not have let us in for a second expense. The one subscription would have done for both events, if we had only known about this in time. Now we'll have to put our hands in our pockets a second time, to buy presents. It is most annoying to be taken in so palpably by such a chit of a thing as that Georgie."

"May I ask," said the Canon, with childlike simplicity, "are you sympathising with Tinkler—when you so express yourself?"

"I am not!" she replied, tartly; "what do I care about him?"

The Canon was drawing his badger. "Oh," he said, "I beg pardon. You see, the sentence was open to the charitable interpretation which I put upon it."

"Nonsense! what sympathy could he want, I should like to know? He will come in for

everything, as a matter of course; and they say that the doctor is worth thousands and thousands. Tinkler isn't half such a fool as he looks. I must say that, as a class, I think clergymen are the most sordid people in the world. I never met one that didn't know very well on which side his bread was buttered." The Canon felt the charge to be unjust.

"Do you think," he asked, with a bland smile, "that this knowledge is exclusively confined to us, my dear? Are there not, within your own knowledge, some honourable exceptions—not one even?" and he smiled an insinuating but sinister smile.

She looked at him, and took in the bearings of the question at a glance. He got no money with her, when years ago he elected to choose her as his wife, and this she very well knew; but he wasn't going to have an argumentative walk over, or to put her down with a sneer, for all that.

"If they don't actually go in for money," she continued, "they go in for something else—high connections and good family influence—which comes to the same thing in the end, remember that." The Lapsus blood was up, and he got a Roland for his Oliver. "One thing is certain now, at all events—namely, that you'll have to put your hand in your pocket to give presents to the bride and bridegroom; and as we are sure to be asked to the breakfast, both the girls and myself will require new gowns and bonnets and what not,—so you may prepare yourself for a pretty considerable outlay. I must call to-morrow on Mrs Collyrium to congratulate her and Georgie."

The comic element being exhausted, the Canon beat a hasty and ignominious retreat, and medi-

tated, in the solitude of his study, upon the more serious side of the picture.

Mrs Fungus was always equal to the occasion, and when a thing had to be done, she lost no time in doing it. She was one of the very first to pay her congratulatory visit. She embraced Georgie most cordially — kissing her again and again, and telling her what a nice bride she would make, and how greatly delighted the Canon and the girls were about it all. The result was, that she returned with a verbal invitation for her two daughters to act as bridesmaids. Georgie did not know yet how many she should have; but these two Fungus girls were the first in the running, and she would take no refusal from such old friends. Mrs Fungus was to tell her daughters all this, and Georgie would consider the matter settled.

Incredible as it may appear, Mrs Collyrium contrived to make herself as disagreeable as possible during her daughter's last few weeks in the house; and she did it in a way peculiar to women of her character and temperament — namely, by conveying the impression that she was slighted and made little of by husband and child. Yet, if Georgie wished to consult her on the thousand and one points connected with her wedding outfit, she was met by the cold reply — "Oh, don't mind me! Please yourself, Georgie. Your father has always let you have your own way. You know very well my opinion hasn't much weight." Then when poor Georgie, thrown on her own resources, ventured to act independently, the adverse opinion came out with full force — when it was too late to do anything beyond giving annoyance. "If you had asked me before you selected that colour,

I could have told you that it was most unbecoming," and so on. According to her mother, Georgie bought the wrong things, selected the wrong colours, went to the wrong shops — in fact, acted generally in a most idiotic and reckless way. But then she was her own mistress; and "If your father does not choose to interfere, why should I, Georgie?" would be the final question.

"But, mamma," the daughter would say, in her despair, "why do you always keep on saying that? Why can't you interfere? I want you to interfere, if you will. I have asked you, and begged of you, over and over again, and you won't."

No; Mrs Collyrium preferred to give her opinion always when it was too late. "It didn't matter," she maintained; and there was more satisfaction in this course, which left her free to lead up to it by sighs, and by a melancholy comportment meant to convey the impression that her child looked down upon her as a nonentity, and that her husband had become utterly indifferent.

There are matrons who will hardly believe in this portraiture of Mrs Collyrium; but, on the other hand, I have no doubt that there are fathers who will recognise the truthfulness of it. I have been told by the mother of a large family of boys and girls, that these disagreeably peculiar characteristics are always and only to be found in the case of a woman who has only one child, and that child a daughter. This may be true: I hope it is.

Fortunately, on this momentous occasion of which we treat, Georgie was not without some one to consult with. If her mother threw her over, she still had Kate and Lavinia; so that, on the whole,

she got on very satisfactorily to herself. She wanted the latter to be a bridesmaid, but Lavinia declared that nothing would induce her to fill that honourable and honorary post. The three daughters of old Dean Markham of Wraxeter stepped into the breach, and a distant cousin made up a sixth, so that this difficulty was also got over.

But what pleased and flattered Georgie hugely was an intimation, conveyed in the kindest way possible by the Bishop, through Stole, both to Tinkler and the doctor, that it would give him pleasure to take part in the ceremony. His openly declared partiality for the bridegroom had caused, and was causing, jealousy and heart-burnings among the clergy, there was no doubt; but Georgie knew nothing of it, nor did Tinkler dream of suspecting it. It is not every day that a girl can be married by a Bishop: no wonder if she felt a bit elated.

The wedding was to come off in five weeks, and there was much to be done; but when one's heart is in the work, it is quite astonishing how one rises to the occasion. Her generous father put no limit to her expenditure, believing that she would not abuse his trust and confidence by foolish extravagance. He was determined that

she should get as much happiness and gratification out of these preliminaries as was possible. The only drop of gall in the cup was administered by her mother: if she had been affectionate and interested for these last few weeks, Georgie would have forgiven and forgotten the disagreeable past. But this was not to be. Even the doctor came in for a double share as well as Georgie. The horrible injustice of it made him bleed inwardly; but to reason with such a woman would be useless.

How curious it all was! He was used to it now, after many years. Yet he had married this woman for love—and, strange to say, she loved him still; but it was the love of a selfish and jealous nature, which found gratification in assuming the rôle of a martyr without the shadow of foundation, and yet repudiated all sympathetic overtures, and hugged the slights which were her own imaginings.

When Georgie was gone, perhaps things might be different, he thought; but would they be pleasanter or more bearable? This was a speculation which it was as well not to enter upon. The vague uncertainty of the future frightened him, and he did not care to pry into it.

CHAPTER XXIX.—NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

"On the other hand it will, I know, be contended that war is not all loss."—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

"But they were sad ere day was done,
Though love was still the lord of all."

—SCOTT.

So in due time—the course of Tinkler's true love having run very smoothly indeed—that period arrived from which the honeymoon may safely be presumed to date; when the happy couple, having

escaped out of the hands and from the gaze of friends, have started on their first journey together; when the walking-stick and the parasol have got together too, wrapped in the one rug, strapped

for better for worse with the same strap, and repose peacefully in the rack of a first-class railway carriage, while the owners——

Well, they have secured a compartment to themselves which is "engaged": we must not enter, nor seek to play the part of Paul Pry through the windows. Let us not destroy all romance by too minute and prosaic particularity, but rather leave something to the imagination, and wish the happy couple lifelong agreement and felicity.

The reverse of the picture was not far to seek; for hardly a week had passed when the excitement caused by the events which we have narrated was eclipsed by news which roused the enthusiasm not only of Westerly, but of the country at large. The war was practically at an end. The daily papers announced a decisive victory—a complete rout of the enemy—and the capture and subsequent death of King Cocoa:—"The brunt of the fighting was borne by the gallant 201st, which distinguished itself as of old by its steadiness under fire, and its irresistible dash in the final charge. The enemy displayed the greatest pertinacity and courage, but was unable to cope with the cold steel at close quarters. The attack was in the nature of a surprise, after a brilliant forced march by our men, and resulted in the annihilation of King Cocoa's warriors and his own death. Our loss numbered—Major Sparke, Captains Garth and Jenner, and seventy-three rank and file, including four non-commissioned officers. Major Tynte was slightly wounded, and Lieutenant Bateman was severely hit, but not dangerously." So ran the first despatch from the seat of war.

It may be surmised that Lavinia

was deeply interested, and awaited, with intense anxiety, some further news. She could not hope for a letter for weeks to come, but the telegraphic messages relieved her from suspense, in a few days, by stating that the wounded were doing well, and that Major Tynte had resumed duty, and was going with the regiment to put down some smouldering elements of trouble which existed in adjoining territory before returning to England. Lieutenant Bateman was invalided, and ordered home with a detachment of the sick and disabled.

But if Lavinia was relieved, poor Kate was racked by doubts, forebodings, and uncertainty, and by alternating hopes and fears. Fate is unpitiful! At last a letter came to Lavinia from the major, and in it was the crushing news of the death of Hugh Scottowe—killed in action!

It was a terrible thing for Lavinia to have to convey the mournful tale to the tender and delicate young widow; and how she nerved herself to the task I cannot tell, nor do I care to dwell upon the grief and misery which overwhelmed both: it was a heart-rending picture to contemplate. What a mercy it was that the baby was there to give comfort to the stricken mother! I verily believe that but for him she would have lost her reason. The major's letter said that Bateman, who was on his way home, would tell all on his return, and had promised on landing to go at once to Westerly.

After the first violent paroxysms of grief had swept over her, there was a sad consolation to Kate in looking forward to Bateman's arrival; but she could not expect to see him for a long time yet. Fortunately and most opportunely another source of comfort cropped

She received the looked-for from her friend and former doctor, Adrian Verney. He settling his affairs in the colony, and would soon his way to England. He full of kindness and sym-

The passages in which he d to the prospect of seeing lopted daughter once again, efriending her husband and f, of course let loose the gates of her grief; but there ealing in them nevertheless. she did not even remember, new only by repute and in- nent correspondence; and by ove and regard which her r—who remembered him— ained, based on the know- that to this man they both ly life owed everything.

sad turn which events had shortened the Tinkler moon, and hurried Georgie

Then Kate and the baby taken off at once to Scottowery with the faithful Bridget, le Irish nurse and soldier's a picked up for her by the dy. This relieved Lavinia the great strain which her us nature had had to under- nd yet, when Kate had gone, lt a void as if something had aken out of her life.

fell back upon Pippetly, and ore exacting than ever in ; him to complete the pur- on which she had set her

The soldier was dead, but oman whom she had under- to befriend was living still, he little boy who bore the nan's name. Doubtless the s interest in this boy would e strong; and for the major's he would go through with solve. Adrian Verney was nd his letter showed that he

to maintain his character nevolence; but what turn

that benevolence might take she did not know; and all Pippetly could do to persuade her to wait and see was useless: she would not listen. He had to start off to London first; and then, on his return, he had of course to see the place he was negotiating to purchase.

It was a complicated business, as he found when he had mastered the documentary and legal details. In addition to a ruinous debt on the place, it appeared that by some curious testamentary process it reverted after the death of the last baronet to the male heir of some distant branch who had, in anticipation, sold the reversion. The representatives of the purchaser were scattered: some were dead, some were living, and some were supposed to be dead. The process of "hunting up" had been a tedious one, and had taken many years; but at last conflicting interests had been focussed, and an arrangement come to by which it became possible to sell, and thus to realise whatever remained to be realised by the sale of the house and estate. Private offers would now be received and be "submitted to the Court." Pippetly was the first in the field, and the London solicitors, pending the receipt of his bid, had sent down directions to the lady in charge of the house to give him every facility. The furniture and pictures were to go with the place or not, as his client might determine. Lavinia sent him down with strict injunctions to purchase everything as it stood. He was not hampered in any way, and from what he heard of the extent and value of the whole concern, he was well aware that Lavinia's wealth was equal to a bigger strain. The family portraits—which under other circumstances might have

"gone high," were not likely to do so when the family was extinct and the painters were not men of any great note.

Pipperly was wide awake. He hoped to get the place cheap—since he must get it; and he saw in the distance a remunerative resale to Adrian Verney; so that on the whole he was in good spirits as he took his departure. He put up at a village inn, some few miles away, and drove over. The place was, beyond doubt, charming, and not by any means in bad repair. He found himself very much interested in the "lady in charge," for Mrs West was undoubtedly a lady, and one for whom he could not but entertain feelings of respect rather than pity—she, in fact, commanded it without effort, and secured it without protest. He flattered himself that she rather liked him, after the ice was broken, and he certainly succeeded better with her than Tinkler did—I mean in the matter of conversation; for there was a certain friendliness about him, and a sympathetic manner, which while it was unobtrusive yet invited confidence where he did not seem to seek it. But he did not learn much after all. She had been a governess for many years. The head of the family in which she last filled this situation was a great lawyer, and having influence in the right direction he exerted it in order to obtain for her the temporary post which she now filled, and which she sought for rest and quiet of mind and body. Of course she could not expect to remain, and would probably have to resume her former occupation when the place was sold, but till then—

Mr Pipperly bowed, and assured her that she should be put to as little inconvenience as possible by

him and his client—if the place became hers. Mrs West did not know till then that Scottowe was likely to pass into the ownership of a lady; so Pipperly sat down and told her about Lavinia and the major and Kate and the baby Scottowe, and the absurd sentiment which prompted her to buy. Looking afterwards for a concurrence of opinion on the part of Mrs West, he was met by one diametrically opposed to his own, and which puzzled him as coming from a sensible woman of the world who must have seen something of its ups and downs. He concluded that she would have taken his own view of the matter, and he was completely thrown out in his reckoning by her pronounced admiration for Lavinia.

"Such women are rare, indeed," said Mrs West.

Pipperly agreed that they were, but could not help adding that it was just as well, because they were certainly most upsetting from a business point of view.

He remained several days, in order to master all the bearings of the case intrusted to him, and to arrive at an approximate idea of the value of the property. Then he had to hurry off to London again, taking Westerly on his way, in order to report progress. Much time was lost in passing to and fro, and more was lost in solicitors' offices and in interviews and consultations with barristers and what not.

Lavinia was growing impatient, when the appearance of Lieutenant Bateman created a diversion in Pipperly's favour. He was greatly changed and pulled down, as might have been expected—looking thin and walking lame, not having yet got over his wound, for which he made apology, as though he ought to be ashamed

then she heard full particulars of the major's wound also. "A ugly prod, by Jove! Miss Harman—in the shoulder, from those spears, you know, the fellows throw. Of course the major made precious little of it, stuck to his work all through. He was none the worse when he got home—in fact he was all the better before I left. I'm sorry I can't stay; but I promised him to go. Well, after I saw you, that I did not delay calling on poor Kate's widow. I have got some letters and things of his that I wished me to bring home, but I shall have to give her an account of the poor chap's death. He made precious short work of that fellow that struck Tynte, and five or six others, before he died. But there is no use in going into these details to you, now it's over. I don't know how I'll manage to get through with my infatigable business; but I'll have my own way somehow. I'd really rather be the enemy in the field—lame and all; I'm such a fool about the sort of thing, Miss Harman. I wouldn't cry, of course I don't mind so much."

English of all this was, that a brave man was afraid he might cry himself. However, there was help for it, and the ordeal was gone through. He started that night for Scot Rectory. They were on the

look-out for him; but as the trains did not fit in as conveniently as they might, he did not reach his destination till late next day, having some distance to go by road.

There was no mistake about the warmth of his welcome both by Georgie and Tinkler. They did not do more than introduce him to Kate that evening, postponing by agreement any reference to her husband for a few days. And it was well—for she burst into tears at the sight of the friend who had seen the last of Hugh; and had to be taken charge of by Georgie on the instant for fear of further developments.

"You'll let me see the baby by-and-by, won't you, Mrs Scottowe?" he asked. "I'll have to go and make his acquaintance, you know. I'll expect to be let into the nursery when he's awake. Mrs Tinkler, you'll have to get leave to admit me to the nursery, won't you?" and he put out his hand to hold her till he got the promise.

"Oh yes," said Georgie, "I'll see to that;" and she felt as if she could kiss Bateman for his tact and kindness, in just saying the very best thing he could say on the spur of the moment. "You'll let him, Kate, won't you?"

Kate found her voice, and said "Yes" too; so they went to hunt up Bridget to prepare Master Hugh for inspection as soon as ever he sat up in his cradle.

CHAPTER XXX.—AFTER LONG YEARS.

"*Elissa*. I am one in whose free faith the truth
And what is good is sacred.

Festus.

I am too.

Elissa. I cannot bid thee hence."

—BAILEY'S *Festus*.

was a sad blow to the proud General to find that, notwithstanding all his efforts, and efforts of the Bishop and his

clergy—with whom he had allied himself in the face of the common danger—Hinch should have triumphed so completely, all along

the line. The race meetings were now an established fact; and twice a-year the old man had to encounter defeat, conscious of the fact that, for three consecutive days, the devil was periodically let loose in Westerly. There was nothing to be done, except by the special interposition of Providence; and to bring about this interposition by means of supplication, was seemingly to be the constant occupation of his few remaining years. Prayers for the conversion of Hinch were being continuously sent up to the throne of grace—both privately and at the Plymouth Brother meetings; if still without response yet not without hope.

Tyson, the stiff old servant who acted as the Major-General's valet—a retired pensioner who had served under him—was alarmed by the change observable in his master, and did not see the necessity for taking the Hinch business at all so seriously, and so much to heart. It didn't seem to him to matter greatly what became of Hinch ultimately—he might go to the devil for all he cared, "and a good job too"; but this latitudinarian aspect presented itself to his own mind only: he did not venture to give expression to it, but if he had any power, he would have made short work of the meeting-house and everybody in it, as well as of Hinch, were his master—whom he loved and respected—safely out of danger. But he smothered and concealed his murderous and unhallowed views—so much so and so well that the Major-General believed him to be eminently religious. He was certainly, as a body-servant, a treasure; though it was awkward to find that his memory had no room for anything in the past but gruesome and valorous deeds of blood,

in which his master had played always a conspicuous part, but of which he did not care to be reminded, in his then state of mind and on the threshold of eternity.

The Major-General, on the present occasion, had only just recovered from the shock of one of these conversational revivals, when a knock was heard at the hall-door. Tyson hastened to answer it, and was agreeably surprised to find a strange face instead of one of the usual and familiar ones. There was an indefinable air of authority, too, about the handsome middle-aged visitor (which the genuine soldier always respects) as he inquired whether General Byng-Hudson was in. Tyson saluted as he answered, and took the stranger's card. Now he hadn't saluted any one else calling at that house for years. His doing so, therefore, implied a very great compliment, which, however, was utterly lost on the object of it, who stepped briskly in and made way for the shutting of the door. Tyson hurried off and presented the card, standing stiffly "to attention."

"Verney—Verney—I don't know him. Who is he? What's his business?"

"Don't know, sir; he didn't say, but—he's a gentleman."

Tyson did not mean this as an indication of the sex of the visitor—which, of course, the name on the card disclosed; but he wanted to convey that he was not one of his master's usual visitors, and he pulled himself up just in time to avoid the necessity of having to explain away his explanation.

"Show him in."

Tyson did so.

"You will, I hope, sir, excuse what may well be considered an intrusion," said Verney.

The old soldier got up and bowed in response. "If I can be of ser-

ny way do not apologise,"

"I am used to being in-
l, and if a man has busi-
re is no intrusion." His
; solemn look appeared to
t the other for a moment;
l to ask "Are you come to

"Are you one of the num-
postors, with a prepos-
terior and insinuating
who, with these two
for their only stock in
ey upon society and worm
es into the good graces of
ulous, the charitable, and
ry?"

man has business with me,
repeated, "I have no ob-
being disturbed."

not seek any favour," said
in response to the ques-
ook, coldly, but politely.
confer one, there is still
of apology."

to confer one—at least—
—"He was apparently
sed, and broke down in
an evident effort not to do
as strange.

"be seated," said the Major-
changing suddenly in his
manner, as he offered a
Verney did not sit; but,
his hand on the back of it
l himself, and went on.

ne, sir, from the colonies
journey—and shall prob-
return. Before leaving
country for ever, it just
to me—seeing your name
al paper—that, knowing
g of a person believed to
years dead—a person in
u may be supposed to feel
l interest—of your name
r own flesh and blood—I
come and tell you all I

was a strange far-away
he speaker's eyes, and the
re spoken nervously, and
a startled feeling to the

old man, as of a sudden awakening
from a prolonged sleep.

"My—my boy!" he gasped;
"my son—my son!" and he sank
into a chair—too weak to stand.

"Yes, sir—your disreputable
son!"

"Don't say that, sir! Do not
dare to say it! The past is be-
tween himself and me—and his
God. What right have you—?"

"Every right," said Verney, in-
interrupting; "I know him only
too well—better than you ever
knew him, and I deliberately say,
'your disreputable son.'"

"Perhaps you are justified. Ex-
cuse me." The old man struggled
to recover himself.

There was a pause. The white
head drooped, and big tears fell.
In his agony he continued, in
hushed accents, "Spare me! spare
me! I would have had it other-
wise. If he has wronged you, sir,
I may be able to requite you; but
be as pitiful as you can. I am
old, sir, and I have suffered; but
the Lord will give me strength, as
He has done in the past. Tell me
all. Let me know the worst."

"Take courage, sir; you know
the worst already—knew it long
ago. I would give you pleasure,
and not pain. He is in every
sense a changed man."

"Has he found comfort—grace?"
said he, with a sudden outburst of
hope and energy—"has he secured
his own salvation?" The fire of
the enthusiast was in his voice
and eye, as he looked eagerly for
an answer.

"I do not say that, sir. I can-
not give you any certainty as to
that; but I know that his affec-
tion for you has outlived his past.
I came to tell you this, and to give
you his assurance, at his own sug-
gestion."

"Dross! dross! dust in the
balance! What am I that he

should regard me? But his immortal soul!—his future? Give me assurance—give me certainty;” and he held out his hands imploringly, in pathetic supplication.

“I will tell you all I know,” said Verney, “and you shall then form your own conclusions;” and now, as he spoke, he drew the chair close to the old man and sat down by him. “After years of struggle, of privation, and of hardship, he succeeded in life. He is even now a rich and prosperous man. Early in his career, after leaving this country, he resolved, if he ever made his way in the world, to devote a large portion of his income to charitable uses. The rescue of orphan children from poverty and crime commended itself most warmly to his feelings; and with the co-operation of a good clergyman in his neighbourhood, who entered heartily into his plans, he founded and endowed an institution which he called the Bynge-Hudson Home. Strange as it may appear, he so named it—as I know—out of respect and regard for you. The same feeling induced him to suppress the fact that he was your son. He changed his surname, in order to hide the disgrace which he had brought upon it. His first charge,—for he commenced the work of rescue before he had the means to build,—a boy picked up in the street, was educated for the Church, sent over to England, ordained, and is now—rector of Scottowe.”

“Joseph Tinkler! Thank God for this good work, and for the change wrought by His Holy Spirit in my erring son. So long ago! He has atoned for much. But his regard for me—well, well—that is nothing—let it pass.”

“You do not believe, then, in his sincerity?”

“I did not say so, sir, God for-

bid! but—of his regard for me—of that we need not speak.”

“Why not?”

“Because, sir, since you press me, you are not perhaps aware that he made no sign through all those weary years. I believed him dead and—lost; and I mourned for him in bitterness of spirit. He might have spared me much suffering and agony of soul.”

“Truly he might; but as a simple matter of fact, an equally false report as to your death reached him many years back; and only quite recently did he discover that you were alive and well. He hesitated, even then, to communicate with you, as he learned that you had become—a—a religious enthusiast” (he was about to say a Plymouth Brother, but checked himself)—“which he is not; and he was not certain that you would care to receive back an unregenerate son. This is a question which I came here to ask—in his behalf.”

“Yes; with all my heart!” said the Major-General, starting to his feet, and throwing up his hands in a high state of nervous excitement; “with open arms! What am I! a poor sinner, saved, not by my own merit but through Christ. What am I that I should judge him? There is yet time for his eternal salvation. While there is life there is hope. I will write to him at once, I will bring him back. Tell me, sir, where I may find him, what name he goes by. Where is he?”

“He is known as Adrian Verney and—he is here!” The speaker started suddenly to his feet.

“My son! my son!” and the white head rested on the younger man’s breast.

Both were utterly unnerved, and momentarily overcome. They were

out not of one mind. they get on together? an ardent loving soul hristian humility with ance, the imperiousness l autocrat—a veritable unt, believing in the shment of all who did he dicta of his sect.

leaf to the attacks of l to the logic of facts. e carnal sword of the fight now in his old th the flaming sword t; waging war against ctual sufficiency which etting sin of the age— e of brains, and waging rrogance immeasurably

face to face now with : difficulty of his life. went out towards this who was lost and now after so many weary al years. But how if, his, the man should be ernity? The dreadful erwhelmed the old the fighting instinct asserted itself. He at the evil one. Adrian , and should yet bear ss to the truth, become and like himself find id rest. He must be ne at all hazards.

versation, as may easily , was long and earnest. was full of the eager of the saint, whose id fervour gained addi- from the peculiar cir- of the situation—his his piety, his courage, and regard which he as a father; the other son's affection and a se—equally courageous honest.

e the comforting as- rian, that you are not

lost, my son—that you are not an infidel, an altruist, an agnostic. Great God! not these."

"I am not an infidel, sir," said Adrian, letting the other designations pass; "but I would not deceive you."

"No, no. Be open and candid, now."

"I remember, years ago"—he spoke calmly, slowly, and deliberately—"how I used to watch the muster of the regiment at early morning in the barrack-square. That the bugle-call aroused the men, I knew; 'but,' I used to ask myself, 'who always wakes the bugler?' This was but the precursor of that momentous question to which we all seek an answer in after-life—the unexplained mystery that lies behind all creeds. You name it God."

"Surely, surely."

"I would not cavil at the name. But I belong to no sect—no creed."

"Nor I, my son—no sect, no creed. The Bible, and the Bible only, is my rule of faith—and quite sufficient for us all."

"Ah, sir, unfortunately to me the Bible is the great initial difficulty. I see so many religions based upon it, that to choose one would be a difficult matter to a perfectly unprejudiced mind; and we are creatures of prejudice or of precedent. Again, I believe in a Great First Cause—a superhuman mind—a God, if you will; and the Scriptural attributes of divinity are repulsive to me—I could not accept them."

"You deny the Inspiration of God's Holy Word, the Incarnation, the Atonement!" he said, fairly aghast with horror. "My unhappy son, may God in His infinite mercy convert you!" He clasped his hands, and lifted them to heaven, as if in supplication.

"I had hoped, my father, that it might not have been necessary to emphasise our differences," said Adrian, sorrowfully; "but since we have drifted into controversy, I do not wish to sail under false colours, or to deceive you in any way. Therefore, dreadful, shocking, and painful as it must appear to you to hear me say so, I am obliged in all honesty to confess that I do not accept these tenets which you hold as of vital importance. That there is a something above and around us which we do not understand—a power which we cannot control—is all that is certain; but I repudiate revelation; and rather than give you pain by the presence of a son holding views so diametrically opposite to your own, I will—having made my peace with you as complete as I can—return to the colonies."

"No! no! no! You shall not go till you have made your peace with God, Adrian. Promise me you will not go! Not yet, oh! not yet, Adrian—my son!"

"I will wait, then, for your permission, sir."

"I will pray for your conversion. We will all pray for you—at our next meeting I will tell all to God, and we will not cease till we are heard, and you have been plucked as a brand from the burning."

Supremely pathetic all this faith and fervour seemed to Adrian, so much so as to utterly dwarf the other aspect which it presented to a man endowed as he was with a keen sense of the humorous; it moved him to the depths of his soul. But above it all stood out, in bold relief, the sublime affection which had survived so much that should have killed it; which had forgotten and forgiven, and now asserted itself with all the freshness of the days long gone.

If the prayers of the fond old soldier, backed up by all the Plymouth Brethren in the place, must be, as Adrian knew they would be, ineffectual, what matter after all! There survived the great and loving soul. There need be no harsh disagreement or heated argument—indeed he felt that all argument would be simply thrown away. There was clearly no common ground between them on the question of creeds. Adrian was a firm believer in humanity, in the future of the race; and every quality which in the individual he could admire, now gave strength to his belief. Over and above the emotion which obscured the mental vision of the father, the son could clearly discern some of those noble qualities on which he based his own unformulated belief as to the capabilities and the destiny of man. He resolved to avoid controversy, and not to touch on these burning questions of his own free will; but he little knew the task that was before him, and had no idea as yet of the pertinacity with which he would be attacked—so terribly real were the dangers, and momentous the issues which, in the estimation of the old man, depended on the struggle. The devil should not take from him his only son. If he himself had made his calling and election sure, his son should not be cut adrift or left derelict, while a chance remained to rescue him from the pains of everlasting fire.

They spent a long day together, and, as may be easily surmised under the circumstances, the time passed quickly; but again and again did the father return to the one point which seemed to him the only really important one—in fact he could not let it out of sight. Adrian was too honest to hide anything when the ques-

tion at issue came to a head, and required a straightforward "Yes" or "No," hence many an unavoidably painful discovery on the part of his father as to his son's spiritual state. There was no arguing with him; he repudiated reason and controversy, and met every difficulty with the piteous appeal—"Believe, believe!"

Things got at last to such a hopeless theological entanglement that it began to dawn upon the poor father that if his duty was clear, his task was proportionately difficult; but with the feeling which prompts men of his profession to volunteer for a forlorn-hope, he nerved himself for the final issue. He would win or die; for supineness when the salvation of a human soul, and that soul his son's, depended on his energy, was not to be thought of. He set himself to know the very worst—painful as the knowledge was—because he did not feel his foothold sure till he had obtained this knowledge.

"We are indeed fallen on evil times, Adrian," he said, after a short diversion of subject, which his son in vain endeavoured to prolong, "when men holding preference in the Church are not ashamed or afraid to openly accept the theories of Darwin or of Huxley, or to put God aside altogether as the Creator of the universe and of man. It is a comfort to me that you at least acknowledge His supremacy."

"I do more than that, sir, for I say unhesitatingly that the facts stated by Darwin—presuming them to be facts—display the master-mind, the supreme intelligence, in a far more majestic and worshipful light than does the childish story of the Creation as narrated in the Bible." The old man visibly shrank, as if stung, but did not speak. "There seems

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to be a rooted antipathy to acknowledge the ape as an ancestor of ours; and yet—" The old man shuddered again, and mutely put the possibility from him with repellent palms.

"I do assure you, sir," continued Adrian, "that I can project my vision, without effort, into the distant future, quite far enough to discern so great an advance in the human race as to warrant the assumption that, even as we now repudiate the ape as our progenitor, so will the future and more perfect man repudiate us as having rightly occupied a place on the family-tree of the ages."

"The signs of the times are clear, my son: time will not wait. The finger of prophecy points to an end—to a speedy termination of all earthly systems. The days of this world are numbered, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand—the advent of the Saviour. Choose, choose, Adrian! Do not hesitate. Do not accept dross for sterling metal. Darwin is not God!"

"I never said so, sir. I have endeavoured to convince you that I do not worship any false God; nor do I, as a matter of fact, accept Darwin as an exponent of my creed. To me there are insurmountable difficulties, which have not been met or bridged over by any of these men. We shall have time, I hope, later on, to discuss points of difference and of interest, since it is your wish that I should remain at home. To-day I am compelled to be brief, because I am limited to time, and I have not, as yet, told you all I came here to tell you, and must tell you."

So it was at last arranged, by mutual agreement, that controversy should cease while Adrian explained his position.

He had to relate a good deal that is already known to the reader, and had to do it very cautiously. He saw all the difficulties he had to face, and he resolved to be perfectly open and frank, to keep back nothing, and then, when a clean breast had been made, to put again the question to his father as to remaining or returning. There should be no deception. It was a painful ordeal, but it must be faced calmly and resolutely.

We are only interested now in the result, which was more satisfactory than even Adrian expected. The father believed that by the providence of God this erring soul had been sent to him to save. He would never again lose sight of his son. Reluctantly, therefore, did he entertain the idea of letting him go even for a day. But Adrian was obliged of necessity to pay a visit to Scottowe Rectory. He must see Kate and Tinkler, to arrange certain business matters with them; but he promised that no time should be lost.

For years the old man had not felt so young at heart as he felt now; and when he parted with Adrian, he did so only on the solemn

assurance that there would be no delay about his return beyond what was unavoidable; and only let him go barely in time to catch the train for Bexley Junction, while he hurried off himself to the evening meeting of the faithful and the saved.

There was to him a sensation about this business as of "going into action" in the days of long ago; but the vital energy was not there, and he was physically unequal to the emotional strain which attendance at this meeting now specially involved. The Major-General belonged to that section of the Brethren which is composed of units all knit together by a bond of certitude as to their salvation; and part of whose occupation it is to listen to tales of backsliding and sin on the part of relatives and friends; and to wrestle with and importune Heaven for a special interposition in each case.

Heartfelt and deep were the prayers offered up that evening in Adrian's behalf; and the dear old man returned from the exhausting spiritual exercise flushed and hopeful that God would hear and save.

VON MOLTKE'S FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71.¹

tory of the greatest war close of the Napoleonic the pen of the great who organised in peace ed in the field, the army returned the French em- crushed the French na- t be regarded with no interest—and it is a worthy alike of the l the theme.

egun by Von Moltke in ; of 1887, and concluded y 1888. He worked at ee hours a-day when at y-house at Creisau. It taken at the request of w. When the proposal made to him he said: re the official history of hat contains everything" esently added, "To be is too full of detail for l run of readers, and far ical. An abridgment made some day." His sked leave to lay the is table. Next morning his task, and in January ed it completed in his and never again alluded ter."

urpose was," says Major von o give a concise account of But while keeping this in voluntarily—as was inevit- his position—contemplated om his own standpoint as ne General Staff, and arnts in connection with a eme which could only be headquarters. Thus this sh was undertaken in all of purpose as a popular ractically from beginning ; expression of a private

opinion of the war from the Field- Marshal himself."²

Von Moltke's style is very char- acteristic of the man—clear in thought, simple in expression, concise in narrative, absolutely im- partial, scrupulously just to his opponents, kindly to his friends.

His book requires to be read with great care and close atten- tion. Very sparing of words, his real meaning is often rather indi- cated than expressed; very silent by nature, what is left unsaid is often more eloquent than what is said.

We shall make no attempt to follow him through his narrative of a war the events of which are so generally known. What we desire to do is to place before the reader those expressions of opinion upon the most important subjects and events which pass successively under his review—and which will have an undying interest from the great part he played in them, and the amount of deep thought and long experience which they evince.

It is thus he opens his work:—

"The days are gone by when for dynastical ends small armies of pro- fessional soldiers went to war to conquer a city or a province, and then sought winter quarters or made peace. The wars of the present day call whole nations to arms—there is scarcely a family that does not suffer by them. The entire financial re- sources of the State are appropriated to the purpose, and the different sea- sons of the year have no bearing on the unceasing progress of hostilities. As long as nations continue independ- ent of each other, there will be disa- greements that can only be settled by force of arms; but in the interest of

anco-German War of 1870-71. By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth . Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fisher. 2 vols. 8vo. mes R. Osgood, M'Ilvaine, & Co., 1891.
Preface, p. ix.

humanity it is to be hoped that wars will become less frequent as they have become more terrible.

"Generally speaking, it is no longer the ambition of monarchs which endangers peace. The passions of the people, its dissatisfaction with interior conditions and affairs, the strife of parties, and the intrigues of their leaders, are the causes. A declaration of war, so serious in its consequences, is more easily carried by a large assembly, of which none of the members bear the sole responsibility, than by a single man, however high his position: and a peace-loving sovereign is less rare than a parliament composed of wise men. The great wars of the present day have been declared against the wish and will of the reigning powers. Nowadays the Bourse has assumed such influence that it has the power to call armies into the field merely to protect its interests. Mexico and Egypt have been swamped with European armies simply to satisfy the demands of the *haute finance*. To-day the question, 'Is a nation strong enough to make war?' is of less importance than that, 'Is its Government powerful enough to prevent war?' Thus united Germany has up to now used her strength only to maintain European peace; a weak Government at the head of our neighbouring State, must, on the other hand, be regarded in the light of a standing menace to peace.

"The war of 1870-71 arose from just such relations. A Napoleon on the throne of France was bound to establish his rights by political and military successes. Only for a time did the victories won by French arms in distant countries give general satisfaction; the triumphs of the Prussian armies excited jealousy, they were regarded as arrogant, as a challenge; and the French demanded revenge for Sadowa. The liberal spirit of the epoch was opposed to the autocratic government of the Emperor; he was forced to make concessions, his civil authority was weakened, and one fine day the nation was informed by its representatives that it desired war with Germany."—I. 1-3.

What a crowd of ideas does the above extract suggest!

The French plan of campaign is thus described:—

"The French plan of campaign was indeed based on the delivery of unforeseen attacks. The strong fleets of war and transport-ships were to be utilised to land a considerable force in Northern Prussia, and there engage a part of the Prussian troops, while the main body of the army, it was supposed, would await the French attack behind the fortresses on the Rhine. The French intended to cross the Rhine at once, at and below Strasburg, thus avoiding the great fortresses; and also at the start preventing the South German army, which was destined to defend the Black Forest, from uniting with the North Germans. To execute this plan it would have been imperative to assemble the main forces of the French army in Alsace. Railway accommodation, however, was so inadequate, that in the first instance it was only possible to carry 100,000 men to Strasburg; 150,000 had to leave the railways near Metz, and remain there till they could be moved up. Fifty thousand were encamped at Chalons as reserves. . . . The regiments had marched out of quarters incomplete as to numbers, and insufficiently equipped. Meanwhile, the reserves called out to fill their place had choked the railway traffic; they crowded the depots, and filled the railway stations. . . . No magazines had been established beforehand, and the troops were to depend on the fortresses. These were but ill supplied, for in the assured expectation that the armies would be almost immediately sent on into the enemy's country, they had been neglected."—I. 4-6.

Compare this with the German preparations and plan, and you will not wonder how the war ended.

"The means of mobilising the North German army had been reviewed year by year in view of any changes in the military or political situation by the staff, in conjunction with the Ministry of War. Every branch of administration throughout the country had been kept informed of all it ought to know of these matters. The Berlin authorities had

likewise come to a confidential understanding with the army chiefs of the South German States on all important points. It had been conceded that Prussia was not to be reckoned on for the defence of any particular point, as the Black Forest for instance; and it was decided that the best way of protecting South Germany would be by an incursion into Alsace across the central part of the Rhine; which could be backed up by the main force assembled at that point. The fact that the Governments of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse, denuding their own countries as it were, were ready to place their contingents under the command of King William, proves their entire confidence in the Prussian generals. As soon as this understanding was arrived at, the other preparations could be made. The orders for marching and travelling by rail or boat were worked out for each division of the army. . . . At the meeting-points cantonments were assigned to each corps and division, stores and magazines were established; and thus when war was declared it needed only the royal signature to set the entire apparatus in motion with undisturbed precision. There was nothing to be changed in the directions originally given: it sufficed to carry out the plans prearranged and prepared.

"The mobilised forces were divided into three independent armies on a basis worked out by the General of the Prussian Staff. . . . The three armies combined numbered 384,000 men.

"In his plan of war submitted by the Chief of the General Staff, and accepted by the King, that officer had his eye fixed from the first upon the capture of the enemy's capital, the possession of which is of more importance in France than in other countries. On the way hither the hostile forces were to be driven as persistently as possible back from the fertile southern states into the narrower track on the north. But, above all, the plan of war was based on the resolve to attack the enemy at once wherever found, and keep the German forces so compact that a superior force could always be brought into the field. By whatever special means

these plans were to be accomplished was left to the decision of the hour; the advance to the frontiers alone was preordained in every detail.

"It is a delusion to believe that a plan of war may be laid for a prolonged period, and carried out in every point. The first collision with the enemy changes the situation entirely, according to the result. Some things decided upon will be impracticable; others, which originally seemed impossible become feasible. All that the leader of an army can do is to get a clear view of the circumstances, to decide for the best for an unknown period, and carry out his purpose unflinchingly."—I. 11.

What clear military judgment there is in these two last paragraphs!

In the German army a very great latitude is given to officers commanding corps and divisions to act on their own responsibility when placed in circumstances not distinctly foreseen in their instructions; and in practice this permission was so largely taken advantage of during the war of 1870-71, that it is doubtful if it did not, in some instances, lead to unsatisfactory results.

It is a curious thing that owing to this cause hardly one of the great battles of the war—up to and excepting Sedan—was fought where, or as it was, intended.

Thus at Wörth: "The Crown Prince," says Von Moltke, "sent orders that nothing was to be done that would bring on a battle on that day."—I. 21. In regard to Spicheren he says: "As a battle on that day was neither expected nor probable, a simultaneous arrival of troops had not been prearranged."—I. 27. Of Colombey-Nouilly he writes, after explaining how, if the enemy *attacked*, they were to be met by a counter-attack on their flank:—

"So much caution was not deemed essential by all the leaders. The

French were already in full retreat; they must not be allowed to escape without further check, and the German army ought forthwith to strike a decided blow. The French had already resolved on a further retreat; but when the VIIth Corps became aware of their retrograde movement, a fight began which, by the voluntary intervention of the nearest divisions, developed into a battle in the course of the evening."—I. 39, 40.

Finally, at Gravelotte he records:—

"The two corps on the left had of their own accord taken an easterly direction without waiting for orders, and the IIId Corps moved up behind the IXth at the farm of Caulre. General von Manstein, in command of the IXth, had observed, from near Verneville, a French encampment at Amanvillers, apparently in a state of quietude. From that point of view the great masses of troops on their immediate left at St Privat were not visible. Mistaking this camp for the right wing, he determined to act on his first orders and take the foe by surprise. Eight of his batteries at once opened fire. But it did not take the French troops long to move into the position assigned to them. The independent action of a single corps naturally exposed it not only to the fire of the troops opposite, but to an attack in flank."—I. 70.

Thus the battle was unduly precipitated, and a great and unnecessarily severe loss to the assailing troops incurred.

The danger of these isolated attacks made on their own responsibility by independent corps was, however, much lessened by the strong feeling of good-will and comradeship of the Prussian generals. The moment firing was heard, every body within reach of the sound at once hastened on, without waiting for orders, to join in the fray. Thus ready support arrived from every side.

Speaking on this point at Spicheren, Von Moltke remarks:—

"In strong contrast to the good-fellowship and helpfulness of the Prussian generals and the eagerness of their troops, was the strange vacillation of the divisions behind General Frossard's line; only three indeed were sent forward to his support, and only two came up when the fight was already ended."—I. 34.

The following remarks of the Field-Marshal's on this engagement involve a great military truth:—

"It has been asserted that the battle of Spicheren should never have taken place where it did, as it frustrated plans on a larger scale. It certainly had not been anticipated, but, generally speaking, a tactical victory rarely fails to coincide with a strategic policy. Success in battle has always been thankfully accepted and turned to account. The battle of Spicheren prevented the IIId French Corps from retiring unharmed; it brought the Germans in touch with the enemy's main force, and it gave the superior command a basis for fresh plans of action."—I. 34.

The general advance of the Germans and their great right wheel round the right flank and on the rear of the French army, culminating in the desperate battle of Mars-la-Tour—whereby their line of retreat on Verdun was finally cut—are admirably described.

On the position of the French at this time, and Bazaine's motives, Von Moltke remarks:—

"The position of the French was one of great advantage. Their left flank was protected by the fortress of Metz, the right by formidable batteries along the old Roman road and a strong force of cavalry: they might safely await an attack on their centre. Of course the march towards Verdun, even under cover of a strong rear-guard, had to be abandoned. If the Marshal had been resolved to proceed, he would have had to engage and get rid of the enemy in front of him. It is difficult to decide, from a purely military point of view, why this alternative was not taken. There was hard-

ly a doubt that only part, and probably only a small part, of the German armies could as yet have crossed the Moselle, and when in the course of the day the divisions which had remained at Metz arrived, the French were decidedly the stronger. But it seems that the Marshal's first object was not to be forced away from Metz; almost his entire concern was for the left wing. By constantly reinforcing this flank he massed the Guards and part of the VIth Corps in front of the Bois des Ognons, from whence no attack was made. We are tempted to fancy that political reasons alone induced Bazaine, thus early in the game, to attach himself to Metz."—I. 50, 51.

His idea for the ensuing battle of Gravelotte is thus concisely and clearly enunciated:—

"In preparing for the forthcoming battle on August 18th, two possible issues were to be anticipated. To this end the left wing was despatched in a northerly direction past Doncourt towards the nearest of the routes still open for the retreat of the French. If the enemy were already retiring they were to be at once attacked and detained; the right wing would follow to support the left.

"In case the enemy was encountered at Metz, the left wing was to turn eastwards and outflank the French on the north, while the right was to keep them engaged in fighting until this movement was accomplished. The battle under these circumstances could not be decided until late in the day, owing to the widely turning movement of a portion of the force. A peculiar feature of the case was that both parties had to fight with changed front and break up their lines of communication. The consequences of victory or defeat would thus be greatly enhanced or aggravated, but the French had the advantage of a larger field for action and of reserves behind them."—I. 65, 66.

The heavy losses sustained by the Prussian Guards in their attack on the decisive point of St Privat are thus described:—

"Several ranks of riflemen, one above the other, were placed in front of the French main position on the hedges and fences on a slope up the ridge. At their back towered St Privat, castle-like, with its massive buildings, which were crowded with soldiers to the very roof. The open plain in front was thus exposed to an overwhelming shower of projectiles. The losses of the attacking Guards were, in fact, enormous. In the course of half an hour five battalions lost all, the others the greater part of their officers, especially those of the higher grades. Thousands of dead and wounded marked the track of the troops, who, in spite of their losses, pressed forward. The ranks as fast as they were thinned closed up again, and their compact formation was not broken, even under the leadership of young lieutenants and ensigns."—I. 80, 81.

Yet it is sad to think that much of this heavy loss was owing to an over-compact formation.

Of the far-reaching effects of the excessive loss in officers sustained here by the German army, Von Moltke says—

"Though the war-establishment provides one officer to every forty men, in this battle one officer had been killed to every twenty-three; a splendid testimony to the example set by the officers to their brave men, but a loss which could not be made good during the course of the war."—I. 85.

Very interesting is the account of the march of the IIIrd German Army and the newly formed army of the Meuse (three corps) upon Chalons, and its sudden wheel to the right and march on the Argonne Forest, when the unexpected movement of the French army under MacMahon, from Rheims, by Stenay, towards the Moselle—to try and join hands with Bazaine—became known.

Von Moltke's account of his change of plan, resulting in this wheel to the right, is in these words:—

"In war, probabilities alone have often to be reckoned with; and the probability, as a rule, is that the enemy will do the right thing. It could not be thought probable that the French army would leave Paris unprotected, and march by the Belgian frontier to Metz. Such a move seemed strange and somewhat foolhardy; still it was possible. The Chief of the Staff, recognising this fact, worked out a scheme of marches that same day by which the three corps of the army of the Meuse, together with the two nearest Bavarian corps, could be brought together in the vicinity of Danvillers, on the right bank of the Meuse, within three days."—I. 94.

During this movement the first symptoms of a war of the French people on the German invaders took place. The German cavalry had pushed on ahead of their infantry, towards the Argonne Forest.

"Reconnoitring to any great distance on the right of the army was made difficult by the Forest of Argonnes, which it would have been rash for cavalry to traverse unaided by infantry. The inhabitants of that district also became troublesome. The Government had provided them with arms, and organised a general rising. The Germans, who up to that period had made war upon the Emperor alone, were now forced to use their arms against the people. The *Franc-tireurs*, though not affecting the operations on a large scale, were a source of much annoyance to small expeditions; and as it naturally harassed the soldiers to feel that they were not safe by day or night, the character of the war became more embittered, and increased the sufferings of the people."—I. 93.

The ignorance in which the French were of this movement of the German army down on the right flank of their line of march, and its cause, are thus commented on:—

"The German generals were not less interested in gaining a thorough knowledge of the enemy's movements

than the French staff was in knowing those of the Germans. If the enemy had handled their cavalry well on their right flank, a surprise like that above mentioned would have been impossible; but the 1st French Cavalry Division was placed on the left, where there was no danger whatever, and the 2d was in their rear. It seemed as though they had paid less attention to repelling an attack than to evading one, and reaching Montmedy, the point of rendezvous with Bazaine, unobserved. At this period, when the advance of the Germans from the south could no longer be doubted, it would have been best for the French to turn against them and strike a decisive blow, or at least to clear them out of the way of their own line of march. If they had failed in this, they would at any rate have learnt that their undertaking was impracticable, and its continuation sure to lead to a catastrophe."—I. 97.

Foiled in their endeavours to reach Montmedy, the French army stood to fight at Sedan.

The terrible battle which there ensued is remarkable as the first in this war in which the movements of all the German army-corps were executed in exact accordance with the orders of the Chief of the General Staff. Von Moltke had evidently at last got his corps leaders thoroughly in hand—that is, with perfect freedom of action within their own spheres, but these spheres defined in accordance with the general plan.

We will make but one extract from the account of this, to the French, so fatal battle:—

"General Margueritte, with five regiments of light horse and two of Lancers, charged out of the Bois-de-Garennes. He fell among the first, severely wounded, and General Gallifet took his place. The charge was over very treacherous ground, and even before they could attack, the ranks were broken by the heavy flanking fire of the Prussian batteries. Still, with thinned num^{bers} flagging determination.

ed on the 43d Infantry Brigade reinforcements hurrying along Fleigneux. Part of the German ry on the hillside were lying cover; others were fully ex- in groups of more or less th. Their foremost lines were n through at several points, and achment of these brave troops their way past eight guns, gh a hot fire, but the reserves d checked their further pro-

A troop of Cuirassiers, issu- om Gaulier, fell on the German but encountering the Prussian rs in the Meuse valley, gal- off northward. Other detach- forced their way through the ry as far as the narrow way by ert, where the battalions hold- gave them a warm reception; , again, entered Floing, only to nb to the 5th Jägers, who fell em in front and rear. These s were repeated by the French and again, and the murderous il lasted for half an hour, with ly diminishing success to the h. The volleys of the infantry t short range strewed the whole rith dead and wounded. Many to the quarries or over the steep ices, a few may have escaped imming the Meuse; and scarcely than half of these brave troops left to return to the protection fortress. But this magnificent ce of the splendid French cav- ould not change the fate of the -I. 129, 130.

e results of the victory are summed up:—

his splendid victory had cost Germans 460 officers and 8500

The French losses were far r. Seventeen thousand were the work principally of the ; force of German artillery;) Frenchmen were taken pris- in the course of the action,) surrendered; 104,000 in all. The trophies taken at Sedan ted of three standards, 419 ieeces and 139 guns, 66,000 of arms, over 1000 baggage and waggons, and 6000 horses fit vice. With the surrender of eiv. Imperialism in France

There still remained, however, within the lines of Metz that large portion of the Imperial army under Bazaine, which was thrown back on that fortress by the battle of Gravelotte, and detained there by one-half of the whole invading German army.

On the 26th August, Bazaine made a half-hearted attempt to force his way out of Metz, at the conclusion of which he impressed upon his generals, "That the best service they could render to their country was to preserve the army, which would be of the greatest importance if negotiations for peace were entered into."—I. 139.

No question connected with this war has excited more interest or caused more controversy than the attitude now taken up by Bazaine, and the opinion of such a calm, impartial, and competent judge as Von Moltke is of much interest. He says:—

"There is no doubt that Bazaine was influenced not only by military but by political considerations; still the question remains, Could he have acted differently in the prevailing confusion? From the correspondence referred to, and his behaviour in the battles before Metz, he was evidently strongly opposed to quitting the fortress. Under shelter of its walls he could maintain a considerable army in good order till the right moment. The head of the only unimpaired army in France, he might find himself in a position of greater power than any other man in the country. This army must, of course, be first freed from the bondage in which it was now held. Even if it should succeed in breaking through the lines, it would be greatly weakened; and it was not inconceivable that the Marshal, as the strongest man in power, might be able to offer a price which should induce the enemy to allow him to march out. For if at last peace was to be concluded, the Germans would no doubt ask, Who in France is the 'hority with whom we are to

negotiate, now that the Empire is overthrown, and which is strong enough to give a guarantee that its pledges will be kept? That the Marshal, if his plans had been carried out, would have acted otherwise than in the interest of France is neither proved nor to be assumed.

"But ere long a number of men combined in Paris, who, without consulting the nation, constituted themselves the Government of the country, and took the direction of its affairs into their own hands. In opposition to this party, Marshal Bazaine, supported by his army, could come forward as a rival or a foe; nay—and this was his crime in the eyes of the Paris Government—he might restore the authority of the Emperor to whom he had sworn allegiance. Whether he could thus have spared his country even longer misery and greater suffering, need not be discussed. But that he was subsequently accused of betraying his country arose, no doubt, from the national vanity of the French, which demanded a 'traitor' to account for defeat."—I. 139-141.

This will probably be the opinion of all impartial men in the future.

Bazaine subsequently tried in earnest to get out of Metz. Upon his doing so, and the line he chose, Von Moltke remarks:—

"Meanwhile Marshal Bazaine seems to have recognised the fallacy of his expectations of the release of his army by negotiations with the enemy: he now decided to make his way out weapon in hand. That the attempt should again be made on the right bank of the Moselle was only to be expected, the main forces of the enemy being intrenched on the left. It would have been very difficult to traverse the mountainous region, cut up by deep passes, and they were sure to encounter the army of the Crown Prince on the march to Paris. East of Metz, on the other hand, there was ample space for the full development of his army. Thence to

the south there was open country, offering no cover to the enemy, whose lines were weakest on that side. The march to the north, and along the Belgian frontier, offered more danger and greater obstacles, and yet the Marshal had selected this very road."—I. 141, 142.

It is very interesting to note, from the concluding part of the above extract, that Von Moltke held the opinion so strongly expressed by our ablest military writer, Sir Edward Hamley, in his admirable '*Operations of War*'¹ (pp. 329, 393), that to break through southwards, in the direction of Strasburg, was the only real chance open to Bazaine; and that, if tried and vigorously pushed with his whole force, it ought to have succeeded.

The situation on the fall of Sedan is admirably depicted. After noting the outbreak in Paris, on the arrival of the news of Sedan, he says:—

"Though the troops were under arms in their barracks, the Government till now in power offered no resistance; the Empress left Paris; General Trochu and several members in the minority in the Chamber combined to form a Government, which they styled 'The Government of National Defence and War.' War to the bitter end was their motto, and the entire nation was called to arms. Not an inch of territory, not a stone of the fortresses was to be yielded up to the enemy. A government devoid of legitimate foundation must achieve some manifest success, and could not afford to allow the war to end in peace.

"Notwithstanding all previous reverses, France was too rich in resources to find herself defenceless yet. General Vinoy was still in the field. The dispersed members of all the corps, the Marine Troops, and the Gen-

¹ The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated. By General Sir E. R. Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.P. Fifth Edition. William Blackwood & Sons, 1889.

darmerie could rally around him. There was, too, the 'Territorial Militia,' numbering 468,000 men, an institution due to Marshal Niel, whose far-seeing work of reorganisation had been cut short only too soon. Then the Garde Nationale could be called out, as well as 100,000 newly levied recruits. France was thus able to send a million men to the front, without reckoning Franc-tireurs and Volunteer Corps. 400,000 Chassepots and 2000 guns lying in store would arm these troops, and the workshops of England, as a neutral Power, were ready to complete their outfit as a matter of business. Such means of war, backed by the active patriotism of the nation, might offer a prolonged resistance, if governed by a powerful will. That will was Gambetta's.

"As Minister of War, by the French system of government, he was at the same time commander-in-chief, and he certainly would not resign the command. For a victorious general, at the head of the army, under a Republic, would at once have become dictator in his stead. M. de Freycinet, also a civilian, served under Gambetta as a sort of chief of the general staff, and the energetic but dilettante commandership exercised by these gentlemen cost France very dear. Gambetta's rare energy and unrelenting perseverance availed, indeed, to induce the entire population to take up arms, but not to direct these masses on a uniform plan.

"Without giving them time to be drilled into fitness for the field, he sent them out with ruthless cruelty, insufficiently prepared to carry out ill-digested plans against an enemy on whose firm solidity all their courage and devotion must be wrecked. He prolonged the struggle with great sacrifice on both sides, without turning the balance in favour of France.

"But the German army had still great difficulties to overcome. The battles it had won had cost it dear; the loss in officers especially was irremediable. Half the army was detained before Metz and Strasburg. . . . After the battle of Sedan only 150,000 were available for further operations in the field. There could be no doubt that they must be

directed against Paris as the seat of the new Government, and the centre of gravity, so to speak, of the whole country. On the very day of the capitulation of Sedan, arrangements were made for the advance."—I. 153-155.

Had Gambetta had the patriotism to select a military chief of the general staff (and Chanzy would probably have been the best fitted), and put the whole military operations under his control—whilst he retained for himself the whole political power, and that of embodying the people in the ranks of the army—he would have increased immensely the difficulties of the Germans, and might even have altered the terms of the final peace.

The investment of Paris was completed on the 19th September, and that evening

"Jules Favre made his appearance to negotiate for peace on the basis of 'not a foot of soil.' He believed that, after so many victories and such heavy losses, the Germans would be satisfied with a sum of money. It need not be said that such proposals could not be considered, and only the possibility of granting an armistice was seriously discussed.

"It was to the political interest even of Germany to afford the French the opportunity of establishing a Government by their own free and legalised election—a Government which should have full right and powers to conclude a peace; for the self-constituted Government at that time ruling in Paris was the offspring of a revolution, and might at any moment be strangled by a revolution. But from a military point of view, every pause in the operations of war was a disadvantage. It would give the French time to push forward their preparations, and, by raising for a time the siege of Paris, would enable the capital to obtain the most necessary supplies.

"The armistice could therefore only be granted in consideration of

an equivalent. To secure supplies to the invading army, Strasburg and Toul, which intercepted communication by railway, must be given up. The siege of Metz was to be maintained; but with regard to Paris, either the blockade was to continue, or, if it were raised, one of the forts which commanded it was to be held by the Germans. The Chamber of Deputies was to be at full liberty to meet at Tours.

"These conditions, especially the surrender of the fortified towns, were absolutely rejected by the French, and the negotiations broken off. A week later Toul and Strasburg were in the hands of the Germans."—I. 173, 174.

There can now be no doubt that this decision of the French Government was a fatal mistake. Had they taken a calm view of the situation, and made up their minds to pay a money indemnity, and surrender Strasburg, together with the left bank of the Rhine, they might have made peace, retaining Metz and Belfort, and thus have saved all the terrible losses incurred in the long and fatal winter campaign, and all the sufferings of the siege of Paris.

On the 27th October Metz surrendered, and Bazaine laid down his arms. "Six thousand French officers and 167,000 men were taken prisoners, besides 20,000 sick who could not be at once removed, about 200,000 in all."—I. 222.

With the capitulation of Sedan, the surrender of Metz, the fall of Strasburg, and the investment of Paris, the struggle enters upon an entirely new phase. The war with the regular armies is over, that with the population in arms of France has begun.

The history of this part of the war is written in much detail and with wonderful clearness by Von Moltke, but it has not the same great and decisive events, the same

dramatic unity in the issues involved, as the first portion. It is the struggle of France in arms, with men comparatively undisciplined and untrained, though boiling with courage, in detached armies, over a large theatre of war, and in the midst of a dismal winter of snow and frost, to relieve Paris and save Belfort. Both efforts in the end failed—though for long the relief of Paris hung in the balance—and had an experienced soldier had the direction of the armies of France, the issue might been different.

The first capture, then loss, and after a long and severe contest, ultimate recapture of Orleans, are very interesting; and the great effort of Ducrot to force his way out of Paris, and the final contest with Chanzy, culminating in the stiff contest of Le Mans, show how hard the young soldiers of France fought.

Von Moltke thus comments on it:—

"The march of the Second Army on Le Mans had been a series of seven days' incessant fighting. It had fallen at a season when the winter was most severe. Smooth ice and snowdrifts had hampered every movement. Bivouacking was out of the question; the troops had to seek their night-quarters often at a distance of some miles in their rear; their re-assembling in the morning wasted precious hours, and then the shortness of the day prevented their taking full advantage of their successes. Whole battalions were employed merely in guarding prisoners. The roads were in such a state that baggage could not be brought up; officers and men alike marched in insufficient clothing and on reduced rations. But spirit, endurance, and discipline had conquered every difficulty. The Germans had sacrificed in this prolonged struggle 3200 men and 200 officers, the larger half belonging to the Third Corps alone. Several companies fought under the command of non-commis-

officers. The French estimated losses at 6200 men and 20,000 prisoners."—II. 134, 135.

the interesting operations on north of Paris on the line

Somme, and the battles of Me and St Quentin, we have come to pause. Neither can we go on De Freycinet's last ring effort with the army of Moltke to raise the siege of Metz, and, by massing 100,000 men on the German lines of communication there, to avert the decisive attack of the Germans on the forts of Paris.

It last failed, and Bourbaki's army was compelled to cross the frontier and lay down its

hopes of relief were thus

there was absolutely no escape from capitulation; every delay increased the necessity, and left them at the mercy of harder terms. Unless railways were at once thrown open to the delivery of supplies from a considerable distance, the horrors of starvation were imminent for more than a million souls; and later it might be impossible to meet it."—II. 223,

hostilities ceased on the 26th of December, and the forts were given up on the 29th.

These expressive words Von Moltke concludes his 'History':—

Thus a war, carried on with such expenditure of force on both sides, was brought to an end by the unrelenting and restless energy in the French period of seven months. Even in the first four weeks eight battles were fought, under which the French army collapsed, and the French army was swept from the field. Fresh armies, massive but incompetent, equalled the original numerical superiority of the Germans, and it needed twelve battles to secure the decisive capture of the enemy's capital. Twenty places were taken, and not a day passed without a struggle

great or small. The war cost the Germans many victims; they lost 6247 officers, 123,453 men, 1 flag, 6 guns. The total losses of the French were incalculable; in prisoners only they amounted to 21,508 officers, 702,048 men, 107 flags and eagles, 1915 field guns, 5526 fort guns captured. Strasburg and Metz, which had been alienated from Germany in a time of weakness, were reconquered, and the German empire had risen anew."—II. 288, 289.

Such is the fit ending of this most interesting book, written by the greatest soldier of our day, and the practical commander of the German army in the field on the campaign of 1870-71.

There is one peculiarity of Von Moltke's narrative which may be a little embarrassing to the non-professional reader—and that is the excessive use of the names of villages and hamlets in the description of battles, and comparatively unfrequent reference to right and left. To the soldier, reading with the minute plans of the German official staff history of the war before him, nothing can be more clear than these descriptions; but to the ordinary reader, who has only the general map attached to these volumes to refer to, it is very different. To make these volumes complete there ought to be plans of all the principal actions, and a very clear one of the country round Orleans, similar to those which accompany Hooper's campaign of Sedan—a good model in this respect.

A much more careful revision of the text would also be an advantage in another edition. The translation has evidently been brought out hastily, and many slight errors have escaped detection. The great beauty of Von Moltke's style is not at all done justice to.

These volumes conclude with a most charming appendix. The

military genius of the soldier, and the clear, terse, powerful style of the writer are manifest in them; but it is in the appendix you come in touch with the real character of the man.

He had been annoyed by the statement, widely circulated, that all the great decisions in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71 had been come to by councils of war, and more especially that this was the case (1) before the battle of Königgratz, and (2) on the occasion of Ducrot's great sally from Paris.

These were too much for the cold silence and deep reserve of the great soldier, and we obtain from them with pleasure a glimpse behind the curtain into the warm feelings of the man.

First with regard to Königgratz. Von Moltke's strategy in this campaign has been called in question, as opposed to the great maxim of Napoleon in regard to interior and exterior, or single and double, lines.

Von Moltke in a few words puts the whole pith of the matter when he says—

"Here then, on the 30th June, almost the whole of the Austrian forces were standing actually within the line of operations between the two Prussian armies; but the first was already fighting its way to Gitschin, designated from Berlin as the point on which they were to concentrate; and the second had also advanced close on the upper Elbe: thus they were both so near that the enemy could not attack the one without the other falling on his rear. His strategic advantages were nullified by the tactical disadvantage."—II. 293, 294.

Von Moltke here at once admits the theoretical soundness of Napoleon's strategical dictum, but points out that it came here in practice to be neutralised by great tactical advantages.

The advantage of a united army

in position, between an enemy advancing in two detached bodies from different bases, is evident at a glance. But this theoretical advantage may be neutralised by three circumstances—(1) the character of the commander; (2) the fighting power of the armies; (3) the nature of the country in which the operations are carried on.

Now, in regard to the two first of these, Von Moltke's forecast proved to be absolutely right. He knew that Benedek, though a good tactician and a hard-fighting soldier, was no strategist; and that the Austrian army, from inferior armament, the mixture of different nationalities, and the youth of many of the men, had not the staying power of the solid German battalions, with their new breech-loading rifles. Moreover, he thoroughly realised that the electric telegraph now enables the movements of two armies, operating from different bases, to be directed and combined with a certainty and precision never before practicable.

His personal account of this campaign is quite delightful. It shows so completely the real character of the man—his talent for description, his power of language, his quiet sense of humour, his genial disposition, veiled beneath a most reticent manner.

Just before the battle of Königgratz it was thought by the Prussians that the Austrian army was retiring to take up a position behind the Elbe, between the fortress of Josephstadt and Königgratz; but on the evening of 2d July it was ascertained that it was standing to fight in advance of the Elbe, behind the Bistritz.

"This news," writes Von Moltke, "settled all doubts, and lifted a weight from my mind. 'Thank God,' I said, sprang out of bed, and

hastened across to the King, who was lodged on the other side of the Market Place. His Majesty also had gone to rest in his little camp-bed. After a brief explanation on my part, he said he fully understood the situation, decided on giving battle next day with all three armies at once, and desired me to transmit the necessary orders to the Crown Prince, who was at once to cross the Elbe. The whole interview with his Majesty had lasted barely ten minutes. No one else was present. This was the council of war before Königgratz."—II. 296.

One more extract, and we have done: it relates to the second point on which Von Moltke was sore.

"The scene is Versailles. The French are making a sortie from Paris, and the generals, instead of leading their troops, are assembled to consider whether headquarters may safely remain any longer at Versailles. Opinions are divided, no one dares to speak out. The Chief of the General Staff, who is above all called on to express his views, remains silent. The consternation seems to be great. Only the War Minister rises and protests with the greatest emphasis against a measure so injurious from a political and military point of view as a removal. He is warmly thanked by the king, as being the only man who has the courage to speak the truth freely and fearlessly.

"The truth is, that while the King and his whole escort had ridden out to the Vth Army Corps, the chamberlain in his over-anxiety had the horses put to the royal carriages, and this became known in the town; and this indeed may have excited all sorts of hopes in the sanguine inhabitants. Versailles was protected by four Army Corps. It never entered anybody's head to think of leaving it.

"I can positively assert no council of war was ever held either in 1866 or 1870-71. Excepting on the march or on days of battle, an audience was regularly held by his Majesty at ten

o'clock, at which I, accompanied by the Quartermaster-General, laid the latest reports and news before him, and made our suggestions on that basis. The Chief of the War Cabinet and the Minister of War were also present, and so long as the headquarters of the IIIrd Army were at Versailles, the Crown Prince also, but all merely as listeners. The King occasionally required them to give him information on one point or another; but I do not remember that he ever asked for advice concerning the operations in the field or the suggestions made.

"These, which I always discussed beforehand with my staff officers, were, on the contrary, generally maturely weighed by his Majesty. He always pointed out, with a military eye and an invariably correct estimate of the position, all the objections that might be raised to their execution; but as in war every step is beset with danger, the plans laid before him were invariably adopted."—II. 303, 304.

These are the last words contained in this book, and they show in the clearest manner how the great German army was worked in war, and what were the actual functions of the Chief of the General Staff.

There is a great charm about the simplicity with which Von Moltke writes, and it is marvellous to think that these volumes were composed when he was close on ninety years of age.

This book will ever remain as the standard one upon this great war. It is minute enough for the general reader—whether civilian or soldier—and it carries a weight with it which no other can; but the large work of the German Staff on the same subject will always be consulted by military students intent on the tactical details of any particular action.

A. ALISON.

THE AULD HOUSE O' GASK :

A SKETCH FROM STRATHEARN.

THERE are few or no lovers of Scottish song who are not familiar with the name of Caroline Oliphant, who afterwards from her husband acquired the title of Lady Nairne ; but not all have had the good fortune to be able from personal acquaintance to stamp on their memory the living picture of the picturesque scene from which that noble lady sent forth so many strains of popular virtue and patriotic significance. The following verses are a simple record of a visit paid to this loved scene of the Scottish Muses by the writer in the month of July 1890. The House of Gask is situated on a long slope of the wooded banks of the Earn, about a dozen miles below Orieff. The family of Oliphant, to one branch of which it still belongs, has played a notable part from the days of David and Bruce downwards in the history of Scotland ; and in the neighbouring parish of Aberdalgie, about four miles south-west of Perth, I had the pleasure of looking on one of the oldest gravestones in Scotland, with the name of Sir W. Oliphant, the heroic defender of Stirling Castle, and the date 1329 on its hoary face. The poetic baroness, as every one knows, was an enthusiastic Jacobite ; with the instinct of a true woman she seized the poetic side of a movement of which the policy from the beginning was doubtful, and the result tragic. Her songs, of which *Royal Charlie* is the hero, are known to all the world ; but not every one of her admirers is aware of what we cannot but think one of her greatest virtues,—the Christian catholicity of heart with which, while she sang the devoted loyalty of the Cavaliers, she could not refrain from dropping a tear of human sympathy over the sufferings of the adverse party, whose religious liberty had been trampled on by a series of persecutions equally unprincipled and impolitic. Of this her verses on the Pentland Hills and Rullion Green (Rogers, p. 242) bear ample witness. Nay, more,—though an Episcopalian by birth and habit, when in the second half of her long life (she died aged seventy-nine) she resided in Edinburgh, she gave a noble proof of the unsectarian nature of her Christian liberality by sending to Dr Chalmers a cheque for £300 towards his scheme for evangelising the neglected population of the West Port.

"THE auld House, the House o' Gask"—

Well, I have just been there,
And I will tell you what I saw
Of dainty things and rare.

I saw a house, a big new house,
With pediment displayed,
Just like a house in gay West End
By modish builder made.¹

¹ The new house, the residence of the proprietor, stands quite in a line with the old ruin, so that both meet the eye at once, and form a poetical as well as an architectural contrast.

I saw a house, a wee auld house,
In ruinous display,
And all around with ivy bound
In tangled disarray.

And on its walls I saw grey slabs,
All roughly lettered o'er
With dates that knew the Stuart kings,
And Oliphants of yore.

And many a towering tree hung round
With memories of old days,
And echoes of old loyal song
That stirred the leafy maze.

I saw far peeping through the trees
The tower where Wallace wight,
From Elcho's bounds pursued by hounds,
Found shelter through the night;¹

Where in his troubled sleep he saw
A ghastly figure stand,
Threatful, and with a bloody head
Grim dangling in his hand.

But neither ghost nor fiend from hell
Might blench his forward face;
Onward he sped to Torwood's oaks,
And friendly Dunipace.

But not I now of Wallace wight
Or you are fain to learn;
For Royal Charlie lords the hour
At Gask House on the Earn.

Well, the good lady of the house
Her treasures open laid,
And Royal Charlie's bonnet blue
We saw, and white cockade.

The brogues with which he tramped the braes,
The spur that spurred his steed,
The crucifix with which he prayed
To Christ in his sore need.

The table where he sat and drank,
And thanked the Lord with grace;
The chair on which he sat and smiled,
And showed his bonnie face.

¹ Gasconhall, now a ruin, close on the north bank of the Earn.
L. OL.—NO. DCCCCXIII.

But more than all, with pride she showed
The lock of yellow hair,
Clipt by a fair hand from the head
Of Scotland's royal heir.

Well I can weep for Charlie, well
His human joys enjoy ;
But more I love the tuneful dame
Who praised the princely boy.

The Lady Nairne ; I read her name
Upon the chapel floor,
'Neath rustling leaves that oft she stirred
With strains of praiseful lore.

Muses were women ; the wise Greeks
The open secret knew
That loves to lodge in a woman's breast,
To God and nature true,

As she was true—a sprightly child,
As light as bird on wing ;
With dancing things she loved to dance,
With songful things to sing.

And with an eye that looked about
With queenly kind command
On grassy slope and stately tree
Of that rich, leafy land.

And with an ear that caught a song
From every murmuring turn
Of Earn, that winds round flowery banks,
Or bonnie Cairnie burn.

And with a heart that beat with joy
For ploughmen on the lea,
Or good old laird, or bonnie lass
Who tossed the hay with glee ;

Or quick-eyed youth with cunning fly
The speckled troutling raising,
Or voiceful fishwives from the sea
Their glancing booty praising.

But chiefly in sweet strains of song
Her loyal Muse held parley,
With each true knight who rose in fight
To win a crown for Charlie.

And Charlie at his hopeful start
She sang, when with the clans
He rode in pride ayont Dunblane,
And showed at Prestonpans

What Highland blades could do ; and when
Culloden's woe she pondered,
She wailed as wails a mother bird
. Then when its nest is plundered.

But not alone for discrowned kings,—
For trampled peoples she
Could weep, and sang their praise who knew
To keep their conscience free

From priestly pride and crowned conceit,
Self-idolising vaunters,
Who, stamping murder with God's name,
Our godly Covenanters

Hounded to death. These men she sang,
As a human sister sings ;
Nor with words only, but with deeds .
Of bounteous grace she brings

Help to the needy—minded thus
Like Him who showered His grace
On Jew and Gentile, brothered all
Before the Father's face.

Thou hast my tale : I bless the chance
By winding banks of Earn
That led my rambling foot to Gask,
And my heart to Lady Nairne.

Sermon and song is she to me ;
And long may Scotland learn
Manhood from Burns, and womanhood's
Rare grace from Lady Nairne !

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

THE EGYPTIANS AND THE OCCUPATION.

THE annual grumble against the presence of the British force in Egypt has found utterance this year in louder tones than ordinary through the usual channels, and has had as usual the same effect upon the policy of Britain and the sentiment of the Powers. When no other pretexts are at hand for disquieting the Sultan and exciting his suspicions of Great Britain and the Central Powers, the Russian ambassador to the Porte, backed up by his French colleague, points out to the Sultan the reproach which the continued presence of the English in Egypt casts upon his suzerainty, and urges that her Majesty's Government shall be called upon to put a term to their occupation. Simultaneously the French press begins to shriek upon the subject, a great deal of bad language is vented, *canards* are actively manufactured—and then the subject dies down until the next time it becomes convenient to revive it as a diplomatic pastime. As for the British Government, the substantial progress which Egypt is making under its auspices renders it quite indifferent to any outcries abroad; and the best answer to either France or the Porte is to point to Egypt as it was before the occupation and to its condition now. Although Egypt has as yet only started upon a career of progress and improvement, no other justification of our presence there is required beyond such notes of material advance—based upon personal experiences among the *fellaheen* for the last eight years—as we shall be able to rapidly indicate in the following pages.

In the whole range of history

there is probably no greater contrast than that between ancient and modern Egypt. To the traveller in the Nile valley, to the student of history, and to the reader of the Bible, ancient Egypt is a synonym for majesty and grandeur. Pharaoh, in Dean Stanley's words, was not, like Saul, greater than his fellows from his shoulders and upwards, but from his ankles and upwards. "Say unto Pharaoh, whom art thou like in thy greatness?" "I am Pharaoh." "By the life of Pharaoh." "Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about her, whose rampart was the Nile, and her wall was from the river?" Homer knew of Thebes as the city of the hundred gates. It is still called "Il Luxor," or "The Palaces." The Sphinx, the Pyramids, the wonders of Memphis, the tombs of Beni Hasan, the paintings of Abydos, the giant wrecks of Thebes, the courts of Dendera, Esna, and Edfu, the graceful columns of Philæ, the sculptures of Bet-el-Wali, the majestic Colossi at Ipsamboul, and the countless other imperishable works in the valley of the Nile, surpass all the other antiquities of a corresponding age in the rest of the whole world. The mind is bewildered by trying to understand that long past of greatness, glory, and conquest. One never wearies of seeing and reseeing those mighty ruins.

The monuments and hieroglyphics picture the ancient Egyptians in a very favourable light. You may survey scores of monuments and myriads of figures, and

see no indelicacy till you come to Greek and Roman times. There is a dignity about the people which is very impressive. Their architecture may be called heavy compared with the Greek, but they had to use a soft sandstone and stubborn granite, while the Greeks had marble. So excellent was the work that an eminent American engineer offered a very considerable sum of money to any nearer of modern days who would quarry granite blocks of the size of those of the temple of the Sphinx—a temple of the very latest antiquity—and place the columns as truly vertical, the lines as truly horizontal, and in as good a straight line, without the aid of any mortar, so that a knife could not be inserted into any joint, and a large transit theodolite did not detect any deflection from true north.

We have been accustomed to see the ancient Egyptian in his true unfavourable light. The religion of ancient Egypt was monstrous, but their idea of God, of judgment, of justice, and indeed of future life, was almost Christian.

We can no more hold the religion of ancient Egypt responsible for the acts of a tyrant like Nero, than we can hold the religion of Christ responsible for the acts of a tyrant like the Czar of Russia. The high position held by women in ancient Egypt, and the sacredness of home-life, remind us of our own modern civilisation. Early Greek travellers speak of the astonishment of the respect shown to women in Egypt, and of the freedom they enjoyed—a respect and freedom unknown to the Egyptian women of those days. Egyptians were then, as they are to-day, one of the most civilised peoples in the world. Lying that boundless wealth

which their victorious armies poured into their country almost entirely for the glorification of their gods, they have left an imperishable record of their own greatness, and of the height of their civilisation.

Such was Egypt in the past. What was it in 1882, when that Providence which directs our ways, rough-hew them how we will, moved the British Government to interfere, and begin that reform which has been gathering head ever since? The Egyptian peasantry were being fast converted into hewers of wood and drawers of water, not to their own governors and chiefs—that they had long been accustomed to—but to needy adventurers from Greece and the Levant, an indignity new even to that down-trodden people. Egypt had verily become what Ezekiel saw in vision, one of the vilest kingdoms of the world. Oppressed by Shylock representing the European bondholders, whose one interest in the country was the cutting out of the pound of flesh, and misgoverned by Turkish officials, that patient and forbearing people, whose badge was sufferance, would have bowed their necks to the yoke, had not the indignities and cruelties they suffered at the hands of the Greeks and Levantines goaded them in a moment of mad fury to turn against Turkish oppression and European connivance. These Greek and Levantine Christians, under the name of European-protected subjects, sheltered themselves behind the capitulations, and appealed to Europe whenever the slightest resistance was offered to their atrocities. Indeed so hateful became these so-called Christians, that in Egypt to-day the name Christian stands for every kind of villany. In a rainless country like Egypt the existence

of the people depends on irrigation, and to deprive a poor man of his water-supply is equivalent to turning his fruitful field into a barren desert. By this deprivation thousands of poor men were driven from their holdings and beggared. Appeal there was absolutely none for the Egyptian peasant. It was the Levantine Christian who was perpetually appealing to the capitulations as a persecuted Christian, persecuted by bigoted Mohammedans. During Ishmael Pasha's reign three and four times the legal taxes were wrenched from the wretched peasantry, who were compelled to borrow money from the Greeks who always accompanied the Government tax-collectors. The interest charged was four or five per cent *per month*. Those Greeks and Levantines who entered Egypt without one pound on their persons now own some 200,000 acres of land which may be valued at £6,000,000, besides house property and the debts of the peasantry. The writer remarked one day to a struggling member of the Greek community that a certain Mr A. was very wealthy: he replied with pride, "Yes, he is wealthy—he coined all the false silver in Ishmael's time; but my countryman Mr B. is wealthier—he coined all the false gold." One living in England can have no idea of how these European-protected peoples oppressed the Egyptians. They are not subject to the law courts. They can commit murder and every kind of immorality and go off scot-free today; imagine what they did in the dark days preceding the rebellion of 1882. Without scruples and without pity, possessed of the worst vices of Asiatics, and wielding the whole power of Europe, they seemed to the Egyptian

peasantry the incarnation of irresistible evil. These were the provocations the peasantry suffered at the hands of strangers. They suffered others at the hands of their own Turkish governors. Men were thrown into prison on suspicion of the pettiest offences, and often stayed years in prison, awaiting trial for crimes for which, if they had been guilty, they could not have been legally punished by more than a few months' imprisonment. Their lands were taken away for public purposes, and far from receiving compensation they were compelled to keep on paying taxes for them. Villages which complained had to submit to the visitations of Turkish officials, who extracted as much money as they could from the wretched people, and not only lived on the best the land could produce, but compelled the miserable inhabitants to supply them with young girls during their stay. The very recital of such wrongs excites our anger and indignation; what must have been the feelings of the people themselves when they saw Arabi Pasha, as they thought, standing up for the right and driving Greeks and Levantines, Turkish Pashas and oppressors, before him like a flock of sheep. The Egyptians in their day of triumph committed excesses and mingled friends and foes in their blind fury, but their excesses were not one-fiftieth part of that which the French peasantry committed in 1789 under less provocation. The people were in earnest, but their leaders were men of straw or selfish, and totally unfit for government, and if left alone they would have drawn the people into a second bondage.

Until this time the French and English had represented Europe in Egypt, and tried to manage matters between themselves; but

owing to their jealousies and their conflicting methods of work, they had done nothing except look after the interests of the bondholders. They had effectively tied the hands of the Khedive and done nothing themselves. At the crucial moment the French refused to co-operate, the Turks had not the means, and England took up the gauntlet for outraged Europe. It was her plain duty as the recognised representative of the Powers. Everybody knows how she accomplished her task. In a brilliant campaign she stamped out the Egyptian rebellion, and by her subsequent clemency and justice she has reconciled the people to her action. The French have bitterly regretted their own inaction and surrender of their position, and have done their very best to hamper the work. In spite of the known chivalry of the race, the French can never accept any accomplished fact, and, allowing themselves to be driven by jealousy, act in a way unworthy of a great people. This difficulty in accepting the inevitable has been their characteristic through history. Turkey, driven hither and thither by European storms and complications, and urged on by the Turkish ex-governors, who have suffered considerable pecuniary losses by their inability to plunder the Egyptian peasantry, has done her best in her own feeble and crooked way to hamper the good work. By the way, it is the younger members of the families of these Turkish ex-governors who, calling themselves patriotic Egyptians in Constantinople, make sham appeals to Europe on behalf of Egypt. But the evil efforts of these two interested Powers have been more than counterbalanced by the position taken up by the Khedive of Egypt. Mahomed

Tewfik, the Viceroy of Egypt, is one of the best and most disinterested rulers of our day. He had not been long on the throne when the Arabi rebellion broke out, and the difficulty of his position, owing to the conflicting opinions and advice of the all-powerful English and French consuls, had apparently confused and unnerved him; but when the crisis actually came, he had time for reflection among his own people, without a dozen foreign advisers pulling in different directions: he saw where the strength and the weakness of his country lay, and threw himself unreservedly on the side of the English. This step needed very considerable courage, for the English have never really shown their hand. But he saw that it was the only hope of reformation, and putting his own personal interests to one side, cutting against the grain of a thousand prejudices, identifying himself with the English reformers and not with the Turkish governors, he has thrown the whole of his weight and authority on the side of improvement. The extent to which he has smoothed the path of reform in Egypt will never be fully known. Whenever he has refused the advice of the British authorities and acted on his own judgment—as, for instance, when he dismissed Nubar Pasha and appointed Riaz Pasha—it has been afterwards acknowledged that his judgment was sound. He has made up his mind that his people shall be reconciled to one set of reforms before others are begun. During the course of this year he saw that the time for the new reforms desired by Sir Evelyn Baring had come, and dismissing Riaz Pasha, the most powerful Turkish representative in Egypt, he appointed the friend of the English, Fehmy Pasha, a

man ready for reform. By the Egyptians themselves the Khedive is loved and revered. We could give many examples of his habitual kindness and love of honest dealing, but shall confine myself to one. His Highness owns 4000 acres of land in one block in the Delta: this block was separated from the main canal by a strip of land some two miles in width, in the possession of countless petty proprietors. His land-agent wanted to dig a small canal through this strip of land, and offered £70 per acre for the land to be taken up. The petty proprietors refused. The land-agent applied to the irrigation officer to use his influence with the peasantry. It was very evident that they did not want to part with their land, though they were prepared to sign the agreement if pressure were applied. The Government officer insisted on the facts being explained to the Khedive. The land-agent declared that his Highness would be exceedingly angry. When the Khedive had heard the whole tale, he thanked the officer most cordially for having saved him from ignorantly performing an act of injustice, and gave the officer full permission to change the direction of the canal, so that no small proprietors should be injured. It is the daily repetition of countless good actions like this which has made the present Khedive the most popular governor Egypt has possibly ever seen. The welcome given him by the peasantry when he made his tour through the whole of Egypt in 1890 was so remarkable that it struck the most careless observers.

When once the Arabi rebellion had been quelled, and the peasantry been balked of the righteous vengeance they were going to wreak on the European-protected

subjects who had so long oppressed them, the task of working reforms and seeing justice done to the peasantry fell by right to the English. It was well that their hands were clean in the matter of these sham-protected subjects. They had none of them. Their love of fair-play will for ever prevent them from taking an unfair advantage of any clause in any treaty or capitulation. English public opinion would not allow it. It is one of the reasons why they are so respected abroad. In Egypt it has gained them many friends. Again and again village headsmen have informed me that they would rather be at the absolute mercy of the Turks than a prey to these protected subjects.

The British nation, and indeed the whole Anglo-Saxon race, has a special aptitude for undertaking the task of reform. That pride and feeling of superiority which loses them many friends, yet gains them much respect among peoples who have no pride of race. "You are an Englishman, you are a man," said an African chief to Livingstone, on the borders of the Portuguese possessions. "Then what do you call the Portuguese?" said the great traveller. "Oh, they are things," was the reply. "Kilam Anglêsi," the Arabic for "the word of an Englishman," is a synonym for truth. "That man is not a Christian; he is an Englishman," was the remark of an Egyptian peasant, whose idea of Christianity was diseased by his contact with Levantines. The way in which British soldiers respected women and children after Tel-el-Kebir has made an impression on the Egyptian mind which centuries will not efface. The terrible deeds committed by the French soldiery under Napoleon—deeds which have been graphically described to me

by the sons of men who were eye-witnesses—had given the Egyptians an awful idea of what a conquest by Europeans meant. They have learnt to forget the past.

The disinterestedness of Englishmen was acknowledged even by Ishmael Pasha, the able though unscrupulous Viceroy of Egypt, and one who was no friend of England. He invited Sir Samuel Baker and Gordon to govern the Soudan, stating that he well knew that Englishmen would work for *him*, and not intrigue for their own country.

When a race so self-reliant and independent as the Anglo-Saxon comes in contact with a race so lacking in those characteristics as the Egyptian, and when the stronger race feels itself called on to perform great actions before the eyes of the whole world, it would indeed be matter for surprise if history had no landmark to record. Eight years ago, when reforms first began, Egypt stood before the world as the land of *bakshish*, bribery, and corruption, where every man preyed on his fellow, and where no Egyptian could be trusted. The French system of centralisation and mistrust was the only possible means of governing the country. True to their character of independence and decentralisation, the English brushed the idea aside, introduced a number of their countrymen who had special experience to act as leaven, and trusted the Egyptians. Life was instantly visible where before there had been only decay and decomposition. Showing a good example themselves of perfect honesty and disinterestedness, the English heads of departments appealed to all the better feelings of their Egyptian fellow-workers. In spite of the fact that public opinion in Egypt was most unhealthy;

that men found guilty of gross offences were publicly condoled with when punished; that the Arabic press was entirely in the hands of interested Syrians; and that the French press lent the whole of its influence (an influence far greater in 1883 than what it is to-day) to the side of those who opposed reforms on moral or immoral grounds,—it may confidently be stated that the experiment has been eminently successful. In those departments where the confidence has been greatest, the success has also been the greatest. Many instances of sterling honesty among subordinate officials could be given. Men have brought purses of gold and put them on the tables of their superior officers, and named the men who had offered the bribes. Others have brought up Europeans and accused them of bribing to their very faces. The number of honest men who are to be found in a society confessedly dishonest has been matter of universal surprise. Such men under the old system, or under a system which did not recognise the necessity of introducing good leaven into the body of the Government, would have been buried in the most subordinate positions; to-day they are sought out and encouraged.

Before considering the great reforms carried out since 1883, it will be well to examine the character of the Egyptian of to-day. The weak points in his armour are want of courage, and a very feeble idea of what fair-play means. I once witnessed some games at a school feast. When the bigger boys had finished their races and received their prizes, they stood across the ground and would not let the smaller boys run. They were so persistent that the games had to be stopped. An Egyptian

effendi, or man of the upper classes, told me with great satisfaction of a "duel" one of his countrymen had had with an Italian, in which the Egyptian chose clubs as the weapon to fight with, and then disabled the right hand of the Italian by a sudden blow before the "duel" properly began. He actually could see nothing to blame in the conduct of his countryman. Though in all the virtues which we consider manly the Egyptian may easily be surpassed, yet in hospitality, in politeness, and in many social virtues other nations might with advantage sit at his feet. No Egyptian sits down to a meal without asking all passers-by to partake of it; during his thirty days' fast every year, his doors are open to all, no introduction is needed; to the poor he gives ungrudgingly. Though allowed to have four wives, the effendi is almost always a monogamist. Marrying early, he is, as a rule, a good husband and father, and fond of and kind to his children. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, knowing them well as we do, we can state confidently that there is far less immorality among them than among Europeans. To show the direction in which the ideas on marriage are setting, we may state that one of the first teachers in Mohammedan law in Egypt some time ago laid down this maxim, that the Prophet had allowed four wives to any man who would engage to love all four alike, but as he had never met any one capable of doing so, he would recommend one wife as the interpretation of one Prophet's words. Indeed the relations of the first wife so resent a man's marrying again, that it is hardly ever done. In abstinence from drinking to excess the whole

Egyptian nation stands a head and shoulders above us.

The sheikhs or village headmen, as compared to the effendis, may not inaptly be likened to the Saxons as compared to the Normans. Their hospitality is boundless, and takes the shape of banquets at which Athelstane might have presided and Cedric been entertained, and both found themselves at home. We have seen men sit down to a banquet of twenty-one heavy courses, where a huge turkey was the seventeenth course; and the first course alone consisted of a whole sheep, inside which was a goose, inside that a chicken, then a pigeon, and finally an egg—which last was presented to the principal guest, as containing the essence of all. We have seen a stout heavy man boast of his ability to eat a whole roast sheep at one sitting, and offer to eat one on the table in my presence. We naturally objected. On this occasion the sheep was stuffed with rice; and as the host was carving it by taking the fore-legs in one hand, the hind-legs in the other, and breaking the back across, the bone snapped suddenly, and a piece of stuffing about the size of a cricket-ball flew across the table and struck the stout man in his left eye while he was staring across at the operation, and put him *hors de combat* during the banquet. He spent the next hour clearing his eye of stuffing.

Having occasion to visit a small village on business, we took a plum-cake with us and offered the headman some. Instead of waiting to be helped, he took up the cake, bit it all round, and pronounced it good. These kinds of banquets, unrefined as they are, are redeemed by the extreme hospitality and kindness which prevail, and the knowledge that scores of

poor people will feed from the basketfuls which remain. We cannot conceive of a people more truly hospitable than the Egyptians.

The Egyptian peasantry or *fellahs* have been oppressed for so many generations, that it will take time to elevate them. Since the British occupation, they have been so well treated that they are learning to respect themselves and give up the degrading habit of jumping off their donkeys whenever they see a superior. Perpetual ill-treatment has made them suspicious and unamiable. They are far below the lower classes of Northern India. One hears them accused occasionally of ingratitude by men who never accost them without adding some epithet—such as ox, buffalo, son of a dog, or swine. This last epithet is a special expression of abuse with Turks, whose contempt for the peasantry of Egypt is nearly sublime. Many pleasing proofs of the possession of gratitude by all classes in Egypt are, however, within the experience of English officials. These experiences also go far to show that the bigotry of the Egyptians is not so ingrained as is ordinarily supposed.

When the first experiment was made with the *corvée* abolition—a term which will be explained further on—an English officer was riding down a canal, and about mid-day, feeling tired and hungry, he was glad to be able to accept the invitation of two peasants who were sitting under a tree eating biscuits and curds. He dismounted, and on sitting down by them was asked his occupation. As soon as they learnt that he was in the irrigation service, they exclaimed, "Oh, it is you who have enabled us to stay in our fields sowing cotton instead of paddling in canal mud!" and they ran off

and returned with an extraordinary quantity of biscuits and curds. In 1887 a canal was constructed which took water to a strip of land which had previously been desert. When the first supply of water came down, there was the general rejoicing; and in the thanksgiving service at the mosque, the name of the irrigation officer, though he was a Christian, was mentioned after that of H.H. the Khedive. Again, in Upper Egypt during the drought of 1888, the Minister of Public Works went up to see what could be done, and took an English officer with him. They succeeded in making an enormous dam and turning a river, by which means 50,000 acres were irrigated and saved from drought. The gratitude of the people was boundless. When the Government officials returned to the principal town in the tract, a place of 16,000 inhabitants, the women descended into the water waist-deep, and, forming two ranks, threw up handfuls as the boat passed between them, and blessed them. Immediately after landing they were led to the principal mosque, accompanied by as many men as the mosque could hold. The Minister of Public Works had the place of honour on the right of the officiating priest, while the Englishman stood on the left, and the mosque was crowded from end to end. In the thanksgiving service the priest did not hesitate to mention the name of the Englishman, though he was a Christian. After the service in the mosque, the procession re-formed in the street and was led to the house of the principal inhabitant, while the house-tops re-echoed with the Arabic cheers of the women. As the principal inhabitant was not only

a very wealthy man but also a poet of great reputation, the banquet was enlivened by a recitation of original poetry. People who act thus cannot be accused of want of generosity or excess of bigotry. Compare this with the habitual practice of the French press in Egypt. This press, which for political reasons has always tried to harm the English and make them appear in an unfavourable light before the Egyptians, did not hesitate to insinuate that English lady nurses¹ had been introduced into the Kasr-el-Ain hospital in order to try and convert people to Protestantism when on their sick-beds. This statement was made in spite of the fact that one of the most prominent members of the sisterhood was a Roman Catholic lady, though the others were Protestants. No Englishman is offended by satires or clever hits made at his expense. Most of them take in the French paper just as they buy 'Punch.' But it is the utter absence of generosity and fair-play which is at times annoying.

And now it remains to enumerate the reforms carried out in Egypt during the last eight years: the great work already accomplished may be held to be a gauge or pledge of the greater triumphs which are yet to come.

A Khedival decree has abolished the *corvée*, an institution as ancient as Egypt, as hateful as slavery. The *corvée* was the name given to the gangs of forced labourers, invariably the poorest and most helpless in the land, who for six months every year were compelled to clear the canals and repair the banks. Egypt existed

on their work. They received no payment except in blows; they provided their own tools, carrying wet earth on their bare backs when they were too poor to provide baskets; they brought their own bags full of dry biscuits, on which they existed; they slept out of doors in all weathers, with the bare sky above their heads. The Government did absolutely nothing for them except punish and imprison them when their stock of food failed and they ran away to beg or steal. In the Delta their lives were made bitter by feeling that all this hard labour benefited them but little; for while they were digging and clearing the canals, their rich neighbours, principally Turkish pashas and European-protected subjects, were pumping up the water and irrigating cotton, while their own fields had to wait for the Nile flood. The Turkish pashas never sent a man to the *corvée* off their estates; the European-protected subjects were just as bad, except that they made mean excuses which the Turks scorned to do. High Ministers not only sent no men, but used the poor *corvée* for weeding their own cotton-fields or transplanting their rice. It cost the country over £800,000 per annum to clear the canals indifferently and totally neglect the drains; while to-day both canals and drains are thoroughly done for £400,000 per annum, by means of machinery and free labour. This is the greatest reform which has been made. It has been put on such a sure foundation that it will be difficult ever again to reintroduce *corvée*. Discussing the subject with a number of peasants

¹ The advent of these ladies to Egypt has resulted in the coining of a new word in Arabic. They are known as "Il Sisterat," or the Sisters.

one day, we asked them what they thought of it. In their own unpoetical and realistic way, they said that they were now able to swallow their own spittle, an operation impossible before, as some one always had them by the throat.

A Khedival decree has abolished the kurbash. The kurbash was the thong of hippopotamus-hide with which all offenders and non-offenders were punished by being flogged on the soles of their feet. To see a man standing up and being flogged is not pleasant; but to see him thrown on his face on the ground, and then flogged on the soles of his feet, is truly degrading. It is like standing in a slaughter-house. We remember the feeling of loathing with which we witnessed the first application of the kurbash on a wretched peasant. Men were flogged for civil offences, for inability to pay rent, for the purpose of extracting evidence from them on suspicion—indeed for wellnigh everything. We saw a man kurbashed because, after working like a slave in a gang of twenty men trying to cut a bank, the work could not keep pace with the rising water, and he was the nearest man to the overseer. The fear of punishment was so perpetually present to everybody in the country that it crippled them all whenever an emergency occurred. This government by fear is lauded by many as the masterful rule of the Turks. We once saw a white-haired man at the house of an Egyptian effendi, and addressed him as though he were a patriarch. He told us that he was a comparatively young man, but had had the misfortune to be sub-governor of a district where a serious breach had occurred in the Nile bank in Ishmael Pasha's time. On hearing of the accident, the

Khedive telegraphed back that the engineer and the sub-governor were to be thrown into the breach. The telegram arrived in the evening, and before next morning the sub-governor's hair had become grey. Meantime *harim* influence had been used, and the Khedive countermanded his order. The effect had been so terrifying that when the next breach nearly occurred in 1887, the engineer in charge, in anticipation of punishment, could not possibly think of his work, and, in a paroxysm of fear, could do nothing except slap his own cheeks until they were like lobsters. On this last occasion the peasantry were loud in praises of the governor of the province because he had been able to continue his smoking through the whole of the excitement; for, according to Egyptian ideas, the first effect of fear is to incapacitate a man for smoking. The kurbash, and with it all unreasonable punishments, have been abolished. It still lingers on in holes and corners, but there is not a single soul in Egypt who does not know that it is illegal, and if its application is reported, very serious notice of it will be taken by the Government.

The Egyptian authorities, emboldened by the presence of the English, have stood between the peasantry and the European-protected subjects: these latter people returned to Egypt in the rear of the British forces, just as the mixed multitude followed the Israelites. Then, as now, the mixed multitudes were at the bottom of every rascality which occurred. By the capitulations European-protected subjects, be they negroes from Timbuctoo or outcasts from some South American republic, though they are principally Greeks and Levantines, can-

not be interfered with by the Egyptian authorities while they have a roof over their heads. They are not subject to the ordinary tribunals. These men built houses on Government property; they actually took possession of Government bridges and built shops on them; they stopped thoroughfares, and then preyed on the peasantry. Nothing could be done with them. None of them had ever built anything themselves; every one of them had just bought the houses for considerable sums of money. It would take one long to guess how they were dislodged. Finding that the ground on which they had built was Government property, the authorities, emboldened by the British occupation, enclosed their houses with dry brick walls, prevented ingress and egress, and eventually starved them out. Again, no one is allowed by law to put up a pump for lifting water from one of the Government canals without first obtaining a permit. If an Egyptian does so, his pump is quickly removed. But the protected subjects threw wooden huts over their engines and appealed to the capitulations. At first the authorities were helpless before the capitulations, but they learnt that the roof only protects that which is under it, and any projecting part of the machinery (as there must always be some projecting part in a pump lifting water) may be removed. By this means the illegal gains of large numbers of protected subjects, who had defied the Government before the occupation, and made handsome revenues as middlemen selling water which did not belong to them, were curtailed, and the peasantry themselves allowed to put up their own pumps. These very men, who had no right to the

pumping-engines, did not hesitate to hold the Government responsible for failures of water-supply when the Nile-flood was insufficient. We shall give one instance of many of the ways they treated the peasantry. Early in 1884 a number of these people took possession of a canal about a mile long, belonging to a village; they ploughed it up and sowed it with cotton. The wretched villagers, cut off from their water, would formerly have sold their land to their tormentors for a fifth of its proper value and become tenants-at-will. But the beginning of a new day had dawned for Egypt, and the peasantry appealed to the Government. The English officer of the district was sent down, and was met by half-a-dozen men who turned out with rusty guns and pistols, and declared that the canal had never existed. What they wanted was a protracted lawsuit with frequent appeals, during the whole of which time the lands of the Egyptian peasantry would have remained unirrigated and barren, and they would have given in. Of course the officer re-dug the canal, irrigated the lands, and saved the peasantry from ruin. This action had a very wholesome effect on the whole district. The comment of the French press on the transaction was, that if the new Government officers were going to encourage the Moslem peasantry to thus browbeat and maltreat Europeans, in a few months it would be impossible for a European to traverse the Delta in safety. The best evidence of the feeling of security in the country now is given by the rapidity with which the peasantry are buying back the land which they were only too glad to get rid of in old days. Conversing with a Greek the other day, he de-

clared to us that Egypt was fast going to the dogs. "Why," he added, "a few years ago hundreds of my countrymen came to the country, and soon returned with well-filled purses; while now they need to bring capital, and may lose even that."

The financial outlook is just as bright to-day as it was dark in 1883. In 1883 all the heads of departments in Egypt, the Khedive leading the way, sacrificed 10 per cent of their salary to enable the financial equilibrium to be preserved! Since then, taxation represented by £650,000 per annum has been taken off the necks of the poorest of the peasantry. The Government has remitted £1,000,000 of old arrears of land revenue which were recorded against the peasantry. In spite of these remissions, the prosperity of the country has become so great that the revenues of 1890 were higher than those of any previous year in the annals of modern Egypt. The surplus of revenue over expenditure in 1890 was £600,000. The postage and telegraph charges have been halved. The interest on the debt has been reduced by £350,000 per annum. The public works of the country have been so improved that land has risen 20 per cent in value, in spite of the depreciation of agricultural produce over the whole world. The railways have been supplied with sufficient funds to maintain them in efficient order. A municipality has been created for Alexandria, and it has been given half the *octroi* dues of the city. A reserve fund of £1,750,000 has been formed to enable the Government to meet all emergencies. The unified debt of Egypt has risen in value 26 per cent. It was quoted at 70 in 1883, to-day

it is at 96. The financial position of Egypt is so good, that Egyptian bonds are now treated as first-class securities. Blue-book No. C. 6320 of 1891, which contains Sir Evelyn Baring's report on the finances of Egypt, reads more like the despatch of a victorious general than the financial statement of a country.

Turn where one will, he will find improvements in every direction that the capitulations have allowed of improvements. The great dams across the Nile have been secured; a new life has been given to the interior navigation of the country; a thorough system of drainage has been inaugurated; and the first Canal Law Egypt has any record of has been passed. This Canal Law does not apply to the European-protected subjects; but while the executive is strong these people will not dare to take advantage of their position, as the Canal Law confers favours as well as disabilities on those to whom it applies. All Government servants have been put on graded lists according to seniority and service, so that promotion should go by seniority or merit, and not by favouritism or worse. It is the absence of all lists like these which so debases and degrades Government servants, and encourages the worst men to use unworthy means to secure promotion. The collection of the land tax has been so regulated that it is now paid in instalments *after* the different harvests, and not just before them, as it was originally; the peasantry are thus no longer compelled to be perpetually borrowing money and becoming involved. A new coinage has been introduced. The Upper Egypt Railway is being gradually extended southwards, and two

bridges over the Nile are under construction. Egypt has so improved that the imports and exports of Egypt proper alone are at the same figure as those of both Egypt and the Soudan in 1881.

That Egyptian army with which Ibrahim Pasha early in this century defeated Turkey, and would have taken Constantinople if the European Powers had not interfered, had so degenerated, owing to mismanagement and dishonest treatment, that it had become a mere rabble. It has been entirely reconstructed, and fresh life given to it. The glaring abuses of recruiting have been done away with; discipline and smartness have been taught. The officers and soldiers have learnt to respect themselves, and have shown by their behaviour on numerous fields that they are worthy of taking their place by the side of those troops with which Mehemet Ali established his throne in Egypt and the Soudan.

In the hospitals and in the prisons there has been progress, while the Kasr-el-Ain hospital in Cairo will bear comparison with similar institutions in England.

So far we have considered the good work already performed; it remains to consider what has yet to be done. The reforms in the Judicial, Educational, Interior, Sanitary, and Police Departments are in their infancy as compared to those in the Financial, Military, and Public Works Departments. It was impossible to advance all along the line simultaneously. Though the work of reformation in some departments has begun late, it is all progress in one direction. Nowhere has there been any retrogression. The appointment of Justice Scott has been followed by the introduction of measures which

will bring justice near the people, ensure the efficiency of the judges, and enable the police to work with the bench. The judges themselves look forward to their emancipation from the Ministry of Justice. This Ministry has up to the present enjoyed a power which has killed all independence on the bench. That almost historic war which the police, hampered by the Ministry of the Interior, has waged against the judges, tied hand and foot by a code as unsuited to Egypt as the Statutes of Manu would be to Great Britain, is on the eve of coming to an end. The separation of the police from the Ministry of the Interior will be followed by the subordination of the Interior itself to the Finance Ministry. This last Ministry has an executive so strong that it will easily manage both departments. The capitulations strangle the Sanitary Department, but as the Europeans themselves who do the strangling are the chief sufferers, there is a kind of grim justice here, which will set matters right after the first serious epidemic. In the Educational Department an enormous amount has still to be done. It is here that prejudice has its deepest roots. The enlightened Egyptians send their sons to be educated abroad, do not interest themselves in the unenlightened, and do not see how it degrades their country to have no national education worthy of the name. There will be no national spirit until the Cairo schools and colleges, supplemented by a university, educate boys and men as well as they can be educated abroad. It is no uncommon thing in Egypt to find Egyptians educated in Europe speaking of their countrymen who have been educated in Egypt much as Brahmins speak of pariahs. The

most talented Egyptians we have met with have been all educated in their own country, but their education was so lamentably deficient that they have appeared to disadvantage before men who, though possessing no ability, have still been well instructed abroad. But even in the Educational Department there is some life to-day. A good Agricultural College has been started, and is exceedingly popular. The success in this direction will now encourage the Government to be practical in others, and abolish all that unprofitable instruction which makes everything in Egypt so thoroughly second-hand.

Of two other tasks before the Government we shall speak more fully, as they are destined to play no unimportant part in the future history of Egypt. One half of the land of Egypt can produce the valuable crops of sugar-cane and cotton, and is worth on an average £40 per acre; the other half cannot produce these crops, owing to the insufficiency of the summer supply of the Nile, and is in consequence worth only £15 per acre. A project for storing and utilising water, which will cost only £5,000,000, and add £60,000,000 to the wealth of Egypt, is under consideration. The profits of this enterprise will go almost entirely to the poorest of the peasantry, for they possess nearly all the poor land in Upper Egypt. One of the most important projects is to construct an open dam across the valley of the Nile at the head of the first or second cataract, which will make a reservoir capable of storing all the necessary water. This dam will, it is hoped, be among similar works much what the Forth Bridge is among viaducts. It is to be built of im-

perishable granite, and of a design in keeping with the architecture of ancient Egypt: when completed, it is hoped that it will not be unworthy of taking its place among the wonders of a land of wonders. By the use of sculptures and inscriptions on those imperishable rocks, it will be possible to hand down a record of our own times to the most remote future, and to stamp indelibly on the page of history the name of that Khedive of Egypt whose reign has witnessed the awakening of Egypt from her long sleep.

In order to enable Egypt to develop itself; to find a healthy outlet for its greatly increasing population; to enable the surplus population to form colonies on the banks of the Nile, and snatch large tracts from the desert; to regain that trade of the Soudan, the loss of which has beggared all the large towns in the south of Egypt; to open telegraphic communication with Khartoum, and save the country from the uncertainties of the Nile flood which now comes like a thief in the night; to enable a civilised community to utilise those giant lakes which constitute the sources of the Nile, and bring under cultivation tracts capable of competing with the Southern States of North America—tracts which Europeans cannot work, which Arabs will not work, but which are waiting for the skilled and laborious agriculturists of the Nile valley; and finally, to strangle the slave trade in its last strongholds,—it remains for the Egyptian army, thoroughly appointed and thoroughly capable of accomplishing the task, to begin the reconquest of that country which Mehemet Ali left as a heritage to Egypt—a heritage to which Egypt, indeed, might have been

considered as having forfeited her right, owing to her misgovernment when under Turkish influence, were it not that Egypt to-day, freed from Turkish barbarity and under English influence, is another country. It is no more possible for Egypt to return to her old vicious Turkish systems in the Soudan, than it is possible for England to bring back the days of Chêt Singh and Omichand in British India.

But if Egypt is to be tossed into the British electoral arena as a football for party struggles, not merely the great fact of our occupation, but the whole spirit of heartiness in which our countrymen are carrying on their great work, will be exposed to very serious disadvantage. Mr Gladstone, at Newcastle, rather insinuated than dared a disparagement of our continued presence in Egypt, and hinted that it would be the duty of his own Government, on coming into office, to put an end to the occupation. We quote his exact words, which are an excellent illustration of the science, "*spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*," in which he is the greatest living adept. "I shall indeed rejoice," said Mr Gladstone in that part of his speech where he is good enough to extend his patronage to Lord Salisbury's foreign policy—

"I shall indeed rejoice if, before the day comes for the present Administration to give up the ghost, it be possible for Lord Salisbury to make an effort to relieve us from that burdensome and embarrassing occupation of Egypt, which, so long as it lasts, rely upon it, must be a cause of weakness and a source of embarrassment, which we owe entirely to engagements contracted by a former Tory Government, and the escape from which I greatly fear the

present Tory Government, improved as it is in its foreign policy, will, notwithstanding, hand over to its successors to deal with."

A statesman who can compress so many malicious misstatements into the compass of a single sentence shows no decline in those peculiar arts that have raised him to eminence.

"Age cannot wither *him*, nor custom stale
His infinite variety."

Mr Gladstone knows quite well that our present occupation of Egypt was not brought about by a Tory Government, but was a direct legacy from his own Administration. He knows also that he can have no credit from a fact that is so full of security to this country and of benefit to the Egyptian millions, for he blundered into the bombardment of Alexandria and the campaign against Arabi, which planted us in Egypt without the option of removing, except at the risk of anarchy and revolution in the East. He knows also, that though he were returned to office to-morrow, his Cabinet would not or could not withdraw our troops and officers from Egypt. The insinuation, then, that the country is suffering from our occupation of Egypt, and that Mr Gladstone will put an end to it when he comes back to office, is unworthy of the remains of a great statesman; and the British elector, whether Conservative or Radical, who cannot help reading with pride the great work of the regeneration of Egypt which this country is carrying out, will have his own views of the policy which seeks to make party capital by decrying and disparaging it.

And finally, knowing that a few

rians and interested Turks to themselves the name of and misrepresent to Europe ions of the six millions of a peasantry who, unable and write, know not in heir right hand from their who do know that they liberty, freedom, and pros- hich neither they nor their ars ever knew before; that Britain stepped into ch, and sacrificed much and many lives in saving ek and Levantine Chris- m the Egyptian peasantry hour of just and righteous nd that she has a right, d above her duty, to see peasantry are not handed in to their old oppressors; that the capitulations ypt in as deadly grasp as which Nessus' poisoned bound Hercules; know- ought but ruin awaits shen if the capitulations

remain, and the strong protecting hand of one first-class European Power is withdrawn, and her place taken by that crowd of jealous and conflicting opinions known as the great Powers of Europe; knowing that that goodly structure of Egyptian regeneration which England is raising on deep foundations, and for which she is spending with no sparing hand her best energies, will be left unfinished and incomplete, or be thrown down, if she deserts her post; and knowing that Englishmen should stand manfully by those who have stood manfully by them, and enabled their occupation to be a success so manifest that it will be a landmark in history—every well-wisher of Egypt feels confident that Britain will continue her occupation until Egypt has made such reforms and progress, and has taken such a place among civilised nations, that no further necessity or justification of her presence can remain.

THE OLD SALOON.

THERE is a curious reverberation, so to speak, of that principle of heredity which has been so much dinned into our ears of late, so caught up by that increasing class of the ignorant who are nothing if not scientific, and so very poorly as yet supported by fact, in the history of the two families which are distinguished by two of the greatest names in the literature of the last great generation. Nobody, so far as we are aware, except the local neighbours had heard of the Wordsworths until the Poet of the lakes and fells arose and made them suddenly famous. Since then there has indeed been little poetry in the race so curiously selected for fame—but there have been two Bishops! not descended indeed in direct line from the one Wordsworth previously known to fame, but striking off from him in a sort of sklent, if we may use such a word, as if that one great stroke upon the anvil which produced the poet had struck aside into lesser energies, before finally exhausting its forces. Let us not say “finally exhausting” even now—for there may still arise, for anything we can tell, though as yet they have not manifested themselves, other worthy scions of the race. The family of Coleridge has had precisely the same good fortune. Suddenly, with no warning so far as the world has ever known, there sprang from the south, in this instance from an obscure vicarage, a poet less fortunate, less prosperous, much more faulty, but in the opinion of some

an even greater poet than Wordsworth: and lo! once more the sweeping shuttle of Time (to change the metaphor) threw out of the overplus of silken threads and gold which were in the web long trails of finer pattern into the common stuff, and produced at least two judges to balance the bishops. We do not know of any other case in which this has been:—and with Coleridge as with Wordsworth the effect was oblique—the higher impulse going off at a tangent in a descentance that is not lineal either of mind or spirit. To be sure there was poor Hartley Coleridge for the one poet to fade out in, a dying fall like that of the repeated music—which is an additional gift not provided in the case of the other—though his sister, that curious shadow yet inspiration of his own genius, perhaps more than balances it.

The two bishops of the Wordsworth name have, however, a father of their own, showing that the sudden uprising of their family from the calm and ordinary abode of the land-agent at Cockermouth, respectable and all undistinguished, was an influence which overflowed even in the first instance. They were the sons of a clergyman and scholar, who attained in his later years the position of Master of Trinity College, one of the most agreeable of all the prizes of the English Universities. The aged prelate,¹ who has now put his early recollections on record, has drifted into a side current of the bigger world of the Anglican Church into which he was born,

¹ Annals of my Early Life, 1806–1846. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., D.C. ., Bishop of St Andrews. Longmans & Co.

and his memories are not of a kind, either public or personal, which thrill the reader. But amid the numberless autobiographies which flood the libraries, this mildly ecclesiastical and educational chronicle may find a place, and afford more or less interesting reading, if not to the young and eager, at least to those who know something of the times thus traversed, which have of late been so strongly recalled to the general mind by the death of Cardinal Newman and the many expositions following that event of his singular career. Bishop Wordsworth, though by that time withdrawn from the university into the kindred sphere of Winchester, yet lived through all the movement to which we begin to look back as to a heroic age, and has seen from the beginning to the present time the remarkable changes which have passed over the Church of England, and the many revolutions of sentiment, of order, custom, ritual, and meaning, which make the Church of the present day so extraordinarily different from that of the beginning of the century.

The reader must not expect, however, to find much new light on that great subject in this volume. It has indeed a chapter devoted to the Oxford movement, as was inevitable; but the writer was neither in sympathy nor in marked opposition to that movement, and his intention is rather to prove that it was not in reality so very great a movement after all, nor so entirely that of Newman and his followers as has been supposed, but that its better part had been anticipated by many sound divines, and that the generation had already begun to turn its mind towards a higher view of the Church's power and authority, of apostolical succession, of the sacraments, and of

the ritual, before Newman had begun to raise his head among his brethren. This is a view which always obtains, and no doubt with a certain degree of truth, in every age of change and revolution. For it is very difficult to discriminate those floating threads of moral and mental feeling—which, like the gossamer threads in autumn, are in the air and blow against the garments of the wayfarer, or are broken by his movements and breathe forth upon his very breath—from the floating thoughts which men believe to originate within themselves. Thus Bishop Wordsworth is also a little—and with dignity—vexed by the conviction which was at one time so strong in England, that Dr Arnold of Rugby was the first man to bring home a sense of his responsibilities and religious duty to that serious and high-minded schoolboy who since his time (or is it since Tom Brown's?) has been one of the recognised figures in literature. Dr Wordsworth is conscious of having himself, quite independent of Arnold, and indeed in entire ignorance of his proceedings, inaugurated a system at Winchester which had the same intention and produced to a certain extent the same results, which he pressed upon his boys—representing to them in an earnest exhortation that it was meet that among them “the holy flame” should be kindled—“the torch of a good example,” which should be passed from hand to hand, and awaken the whole country;—and this six years after the publication of Dr Arnold's ‘Sermons Preached at Rugby,’ which had been the cause of a similar but so much previous movement. No one would, of course, for a moment doubt Dr Wordsworth; though some may be inclined to ask, Why did he not read his con-

temporary's book? and why he was ignorant of what was going on in another great school so little distant from his own. Doctors are expected to read every new medical book, and to keep themselves *au courant* of every new method. Professor Wallace and Mr Darwin became aware that they had made the same discovery before the work of the latter was published, to which the former so graciously and generously yielded the *pas*. It is a pity that the same rule does not hold between the reformers of an age. It is natural that every man should think his own native initiative to be the first and best. General Booth, for instance, propounds his scheme as if nobody had ever heard of anything of the kind before, ignoring, with a sweep of his pen, all the countless agencies of the Church, with which dark London is honeycombed on every side; and even adds a blast of indignation against the neglect of those—who had denuded themselves for their lives long of every grace of existence for the sake of that work, long before the Salvation Army had ever been heard of.

This is a common tendency of the English mind, especially the religious mind, which is perhaps the least given to reading of any. If Cardinal Newman himself had read more before he committed himself to utterance, it is probable that his early career would have been less agitated and self-contradictory. It is a curious thing to say of a mind so deeply groping, so intensely concentrated on its subject. He would, however, have been a much less interesting human creature if he had done so. But this condition does not apply to Dr Wordsworth, whose work of reformation at Winchester is just as meritorious as if that of Arnold had not been,

though the other had taken the first step and gained the recognition of the world.

There is one point in this book which contrasts amusingly with another biography which lately lay upon this table. The manner in which Archbishop Tait's friends congratulated or condoled with him on every new appointment forms an almost comic feature in that serious and valuable work. They write to him with their hair standing on end at his temerity in accepting, and at the great risk of failure that is involved. Dean Stanley is bowed down to the ground with alarm when his friend secures the office for which he himself had recommended him; and so with the other dear friends of the much-suffering head-master, bishop, and archbishop. The mild seclusion of the Deanery of Carlisle is the only one which they did not think (and say) was too much for him. Perhaps Archbishop Tait, had he written his own history, would not have printed these impartial epistles, but sought out something more laudatory—though we doubt it, for they would have commended themselves to his high sense of humour. But Bishop Wordsworth has no such doubtful opinions to record. Every production of his is received by his friends with acclamations that rend the skies. "Ten bishops, eleven deans, one Prime Minister, two Governors-General of India, four Cabinet Ministers," were among the band of supporters that gathered round him on his first effort; and by each and all of them every new publication, every development of life, is received with the same unbroken admiration. At Oxford he competed for no prize that he did not gain. In the cricket

contended in no match not bring him honour. The following days last of 328 runs." He it was defeated by the Oxford and Cambridge match, beloved of us as he had previously done in the farrow against Eton; and the university boat-race was also won by him. The first of Lord's was virtually won by his famous left-bowling. Next year, in the boat-race, "Oxford won the all-successful Wordsworth rowing 4 in the boat. triumphs were almost too mortal man at the age of 17. They are like those of a novel, except that they would probably have a first behind him, by way of his triumph—and Wordsworth (alas!) had one first—the old gentleman, who in the first of his eighty odd years looked back upon such a triumphful life, is naturally less than swallowing all the praises of it to him than one whose gains have been less glorious: there is a certain mixture of pleasure in his gathering together of these fragments which the critic. The young man whom he looks back is a favourite son setting bravely with the winds in the world, everywhere conquering, in wit, in love, and in whom it is the highest pleasure to see "respectit like"—nay, more than any that I know, a young giant, whose life is like that of a demigod. Different—most of us feel who have shed the shady side of life—the young fellow from anything but an elder man achieves in his life, but no misgivings of it penetrate into the genial pages of such a book as this.

After carrying everything before him thus in the first stage of his youth, even poetry (save the mark! perhaps Wordsworth's nephew would have been wise to keep his efforts in this kind under the decorous veil of Latin), the young scholar remained for some time at Oxford, according to that curious system which makes the pupil of to-day the tutor of to-morrow, taking pupils. Some of the most distinguished men of the time passed through his hands in this capacity, most of them younger only by a year or two than their instructor. Thus Mr Gladstone and Cardinal Manning—not to speak of less notable yet still well-known men, Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, Sir Francis Doyle, of poetic (professional) fame, James Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott, and others,—were associated with him in the closest youthful relations. Of Mr Gladstone, who is naturally the most interesting of all, Bishop Wordsworth has not much that is new to tell us. But he prints a letter of his own to his brother touching a reform debate in the Oxford Union, in which one of the early triumphs of the future Prime Minister is celebrated, along with a curious analysis of the debaters on both sides, full of contemporary mistakes, but interesting in its youthful certainty and partisanship: all the names on the writer's side being accompanied with flattering descriptions and prognostics, while those on the other include Mr Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, and Archbishop Tait, in one sweeping characterisation as "nobody." It is always curious to see contemporary opinion in this stage; and it must be said for Dr Wordsworth that he makes fewer errors than are general, and sets up no unknown oracle, as

young men are so apt to do. Mr Gladstone, it is needless to say, was then the leading orator against parliamentary reform, the most convinced that the country was on the verge of ruin if committed to the tender mercies of the ten-pound householder. "After the most splendid speech out-and-out that was ever heard in our society," he "moved as an amendment that the Ministry had unwisely introduced and most unscrupulously forwarded a measure which threatens not only to change the form of the Government, but ultimately to break up the very foundations of social order in the country." This amendment was carried, by a majority of fifty-six, against the bill. "Does this prove nothing?" cries the enthusiastic reporter.

"I say it proves that the *Oxford Union Society* will yet save the country. I assure you that I cannot even conceive speeches more eloquent or more powerful in argument than both Bruce's and Gladstone's. Herbert, Knatchbull, Austin, and Harrison were also excellent. Now see the list on the other side. [Here follows the names of the nobodies.] They possess no aristocracy either of work or talent. Twistleton was the only respectable person who voted on their side, while our ranks were crammed with prize and first-class men. So that however the talent may be nearly balanced with you (i.e., in Cambridge), thank heaven it is not so with us."

There is always something pleasing in the natural outburst of youthful enthusiasm, however mistaken; and the Bishop himself is the first to note the inevitable mistakes it makes, so that the critic has not a word to say. Both as to the power of the Oxford Union to save the country, an opinion which many generations of young men have no doubt entertained and been cured of since

then, and the effect of the Reform Bill in its ruin, the Bishop has changed his mind without changing his principles, while his distinguished pupil has done both. There is, however, one interesting anecdote told of the opinion entertained of that distinguished personage in his own family, which is curious. Wordsworth, this time the poet, had taken occasion to congratulate Mr Gladstone the elder upon the remarkable success of his son at Oxford, and added an expression of hope and anticipation that he would be equally successful in the House of Commons: to which the father replied—

"Yes, sir. I thank you: my son has certainly distinguished himself greatly at the university, and I trust he will continue to do so when he enters public life, for there is no doubt he is a man of great ability; but," he added, "he has no *stability*."

The Bishop adds that he himself had never discovered any signs of instability in Gladstone as a young man; and he adds a very pleasant glimpse into his own rooms in Christ Church, where the present Cardinal of Westminster was also his pupil. Manning had his hour of tuition immediately before that of the young Gladstone; but was "usually still in the room when Gladstone, regularly as the clock struck, made his appearance, as if determined not to lose a moment of his proper time." The future Prime Minister thus treading upon the heels of the future Prince of the Church, both men destined to make so much noise in the world, both of such mingled and complex character, the one then a high Tory, the other an Anglican Churchman, now revolutionaries both, and more or less demagogues, notwithstanding the higher elements in them, is a wonderful sight.

We must add that the letters of Mr Gladstone, of which Bishop Wordsworth gives several, and of which by this time many others have seen the light, are not interesting except so far as their subject accidentally may happen to be so. They are the kind of solid reading before which the reader quails. In the view of a future biography we confess some alarm at the thought of large volumes filled with those productions, which, though conscientiously devoted to their theme, throw no light whatever upon the writer, or what manner of man he was. We must not, however, alarm ourselves, for Mr Gladstone is one of the men evidently destined to outlive all his contemporaries; and in that respect, as in so many others, Posterity must look after its own interests. There will be peace in our day.

It is delightful to hear, however, that both Bishop Wordsworth and Mr Gladstone, who were both unsuccessful for the Ireland Scholarship, considered their failure as preposterous and unfair, and the winner to have got in either by what the profane call a fluke, or by the imbecility of the examiners—a favourite idea with lesser men. "This ludicrous defeat," young Gladstone says: which shows that these distinguished persons were both, after all, of common clay.

One of the most interesting pages in the book is that which describes a visit to Abbotsford made by the poet Wordsworth, his daughter, and nephew, to Scott, when just about to set out on that disastrous journey to Italy, which was the last chapter of Sir Walter's career. The verses which he wrote with his failing hand in Dora Wordsworth's album, saying, "I would have done this for nobody but your father's daughter," are

almost too heartrending to have been printed. The failure even of rhyme in one of the verses, the dull despair of the heavy thought—

"Good fortune turns, affections fade,
And fancy is an idle dream"—

are too much. We have already had our hearts so wrung, that this last drop, pathetic as it is, feels almost like an unkindness. We are not told if they have ever been printed before.

Dr Wordsworth's acceptance of the post of Second Master at Winchester, which appears to have given him the complete charge of "the college boys"—the scholars on the foundation—was evidently actuated by his desire to marry, a very romantic episode of young and hot love having suddenly arisen in his history. "As dear Charles seemed so much set on marrying, there seems upon the whole good reason for congratulation that he has obtained the appointment at Winchester," says Wordsworth the poet, uncle, to Wordsworth the Master of Trinity, father of the young man; "but I cannot but hold to the opinion that his abilities would have rendered him useful and eminently so in a less restricted line of occupation." Evidently this was more or less the opinion of all his friends—not, as in Archbishop Tait's case, that he was not equal to the place, but that the place was not equal to him. It reminds us a little of the late Laurence Oliphant's light-hearted but shrewd maxim, that if a man wants to mount the ladder of ambition he had better not sit down on its lowest step. All for love and the world well lost, is too much to say: but in the deadening of sentiment, which is one of the marks of this *fin de siècle*, it is pretty to see how a young man

once could cease calculating what was most to his advantage in order to marry. There are still many such, no doubt, but they have dropped to a lower place than that of students of Christ Church and lights of learning. At Winchester he remained for thirteen years, his romance ending pathetically in a very short time by the death of his beautiful young wife, but his interest in his work increasing and widening. He himself indicates three points in this career which represent the things achieved in it, which do not sound very much in this sober statement, after the victories and promise of his youth, but which were, no doubt, most excellent things to have done, and most important to do. One of these was a Greek grammar, considered by a great number of competent authorities to be the best, and adopted in all the great schools except Eton, which held in this respect a line of its own, and declined to be reformed; the other a sort of religious reformation in the college, signalised by the consent of the elder boys or prefects, to procure a ten minutes' pause in the noise and fun of the dormitories before bedtime, that every boy might have the opportunity undisturbed of saying his prayers—a suggestion no doubt of the greatest value in the religious training of the school. Finally, Dr Wordsworth flatters himself that he improved the singing of the school by bringing down Hullah, then at the height of his reputation, to train the boys in music by that remarkable and easy method of his, which seemed to produce such facile success. These were all objects no doubt of importance to the working of the school, and worthy to be put on record,

though they are less impressive in the telling than matters of less practical importance might be. A sermon on Repentance published during this period, in which the revival of discipline in the Church was earnestly recommended, brought much and great ecclesiastical and other commendation to the author; and his collection of sermons preached at Winchester, which was published under the title of 'Christian Boyhood,' was received with equal plaudits. Dr Wordsworth assumed in 1847, at the special prayer of Mr Gladstone, whose part in founding that institution has been recalled to the public mind by the recent celebration of its jubilee, the Wardenship of the College of Glenalmond,—the first attempt in Scotland to acclimatise the English form of the public school, and it is understood a very successful one, notwithstanding its exotic character, in many ways contrary to Scots tradition. That Scots tradition, though so well justified by results, should be found too rough for the more gently nurtured children of these luxurious days, in face too of the gradually obliterating lines of class distinction, and the determination of the comparatively poor to educate their sons very much as the sons of the rich are educated, was to be looked for; and the institution of Fettes College has followed upon that of Glenalmond. So that there are now two, so to speak, English public schools in Scotland. To the success of the first no doubt the institution of the second was due.

It is a little difficult to understand Mr Froude's¹ motives in giving a supplementary volume of his *History* to the world. He has

¹ *The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon.* By J. A. Froude. Longmans.

much for the public in his much good work, and some except possibly in the published some few years thing that was tedious.

It wanted this to come circle of his qualities ; as certainly attained it in book. He has himself in story told us the moving tale first step in the matrimonial ces of Henry VIII. which so many unthought-of and tant consequences : and the will find it difficult to make in such detail, and with ms to us so many repeti- has gone over the whole gain. The reason is, ac- to his own showing, the y of many additional letters torical documents, which it of importance to make to the world as throwing light upon the transactions d. It is chiefly from one : correspondence, however, present volume is made up tters of a certain ambassa- the Emperor Charles V. Henry, Eustace Chapuys, s sent to England on "a of *douceur et amyté*" in 1529, after the first pro- had taken place for set- side the marriage with e. This emissary does e to us with a very good r, it is true. Mr Froude that the opinion of Lord 'who knew him well," was urable to him. "I never m for a wise man, but for used to speak *cum summa* whatsoever came in buc- ithout respect of honesty , so it might serve his turn. great practiser, with which term we cover tale-telling, issimuling, and flattering" pleasant reputation ; but Froude takes it that in

what he said, in the confidences as between master and servant, of his secret communications to the Emperor, he is more or less to be relied upon. No one could be more deeply involved in all the intrigues of the time. He was in a manner the protector of Catherine as the representative of her nephew, was constantly appealed to by her, and in all her secrets, and kept his master constantly informed of the views of the Catholic party in England, and her special partisans in particular.

It is a little curious that such a man should be chosen as the expositor of the period by the historian, whose object it is to prove that Henry was in every way right, and all his actions noble, especially as Mr Froude tells us that Chapuys was "the authority for many of the scandals about Henry." There are, however, no scandals against Henry here. The course of his lengthened and tedious suit, and the tergiversations of the Pope, are gone over at great length, and a sort of confused panorama in which a crowd of figures are kept whirling before our eyes, advancing and retiring as in some incomprehensible dance of vacillation and uncertainty, is made to pass before us. The ghastly indictment against Anne Boleyn is, however, the only strong dose of horror that we are called upon to swallow. The Emperor's envoy is by no means hard upon the king, and the historian is more warmly in his favour than it is almost possible to believe. Indeed Mr Froude seems to think that he has added still a whiter grace to the innocence of Henry, and has indeed specially written this book for that end. Nothing could well be more curious, in view of the antecedents of the writer, than the introductory statement with

which it begins. It is a repetition of the well-known fact, how true nobody can assert more strongly than he, that a man when dead is at the mercy of his historian, and leaves his reputation, helpless to defend himself, to be settled by those who come after him. "The mythic element," he says, "cannot be eliminated out of history."

"Men who play leading parts on the world's stage gather about them the admiration of their friends, and the animosity of disappointed rivals or political enemies. The atmosphere becomes charged with legends of what they have said and done—some inventions, some distortions of facts, but rarely or never accurate. Their outward acts, being public, cannot be absolutely misstated; their motives, being known only to themselves, are an open field for imagination; and as the disposition is to believe evil rather than good, the portraits drawn may vary indefinitely, according to the sympathies of the describer, but are seldom too favourable. The more distinguished a man is, the more he is talked about. Stories are current about him in his own lifetime, guaranteed apparently by the highest authorities, related, insisted upon, time, place, and circumstance accurately given. Most of them are malicious lies; yet if written down to reappear in memoirs a hundred years hence, they are likely to pass for authentic, or at least probable. Even when there is no malice, imagination will still be active. People believe or disbelieve, repeat or suppose, according to their own inclinations; and death, which ends the feuds of unimportant persons, lets loose the tongues over the characters of the great. . . . Time is too precious to be squandered over paradoxes. The dead are gone; the censure of mankind has written their epitaphs, and so they may be left."

Nothing could be more true than this, or more deeply emphasised by the example of that great biography which, wherever Mr Froude's name is mentioned, must

be thought of—the biography in which he placed his friend and intellectual master before the world in an aspect entirely unknown before, put him in a pillory at which every fool could throw the most contemptible missiles, and every dog howl, and left him there gibbeted before all men, while the protestations of those who knew better were lost in the outcry of that common mass whose "disposition," as Mr Froude says, "is to believe evil rather than good." How many of us who knew Thomas Carlyle in all his rugged tender courtesies, in his kindness, in his sympathy, the candour which would not overlook even a humble and shy witness to a character which he perhaps had misconceived, qualities to which in vain we lift up our hands to swear; or his wife, more cruelly maligned still, that vivacious, caustic, impatient, wayward soul, who made such sword-play of her troubles to amuse herself and her friends, and flung out her laughing gibes wherever she went, and felt, and acted, and enjoyed more in a day than most of us in a hundred, yet never was disloyal or ceased to regard "him" as the chief object in the universe,—how many of us, we repeat, have been obliged to acknowledge that "stories, guaranteed apparently by the highest authorities, related, insisted upon, time, place, and circumstance accurately given," all according to Mr Froude's own formula, "are likely to pass for authentic, or at least probable," when written down by an almost official hand in a book published almost by authority! "The dead are gone; the censure of mankind has written their epitaphs"—what more true? The indignant protest, the counter-statement, the outcry of personal knowledge.

and the book remains with all its perversions. "And so they may be left." The verdict would be too cynical if it were spoken of this great historian's personal victims. It is the utterance of a stately indignation when it is spoken of his hero.

His hero, the world knows, is Henry Tudor—the man who cast off the chains of Rome because Rome opposed him in a personal matter on which he had set his heart. It is very likely—indeed without doubt, an excellent thing to have been freed from the chains of Rome: yet it is equally certain that the Reformation was much discredited, and infinite occasion given to the adversary to blaspheme, by the manner in which this was brought about. The conscientious scruples of a man who was disturbed in his mind concerning the lawfulness of his marriage only when his wife had become no wife to him, and another apparently desirable, at least much desired, image had come across his path—will always be regarded with suspicion so long as the world lasts, should all the advocates on earth stand forth to assert the purity of his motives. By their fruits ye shall know them, says Mr Froude. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit,—by which rule all the fiends of the French Revolution, for instance, could be proved benefactors to humanity, and the Terror become an excellent and noble thing—which is what its bravest advocates have not yet asserted for it. It was good to throw off the Pope; and to make the king Pope in his place was no doubt a wonderfully effectual measure, as was the baptism of the tribes and nations whom Clovis forced into the purifying stream; but how much of the advantages which followed, if not to the then

existing generation at least to its children, should be put to the account of these respective monarchs, it would be hard to say. Clovis, on the whole, we should say, has the most right to credit for his initiative. His grim and bearded catechumens might remain heathen all their life long, but their children had undeniably a better chance.

There is, however, something always interesting in the art of determined advocacy, and in that special pleading which threads an excellent purpose through the most intricate of evil appearances, and makes the worse appear the better cause. In the present volume Mr Froude does this less by direct praise of Henry than by a strong systematic and unvarying disparagement of those opposed to him. To begin with Queen Catherine: we have all, let it not be denied, a prejudice in that lady's favour, not only because of those misfortunes which are an eternal title to consideration, but because of that noble and stately image which Shakespeare has put upon the page of history. He too was very loyal to King Henry; it was not safe in those days for a player to go against a king; neither in Elizabeth's time, who had no indulgent hand, could a man, who hoped for any favour, treat hardly the episode in the national history which gave her her throne. Notwithstanding all this against him, our great poet, almost a contemporary, and with a thousand reasons to disparage Henry's discarded wife, made of her some thirty years after her death one of the finest of his female characters, a woman deeply injured, exasperated almost beyond the lines of endurance, yet noble in every movement, fine, womanly, and true in every thought. She who

addressed the Cardinal, the occasion, as she thought, of her unhappiness, with such words as these :—

“Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking
that
We are a queen, or long have dreamed
so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of
tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire ; . . . for it
is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord
and me,
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I
say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ;”—

and who speaks to the king himself in a manner so touching yet so dignified, will never be driven out of her place in the English mind by any devices of Mr Froude. This is her speech to Henry, or part of it :—

“Sir, I desire you do me right and
justice,
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions : having
here
No judge indifferent, nor no more as-
surance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.
Alas, sir !
In what have I offended you ? what
cause
Bath my behaviour given to your dis-
pleasure,
That thus you should proceed to put
me off,
And take your good grace from me ?
Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble
wife,
At all times to your will conformable.
. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed
for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment ;
Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned
one

The wisest prince that there had
reigned by many

A year before : it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council
to them

Of every realm, that did debate this
business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful.”

This lady, it may be said, is as much as Lady Macbeth a creature of the poet's fancy. It may be so, yet it will be hard to disabuse the mind of England of its prejudice in her favour ; and it is rather a poor business to attempt to do so over again, and by the production of so many confused glimpses into her ante-chambers, where she is seen fighting for her rights, never consenting to the compromises offered to her, or the stigma put not only upon her but upon her daughter—then, according to Mr Froude himself, a noble and steadfast girl, with none of her after bad Tudor qualities developed, but placed in the most painful of positions, her rights taken from her, and the greatest ignominy in the world, the taint of illegitimacy, thrown upon her. Our historian thinks it exceedingly wrong of Catherine not to have retired at once into a convent, accepting the stain of having been for so many years the king's concubine, and thus saving Henry the trouble of so many steps which were awkward for his reputation. He denounces the ambassador of Charles as guilty of the blood of Fisher and More, because he stood by, consoled, and encouraged, and (vainly) attempted to induce the Emperor to actual interference on her behalf. Catherine did all the harm that was done by not giving up meekly as soon as she was asked, and granting that her former life had been a shameful one, and her daughter illegitimate. The Pope did it by wavering and temporising, afraid

to give way to Henry because of the Emperor, afraid to please Charles because of Henry. Anne did it, the hussy! by being in the way with her wickedness and bewitching the king. But relieved in his innocence against all these busy, plotting, conspiring figures in the background, whose various actions are reported to us in a hundred repetitions, there stands in the front Henry, blameless of all—not thinking much about the women at all, if truth were known, incapable of sacrificing the peace of Europe to a pretty face, building ships, casting guns, preparing for war should it happen, insisting on being universally obeyed, as was his right, and that no Pope of Rome should meddle in his affairs: and looking after his own business, letting emperors and pontiffs rave. The women! Catherine here, Anne there, plain Jane Seymour already looming in the background—an agreeable change enough after that beautiful demon—what were they to the king but accidents in his way? He wanted a son, it is true, but except for that desire, which Providence grimly fulfilled in the stern irony with which human affairs are sometimes treated, King Henry had his mind on far different matters from marriage. It was only the other people—the wife who would not make things simple by retiring into a convent, the potentates who would not accept the fact that to solve his particular problem was the first business of the world—who made all the fuss which fills Mr Froude's pages, and has caused so much commotion in Christendom.

It is curious how prim and determined Mr Froude is about the wickedness of that first marriage: he even goes back with an unexpected solemnity to "the penalties

threatened in the Levitical law against marriages of this precise kind," which had been "literally enforced in the death of the male offspring," and suffers in his own conscience as his king does at the dreadful thought. Let us hope that this reference denotes a salutary change in Mr Froude's mind from the view of Levitical and other religious penalties heretofore ascribed to him. The manner in which he speaks of an act done in good faith, and according to a custom fully recognised and established at the time, and which, according to one view, on Catherine's own authority was actually no more than the transference of a bride from one brother to another, such as took place in the case of the present Czar—is as if this monstrous thing had been new and unexampled in the world, besides being inherently vicious. It may be against the moral sense that a Pope or any authority should be endowed with the faculty of permitting such marriages, but there is no doubt that in the sixteenth century it was a faculty unanimously conceded to him, and which only his refusal to undo what he had done made into a disputable question. It is a point on which there might be much said even now, since the advantage of having some authority on such subjects is indisputable: and it might even be argued that it was advantageous to have an authority which should have the power of judging whether an adverse rule could be wisely set aside under certain circumstances, a power which could not in theory be more wisely or justly disposed than in the hands of the head of the Church—so long as full unity existed. That the same rule continues, and moves a great part of Christendom to-day, can scarcely be unknown to Mr Froude. Such

arrangements are nowhere more common than in Germany. We are not able to pronounce with certainty if they only hold among Roman Catholics : but our impression is that they are not unknown among Protestant potentates, and that without any dispensation. Therefore the lifting up of Mr Froude's hands and eyes, as in the following passage, insulting as it is, to the largest Christian community in the world, is a little uncalled for :

"The naked truth—and nakedness is not always indecent—was something of this kind. A marriage with a brother's wife was forbidden by the universal law of Christendom. Kings, dukes, and other great men, who disposed as they pleased of the hands of their sons and daughters, found it often desirable for political and domestic reasons to form connections which the law prohibited, and therefore they maintained an Italian conjuror, who professed to be able for a consideration to turn wrong into right. To marriages so arranged it was absurd to attach the same obligations as belonged to unions legitimately contracted. If, as often happened, such marriages turned out ill, the same conjuror who could make could unmake. This function also he was repeatedly called upon to exercise, and for a consideration also, he was usually compliant. The King of England had been married as a boy to Catherine of Aragon, carrying out an arrangement between their respective fathers. The marriage had failed in the most important object for which royal marriages are formed ; there was no male heir to the crown, nor any prospect of one. Henry, therefore, as any other prince in Europe would have done, applied to the Italian for assistance. The conjuror was willing, confessing that the case was one where his abilities might properly be employed. But another of his supporters interfered and forced him to refuse. The King of England had always paid his share for the conjuror's maintenance. He was violently deprived of a concession which it was admitted he had a right to claim. But for the

conjuror's pretensions to make the unlawful lawful, he would not have been in the situation in which he found himself. What could be more natural than that, finding himself thus treated, he should begin to doubt whether the conjuror after all had the power of making wrong into right? whether the marriage had not been wrong from the beginning! And when the magical artist began to curse, as his habit was when doubts were thrown on his being the Vicar of the Almighty, what could be more natural than to fling him and his tackle out of window?"

This is the manner in which Mr Froude now permits himself to speak of the head of the mightiest religious organisation that has ever been known in the Western world. He did not venture so far in 1866, when his first edition was published. This is how he states the case at that period, not having so far advanced as now in contempt for everything that does not fit in with his own view :—

"The marriages of princes have ever been affected by other considerations than those which influence such relations between private persons. Princes may not, as 'unvalued persons' may, 'carve for themselves': they pay the penalty for their high place in submitting their affections to the welfare of the state, and the same causes which regulate the formation of these ties must be allowed to influence the continuance of them. The case that was submitted to the Pope was one of those for which his very power of dispensing had been vested in him ; and being, as he called himself, the father of Christendom, the nation thought themselves entitled to call upon him to make use of that power. A resource of the kind must exist somewhere—the relations between princes and subjects indispensably requiring it. It had been vested in the Bishop of Rome because it had been presumed that the sanctity of his office would secure an impartial exercise of his authority. And unless he could have shown (which he never

attempted to show) that the circumstances of the succession were not so precarious as to call for his interference, it would seem that the express contingency had arisen which was contemplated in the constitution of the canon law; and that where a provision had been made by the Church of which he was the earthly head, for difficulties of this precise description, the Pope was under an obligation either to make the required concessions in virtue of his faculty, or, if he found himself unable to make these concessions, to offer some distinct explanation of his refusal. I speak of the question as nakedly political. . . . A political difficulty on which alone he was bound to give sentence was laid before the Pope in his judicial capacity in the name of the nation; and the painful features which the process afterwards assumed are due wholly to his original weakness and vacillation."

This is something different from the swaggering talk about the Italian conjuror. Thirty years ago it appeared to the historian that "a resource of this kind must exist somewhere," and that the Bishop of Rome was the most fit person to exercise it, which is a very different theory. That Pope Clement did not exercise it arose partly, no doubt, from vacillation and weakness, but partly also from the fact that he was in reality a prisoner when it was first put before him, and that the outcries of a cruelly sacked and outraged city were still ringing in his ears, and the safety, not only of the pontificate itself, but of the entire system of Rome, was overpowered by the pressure of the conqueror. The weakness of the Papacy, as soon as it ceased to be supreme over the conscience of Christendom, is no new discovery; but this is a very different thing from the foolish cant about an "Italian conjuror," a "magical artist," which surely is quite un-

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worthy of a man of Mr Froude's reputation and power. His better judgment saw the expediency of such a tribunal, and he was in his earlier days fully aware of the necessity of something which should be a restraint as well as a resource. He tells us in this book of a proposal—which has not, we think, been heard of before, and which seems utterly incredible—for a marriage between the Princess Mary and the Duke of Richmond, Henry's natural son. That such an idea should even once have been breathed through the atmosphere in which King Henry sat wailing at being forced to live in mortal sin by the slowness of the Pope to divorce him from his brother's wife, and nursing his wounded conscience, is almost ludicrous in its horror, and we prefer, until better evidence is afforded, to believe that it could not be true. That such a dispensation should have been asked for transcends mortal belief.

Not only does Mr Froude thus assume that the Pope's dispensing power was a mere piece of prestidigitation, a clerical sleight of hand, forgetting that half of the royal marriages in Europe, and multitudes of lesser degree, were based upon it; but he seems to take the strangest view of the king's position and authority in his own court and capital. He tells us that the disaffected in England assured the Imperial envoy that Henry was hated by the people, but that "without help from abroad they dared not declare themselves." "Why could they not dare? The king had no janissaries about his throne," says Mr Froude. How extraordinary are such words in the mouth of a man who knows what he is speaking of as Mr Froude does! What janissaries

has Queen Victoria about her throne? yet what sovereign was ever more perfectly secure? Henry had on his side, besides, the exaggerated submission that surrounded a monarch in those days. Men rose and fell by his glance. To offend the king was, even for great Wolsey, with the power of the Church at his back, instant destruction. We are unable even to conceive the superstitious reverence which surrounded him, the divinity that hedged the king, the terror inspired by the despot. A reflection of it will be found in Shakespeare, who was so nearly a contemporary, and who shows how the highest crest sank before an unfavourable look, and the greatest men in England were sent from his presence like unmannerly grooms. "Pray God he be not angry," says Norfolk.

"How dare ye thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations!
Who am I? Ha!
Go to. I'll make you know your times
of business,"

says King Henry to the abashed crowd, which consists of the highest names in the country. Is this the man whom Mr Froude thinks wanted janissaries round his throne to provide against a sudden rising of the disaffected, and whom it would have been so simple a thing to face if there really had been any disaffected in the realm? It is a curious argument in the mouth of an English historian.

Mr Froude, however, has furnished us in that crowded and somewhat confused background of his with a valuable picture of the time—the perpetual conferences, conspiracies, conflicting interests, the manner in which abstract truth and justice are hustled aside, as if they too were individuals, like Catherine cast down

from her high estate, or Wolsey obliterated in an hour. The Churchman deserved his doom; the lady did not. What matter! They are equally helpless against that great rampant will which possessed England (without janissaries), and disposed of her spiritual allegiance as if that also had been an individual fate. If there had not been working in the whole nation that leaven of religious reformation, that strong sense of the impossibility of continuance with the abuses of the Church, the corruptions, the exactions, the oppressions of Rome,—no doubt all that Henry did would have been but the artificial change enforced by one imperious personality, and tumbling to pieces as soon as that was withdrawn. Fortunately for England—notwithstanding the arrogance of his claim and the arbitrary and unjustifiable nature of his pretensions—the tide was setting so strongly against the so-called spiritual powers, and with an ever-increasing flood, ready to sweep away all the burdens which had been laid upon the country in the name of religion, that his hastily formed channel became a sort of national safety-valve. The issue has been one of mingled good and evil, like most human things. There is no doubt that the means by which it was brought about has left a permanent stain upon the history of the English Reformation; and there is equally little doubt that the troubles and strifes of our own century—the High Church movement, with all its consequences, and many other agitations that have swept the bosom of the Reformed Church—have been owing to the imperfect and arbitrary character of the Reformation. At the same time, it is perhaps owing to that irregular and arbitrary

character that the Church of England has preserved a catholicity which no other Church of the Reformation has retained, and that the seemly and sometimes lovely traditions of the elder ages have not been sharply cut away as in Scotland, and other keenly Protestant countries. Much of the dignity and beauty of national religion has been preserved in this way, and that is worth something. The line of spiritual lineage is unbroken, which is an advantage even to those to whom the mystical thread of apostolical succession has no particular value. We may doubt whether the grace of holy orders which has come through the hands of a Borgia and a Medici, and of many a dark plotter and cruel oppressor nearer home, is indeed so prevailing a grace as our High Church friends imagine—and yet fully appreciate the force of continuity, the order so little broken, the traditions which make of many a parish church the record in stone of the elder centuries. The gliding of one ritual into another, the elastic standard which permitted to many a humble parish priest a mild enjoyment of his benefice and the faith of his people, without any harsh ordeal between the old and the new, was in one respect no doubt a great advantage. "Thorough" has never been much to the mind of the English people, which demands no logic, and indeed prefers to leave a great many ends and jagged edges to every piece of work, so that it may splice on more or less effectually to that which went before.

But in all this it is very difficult to see the high position claimed for Henry by Mr Froude. The divorce of a faithful wife because of the stock reason that she had given no heir to the crown, is a well-understood act to which a great

measure of tolerance may be given. Even in the case of such a man as Napoleon, whose "dynasty," to use the biggest word, was so little worth preserving, and whose divorce of Josephine was perhaps one of the greatest mistakes of his life—far as he ever was from attaining the sympathies of the world which he turned upside down, no such odium was attached to him for his proceedings as distinguishes Henry VIII. in the judgment of the world. Nobody could say that he fell in love with the phlegmatic Archduchess to whom he gave an empire for a moment. Such a heart as he had to give was with his old and childless wife whom he had repudiated. Had Henry's conscience persecuted him in this way, had his object been as passionless and politic as that of Napoleon, his name would have been free of the scandal which attaches to it. In such a case we might have wept with Catherine, but we should not have turned with loathing from her husband. The *mignonne* who was ready waiting to step into that good lady's shoes, who was brought to the very palace where Catherine was, to flaunt her favour and her wealth in the eyes of the discrowned queen, is, whatever her own character might be, the destruction of his. Henry ought to have perceived by this indelicacy how little that was good was in his new partner, Mr Froude says in his history. The want of delicacy, to use so gentle an expression, was surely on his own part above all, to insult his old companion thus. The man who brings home a mistress to the house which still shelters his wife, finds no one to say a word for him. And to claim respect for the convulsions of his conscience in respect to a matter which the Church

had permitted, and which was by no means without precedent among his peers, is an insult to the good sense of the reader. "His conscience hath crept too near another lady," says Shakespeare, who certainly had no intention under Elizabeth to throw a stigma either on his father or mother. Policy has been held to justify a great many things, but not all the Froudes in the world will make us believe in a policy which acted in this way. Policy stood between Napoleon and Josephine. We believe it, without more blame than is inevitable, of the new man who hoped to establish a new royal race in Christendom. But the whole matter is changed, and changed completely, when history reveals the shadow of the second woman treading upon the heels of the first, and thrusting her from her place. It is an old question which it was not worth Mr Froude's while to open again. He had gone as far as even a partisan might in his history. But the present book goes far beyond his history. Catherine is a termagant. Anne is a devil of iniquity. Pope Clement is a smooth-tongued traitor, falsest of priests and men. The French king and the Roman emperor are men entirely moved by selfish motives, playing their own game whatever suppliants may sue to them or sufferers appeal. One alone stands out ever clearer and clearer upon this evil background, all conscience, all patriotism, all nobility. How unlucky he was in the people with whom he had to do!—the woman who fought for her good name to the death, and the woman who, merely to spite him, forfeited hers; the men who dared not oppose him, though why they dared not, seeing he had no janissaries, Mr Froude cannot understand; the Pope who lied and

wavered; the men-children who would not consent to be born! The critics of his early publication giped at Mr Froude's hero as the model husband; but the historian has gone a step further since then, and his Henry is now presented to us, relieved against all these contending and paltry figures, as the blameless king and perfect man.

We know of no recent success in the world of literature which is at all equal to that of the young man who came to us from India a few years ago with a name unknown, and in that very short period has made himself such a reputation that everything he writes is not only looked for with eagerness by readers, but is enough to make the temporary fortune of any newspaper or cheap print which is fortunate enough to secure the blazon of that name. When we say he came to us unknown, we do not mean to ignore the fact that he brought with him from that distant empire of which the mass of us, who are not connected with any of the Indian services (a large exception, by the way), are so little acquainted—a blast of reputation and the work upon which that reputation was founded, the 'Plain Tales,' in which the great Mulvaney and his comrades were first made known to the world: along with some other views of Indian soldiers and Indian civilians equally novel and wonderful. These revelations of a new world, pure gold of genius and poetic insight, were alloyed by many conventional and quite distasteful visions of something odious beyond the other developments of that generally odious thing "society"—in the East: which no doubt had appeared, in various mess-rooms, club-

and drawing-rooms, and with Mrs Hauksbee in various incarnations, to be all things," more thrilling and interesting than mere stories of adventures and private soldiers. Hauksbee was much in the life of our young man's production when he came to us with his early works, not perhaps aware of his own genius nor of its strength, and did not think (as we have been informed) in his youthful inexperience and inacquaintance with life, that his own pre-success was merely a passing thing and would not last. His time has completely proved, and had been necessary, the wisdom of this conclusion. Mr Rudyard Kipling,¹ we must now have discovered his wonderful powers, and the direction of them, as he has covered so many other

Not that it is easy to apply the application of these powers came from India, the result of his education, and, we would say, predilection, which he has as few do, and cast by some chance upon the life of London — of which he has produced a tremendous amount such as made into instant life the scenes which a few ineffectual pens and voices have laboured to lay before us. In the paper in which this is an *aperçu* of a situation of characters which must have been entirely new to the writer strong enough for a single reading; but it was enough to show the London of those streets, and their strange, really true heroine, as real as any of the masterpieces of the age. The name of the wo-

man was absurd. She was called Badaliah Hindsfoot—a name impossible both for fact and fiction; but this was the only thing unreal about her. The story was also, perhaps, too painful for a trim and permanent new edition; yet we hope we may have it so ere long.

Those, however, who wish to avoid pain must not go to Mr Rudyard Kipling for pleasure. The thrill of emotion which he has the gift to send tingling through and through his reader is not of the easy kind. It is far from being the best of all possible worlds which he reveals to us; but it is something better. It is a world in which every cruel ill is confronted by that struggling humanity which is continually overborne, yet always victorious—victorious in defeat, in downfall, and in death: the spirit of man made, even when he knows it not, in the image of God. His conception of the race is the same as that which Browning died singing—

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward."

Yet his conception of life is not, as Browning's was, optimistic. Perhaps indeed he has no clearly developed conception of life: he knows that the strongest effort often ends in overthrow; perhaps he may believe that it can do no other. Yet while we stand by his Indian civilian, cut down unnoted in the vast world of darkness against which he is struggling in the name of law and mercy; his soldiers slaughtered in some battle the very name of which will never be known,—our souls are penetrated not by the sense of failure, but of the terrible and splendid warfare of everlasting good against

overwhelming yet temporary evil. It is something very different from the story of the Good Apprentice; living happy ever after is not the fate to which his heroes, or even his heroines, attain. His men are not always moral; they are distinguished by none of the niceties of the drawing-room (that is to say, those among them who are so, are odious, and surrounded by still more odious womankind); they are faulty, troublesome, impracticable. The soldiers get drunk as often as they can, and swear freely on all occasions; they are not too scrupulous about bloodshed. Yet what our young missionary makes us see with the clearness of light is, that these rough fellows are struggling too, in their way, on the side of righteousness, and that when all this hay, straw, and stubble of mortal error is swept away, the meaning and purpose and essence of the men will not be lost.

Along with this, and perhaps the highest result of Mr Rudyard Kipling's work is to roll away for us the veil which covers that vast and teeming world, the responsibility of which, for good or evil, before God, the British nation has taken upon its shoulders,—India, in so many of its differing nations and phases, and what is going on within it. How he has acquired his marvellous acquaintance, so impartial and so complete, we have no means of knowing: each scene bears so strong a stamp of reality that, as with a portrait painted by one of the masters of human physiognomy and expression, we say instinctively, "This must be a perfect likeness": the men prove themselves, from the Head of the District to the drummers of the Fore and Aft, from the little naked brown child in the bazaar to the old devotee who has retired to await

his death in the temple. The landscape, the atmosphere, even the temperature—that stifling of awful heat, those breakings of great storms, the dust, the blaze, the air that burns, all rise before us; but chiefly, and above all, the servants of that majesty of England, of whom, when they are not our sons and brothers, we know so little. The reader may study a hundred authentic and instructive works upon India without coming to a knowledge of the way in which that Government is carried on, which a glimpse at this record will give him. The civilians out in obscure districts, with neither hopes of fame nor wealth, who live there knowing that far the likeliest thing is that they will die there, and never be heard of more, one man following another with a grim heroism, knowledge of all the risks, and determined indifference to them—is of itself a revelation which sweeps away in a moment all the modern cant of a weakened race and unheroic age. Unheroic! with the commonplace Competition Wallah marching up into the dust and glare to relieve a comrade who is dying or succeed one who is dead, at a moment's notice, knowing that he will probably be relieved himself after a horrible year or two, or month or two, in the same grim way—Smith dead, Brown to take his place—a mere item in a list, nothing more. The breast tightens, the eyes fill, as we read. They lie in the desert where they fell, scores, nay, hundreds of them, the British supremacy built up upon their tombstones—if they have so much as that to show where they lie to form its foundations; and what they suffer in the meantime only themselves and Mr Rudyard Kipling knows. Here is the *mise en scène*—the place and the men:—

ur men, each entitled to 'life,
, and the pursuit of happiness,'
a table playing whist. The
meter marked for them one
d and one degrees of heat.
om was darkened till it was
ly possible to distinguish the
the cards and the very white
of the players. A tattered
punkah of whitewashed calico
ddling the hot air and whin-
olefully at each stroke. Out-
y gloom of a November day
don. There was neither sky,
or horizon—nothing but a
purple haze of heat. It was
ugh the earth was dying of
ry.

om time to time clouds of
dust rose from the ground
t wind or warning, flung them-
tablecloth-wise among the tops
parched trees and came down

Then a whirling dust devil
scatter across the plain for a
of miles, break, and fall out-
though there was nothing to
its flight save a long line of
railway sleepers white with
cluster of huts made of mud,
ned rails, and canvas, and
e squat four-roomed bungalow
elonged to the assistant en-
in charge of a section of the
ari State line then under con-
on.

e four, stripped to the thinnest
ing suits, played whist crossly,
ranglings as to leads and re-

It was not the best kind of
but they had taken some
to arrive at it. Moltram of
lian Survey had ridden thirty
iled one hundred miles from
ely post in the desert since the
efore. Lowndes, of the Civil
, on special duty in the pol-
epartment, had come as far to
for an instant the miserable
es of an impoverished native
whose king alternately fawned
ustered for more money from
iful revenues contributed by
rung peasants and despairing
reeders. Spurstow, the doctor
line, had left a cholera-stricken
f coolies to look after itself for
ight hours while he associated
hite men once more. Hummil,

the assistant engineer, was the host.
He stood fast, and received his friends
thus every Sunday if they could come
in. When one of them failed to ap-
pear he would send a telegram to his
last address in order that he might
know whether the defaulter was alive
or dead. There are very many places
in the East where it is not good or
kind to let your acquaintances drop
out of sight even for one short week."

We may add the account these
same men give of the various oc-
cupations from which they have
come to the spare entertainment of
the engineer's hut. The explana-
tion is made *apropos* of a speech
read to them out of an English
paper in which appointments in
India were described as retained
for "scions of the aristocracy who
took care to maintain their lavish
scale of incomes, to avoid or stifle
any inquiries into the nature and
conduct of their administration,
while they themselves force the
unhappy peasant to pay with the
sweat of his brow," &c. The civil
servant describes his position with
various amusing and instructive
details:—

"I know my risks; but nothing
has happened as yet. My servant's
an old Pathan, and he cooks for me.
They are hardly likely to bribe him,
and I don't accept food from my true
friends, as they call themselves. Oh,
but it's weary work! I'd sooner be
with you, Spurstow. There's shoot-
ing near your camp."

"Would you? I don't think it.
About fifteen deaths a-day don't in-
cite a man to shoot anything but
himself. And the worst of it is, that
the poor devils look at you as though
you ought to save them. Lord knows,
I've tried everything! My last at-
tempt was empirical, but it pulled an
old man through. He was brought to
me apparently past hope, and I gave
him gin and Worcester sauce with
Cayenne. It cured him; but I don't
recommend it."

"How do the cases run genera-
said Hummil.

"Very simply indeed. Chlorodyne, opium pill, chlorodyne, collapse, nitre, bricks to the feet, and then—the burning-ghat. The last seems to be the only thing that stops the trouble. But I will say little Benson Lal, my apothecary, works like a demon. I've recommended him for promotion if he comes through it all alive."

"And what are your chances, old man?" said Moltram.

"Don't know; don't care much: but I've sent the letter in. What are you doing with yourself generally?"

"Sitting under a table in the tent and spitting on the sextant to keep it cool," said the man of the survey. "Washing my eyes to avoid ophthalmia, which I shall certainly get, and trying to make a sub-surveyor understand that an error of five degrees in an angle isn't quite so small as it looks. I'm altogether alone, y' know, and shall be to the end of the hot weather."

The engineer who is the host is worst off of all. His English sub-contractor has died "accidentally" by the going off of his gun, and he himself is half mad with sleeplessness, but will not ask for leave because the man who would relieve him has a delicate wife at Simla, whom he can visit weekly where he is, and who would insist on following were he sent to Hummil's desert post. "It's murder to bring a woman here just now. Burkett hasn't the physique of a rat. If he came here he'd go out: and I know she hasn't any money, and I'm pretty sure she'd go out too. I'm salted in a sort of way, and I'm not married. Wait till the rains, and then Burkett can get thin down here." The story of this hero, and how he perishes at the post he will not let another man encounter the dangers of, is told in the terrible story called the 'End of the Passage.' So much for the servants of the English Government in the burning plains. We ourselves think this

story one of the most sad and terrible in the book, though perhaps the 'Man who Was' is still more piteously tragic. The great horror of the volume, the 'Mark of the Beast,' affects our particular imagination less, inasmuch as it has, as the children say, a happy ending, the man being set free from the horrible enchantment. But it is idle to call these marvellous glimpses into a strange life stories, in the ordinary sense of the word—they are revelations, of what men can do, of what perhaps devils may.

The soldiers, again, are portrayed with more love and sympathy than the civilians, and with not less vivid touches. The 'Drummers of the Fore and Aft' (not in this book) is an epic which has seized upon every man from the age of ten upwards—and we say not man invidiously, as shutting out woman, but collectively as including her. These have entered into the English language, and are, though so young, mere babies of tales, rooted like Shakespeare. The soldiers, even in their most tragic moments, are gayer than the civil servants. The battle in the 'Main Guard' (also not in this volume) is like Homer or Sir Walter. The Pathans and the Englishmen, drunk with fighting, love and applaud each other as each cuts down his man, and the sergeant, withdrawn for a moment from the deadly struggle, who sits on the "little officer bhoy" to keep his immature strength out of it, while the youngster struggles and roars threats of punishment, is an immortal group. We will not attempt to quote anything from stories so well known, except in the little unconsidered details which a hasty reader full of excitement for the narrative might slip

over in his haste. Here is an indication of the ways of the bivouac and the relations between officers and men, accustomed to lead and follow in the real and awful game of war, though for the moment only playing at it in the manoeuvres of a sham campaign.

"‘The boys are in a good temper,’ said the Major. ‘They’ll be singing presently. Well, a night like this is enough to keep them happy.’

"Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but preserving an orderly perspective draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void, up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a grey shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry-fire leagues away to the left. A native woman from some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

The men, full-fed, turned to tobacco and song—their officers with them. The subaltern is happy who can win the approval of the musical critics in his regiment, and is honoured among the most intricate step-dancers. By him, as by him who plays cricket cleverly, Thomas Atkins will stand in hour of need when he will let a better officer go on alone. . . . From the far side of the bivouac the voice of Corbet-Nolan, senior subaltern of B company, uplifted itself in an ancient and much appreciated song of sentiment, the men moaning melodiously behind him—

‘The north wind blew coldly, she drooped from that hour,
My own little Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
Kathleen, my Kathleen, my Kathleen O’Moore.’

With forty-five O’s in the last word ; even at that distance you might have

cut the soft South-Irish accent with a shovel."

This is a very pretty picture of one of the armies in the world in which there is the greatest distance between officers and men,—"the men moaning melodiously" after the lieutenant is one of the happiest touches.

This, however, is not all that we owe to Mr Rudyard Kipling. Behind those bands of Englishmen, Scotsmen (he gives our countrymen but little attention, yet introduces one here and there for a moment, just to show that he can give the speech and accent of a Scot without ridicule or mistake, the all-comprehending boy), and Irishmen, whom he loves, and to whom he does full justice, lies the vast world of India, which also, in the great and unfathomable experience of his less than thirty years, this wonderful youth has penetrated and made his own. The niggers, whom foolish young officers scorn—the wily and flattering races that bow down before the Sahibs ; the fierce Borderers, who own their master when they see him, but are ready, like children, to take immediate advantage of a priest’s murmur that the British Raj is over ; the pathetic feminine creatures, half children, half women, whom the white men love and ride away ; the old sages squatted in the cool recesses of the temples ; the noble chief, who, having been poor himself and worked for his living, has no mercy on the vagabond who steals to live. These are stories, no doubt, and most entertaining stories, full of human nature, piquant in its difference, overwhelming in its resemblances to our own—with all the strange circumstances of ignorance and wisdom, unlike ours, that make it a

revelation to us. There has been a question lately in the papers, of a decoration for literature, a share in the honours so freely going about the world, for literary men. Some of the debaters—indeed most of them—have taken a high tone, and attributed to writers the ineffable pretension of being above everything of the kind. Why? We do not pretend to know, the writers of books being but men, not contemptuous of any good thing that their trade may bring them, were it no more (but what is more?—the Garter itself is only that) than a piece of ribbon. If her Majesty's Ministers will be guided by us (which perhaps is not extremely probable; yet we confess we should like the command of a Minister's ear for several shrewd suggestions), they will bestow a Star of India without more ado upon this young man of genius, who has shown us all what the India empire means. Perhaps Lord Salisbury has not time, poor gentleman! with all the weight of State upon him, to refresh his soul with stories; but we dare be bound Mr Balfour has, who, to speak as do the children of to-day, is up to everything. Sir Edwin Arnold had a good right to that star, probably suggested by his own poem, which showed us Buddha in his more than half Christianity—wonderful shadow of the Christ that was to be, not to be lightly touched by the ignorant missionary: and we would award it to a few others we know of—the author, for instance, of the 'City of Sunshine,' and perhaps he of 'Mr Isaacs.' But there is no Indian potentate, no general, no political agent, no member of council, who has a better right to the Indian decoration than this errant story-teller. We have all read a great deal about that vast

continent, and the extraordinary British rule which is over it, without in most cases understanding very much. But here it lies, a hundred nationalities, a world unknown, under that blazing sky—innumerable crowds of human creatures, like the plains they inhabit, stretching into distance further than any eye can see. Never was there a more astonishing picture than that, all done in black and white, which is called the "City of Dreadful Night." We pant in the air which is no air, we sicken for the evanescent breath of dawn, we walk between the white bodies asleep, not dead, that lie in every corner, we hear the muezzin climb the stairs to give forth his cry upon the stillness, as if we were there in bodily sight and hearing. It is a magic, it is an enchantment. If her Majesty herself, who knows so much, desires a fuller knowledge of her Indian empire, and how it is ruled and defended and fought for every day against all the Powers of Darkness, we desire respectfully to recommend to the Secretary for India that he should place no sheaves of despatches in the royal hands, but Mr Rudyard Kipling's books. There are only two volumes of them, besides sundry small *brochures*. A good bulky conscientious three-volume novel holds as many words. But there lies India, the most wonderful conquest and possession that any victorious kingdom ever made, the greatest fief, perhaps, that ever was held for God. These are great words: and the young magician upon whose lips we hang does not hesitate to show us by what imperfect instruments the Raj of the white empire is upheld, by men themselves stumbling and labouring upon the path of life, taking that great name as often in vain

Life's Handicap.

king it in reverence—storm-
ghting, sinning, forgetting
lves often, yet never for-
; the strong rule and curb
hich, a handful themselves,
old millions, always with an
te and steadfast direction
is Justice and Truth.

patriot leader could do a bet-
rk. We dwell upon none of
rary qualities of this achieve-

These are for lesser efforts.

Mr Rudyard Kipling has
is an imperial work, and
of an imperial reward.
ar of India! a small thing
itic might say; but in this
n condition of affairs, when
o longer the fashion to give
as much land as he can
ound in a summer day—as
as there is to give. It

be a good beginning of a
ystem in respect to that
nowledged craft which is
o content itself with what
ood it can do in its genera-
and the fickle applauses of
r fame. It is well to
er, however, another good
that Mr Kipling has done.
as proved that the public,
h apt to be beguiled by Mr
e K. Jerome and the 'Mys-
of a Hansom Cab,' has yet
enough to recognise some-
better when it sees it—for
also we are much beholden
n: it restores our faith in
a nature: though how Mul-
and his friends can share the
ers, even on a railway book-
of the sentimental Bootles
is men and babies, we con-
re are at a loss to conceive.
was said, we believe, of our

young man, that though supe-
rative in the art (which he
brought so strongly into fashi-
of the short story, he was inc-
able of writing a long one.
answer to which, his dæmon
duced at a sitting the 'Light t
Failed.' We remember sitting
to read that story through
moonlight hours of an Italian n
night, until the blueness of
morning began to lighten c
the sea, and the grey oli
twinkled silvery in that first d
which comes before the sun. M
experience hath made us ca
and might, as one would thi
take the edge off any interest
excitement of a tale. But it
not so; and like a youth with
spell of strong feeling upon us,
seized the pen to write to
author. But paused, as Gol
in Dhunni Bhagat's Chul
might have done; for youth
these days is apt to contemn
perience, and better loves
praises of his kind. Here, h
ever, by the dignified hand
Maga, the ever young, is
letter which was never writ
bidding the young genius All-h
and more power to his elbow
relapse into vernacular spe
which is always more convin
than the high-flown.

The season of books has beg-
but we have as yet the first d
only of the promised abun-
stream. Presently the flood
come. It will not, perhaps, b
refreshing, but will end in a
deposit of mud and stones
choke the runlets; however,
us not despair.

THE RIOTS IN CHINA.

No medical fallacy is so universally and justly condemned as that of prescribing for the symptoms instead of the disease. A doctor who attempted to heal over the sore begotten by a cancer, instead of cutting out the roots of the evil, would justly be regarded as an ignoramus of the first water. The same principle holds with equal force in diplomacy. It rarely happens that any political manifestation in a foreign State owes its origin entirely to any purely local cause. Some evil under the surface is in nine cases out of ten the predisposing motive, and though the connection between cause and effect may not be obvious at first sight, it is the business of a diplomatist so to probe the circumstances as to acquaint himself with the irritating source of the mischief. More especially is this the case when similar events have occurred in past years, and when the uniformity of the phenomenon may justly be considered to indicate a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

We have been led to make these remarks by a study of the circumstances connected with the recent riots in China. There have been repeated outbreaks of the same sort. Not to go further back than 1868 and 1869, there were in those years serious disturbances directed against foreigners at Yangchow on the Yangtze-Kiang, at Swatow and Foochow, in Formosa and Szech'uen. In 1870 occurred the Tientsin massacre. Five years later Margary was murdered, and since then there have been committed frequent acts of popular hostility

against Europeans. In all these cases, except during the period when Sir Thomas Wade was our representative at Peking, there has been too often shown a disposition to accept the Chinese view that the disturbances were isolated acts produced by purely local and transitory causes.

But it cannot be too often insisted upon that the *fons et origo mali* is the fact that the Chinese Government is inimical to foreigners. Now that the Marquis Ts'eng is dead, there is not a single statesman who would not rejoice were the hated "barbarian" swept off the sacred soil of the Middle Kingdom. We are there by virtue of treaties extracted from the Government *vi et armis*; and having acquired this right, we mean to use it, not in any blustering or encroaching spirit, but as our legitimate privilege. Viewed from the Chinese standpoint, we are intruders who, by superior force, have succeeded in gaining a footing in China. Neither the people nor the ruling classes have the least sympathy with us. Our traditions and modes of thought, our faiths and aspirations, the motives of our conduct and the guiding principles of our lives, are as widely separated from those professed and acted on by Chinamen as "Scotland from Cathay." We have no feelings in common, and any friendliness that may exist between us is entirely on our side. Their most enlightened statesmen are at heart as anti-foreign as any member of the most advanced secret societies. Those who have the clearest political foresight—such, for instance, as Li Hungchang—know perfectly well that they are

powerless to rid themselves of us, and are content therefore to maintain generally courteous relations with our representative and consuls; but the whole direction of their policy is so to arm themselves as to be able to resist us at all points, and so to act as to minimise, so far as possible, the rights and privileges granted to us by the treaties. Such officials belong to the school of thought which used to be represented by Ts'êng Kwofan, the father of the late Marquis, who held that the first duty of China was to strengthen herself, and thus to place herself in a position to be able to close her ports against us in case it should suit her to do so.

This feeling is shared in by the people generally, more especially by the large class of scholars known as the Literati, who, having passed their examinations, are destined to remain *bouches inutiles* until the path of official employment is opened to them. No political considerations, such as check the expression of ill-will on the part of the Mandarins, have any influence on the conduct of these people, who are ever ready to break out into acts of hostility so soon as they see that such a course would not be distasteful to the ruling powers. A careful study of the position of affairs antecedent to the various outbreaks that have occurred, shows that a loosening of our hold on the Government has invariably produced a relaxation of the control commonly exercised by the Government in foreign affairs over the provincial authorities, and that this again has been followed by a slackening on their part of their grasp over the people. At no time have affairs been more peaceable in China than after a display of force on the part of foreign

Powers. Just as after the last war, when the country had suffered a humiliation, and when therefore it was natural to expect exasperation and hostility from the people, we enjoyed a time of profound peace, so it has always been. Unhappily, however, the submissive and conciliatory conduct of the Tsungli Yamên at the conclusion of the war, led the foreign representatives at Peking to yield privileges and waive rights in response to the same pleadings which are now advanced—viz., that the Government was unable to enforce the treaty rights on the people. When the foreign ministers had once begun to give way, the descent became easy. The treaty was gradually less and less exactly kept, and at last a belief, begotten by improved armaments and increased military proficiency, passed current that, though we had been successful in 1860, we were not likely to be so again, and that it was therefore safe to treat us with the same neglect and contempt as had been meted out to us before the war.

The result of this feeling was the outbreaks at Yangchow, Swatow, and elsewhere, which, however, were promptly repressed by our gunboats. Meanwhile Mr Burlinghame undertook to represent China at the Courts of Europe, and to urge on the Powers the advisability of treating China as a nation desirous of admittance to the rank of a civilised Power, and for whose shortcomings every allowance should be made, in consideration of the difficulties which she represented herself as encountering in making such an entirely new departure.

Considerable success attended Mr Burlinghame's efforts. The plea which was put into his mouth was plausible, and he succeeded in

imparting some of the implicit faith which he himself had in it to the Foreign Offices of Europe. A new era was about to begin in our relations with China, and from that time forward we were to deal with the Tsungli Yamên as we were in the habit of negotiating at the Quai D'Orsay, and in return we were to receive the same international courtesy which we were accustomed to expect from the French Foreign Office. This dream was of short duration. In 1870 Europe was startled by the news that at Tientsin, a town only about eighty miles from the capital, a violent outbreak had occurred, which was directed primarily against the missionary establishments, but which extended to all foreigners, and in which subjects of England, France, and Russia lost their lives.

This outrage caused a revulsion of feeling in Europe, and Sir Thomas Wade, who was then our *Chargé d'affaires* at Peking, with the other foreign representatives, insisted on full reparation being made, and brought home to the consciousness of the Mandarins that in face of such acts it was vain to plead for anything more than strict justice in the carrying out of the treaties. Even the Tsungli Yamên saw that they had gone too far, and in order again to put to sleep the vigilance of the foreign Powers, they arranged that the Emperor should receive their representatives at an audience.

This audience was cleverly arranged. The ceremony was held in a pavilion attached to the palace, in which it was customary to receive the envoys of tributary States. To the natives, therefore, it appeared that we accepted the position of inferiors, while by the foreign representatives this new departure was regarded as a decided step in advance, although

it was fully recognised that the manner of conducting the audience left much to be desired. Thus on both sides the China Government "scored." They gratified the patriotic pride of the people, and they won the good-will of the foreign Powers. Having acquired this measure of merit, they felt that all further efforts on their part were unnecessary. The usual uncomfortable relations followed, and two years later the murder of Mr Margary took place, an event which, in the opinion of Sir Thomas Wade, seriously compromised some of the highest officers of the State.

The negotiations which followed on this outrage culminated in the conclusion of the Chefoo convention, by which instrument the right of taking steamers up to Yang-tsze-Kiang as far as Ch'ung-k'ing was conceded to us. The great famine, to the relief of which England sent thousands of pounds; the famous campaign in Central Asia, by which China recovered the revolting provinces in Eastern Turkestan; and the war with France, — occupied the attention of the Government and people for some years. With the return of prosperity and peace, however, the Government showed no better disposition towards foreigners, and the audience which was granted to the European representatives at the beginning of the present year, was to all intents and purposes a repetition of the ceremony of 1873. The same pavilion served as the reception-room, and the only variety introduced was that the ministers placed their credentials on the table in front of the Emperor with their own hands, instead of through the mediation of Prince Kung. The Chinese did not venture to propose this farce until they felt assured of the pliancy of

the foreign ministers. In the case of the English representative, they felt that their diplomacy would be sufficient for the occasion. A minister who could be persuaded to give up so important a treaty-right as the navigation of the upper waters of the Yang-tsze-Kiang, was plainly not a man to stand out firmly against so insidious a proposal as that now advanced by the Tsungli Yamén. Unhappily the other ministers were, from various reasons, equally submissive, and wisdom was justified of her children.

The people were not slow to learn the lesson of the events passing under their eyes. They had opposed the passage of steamers up the higher waters of the Yang-tsze-Kiang, and therefore the "barbarians" had been forbidden to advance beyond Ich'ang. If they opposed the continuance of missionary establishments on the lower waters of the stream, might it not be that "the Son of Heaven" would order the intruders to be off bag and baggage? That this feeling entered into the calculations of the rioters there can be no doubt, although other motives largely influenced their conduct.

By common consent it is acknowledged that the rioters were mainly members of the Kolao-hwui, a secret society which is largely recruited from natives of the province of Hunan. In its present shape the society took its rise at the close of the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. During the civil war which raged from about 1852 to 1864, the Imperialist generals, finding the ordinary Chinese soldiers quite incapable of enduring the hardships of a severe campaign, enlisted largely in Hunan, the most riotous and unruly province in China. After the capture of Nanking, these troops still fol-

lowed their country's banners, and were eventually employed in General Tso's celebrated campaign in Central Asia. It was while on this service that they formed the present Kolao-hwui, which in its inception was nothing more than a benefit society. The members all contributed to a common fund, which was applied to supporting the sick and indigent members, and in giving decent burial to those of their number who died either in battle or by disease. With a return of piping times of peace the disbanded campaigners returned to their province and the neighbouring districts, and finding themselves unable as well as disinclined to engage in trade or agriculture, they gradually perverted the objects of the society, and turned that which was originally intended for the benefit of their fellows into a dangerous marauding association. They levied blackmail on wealthy landowners and local officials who were willing to purchase the peace of the districts under their charge by subsidising the society, and they executed raids on rich and defenceless villages.

The society thus offers attractions to the idle and dissolute, which draws to its banners all the discontented and ne'er-do-wells of the country-side. Swelled by these ill-omened additions to its ranks, its numbers have increased so enormously as to make it a standing menace to the peace of the country. In all cases of disturbances, the seizure of any members of the society among the rioters is followed by the execution of Jeddart justice on the culprits. No mercy is shown them, and as in each case the executioner does his duty the magistrates thank God they are rid of a knave. That there is some connection be-

tween the Kolao-hwui and the "League of Heaven and Earth," a far more political and revolutionary society, there can be no doubt. But the alliance is not very close. The watchword of the "League of Heaven and Earth" is, "Destroy the Ts'ing (the present) dynasty and restore the Ming (the last Chinese) dynasty;" but the motto of the Kolao-hwui is that of the Cranstoun Borderers, "Thou shalt want ere I want."

It is a noticeable fact that the late riots were directed against the missionary establishments at the ports. So far as we know, the inland stations have been left undisturbed. In the last number of 'China's Millions,' a periodical which represents the four hundred missionaries and agents of the Inland China Mission scattered over the empire, no mention whatever is made of any difficulties with the natives. Of the motives of the attacks there cannot be any doubt. In the eyes of Chinamen all foreigners are rich, and it is a common saying among native thieves that the contents of one foreign house are worth more than those of any ten Chinese houses. But besides this powerful attraction, there was an additional reason why the foreigners should be the object of attack. The members of the society have learned by experience that it is not only more profitable but that it is safer to pillage Europeans than natives. An act of brigandage committed on a native town or village is followed by a vigilant pursuit of the criminals, in which the people of the district eagerly take part; but the committers of a similar outrage on the European quarter of a city are secure from any great inquisitiveness on the part of the authorities, and, like the perpetrators of agrarian crime

in Ireland, are sure to have the support and condonation of the people.

With such motives for riot it is always easy to manufacture a cry among so ignorant and superstitious a people as the Chinese, more especially among the natives of Hunan, who on these as on all other occasions of disturbance in that part of the Yang-tze-Kiang, have taken a prominent part in the outrages. Of all the provincials in China the Hunanese are the most bigoted, ignorant, and anti-foreign. No foreigner has ever been able to establish himself in the province, and chance travellers who have skirted its northern portion going westward, have found it necessary to conceal themselves so far as possible in the recesses of their sedan-chairs or boats, and to hurry past the inhospitable frontier. This hatred of foreigners is made to extend to everything foreign, and only a few weeks ago the people on the border rose as one man to oppose the admission of the electric telegraph into the province. In this they were successful. They burned the poles, destroyed the wires, drove the native engineers across the boundary, and can now boast that Hunan is the only province in China which is uncontaminated by foreign inventions. For years past all the most virulent literary assaults upon Europeans have issued from this centre. A particularly violent pamphlet entitled 'A Deathblow to Corrupt Doctrine,' had its origin and chief circulation in Hunan. In this work every conceivable crime and immorality are attributed to foreigners, and especially to foreign missionaries. The well-worn accusation that they are in the habit of making medicine from the eyes of children, finds positive assertion in its pages, and the

re thus primed and ready
moment to avenge their
men at the bidding of their

such combustible material
a spark will easily pro-
explosion, and a trick,
clumsy, may be depended
cite the necessary animus.
hu, where the first of the
riots occurred, the fact that
ters of Mercy stopped to
o some children in the
as all that was needed to
howling mob, who burnt
ted the Roman Catholic
premises and schools, and
ito the British consulate.
rumours had been current
e days that the mob in-
o attack the Jesuit cath-
el buildings, and the occa-
these ladies' kindly words
zed upon as an excuse to
threat into execution. At
a more elaborate farce
ie through. A man was
rough the town carrying
inese babies. On being
hat he was doing with the
, he answered that he was
them down to Kiukiang
Roman Catholic Mission,
ade into medicine. This
ugh for the purpose. The
se, burnt the missionary
ments in the town, and
d two Englishmen who
tempting to rescue the
ladies from the fury of
le. At Tanyang, Wusieh,
van, Yangwu, Kiangyen,
ang, the disturbances which
ut almost simultaneously
duced by equally fictitious

simultaneousness of these
on foreigners was too
to be unacknowledged,
the decree on the subject
y the Emperor it appears
excited his alarm.

L.—NO. DCCCCXIII.

"It is," he writes, "strange, nay,
even incredible. It is evident that
among the perpetrators of these out-
rages there have been some influential
miscreants, whose object it has been
to plan and to fan an uneasy and dis-
contented feeling among the Chinese
people by the circulation of false and
alarming rumours, so that they might
take advantage of the agitation and
excitement thereby created to rob
and to plunder, and so that peaceable
and law-abiding persons might be
incited and led to join them, result-
ing in a tremendous uprising."

This passage accurately describes
the objects and manner of the
instigators of the disturbances.
When the mobs had been stirred
up to attack the foreign houses
the work of looting began, and
was conducted in the most open
and deliberate manner. Writing
of the riot at Wuhu, a missionary
on the spot says:—

"An astonishing part of these pro-
ceedings is the cool manner in which
everything was torn down and carried
away. A large iron chest, supposed
to be a safe, requiring ten or twelve
men to carry, was quietly carried off
in broad daylight. Heavy beams and
planks, requiring several men to carry
them, were carried in open daylight
past the foreign residences. Even
large bronze figures nearly life-size,
supposed to be intended for the cath-
edral in course of erection, were carried
past the line of soldiers on guard
without any question being asked,
and now stand in an open place not
far away from the scene of the riot."

It will be seen by this recapitu-
lation of facts that the present riot
is but a repetition of the Tientsin
massacre of 1870. Then, as now,
a marauding society aroused the
fury of the mob against the foreign
missionaries by precisely the same
absurd fictions; then, as now, mur-
der and pillage were added to the
crime of riot; and then, as now,
the local authorities watched with
folded hands the violence of the

people under their charge. As Sir Thomas Wade wrote to Lord Granville with reference to the Tientsin outbreak :—

"The rising . . . was purely a question of brigandage. The Hungsingtzu, an Alsatian fraternity of Tientsin, had not for a long time had an opportunity of filling their pockets, and had been meditating the possibility of an attack on the foreign settlements. The Prefect . . . arrived in spring. He was anti-foreign, and without speaking, let these bullies see that he would not stand in their way. Their plans were laid by about the 13th June [the riot occurred on the 21st June], all the authorities being aware of what was coming. Chung H'ou [the supreme authority on the spot] was as well informed as the rest, and was opposed to the rising ; but he dare not speak or move, lest, if no worse, his own Yamên should be destroyed."

If in this extract we read Kolao-hwui for Hungsingtzu, and the Mandarins of the towns of the Yang-tsze for Chung H'ou and the Prefect of Tientsin, we have an accurate description of the recent riots.

For some days before the outbreak at Wuhu, the Taotai was warned by the British consul that mischief was brewing, and in face of this notice he refused to give the protection to the foreign settlement asked of him. At Wusueh the authorities, with one notable exception, behaved with even greater callousness. The senior Mandarin refused to give his subordinate men to suppress the riot ; and one other excelled his fellows by not only abstaining from all attempts to quell the mob, but by turning out to the fury of the people the ladies and children who tried to enter his premises for protection. In pleasing contrast to this conduct was the behaviour of Tso Paiching, the subordinate Man-

darin just mentioned, who used every endeavour to save the lives of the foreigners, and especially of the ladies, and who was badly wounded in his gallant efforts. Of the manner in which he has been treated by the Government for so doing, we shall speak presently.

But not only was the conduct of the officials infamous at the moment when it might be pleaded for them that in the excitement of the riots they had lost their heads, but subsequently they lent the weight of their authority to the absurd fictions which had been used to excite the mob. At Tsienkiang the local officials were directed by the viceroy of the province to search the residences of foreigners "to see if they had any babies' or dead people's bones." And at Wuhu, while the violent passions of the mob were still excited, the Taotai issued a proclamation to the people in which he said : "If you find that these [missionary] institutions kidnap or steal children, don't create any disturbance, but bring the matter before the proper authorities to be dealt with." Encouraged by this pronouncement, the Kolao-hwui issued a proclamation the next day, in which they asserted that "the country was betrayed and the people were ruined." After repeating the infamous stories previously spread abroad as to the conduct of the Roman Catholic orphanages and churches, they went on to state that

"The priests of the Roman Catholic Church steal and kill Chinese children, and their crimes should have been expiated with death punishment; but the god of wealth bought off their lives. Money is superior to law, the precious code and Golden Rules are misapplied. It shows the magistrate's intention of exterminating our Chinese race, and of assisting the barbarians

thieves. . . . The barbarians, with their thieving consciences stricken and their hearts fluttering, bribed the petty military Mandarin Yao with 40 taels, who accordingly sent forty soldiers to keep guard over the church's entrance. Swords were freely used on those who attempted entrance. A Chinese official, indeed, rendering barbarians help to injure his countrymen! . . . The hearts of the people rebelled at such an outrage. The devil's nest is torn down and burnt. . . . This extraordinary occurrence originated with the officials, and not from the people. The officials compelled the people to create a disturbance, and the people could not but produce a riot."

After urging the people to destroy the Roman Catholic church again, in case of its being restored, the writers add the significant warning, "Do not touch the Customs. If you injure the Customs, you will not escape the arm of the law."

Although, doubtless, there is a large admixture of bombast in this proclamation, there is also a considerable amount of truth. The people were certainly not compelled by the Mandarins to create disturbances, but, as was the case at Tientsin, they were made aware that the magistrates would not be extreme to mark any violence committed on the foreign community. As Lord Salisbury wrote to Sir J. Walsham: "The Foreign Office has been informed of a growing tendency amongst the Chinese population to think that the simplest way of stopping any foreign movement or institutions which they disliked was a resort to popular outbreak and violence, which they believed would have no unpleasant result to themselves, and would merely entail payment of a certain pecuniary indemnity by the Government." The Mandarins have since asserted that their inaction was due to their fear of the mob; but it is a noteworthy fact that at Hankow, which is the

headquarters of the Kolao-hwui, and where all the elements of disorder are-rife, there was no disturbance of any kind; the fact being that the viceroy of the province, though of anti-foreign proclivities, gave the order that there was not to be a riot. And without a soldier being moved, or any extra display of authority made, the city remained perfectly calm.

Of course it may occasionally happen that the people will take the bit between their teeth, and act in defiance of the authorities. But what we charge the Mandarins at Wuhu and elsewhere with is this, that though they were warned of the coming storm, they made no effort to check it, and that when it burst upon the defenceless foreigners, they, with the exception above noted, made no effort to defend them.

The conduct of the Mandarins at Wusueh is thus summed up by Consul Gardner in a despatch to Lord Salisbury:—

"Of the four officials at Wusueh, three behaved infamously and one stupidly. There were various degrees of misconduct, from the callousness of the Urh Fu, who refused to supply men to quell the riot, to the abject cowardice of the Customs official, who was not only afraid to supply men to save his own subordinates, but who also refused to have the dead bodies [of the murdered Englishmen] brought to Captain Caine, though Captain Caine entreated him to do so, and though at the time the streets were clear and the bodies were guarded by the men of the Tung Pingsze—up to the infamy of the Ma Kotsze, who, when the ladies had taken refuge on his premises, had them driven out, and exposed to the fury of the mob."

This sums up the case against the local Mandarins, and we will now shortly examine the conduct of the Peking Government. In every respect they have followed

the course which has become habitual with them in such cases. Their first move was to express their regret for what had happened, and to promise that restitution should be made to the sufferers, and that the offenders should be punished. In order to emphasise these professions the Emperor issued a decree, in which he declared his intention of maintaining "the majesty and dignity of the law," and of securing peace and quiet; and he further stated roundly that the local authorities must understand that it is their duty to protect the lives of foreign merchants and missionaries from the violence of evilly disposed persons. And he further commanded that the Mandarins who had failed in their duty at the scenes of the outbreaks were to be reported to him for degradation.

All this is in exact accordance with Chinese statecraft, and so also is the fact that the only Mandarin punished was the official at Wusueh who risked his life and nearly lost it in his endeavours to save the foreigners from the violence of the mob. It is scarcely to be believed that while the Chinese Minister in London was pleading with Lord Salisbury not to show undue impatience or feeling with regard to the matter, since the Tsungli Yamên were "determined to see that none of the guilty escaped," the culpable officials were left unmolested, and the whole weight of Imperial displeasure was made to rest on the one man who had done his duty. It is true that the telegraph has since informed us that the "governor" of Wuhu has been degraded, but this extreme step was only taken when the Government saw that the Powers were determined that retribution should at least be meted out to this

prime offender. But even now the command of the Emperor as set forth in this edict has been disobeyed, and the solemn promise of the Tsungli Yamên that justice should be done has been broken.

Our experience of previous outbreaks in China should have by this time warned us against accepting the professions of the Chinese as anything more than devices to gain time. Their one object is by an appearance of friendly sincerity to throw the foreign ministers off their guard, and, by protracting the investigations, to shelter the officials, who, from their point of view, have erred, if at all, through excessive patriotism.

But the Government has other stock weapons in its armoury. The two excuses which it pleads for its own shortcomings are invariably (1) the ignorance of the people, and (2) its own inability completely to control the mobs in the remote provinces. To the first of these excuses it is only necessary to reply in the words of Sir Thomas Wade, in a letter addressed to the Tsungli Yamên, after the Tientsin massacre:—

"It is sufficient for my present purpose to repeat what I had the honour to observe to the Prince of Kung in my despatch of the 9th July last, that the Government is responsible for the ignorance of the people, which alone can render possible their perpetration of an act so barbarous upon a pretext so ridiculous; and the fact that the people's continuance in such darkness is due to a want of enlightenment on the part of the Government, will not be held to excuse the Government when foreign life and property are jeopardised by the simple people whom the Government is not wise enough to teach."

These are words of soberness and truth. And we further know from experience that when the Government really desires to

ious beliefs of the people, e no difficulty in doing so. was first suggested that and telegraphs should duced into the country, ernment declared that in ion of the people the dis- of the burial-grounds, ould be necessary for the tion of the railways and ion of the telegraph-posts, y outraging the Fêng-shui stricts through which they ss, so certainly arouse the of disease and death, that be impossible to induce the to consent to the works. r, however, did these self- dertakings become politi- ssities than they were at ceeded with. Without a on the part of the people, were removed from the ds through which the railway passes, and the was carried all over the with the exception, as ted, of that Tipperary of he province of Hunan. v, therefore, that the Gov- can, if it pleases, dis- e minds of the people of erstitious fancies; and we i Sir Thomas Wade, that rnment is responsible for ance of the people from s from a hotbed, such ome growths are pro-

cond plea—viz., that the ent is powerless to con- mob in the remote pro- s one that no independent cept China would ever to advance. That any ent should be willing to admission of its inability e the first principles of eems almost incredible. ese statesmen feel no ment in making this e look in vain in

despatches for any apology for their incompetence, or for any blush of shame when they argue with this monstrous confession as their premiss. Possibly this calousness arises from the fact that the plea is false. We have shown in this article that when it suits their convenience they are quite able to enforce order, except in isolated cases. But at all events, before such a plea should be listened to for a moment, the question should be asked and answered, "What have you done to restore order?" So far as we have been able to learn by telegraph, no steps have been taken to meet an unusual emergency by any but the most ordinary measures. If the forces on the spot were impotent to deal with the outbreaks, why have not troops from a distance been called in? At the present moment Li Hung-chang has a highly drilled and perfectly armed force of 30,000 men. Why have none of these been sent to the scene of the riots? And why were not ships from the armour-clad northern fleet sent up the river until after the presence of foreign men-of-war had silenced the rioters?

To these questions only one answer can be returned—the Chinese Government is not in earnest. In fact, we stand now exactly where we stood after the Tientsin massacre. The ruling powers were hostile to us then, and they are hostile to us now; and unless the foreign Governments adopt a firm and decided policy in dealing with this great octopus in the East, they will at the end of the next twenty years be hostile to us still. They have been taught to regard us as good-natured, weak-kneed giants, who occasionally are stirred up to use are easily

pacified, and who are unwilling to rouse ourselves again except under the most dire provocation. One of their ancient philosophers said, "Manage your business before it takes form. Begin to regulate before the disorder comes." It would be well if we acted on this advice, and in all our dealings with the Chinese Government insisted on its carrying out to the letter the obligations due to us. That is the first thing to be done. It is notorious that for years the Chinese Government has evaded the conditions of the treaties. It has refused or delayed redress for wrongs done to British traders, and has left unchecked the practice of the provincial authorities of imposing illegal dues on English goods passing into the interior of the country. It has thus seriously crippled trade, and has produced a sense of doubt and uncertainty which is fatal to enterprise. It is perfectly true, as has lately been remarked, that the Chinese will yield everything to firmness, but nothing to argument. We have wasted years in attempting to maintain our rights with this weaker weapon, and it is now high time that we resorted to a stronger policy. The first step in this direction should be a definite announcement to the Tsungli Yamên that we intend for the future to demand the strict fulfilment of our treaty to the very letter; and that no plea of *non possumus* will be accepted, unless by so doing our hands shall be considered free to enforce our rights on the spot.

But any general policy would be incomplete which did not provide direct measures for combat-

ing the anti-foreign feeling which exists in the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh, and of which we have already spoken.

At present we have no treaty port in Hunan,—which, be it remembered, is a territory as large as Great Britain,—and the people know nothing of foreigners except from the ridiculous and lying *canards* which are circulated about us by the *Literati*. There is an antipathy which is begotten by darkness, and which can only be dispelled by the admission of light. Our experience at the treaty ports has invariably been that the more the people know about us the less opposed they are to us, and the real remedy for the present anti-foreign feeling which is so rife in Hunan is the establishment of a treaty port within its borders. In support of this view we may quote a recently published letter,¹ from China, by the Rev. William Deans, of the Church of Scotland Foreign Mission, in which, after giving a graphic account of the outbreak at Ich'ang, he adds: "If Hunan were only opened for trade, and foreigners guaranteed protection, no further trouble would occur in China. Let Hunan be quelled, and a new China will be the result."

These are not words spoken at random, but represent the deliberate opinion of a man well versed in the social situation, and one who inherits the traditions of a Church which has done as much as any other to encourage its agents to identify themselves with the life of the people. When this principle is once admitted, there can be no question as to which should be the chosen commercial centre. Everything points to Si-

¹ Vide 'Scotsman' of October 21.

as being the fit and proper place.

politically and commercially Siangtan is pre-eminently fitted out for a treaty port. Situated in the interior of the empire, and on the banks of the Yangtze at a point at which connect the rivers which connect it with three of the richest provinces of the empire—Kwangsi, Kwang-tung, and Kiangsu (Kwang-Canton), Kwangsi, and Kiangsu—and from which radiate the great channels of communication with the central and northern provinces, it is admirably placed to serve as a centre of diffusion of foreign knowledge and influence; while the advantages of position serve to make its rich and teeming population a busy mart of exchange between the abundant products of South-China with the goods and manufactures of the central provinces.

It is true that steamers would be unable to reach its anchorage during the summer months when the river is high; but even then it would be more accessible than Ch'ungk'ing now is, since native boats have no difficulty in reaching the Siang at all seasons of the year.

The same arguments which point to the advisability of opening a port in Hunan apply with equal force to Hupeh. There, in Hunan, the people are ignorant-foreign, and are second only to their southern neighbours in the violence of their antipathies. We have two ports in this province—Hankow and Ich'ang. Both these are on the Yangtze, and are therefore not so closely connected with the interior districts of the province as Plymouth and Southampton with the towns and villages

of Northamptonshire. But besides this, recent events have made it more than ever plain that, if we are to assimilate with the people, we must go inland and do more than touch, as it were, the fringe of the empire.

In Hupeh the town of Siangyang, on the Han river, occupies much the same position that Siangtan does in Hunan. It stands at the parting of the waters, and serves as a centre for the reception and distribution of the merchandise of Honan and Shansi, which is carried to it by the Tang and other rivers; and of that of Szech'uen and Shensi, which reaches its wharves by the upper waters of the Han. Like Siangtan, it can only be approached by steamers at the high-water season; but though situated at a distance of 300 miles from the mouth of the river, it is easily reached by native boats all the year round.

It may be argued that it is unwise to establish settlements at points not easily accessible to steamers at all seasons of the year. But there are already several treaty ports which are so situated. At no time in the year can Ch'ungk'ing in Szech'uen be reached by steamer; and at all seasons the passage, even of native boats, is attended with great danger and difficulty, owing to the rapids on the Yang-tsze-Kiang. Both Newchwang and Tientsin are inaccessible to vessels and boats of every kind during the winter months; and yet no difficulty has arisen, in consequence, at any of these towns.

But unquestionably it would be necessary, on the occasion of a new policy such as is sketched above, to make special arrangements to prevent the likelihood of any popular rising. Chinese

mobs have always shown a wholesome consciousness of the fact that upon one pair of English legs march many Chinamen. The arrival of a war-vessel or of a handful of troops has always produced perfect peace, even when the mob has been excited by riot and plunder; and it would be only necessary to place at the disposal of the consuls at these two towns an appearance of force to secure the foreign settlements against all annoyance. This could be done in two ways—either by the presence of gunboats, or by giving the consuls small escorts of marines. It by no means follows that because gunboats could not steam up the rivers at all seasons, they could not remain at their moorings opposite the settlements all the year round. But if there were naval objections to this course, there could be none, we should imagine, to the detachment of sufficient men to form small escorts. This would be no new departure. When our legation was first established at Peking, the Minister was protected by a military escort, which was afterwards withdrawn, as these might be, so soon as it shall have become evident that no further danger exists. During the winter of 1861-62, also, a military force was sent from Tientsin to Newchwang for

the protection of the settlement at that place; and at Yokohama, in Japan, our countrymen were for six years supported against possible danger by the presence of a force consisting of marines, a regiment of the line, and a battery of artillery.

In these three cases the presence of the soldiers, far from being productive of evil, had a most salutary effect. Instead of giving rise to disturbance, it preserved peace; and, except at Peking, where the opportunities of mixing with the people were limited, the intercourse between the soldiers and the natives resulted only in the establishment of cordial and friendly relations. With these successful precedents before us, there need be no difficulty in carrying out such an arrangement as that proposed, to meet the possible objection to the permanent employment of gunboats. At least this much is certain, that the establishment of settlements at inland towns in Hunan and Hupeh—either those we have indicated or others—is the true remedy for the anti-foreign feeling which is now so unfortunately rife in those provinces, and which, unless checked, must remain a constant source of danger to the treaty ports on the Yang-tze-Kiang.

THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.

Silent arma! Sound a truce between the hosts while the commanders catch their breath, the soldiers lower their arms, and the rabble of camp-followers hold their peace, out of respect to the honoured dead.

For we are all one nation after all, though we have peculiar ways of showing it, and this day England numbers one fewer in the roll of her true and noble servants—adds one name to the list of her departed statesmen. A thousand pens are at this moment flying through obituary notices of Mr W. H. Smith, yet it is safe to say that not one of them distils gall; a thousand tongues will, before these lines are printed, have sounded from platforms in every part of the realm—each will bear decorous and mournful tribute to the loss that the British nation and British Parliament have been called on to bear; more subtle than pens—more sincere than tongues—the secret thoughts of every one will be unmixed regret for the man who has gone from among us.

Of no other living statesman could this be said in the same fulness as of Mr Smith. There are public men of whose gifts we are proud, whose careers we cherish as contributing to the greatness of history, who have endeared themselves by personal qualities or ennobled themselves by high achievement; but it has been the lot of each and all of these to stir apprehension, create jealousy, disappoint hopes, or offend susceptibilities: the apprehensive, the jealous, the disappointed, the oversensitive, would all have some mingled feelings when a conspicuous figure was removed from the

active scene, but no such bitterness is strained into the cup of national mourning for Mr Smith.

A variety of causes contribute to this remarkable result. Chief among these is the character of the man himself. Those who knew him best will recognise the chief ingredient in that character to be unselfishness; and even to those who knew him only as a political ally or opponent, that attribute must have made itself conspicuous. It may appear strange that this particular quality should tend to the success of a political career or attract the sympathy of rival politicians, because the more one sees of the inner working of Parliament the more convinced one must be that self-seeking is the dominant factor in the actions of ninety-nine-hundredths of party men. "If you don't look after your own interest, nobody else will trouble himself about you," is the almost universal maxim, as any Patronage Secretary could state from his daily experience. Why, then, should unselfishness obtain ascendancy and command approbation among a class of persons notoriously and confessedly self-seeking? On the same principle it may be supposed that, in the transpontine drama, virtue is always made more strikingly triumphant than in theatres, where the audience is drawn from levels of greater refinement; because it is found from experience that those whose circumstances in life make them most familiar with open lawlessness or violence are most readily pleased by the discomfiture of villany. Politicians valued Mr Smith for his unselfishness precisely because they

have good reason to know what a rare quality it is among themselves.

Exempt by his private affluence from the pecuniary anxiety which so often besets public men, and places Office and Opposition in the contrast (so perilous to integrity) of solvency and embarrassment, his motive in exchanging leisure and liberty for the thralldom of a department of State was, of course, wholly independent of the "loaves and fishes." But neither could he be suspected of personal ambition, which is, after all, but a robust form of selfishness. None more cheerfully than he stood aside and took a place inferior to that assumed by the meteoric genius who thrust himself into the leadership of a bewildered party in 1886; none paid more generous tribute to the brilliant outset of the ex-leader of the Fourth Party as Chancellor of the Exchequer; none spread the veil more charitably over the eccentricity of that orbit, or spoke with so little resentment of the reckless petulance which brought his colleagues into such serious, though temporary, difficulty. It is a matter of common knowledge that when in December 1886 Mr Smith was asked to step into the gap abruptly vacated by Lord Randolph Churchill, he undertook the task only on the repeated importunity of the Prime Minister and of his colleagues, and that in doing so he acted solely from a strong sense of public duty. The act was in itself a proof of no mean degree of courage.

Duty! that was the word that came ever most familiarly to his lips—index of the thought that was ever uppermost in his mind. "It is our duty in the interests of the public service"—that sentence occurred so often in his speeches from the Treasury bench as to

raise in the early days a good-humoured titter among the Opposition, and was even the cause of occasional impatience among followers accustomed to the oratorical sparkle and formidable sallies of his predecessor. But it was not very long before men of all sections learned that this was no empty phrase, but the expression of an inflexible principle, which the leader of the House never allowed to fall into the background. The word Duty sounds coldly, even harshly, in some ears; it is a guide, to follow which takes a man through rough roads to lodging often of little ease—a *numen* counting many martyrs among its disciples. The sacrifice exacted has often been more dramatic: the soldier on the blood-soaked field, the seaman on the sinking ship, the fireman on the crumbling wall—ay, even the familiar policeman on his beat—may earn readier sympathy than the elderly English gentleman, homely in features and unromantic in dress, who sat hour after hour, night after night, encouraging his followers by his presence to endure the endless repetition of frivolous verbosity, and violent, at times vulgar, invective. None the less was Mr Smith giving his health, and, as it has turned out, his life, in the cause of duty. He had undertaken a task thrust upon him to which he brought a bold heart, and though he would risk nothing by letting it be made easy for him, he risked his life by carrying it out thoroughly. In vain his colleagues used latterly to beg him to spare himself, and go home when no urgent or critical business remained to be discussed: he seemed never to be happy except when at his post; and those of us who can call to mind his appear-

at night in July when he took the Treasury bench for the first time, his legs covered with a rug, in evident suffering, but patiently attentive to an interminable discussion in Committee. He only possesses a recollection of the scene which, though it might be more picturesque, could be more pathetic or inspiring. Mr Smith had arrived at middle age before he attempted to enter the House of Commons. In 1865, when just forty years of age, he successfully contested Westminster with Mr John Stuart Mill. In the world he was known at first only as the junior partner in the great firm of W. H. & Son; and, on his renewed attack on Mr Mill's seat, and succeeding in ousting the opponent, the following sentence—excusable enough from a man, but amusing in the light of subsequent events, appeared in a London newspaper: "Westminster has shown herself incapable of electing a great man when she has it, . . . has raised a wealthy news-vendor to temporary prominence and even to such kind of notoriety as attends those whose names get somehow embedded in the world-wide fame of an opportunity."

His new member for Westminster was by this time forty—a comparatively late age at which to enter upon a parliamentary apprenticeship, and far beyond the age at which most distinguished careers have been begun. But his youth spent in an active life in the business of his firm gave him more concern than any Government department except the Post-office. Mr Smith had laid up a store of administrative knowledge which his keen-sighted leader, Mr Bismarck, was not slow to avail himself of. It may perhaps be re-

membered that when in 1874 Mr Smith was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury, some murmuring was heard among the party of aristocratic traditions, of which murmurs an unpleasant echo might be recognised some years later in certain allusions, by one who certainly knew better, to "*bourgeois* placemen." No better appointment, as it turned out, was ever made; the training of the "wealthy news-vendor" was turned to excellent account, and the multifarious duties of the Financial Secretary were thoroughly and smoothly discharged. There is no office in the Government which calls for so much tact and such minute attention to detail, combined with grasp and decision, as that of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. That official is not only responsible for the arrangement of business in the House of Commons, but for the preparation and revision of the Estimates, which brings him into direct and constant contact with every public department. He has more continuous and arduous work than any other member of the Administration. The duties of that post were discharged by Mr Smith for three years and a half, and in August 1877, being then in his fifty-third year, he entered the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty. When Lord Salisbury formed his first Government in 1885, Mr Smith became Secretary of State for War, an opportunity irresistible to the comic papers, which emphasised the contrast between the bellicose title of the office and the mild manner and unwarlike mien of him who filled it. 'Punch' had a caricature showing on one side the Continental ideal of our War Minister—a truculent swash-buckler, fully armed, breathing fire and slaughter; and on the other

side a portrait of the quiet, unassuming individual he really was.

In January 1886 Mr Smith exchanged the War Office for the more hazardous post of Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, but a few weeks only intervened between that appointment and the downfall of a Government which could not command a majority in the House of Commons.

After the general election of that year, Parliament reassembled in September under a Unionist Government. Mr Smith returned to the War Office, and loyally served in the House under the leadership of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill. Parliament was prorogued early in the autumn; the Unionist party, at first inclined to look suspiciously on so young a leader, who had not many months before been scattering political wild-oats broadcast, became reassured by the dexterity and good-humour with which Lord Randolph steered the House through six tempestuous weeks of session, and separated for the holidays with a degree of enthusiastic devotion and admiration for him that it is seldom the lot of a political leader to command. It was a magnificent position which Lord Randolph Churchill held in the early days of December 1886. Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons at the age of thirty-eight—men went back to the days of Pitt to find a parallel for the brilliancy of his ascent. It might well have been that a man of narrower mind than Mr Smith should regard with mingled feelings the sudden promotion of one twenty-three years his junior in age, immeasurably his inferior in experience; one, too, from whom in the days when they were in

opposition together, he had received many a rude flout and scathing taunt. But Mr Smith was of truer metal than to give half-hearted allegiance, and, while he held office, Lord Randolph had no more helpful colleague, no more dutiful follower, than the Secretary of State for War.

Then came the crash. Members of Parliament, scattered for the Christmas holidays, took up the 'Times' from their breakfast-table, and read the incredible paragraph announcing the resignation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The news did not appear in the first edition of the other morning papers; it must be a hoax such as would never have happened, so old-fashioned people said, when Delane was at the helm of the 'Times.' Many men telegraphed to London to know the origin of the rumour, but next day the inexplicable truth was known to all.

This is no fitting place to dwell on the manner in which this resignation was effected, nor on its cause, nor on the personal details which marked its sharp departure from all precedent; neither is it worth while discussing now whether the loss of Lord Randolph's oratorical gifts (unrivalled among speakers on the Conservative benches) has been compensated by the gain of Mr Goschen's talents, and the closer welding of the ingredients of the Unionist party. But it is well to remember not only the perplexity into which the Government and their immediate followers were thrown, but the effect upon the confidence of the country. The defection of the Leader of the House at such a critical juncture, and on grounds, so far as explained by himself, so ludicrously paltry, was enough to shake an Administration without supporters in the House far more

homogeneous and better accustomed to act together. It was the general belief that the Government could not stand the shock. It would, however, be superfluous to allude to what was at that time the subject of universal speculation, save that the dilemma of the Government was Mr Smith's opportunity, though unsought, unwished for by him. With one consent the eyes of all his party turned upon him as the one safe guide who might extricate them from the mess. Full of misgiving as to his own capacity, he obeyed the call of duty and became First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House.

That the experiment was successful, men of all parties must cordially agree. Every one knew that the air of candour and simplicity which invested the speech and manner of "plain Mr Smith" was not assumed, but betokened the true character of the man. Without the slightest pretension to oratorical gifts, still less to rhetorical art, his calm clear judgment and unerring fairness commended his speeches, never too long, and his expressions, often lacking in artistic elegance, to the fastidious attention of the House. Men often speak unreservedly in the neutral ground of the smoking-room, and Mr Smith's secure position and successful leadership of the House was often and freely discussed there. "Old Morality" was the sobriquet conferred on him by the less reverent members of the Opposition, and one of the best known of these might have been heard one day saying regretfully to a supporter of the Government: "You know you have an immense advantage over us, for you *hate* the Grand Old Man, but, confound it! we can't help *liking* Old Morality."

If this was the feeling on the Opposition benches, much deeper did it soon become on the Government side. There was in Mr Smith none of the hauteur which men in high places often unconsciously allow to chill relations with their subordinates in office; neither did he fall into the opposite error of making obvious efforts to be considerate or polite. His manner to all was perfectly natural and suave; access to him was surrounded by no difficulty and little ceremony; men learnt to consult him as a wise friend even on their private affairs; would that it were permitted to relate some of the innumerable instances of his generosity and liberality! During last session two members were discussing some point in a side lobby during a division—the leader of the House happening to pass at the moment. "Here is the headmaster," said one of them; "let us refer it to him." "Ah! don't call me that," was Mr Smith's rejoinder; "I am only one of the big boys."

Those whose duties brought them into official relations with him will not readily forget the kindly greeting with which he always received them, whether at the Treasury or in the First Lord's room behind the Speaker's chair. Even when worried by the prodigious obstruction of business in the House, or in suspense about the result of a coming critical division, or, as was the mournful case during the last two years, tormented by painful and irritating disease, the pleasant smile and cheering word were never looked for in vain.

Some surprise was expressed when, last summer, Mr Smith accepted the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque-Ports. It was said openly that, having already two country seats, the office would

have been more fitly bestowed on one of his colleagues who had none. Perhaps if the fact were more generally known that this honorary post is so far from being one of emolument that the holder of it is involved in the expenditure of several thousands a-year, critics would have been less ready to find fault with the selection of Mr Smith and the motives which led him to allow himself to be appointed.

The offices of First Lord and Chancellor of the Exchequer are generally combined in one Minister: the departmental duties of the former are light in themselves, consisting principally in dispensing Government patronage; but in addition to the labours of Leader of the House, it was Mr Smith's pleasure to take an important administrative part. Questions affecting the pay, status, and promotion of the Civil Service have been forced to the front unusually often of late years, and to the solution of these Mr Smith devoted much of his time. His early experience gave him well-instructed sympathy for the conditions and peculiarities of such service, and

his well-earned reputation for unswerving fairness enabled him to set at rest many knotty disputes to the satisfaction of both parties.

Well, we have lost him! The steady hand that steered the ship so nearly into port is cold and still. For the third time during the present Parliament, the Conservative party in the House of Commons must choose a leader. They may get one more brilliant in the House or on the platform—one whose past achievements are sound warrant that he will not dishonour the highest post—but they are not likely to get one in whom each member of the party will feel so truly that he has a friend as well as a commander. To the lips of many a one, when he heard of the death of William Henry Smith, must have risen the words spoken by Bassanio of Antonio, the Merchant of Venice—

“The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.”



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THE RUSSIANS ON THE PAMIRS.

THE Russian advance towards India has been compared to the opening of parallels against a besieged city. The first parallel, a line of observation, was the old Caspian and Orenburg frontier of half a century ago. The second, from the south of the Caspian along the Persian and Afghan frontier to the head-waters of the Oxus—a line of menace. A third parallel is now being attempted, from the north-eastern corner of Afghanistan along the north of the Indian empire—a line intended to cut off communications and check a sally of the garrison. Such are the strategical aims we assign to the recent display of restless activity by Russia on the Pamirs and in the direction of Eastern Turkistan.

A brief survey of the present position of Central Asia will help to an understanding of the opportune nature of Russia's recent movements. Obtaining her own way along the Russo-Persian frontier, and working by assimilation

as yet failed to make any impression save one of hostility upon the Afghans. The new boundary, jealously guarded as it has been by the Ameer, has steadfastly repulsed all advances; and Abdurrahman's well-known severity has restrained his lawless subjects from affording pretexts for Russian interference in a manner that is marvellous to those who remember what was the condition of Balkh-Turkistan not very many years ago. Repelled all along the line from the Zulfikar Pass to Khwajasalar on the Oxus, the superfluous activity of the Russian adventurers has been driven to find an outlet in another direction. It is no small triumph for the British Government that it should have so far succeeded in circumscribing Russia's action, in regions where her activity was full of danger to the peace of Asia, as to force it to seek an outlet in a locality so futile as the Pamirs. But there are other reasons in the air why Russia should at present cast her eyes eastward from Khokand and

Samarkhand. Her keen perception has not failed to notice the growing troubles of China, the internal turbulence of the Chinese, and the difficulties in consequence created between the Peking Government and the great civilised Powers. The possibility of a European and American demonstration in Chinese waters has for some time been in prospect—may even yet become a political necessity. In the interchange of diplomatic views which has taken place among the Powers, Russia has, we believe, been careful to keep aloof from any project for coercing the Chinese. When the moment arrives for the Powers to call China peremptorily to account, Russia has her own card to play. What her aims are on the Primorsk frontier we do not profess to know; but there can be little question that as soon as China finds her hands full elsewhere, Russia will endeavour to make herself mistress of Eastern Turkistan. For some years past there have been significant indications in the straws that float upon the surface of her Asiatic currents, of workings in that direction. Not the least notable of these was the selection of General Kuropatkine for the Central Asian Government. As long ago as 1876 Kuropatkine made himself thoroughly acquainted with Eastern Turkistan when he visited Kashgar as chief of the embassy despatched by General Kauffmann to Yakub Beg; and while there he distinguished himself by compiling a very exhaustive work on the country. Afterwards, when occupying a post on the general staff at St Petersburg, Kuropatkine's duties were specially devoted to Eastern Turkistan and the Trans-Oxus region; and his intimate

knowledge and experience of the countries beyond the Himalayas mark his selection for the most important post in Central Asia with a significance which we cannot afford to overlook. The whole conclusions of Kuropatkine's work on Kashgaria pointed to a desire on the part of Russia to annex Yarkand-Kashgar.

"We saw in Kashgaria," he says, "a powerful Mussulman State, to which as to a centre would be drawn the sympathy of the population, not only of the weak Mussulman States which had preserved their independence, but also that of the population of the provinces which we had conquered. The importance of Kashgaria, in our eyes, was moreover increased in consequence of the attempts of the English to draw this country to their side, so as to incorporate it (1) in a neutral zone of countries which was to separate Russia from India, and (2) to acquire in Kashgaria a fresh market for the sale of their manufactured goods."¹

At the time of Kuropatkine's mission there seemed every prospect of a Russian occupation of Kashgar being early and easily brought about. But the death of Yakub Beg, the reconquest of Kashgar by the Chinese, and the check administered to Russia over Kuldja, compelled the latter to keep her designs on Eastern Turkistan in the background. But she has been all the while waiting for her opportunity, and there is reason to believe that in the increasing embarrassments of China she descries that opportunity in the immediate future.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the Pamirs question? Well, the Pamirs question, like most other questions, has two sides to it, and Kashgar-Yarkand is one side, Badakshan-

¹ Translated by Major W. E. Gowan, Her Majesty's Indian Army.

Wakhan is the other, and a very important side this latter is, as we shall see later on. Meanwhile let us bestow a little consideration on the Pamirs themselves, on Russia's relationship to them, and on the advantages which an established footing upon them would afford her.

In 1865 the subject of the Pamirs was mooted in a conversation between M. Stremouchoff, the then Director of the Asiatic Department at St Petersburg, and Mr Saville Lumley, when, in view of the complete annexation of Khokand, the Russian Minister discussed the chances of Russia having to enter the mountains south of that khanate, at the same time ridiculing a possibility of any advance on Kashgar through the mountains. Russia was accordingly allowed to extend her sway up the defiles of the Alai Tagh and on to the Kizil Art ranges, embracing the whole of the Pamir Khargashi, with its great lake of Kara-kul. To this acquisition as a natural adjunct to her conquest of Khokand no exception can justly be taken, though it does not seem as yet to have been of much account to her. Such Kara-Khirciz as are to be found in this region are tributary to the Russian Government, who confirms the election of their khans, keeps peace among the different tribes, and finds frequent employment for the men in pioneering and exploring expeditions. In 1887 the Russians had a post established at Sufi-Khurgane, at the mouth of the Taldik Pass; and we may expect, when Captain Younghusband's full reports are received, to hear of outposts much farther south than that. Practically there is nothing to restrain her energy in that direction until she reaches the Hindu Kush. We believe

that a superstition exists in the Foreign Office that Russia is confined by an agreement to the north of Lake Victoria, on the Great Pamir and the Panjah river. We much fear, however, that this pact, like so many of the late Lord Granville's Central Asian "agreements," was more the expression of a pious wish on the part of the British Government that Russia would pause there, than a binding obligation that can stand the wear and tear of time and circumstances. It is contained in a despatch from Prince Gortchakoff in January 1873, accepting the Afghan boundary which Lord Granville had suggested. Now, as Russia never took the slightest subsequent account of Lord Granville's boundary or of its own assent thereto, and as the agreement has been effaced in all other respects, it can hardly be supposed that it will weigh heavily with her upon the head-waters of the Oxus and the shores of Lake Victoria. The agreement was keenly criticised at the time by the Government of India, and most of its objections have been fully sustained since then by the conduct of Russia. Moreover, when the Government of India very soon after pressed upon Lord Granville to make proposals to the Russian Government to have the frontier on the northern and western borders of Yarkand defined—a proposal which would have led to a further delimitation of the Pamirs—the Foreign Office evaded the request. Russia has thus been left with a free hand on the Pamir steppes, and it is idle now to raise an outcry because she has availed herself of it.

Of much more importance than any imaginary line drawn through the Pamirs is the clear recognition which her Majesty's Government,

both in London and Calcutta, have of the presence of the Russians upon the Roof of the World, and of the difficulties which may arise in consequence. On this occasion, at all events, we have not been caught napping. If the Prjevalskys, the Pevtsofs, and the Grombtchevskis have been active, so also have the Younghusbands and the Davidsons and other officers, including those unobtrusive but valuable men the native officials of the Indian Surveys. Within our own sphere, and not a little out of it, we are quite as well informed about the debateable ground as Russia is, and quite in a position to discuss with her disputable points of Central Asian geography. And we have already turned our knowledge to practical account. If General Medinski led an expedition into the Pamir in 1883, we on our side completed a military survey of the passes leading into Kashmir, and soon followed this measure up by advancing our outposts to Gilgit. Sir William Lockhart's reports on the passes of the Hindu Kush is not likely to be made public, but we may assume that while it guarantees us from an attack in force being delivered against India by way of Kashmir, it leaves open the possibility of annoyance in that quarter — annoyance that might amount to absolute danger in the event of an Indian army being engaged in High Asia. Meanwhile our post of observation at Gilgit is our main security in this direction. We have already been able to make our influence felt by the petty chiefs of the Chitral and Baltistan country, and we shall in no long time establish order and security up to the gates that lead to the higher waters of the Oxus. The Hansa and Nagar chiefs who successfully defied the Maharajah

of Kashmir's authority, and who hold the mouths of two important passes, will be checked by running a military road through their territories. The Chitral chiefs' loyalty is testified to by M. Bonvalot, who was stopped in his country until permission to advance could be received from Simla. Yassin is another chieftain that may be counted upon as long as there are troops at Gilgit; but Kunjut is a petty State lying towards the eastern side of the Baroghil Pass that may occasion some trouble to Colonel Durand. M. Bonvalot, who was unable to penetrate into Kunjut, was told that the khan had killed his own father for wishing to make over the country to the English, and had sent messengers to the Chinese Taotai at Kashgar with proffers of friendship, who sent him back presents in return. Yet two years ago the khan received Captain Younghusband with great kindness, while that officer was on his exploring expedition to the regions beyond the Karakorum and Mustaj passes, in the course of which, it may be remembered, he first encountered Captain Grombtchevski on the Tajdambash Pamir.

We may thus conclude that all has been done that is immediately necessary to close the southern mouths of the passes leading from the Pamirs to Kashmir, and that these routes are sealed against Russian explorers, as Captain Grombtchevski recently had occasion to experience. This is all the more necessary, as the reports of recent travellers have shown that the difficulties of some of the passes, great as they are, have been much exaggerated. In addition to the explorations of MM. Bonvalot and Duvergne, an English lady and gentleman, Mr and Mrs Littledale, crossed the Baro-

less a year or two ago, under circumstances that presented no insurmountable difficulty; and it is well known that a horseman can gallop across it from Wakhan to Chitral without drawing bridle. Where travellers can penetrate, the Russian is not likely to be impeded; vigilant guard upon all the mountain exits of the Pamirs will therefore be the important work of the Russian agent at Gilgit.

As to return to the Pamirs ourselves. The reports of extensive annexations having been made by Russia, amounting almost to the whole of the mountain between the Altai range and the Hindu Kush, must, we are bound to think, be a premature

That Russian parties, more numerous and strong, have been freely crossing the Pamir steppes within the last few years, especially during the past summer, is incontestable. But that they have planted posts on either the Great Pamir or Little Pamir, no trustworthy evidence has been alleged; and if we take it, is the only sense in which a Pamir can be said to be annexed. If, as is alleged, Captain Younghusband and Lieutenant Davidson have been excluding the Russians from the Little Pamir, this would imply a claim of sovereignty; but we cannot doubt that Russia, when brought to book, will be found prepared with quite a plausible explanation, as she has previously been under similar circumstances. We know that the Russians have already come into contact with the Chinese on the Great and Rang-kul Pamirs, and that the remonstrances of the Kashgarians were disregarded. This, however, does not imply much, for Captain Bonvalot also paid no attention to the challenges of the Chinese officials on the Rang-kul, and was found to be in no position to

resist his passage, although they prevented him from obtaining any assistance for his journey. The Chinese agent was ordered to stop all travellers who had not a pass from the Governor of Kashgar; and he informed M. Bonvalot that a few years before, his predecessor in the office had been punished by banishment along with his whole family for having allowed some Russians to cross the Pamir. This indicates in no unmistakable way the intention of the Chinese to make good their claim to the Pamirs lying towards the side of Kashgaria; and China as well as Britain will have to be consulted before these so-called annexations can be regarded as *un fait accompli*. A statement attributed to Captain Younghusband since his return is to the effect that Russia no longer lays any claim to the Ali-chur Pamir, which she acknowledges to be Chinese territory.

With regard to the presence of Russia on the Pamirs themselves, she might stay there and welcome, providing that we had sound guarantees that she would keep away from the ranges that lead down from them and out of the passes that open up to them. On the Roof of the World itself her presence is as harmless to others as it is useless to herself. But it is the command of the passes on all sides of the Pamirs that is the object of her present movements; and this is what neither China, Afghanistan, nor Great Britain, who are all equally aggrieved by her present action, will permit her to have. It therefore becomes necessary to compel her to indicate clearly her political interest in the Pamirs, to fix upon a definite boundary, and to confine herself for the future behind it. A few weeks ago we had from the 'Novoe Vremya' an inkling of

what form the Russian side of the Pamirs question is to take. The incursions made by the Chinese on the Little Pamir and the valley of the Ak-su, the English assumption of direct rule over Kashmir and advance to Gilgit, and the suppression of the late rebellion in Badakshan by the Ameer of Cabul, together with the occupation of the petty States of Shugnan and Roshan in the Little Pamir, are all treated as fresh instances of aggression on the parts of the respective Powers, which make it imperative on Russia to determine her exact frontier on the regions in question.

Now, as it so happens, the only encroachment to which any colour of fresh aggression can be given is the establishment by England of her garrison at Gilgit—a position which, lying well within the immemorial frontier of Hindustan, does not fall within the scope of Russian criticism. As for China's culpability in encroaching upon the Pamirs, she only maintains a right which was never before denied her—a right exercised by Yakub Beg in the days of his rule in Yarkand, and again entered upon by China on her recovery of the country. As for Abdurrahman's right to conquer the Badakshan rebels and occupy the Pamir abutting upon that State, Russia has herself admitted it in previous years, and can scarcely be permitted now to point to it as an innovating encroachment. But on the important subject of Badakshan we shall have something to say later on. What we have at present to point out is, that the unwritten custom of the Pamirs has been to assign to the surrounding Powers the plateaux, valleys, and ranges immediately contiguous to their territories. Of this custom Russia promptly availed herself on her

conquest of Khokand, by annexing the Altai ranges and the Khargashi Pamir as belonging to that State. She had signified to our ambassador at St Petersburg her intention of doing this as early as 1865, and no opposition was offered. But this concession involved the rights strictly pertaining to Khokand, and nothing further. The proposal of the Upper Oxus as the Russian limit in 1872, however, gave Russia a claim upon the Pamirs in excess of the territory accruing to her from Khokand; and the uncertainty regarding which head of the Oxus was to be understood, left her considerable latitude, which she is now abusing by endeavouring to make out a claim for the whole region.

Where so simple and natural a principle of partition already exists, the erection of such an artificial frontier as a watershed must necessarily prove in a tract like the Pamirs, seriously complicates matters. The loose description of the boundary assigned to Russia in 1872, and definitely accepted by her in January of the following year, gives Russia an opportunity of raising a controversy as to which particular branch of the Oxus rising in the Pamirs is to be regarded as the head-waters in the terms of the treaty. We find sufficient difference of opinion upon this point even among the most recent explorers. Bonvalot is evidently disposed to regard the Ak-su-Bartang, the longest of the Pamir rivers, flowing from the Gaz-kul in the Little Pamir, as the true head of the Oxus. The Panjah, which contests this honour with the Ak-su-Bartang, is not quite so long, and has two sources, one in Lake Victoria in the Great Pamir, the other in Kunjut to the east

Baroghil Pass. The question will probably have to be decided, which of these arms is to be considered as the boundary in the understanding—Russia is to be allowed to make the understanding which has been hitherto inoperative the fresh negotiations; and will not improbably in the Kunjut affluent is to be recognised. On the other hand we have the fact that the Panjah river and Lake Vic have been publicly proclaimed Russia's southern boundary fifteen or eighteen years, but until quite recently has shown no disposition to do so. But the choice between the Panjah and the Ak-su Pamirs is of secondary importance compared with the difficulty which the river frontier presents to after it has turned the Pamir plateaux. The river runs through the States of Badakshan, Shughnan, Roshan, and Wakhan, cutting each of them into two parts, and giving, according to Russia's reading of the agreement, one part to Bokhara—

Russia—and the other to Afghanistan. In effect Bokhara was and Russia never was able to avail herself of the claim that might be thus made, and which, moreover, she herself surrendered in 1875 when she agreed to waive all her claims to Wakhan and Afghanistan, practically as the result of her acquiescence in her treaty with Khiva. In Wakhan, Badakshan, and Roshan the river boundary has never been taken account of, nor has Bokhara been able to exercise any authority in Darwaz. In point of the agreement boundary within the confines of these States is a possible one, and several

years ago so high an authority as General Walker of the Indian Surveys declared that it would have to be abandoned "for the lines of water-parting along the hill-ranges which form the natural boundaries of the several States."

It is in this region more than in the high Pamirs that the real delimitation struggle with Russia will have to be carried on. Ever since the time of her first appearance in the khanates, Russia has been keenly alive to the political and strategical advantages which the possession of both Badakshan and Wakhan would afford her. She has made several attempts to raise claims to them on various grounds, and though she has formally renounced all designs upon these territories, and recognised them as Afghan property, she has never ceased intriguing to establish a footing in these countries. We can scarcely be deceived in supposing that to raise the question of the possession of Badakshan and Wakhan, and to have her formal renunciation of them cancelled by a fresh delimitation, is one of the main objects of her demonstrations on the Pamirs; and this supposition serves also to explain an unusual and surprising readiness on her part to join in a new convention for delimiting the frontier in the regions of the Upper Oxus.

We shall now briefly consider the position which these States of Badakshan and Wakhan occupy in the international relations of England, Afghanistan, and Russia. Russia at an early period saw that she could build no tenable pretensions to Bokhariot claims of suzerainty over these khanates, and took up another ground. Her great object was to get them recognised as independent States lying outside Afghan authority;

and into an agreement to this effect she had almost tricked Lord Granville and the Foreign Office. When Mr Forsyth went to St Petersburg in 1869 to negotiate for a neutral zone between England and Russia, the former readily agreed that Afghanistan should be defined as "the territories at that time in the actual possession of Shere Ali." At this time little more than a year had passed since Shere Ali had recovered his kingdom; his authority over the extremities of Afghanistan was as yet scarcely even nominal; and Badakshan in particular, which was attached to the cause of Abdurrahman, did not recognise his rule. But Lord Mayo was prompt to detect the error into which Lord Granville had been betrayed, and pointed out that the limits of Afghanistan as established by Dost Mohammed must be regarded as identical with those of the territories belonging to Shere Ali Khan. Here the two Governments radically differed, the British Government contending for the kingdom of Dost Mohammed, the Russian for the territories over which Shere Ali was at the moment actually able to make good his possession. In 1872 Prince Gortchakoff, in a despatch to the Russian ambassador at London, "laid principal stress upon the maintenance of Badakshan and Wakhan as independent States, outside of the frontiers assigned to Shere Ali Khan."

"They pressed this point all the more strongly, inasmuch as in the actual state of affairs at that moment there was no conflict between Badakshan and its neighbours. Bokhara laid no claim to that country. The States, moreover, are too weak, and too much absorbed in their internal affairs, to pick quarrels with each other. All, therefore, that remained for England and Russia was to endea-

vour to maintain this state of peace among the khanates, as well as between Afghanistan and Badakshan. Matters would be entirely changed the moment the Ameer of Cabul extended his authority over Badakshan and Wakhan. He would find himself in immediate contact with Kashgar, Khokand, and Bokhara, from which he had hitherto been separated by those two countries; and thenceforward it would be far more difficult to avoid collisions, arising either from his ambition and the consciousness of his own strength, or from the jealousy of his neighbours."

The question thus remained a subject of controversy, but meanwhile the increasing strength of the Ameer had restored his full authority over Balkh and the Oxus States, and both Badakshan and Wakhan were again ruled from Cabul. Russia was preparing herself for her Khivan expedition, and with a generous show of giving up what she had no claim to or hold upon, conceded these States to the Ameer. Prince Gortchakoff thus describes the act of renunciation in his memorandum of April 1875:—

"Malgré ces concessions importantes le Gouvernement Anglais ne crut pas pouvoir adhérer à la combinaison proposée par nous. Dans cet état de choses ne voulant pas retarder plus longtemps le règlement de cette question, le Cabinet Impérial, dans sa dépêche du 19 Janvier 1873, consentit à la réunion du Badakchan et du Vakhan au territoire Afghan et donna ainsi son adhésion pleine et entière à la ligne de démarcation proposée par la dépêche de Lord Granville en date du 17 Octobre 1872."

And betrayed for once into ingenuousness, Prince Gortchakoff immediately adds:—

"Sur ces entrefaits l'expédition de Khiva fut décidée."

The only quibble that can be raised over this surrender must be founded upon the mention of

"the line of demarcation" proposed in Lord Granville's despatch—the upper source of the Oxus; and upon the uncertain issues connected with this line an excuse will most likely be founded for demanding a reopening of the subject of Badakshan and Wakhan. In both States the course of the Oxus cuts off those portions of territory that slope up towards the Pamirs, and we shall probably have a claim to these advanced on the ancient agreement with Lord Granville, which, as we showed before, has not been observed by Russia in any other regions affected by it, and which was practically rendered obsolete in all other parts by the operations of the joint Afghan Boundary Commission. The claim which Afghanistan possesses through Badakshan and Wakhan, not merely to the territories of these States, but to the Pamirs abutting on them, is as indefeasible as that which Russia possesses to the Altai passes and Khargashi Pamir, arising out of her conquest of Khokand. Our obligation to maintain these as Afghan territory is one from which our duty, or to put it on a lower ground, our self-interest, will not allow us to swerve. We have guaranteed by treaty to maintain the integrity of the Ameer's dominions; and we cannot conceive any British Government—least of all that of Lord Salisbury—abating an inch of the Ameer's just pretensions in that direction. The possibility of Russia being allowed to spread along the Badakshan or Wakhan territory between the Oxus and the Pamirs is a question that we presume Lord Salisbury's Cabinet will scarcely think necessary to submit to discussion.

The whole past history of Badakshan and Wakhan gives no indication of any claims that

Bokhara can urge over these khanates. Anciently, Badakshan was ruled by a long line of native princes, boasting a descent from Alexander the Great, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when it became extinct, and the present dynasty of Mirs succeeded. They were ousted by the Usbeks of Kunduz early in the present century, and these overran the country until 1859, when they were expelled by Dost Mohammed, who made a chief of the old line of Mirs ruler under his own supremacy. In 1867 the Ameer deposed this ruler for the part he had taken in the civil wars, and appointed another member of the same family Mir in his stead. When the present Ameer of Cabul divided Turkistan into two governments, Badakshan, with Shugnan, Roshan, and Wakhan, became parts of the Eastern Province. The old feudal independence was completely broken down, the chiefs reduced to the exercise of such authority as the governor thought could safely be intrusted to them, and, with the exception of the Mir of Roshan, all the old governing families are extinct, or reduced to the position of officials of the Cabul Government. During the two years that the Ameer Abdurrahman resided in Balkh-Turkistan, in 1888-90, he was able to do much to strengthen his authority over the Oxus khanates; and though quite recently there were disturbances in Badakshan, we take these to be an indication of the irritation with which the drastic rule of the Ameer is borne by a population hitherto left very much to do as they pleased. All recent travellers in this region testify to the strict watch which is maintained by the Cabul officials over all passes leading down from the

Pamirs into Afghan territory; and there is no more jealously guarded part of the Afghan dominions than the Badakshan and Wakhan States. There is probably no part of Balkh-Turkistan the loss of which would so seriously affect the Ameer as that of Badakshan. His wife is a daughter of the old Mir family of the khanate, the Badakshanis have always been devoted to the cause of him and his father, and the assistance which he received from them contributed largely to the victories of Shaikabad and Khelat-i-Ghilzye, which placed his father Afzul upon the throne of Cabul. Apart altogether from any sentimental feelings for the country, Abdurrahman's resources would be seriously impaired by the loss of this State. The ruby and lapis-lazuli mines yield a considerable amount of precious stones, which are exported across the Oxus to China and Kashmir; and there are lead, sulphur, and copper deposits which only want to be better worked to return a large revenue.

And now let us glance for a moment at the political and military disadvantages that are obvious from any attempt of Russia to establish herself in the Trans-Oxus portions of Badakshan, Wakhan, Shugnan, Roshan, and Darwaz, which we take to be the object of her present manœuvres, and to take up positions in the passes leading from the Pamir through the Hindu Kush range. From these regions she can make her way to Cabul by Bamian with much less difficulty than she could advance from Herat; and in any invasion of Afghanistan she could and undoubtedly would employ both routes. But even if she were to take up her position in these regions as a peaceable neighbour pledged to confine herself by

the boundary of the Upper Oxus, this would mean an extension of the Ameer's military frontier, which the resources of Afghanistan are far from being able to afford. Moreover, Russia by such an advance would be voluntarily thrusting herself among turbulent and fanatic tribes, who are incapable of offering her any molestation at present, but who, if she intrude upon their neighbourhood, will soon give her ample pretext for punishing them, and for annexing their territory. In the valleys between the Hindu Kush, Peshawur, Attock, and Kashmir, are located some of the most lawless and savage clans that civilisation has still left untouched in the East, who are a constant source of trouble to both the British and the Afghan Governments, and who, by the introduction of a third Power into this neighbourhood, would be rendered altogether unmanageable. But we need not dwell upon these facts, for we may make perfectly certain that the Government of India will take due care to assert its rights in all regions south of the Hindu Kush, should Russia seek, as we scarcely think she will have the temerity to do, to encroach upon them.

Any danger that might threaten by way of Chitral and Gilgit has, we think, been anticipated by the step which the Indian Government has taken in sending Colonel Durand to Gilgit and strengthening the military force at his disposal. The significance of this step will not be lost on Russia. But to complete our security we must keep Russia out of the Afghan Pamirs and away from the passes. No doubt the nature of the country which Russia would have to traverse is in itself a greater security than an armed frontier could afford; but we must

not build our confidence solely upon mountain-barriers. Time, perseverance, and Cossacks have already done wonders in overcoming such obstacles in Central Asia; and all these are resources which Russia applies ungrudgingly to her aims. Though we need not apprehend an attack in chief on India in this quarter, yet if Russia is allowed to establish herself south of the Pamirs, a diversion from that direction when we are least able to meet it is a possibility against which we have to prepare ourselves. The late Sir Charles MacGregor, in his "confidential" study of the defence of India, pictured the Indian army entangled in a winter campaign in Afghanistan, with a Russian column from Marghilan, which had advanced *viâ* Kolab on Chitral, threatening an advance on Peshawur; and a Pamir column, advancing by the Terek Dawan Pass, keeping up a constant irritation on the Kashmir frontier. In such a difficulty, Sir Charles foresaw India being compelled to acquiesce in "a new Russian frontier, drawn from the crest of the Terek Dawan Pass, south by the watershed of the Pamir to the Hindu Kush, then by the crest of that range to the Koh-i-Baba, and then to include the whole of the country of the Hazaras, and the province of Herat to the Farah-Rud." "This new frontier," Sir Charles adds, "would be all that Russia need aim at in the first campaign. Then she could afford to wait until a favourable opportunity arose for the real invasion of India."¹ The present attempt of Russia to obtain the eastern portion of this ideal frontier by pacific means justifies Sir Charles

MacGregor's prescience; it will be the duty of her Majesty's Government to put it out of Russia's power to realise his prediction in its fullest sense.

It must have struck those who have had experience of Russia's skill in diplomatic fencing, that at the present juncture she is showing, to all appearances, a remarkable, even suspicious, readiness to enter into negotiations for a rectification of the Upper Oxus frontier. So different is her promptitude from the delays and obstructions which she has always placed in the way of negotiations on previous occasions, that we cannot be wrong in concluding that she has some fresh end to gain. In fact, all these otherwise aimless expeditionings about the Pamirs during the last few years seem to us designed to draw England into a fresh negotiation in which Russia hopes to secure at least the Ak-su-Bartang line of frontier, if not the range of the Hindu Kush. Any satisfaction we may feel at the prospect of a settlement must be considerably dashed by the uncertainty of the position Russia will take up. There is no doubt that the agreement of 1872-73, construed in the widest sense which Russia will assuredly attach to it, is an immediate disadvantage to ourselves. But we are strengthened by the facts that that agreement was never regarded by Russia herself as operative in any other region of the frontier; that the Afghan frontier negotiations effaced its obligations quite as much upon the side of England as upon that of Russia; that Russia's recognition of our obligation to maintain intact the Ameer's dominions prevents her from drawing a boundary

¹ *The Life and Opinions of Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor*, vol. ii. p. 346. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

line within what is actually Afghan territory ; and that Russia's claim to the Pamirs does not extend beyond those immediately abutting on her own territory. We may feel every confidence that all these points in our favour will be fully urged on our side, and that Lord Salisbury's Government will be able to retrieve the unsatisfactory and uncertain arrangement handed over to it by the late Ministry.

On this occasion a third party will be added to the negotiations, on whose support England may calculate with some confidence. China has not less to fear from the intrigues of Russian restlessness and ambition than our Indian empire has. She has a much longer and more exposed frontier to defend, with the certainty that Russian movements on one part of it will be accompanied by danger all along the line. No Power has so much at stake as China in the new Franco-Russian alliance ; for, whether in the north or in the south, mutual action on the part of the French and Russians would place China in a serious dilemma. China is also well aware that not merely Kashgaria but Tibet lies well within the sphere of Russian ambition, and that the latter is simply waiting for some serious internal commotion in China or some difficulty with the Treaty Powers to make herself mistress of these countries. The possession of the passes leading into Yarkand-Kashgar and the Pamirs abutting thereon, is an advantage

to the Chinese hold on these countries which the Government at Peking is not likely to overlook ; and it will also readily perceive the necessity of joining Great Britain in warding off Russia's approach in the direction of the Baroghil Pass or the Karakorum. Recent Russian explorations suggest that ideas of thrusting herself along the northern Himalaya slopes between India and Tibet have not been overlooked, whether they may have been found practicable or the reverse. On China, however, we must chiefly rely on checking her advance in that quarter. This is the first time that China and Great Britain have been drawn together to resist the most dangerous antagonist of both, and it may be hoped that the result will eventuate in a new element of security to both Powers.

We do not indulge in prophecy, but it needs no prescience to foresee that, should anything occur to impair the Chinese power of resistance in Central Asia, RUSSIA WILL TURN THE NORTH-EASTERN CORNER OF OUR INDIAN EMPIRE before the next century is out of its teens. Such a prospect—such a possibility even—as this involves for both China and Great Britain, cannot fail to make them both realise the serious responsibility that rests upon them to circumscribe, with all resolution, Russia's aggressive designs at a very vital point in the positions of the two empires.

PEARLIN' JEAN.

CHAPTER I.

"It is the wished, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor."

WITHOUT, the sun, just risen, fired the sky above with splendour, and spread a dazzling path of glory over the sea.

Within, the lamps flared and flickered, and the very rafters of the cottage dirled to the merry sound of the fiddle, and the rapid rhythmic tread of the reel. Faster and faster flew the bow; but the dancers were untiring, and at last, with a *hoolichan* more wildly shouted than any before, the revel ended in a tumult of mirth and laughter, as the weary fiddler owned himself outdone.

"That's you, John Scott!"

"Weel played, Jockie!"

"I thoct we wad dance ye doon, man."

"Dinna stop; tak' ten minutes' law and anither chance, Jock!" cried the dancers, loath to cease. But the bridegroom's father, a hale and hearty old grey-head, who had acted as master of ceremonies all night, interfered with good-humoured authority: "Na, na, bairns, there's a time to a'thing; Mistress Soutar here'll gie us a cup o' tea, and then hame wi' ye a'!"

The bride, smiling in response to her unaccustomed title, set to work, aided by the matrons of the party, to fill again the big teapots which had been in frequent demand all night. "Gie's a sang some o' ye," she remarked, "or it's ready."

"I hae nae voice left." "Eh, dinna ask me." "I hae screeched mysel' hoarse," said one and another by way of excuse.

"Where's Robin? gar him sing." "Ay, Rob's the lad. Tune

up yer pipes, Rob!" But where was Robin? Out in the garden.

When the last wild reel ended, Robin and his partner escaped, unobserved, from the rest of the bridal party who thronged the little one-roomed house. Robin was exultant; for was not Jean Silva fairest of the fair maids gathered to grace his brother's wedding—and as bridesmaid next to the bride in request as a partner? and yet, from chance or choice, she had danced oftener with him than with any one else. She had listened not unkindly to his ardent if somewhat awkward compliments; and now she had stolen away with him from the throng of merry-makers, and was therefore no doubt willing to listen to the outpourings of his love.

The tiny patch of garden in which the cottage stood had been reclaimed from the bent-grown sea-links; and a short path led between dewy-leaved cabbages and dwarf berry-bushes to a low gate and a few rude steps giving access to the beach.

The unbroken stillness and freshness of the morning laid at first a spell of silence on the lovers. Jean drew a long breath of cool air, and then, shading her eyes from the glitter and radiance of the level sunlight, sauntered down the path to the gate, Robin at her side. She was a tall, strikingly handsome girl of eighteen, superior in manner and appearance to her companions, with wonderful dark eyes and hair, and a clear pale complexion, now flushed to an unusual, and, as her lover

thought, enchanting degree. He could not take his eyes off her beautiful face. As they stood, a little breeze blew a tress of her already ruffled hair before her eyes. By a sudden impulse Robin smoothed it back with trembling fingers. Jean turned to meet his gaze. "Well?" she asked, smiling, and then he gathered courage and told his tale of love.

But not uninterrupted, for before he had won a word from her in response, the cottage door was opened, and one of those half-grown lads who hang on the skirts of most entertainments, embarrassingly anxious to be useful, appeared in search of him.

"Here he is!" he shouted. "Come awa', Robin; they want ye to gie them a sang."

"Let them want," said Robin, impatiently; "I'm no' comin'."

"I'll gar them come oot, then," suggested the imp. "It's fine oot-bye," he continued, returning to the company. "Robin says he'll no' sing unless ye come oot." And out they all trooped accordingly into the little garden—clamorous for just one more song from their favourite singer.

"Weel, what is't ye want, then?" said Robin, good-naturedly acquiescing in the inevitable (all the more willingly because he had found time to tell Jean that he must see her home, and she had not said him nay). "Ye ken a' my sangs—what are ye for?"

"Gie us what ye like," was the answer.

Robin thought a moment. "Div ye ken 'Oh gin I were a baron's heir'?" he asked Jean, with an air of mingled shyness and understanding, not lost upon his old father, who was watching them as they sat together among the other wedding-guests, who were grouped about the steps and the low wall of the garden.

"Sing it," said Jean, with easy imperiousness; and he sang, watching her face all the time for some emotion answering to that which made his voice almost tremble as he threw his heart into the words—

"Oh gin I were a baron's heir,
An' could I braid wi' gems your hair,
An' mak' ye braw as ye are fair,
Lassie, wad ye lo'e me?"

Yes, thought Jean, *that* would be love worth having; but what was the use of all these fine words, when he couldn't do any of the things he sang about—when he was only a poor under-gardener! She scarcely heard the next verse; but now Robin's voice was so soft and tender she listened again—

"But I hae nought to offer thee,
Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae
 ^{sea,}
Nor am I come o' high degree,
Lassie, but I lo'e ye!"

An' when the braw moon glistens o'er
Oor wee bit bield on heathery moor,
Wad ye no greet that ye're sae puir,
Lassie, though I lo'ed ye?"

His tone compelled her to look up, and slight as her capacity of affection was compared to his, no woman could be so wooed and remain untouched. In the glance that met his, Robin read and not untruly that in her way she loved him.

"Wha's for a cup o' tea noo!" called the bride from the cottage, where the lamps had been extinguished, the shutters opened, and the room hastily put in order. Jock Scott, the fiddler, was already seated making a meal, "a' the breakfast he would see," as he explained, before setting off on a six miles' tramp to his day's work. Yawning and sleepy, now that the excitement of the night's festivity had spent itself, most of the company flocked in to join him, while, bidding farewell to her old school-fellow the bride, who was so out

pied with the duties of hospitality as scarcely to notice her, Jean took her way home from the Ferry to Elie, escorted by Robin.

Again, and sure of his opportunity, as alone they crossed the shining stretches of sand left bare by the sea, he urged his suit. And Jean, whose heart had been half-won already, could no longer withstand his urgent pleadings. "Yes," she admitted, "she loved him; she would marry him—some day, but not yet—and he must tell no one."

Robin, in a rapture of delight, was ready to promise silence; indeed his happiness was too sacred and heartfelt to make comment and criticism tolerable as yet. Jean loved him, that was enough; and pacing slowly the length of

the silent street in which she lived, they plighted troth, and kissed each other, loath to part.

Footsteps, quickly nearing, cut short their farewells. Jean opened the unlocked door of her father's house and was gone, while Robin turned homewards whistling to appear at his ease, as he met the new-comer. It was his mother's cousin, old Katie Scott the fish-wife, and chief newsmonger of the village, starting on her rounds. It was just as well she had not seen him walking with Jean, thought the simple fellow to himself.

"He's ta'en that lassie hame frae the wedding," surmised the old woman as they exchanged a passing greeting. "Aweel, aweel, he'll no' hae his sorrow to seek."

CHAPTER II.

"Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting."—*As You Like It*.

The westering sun, shining through the deepset windows of the Shore House drawing-room, touched with red gold the white panelled walls, sparkled dimly among the twisted leaves and jewelled flowers of an old Venetian mirror above the fireplace, lit up with transient expression the simpering smile of one pictured lady, explored curiously the network of cracks in the stern visage of another, and touched with its furthest rays the dainty lace cap and the soft grey hair of Miss Susan Dundas as she sat quietly knitting by the fire.

Straying lower, the sunbeams kissed the faint roses of her cheeks so persuasively that, laying aside her work, she was fain to go out and enjoy the lingering beauty of the summer evening, when certain wheezy preparations for striking on the part of the old clock in the next room, seconded by an

approaching sound of footsteps, changed her intention.

"Well, David, you did not go out with the minister after all?" she said cheerily, rising to greet her brother as he entered, and shifting the position of his favourite chair a little, that he might sit, as he preferred, with his back to the light.

Captain David Dundas, "the Captain," as he was generally called in Elie, seated himself slowly, resigned to his sister's ready hand the stick he usually walked with, leant back in his chair, resting one elbow on the arm, while with his thin hand he still further shaded his eyes from the light, and then answered her. "He was going further than I had thought, and as he seemed in haste, he was better without me."

"Perhaps," she said, cheerily; "but he would have been glad of your company, David: he aye likes a crack."

The brother and sister contrasted strangely. Miss Susan, although much the older, was so alert and active in her movements—there was such a bright readiness in her speech and manner, and in her pleasant face—that it was difficult to believe in the twenty years of difference between their ages.

Hard foreign service in the navy from his boyhood, until five years ago he had been invalided home, and the irrecoverable effects of sun-stroke and fever, had prematurely wrecked his energies, both bodily and mental; so that when these two, the solitary survivors of a large and happy household, met again, Miss Susan scarcely recognised her brother.

Never had sick man a more kind and skilful nurse, and when he had regained such a measure of strength as he was likely to reach, and had not, as was evident, regained that clearness of mind, the ready wit, the conversational power, that had marked all her recollections of his early days, and had made the arrival of Davie's letters pleasant epochs in the family life of old; with tender sisterly enthusiasm she devoted herself to the difficult task of cheering and interesting, soothing or stimulating, as might be required, his enfeebled and stricken mind.

With indignant scorn she had repudiated the doctor's suggestion, that a care so exhausting and unceasing should be deputed to, or even shared by, any hired assistant. Any one might be proud, she declared, to be in her place, to be a solace and companion to one who had done and suffered so bravely for his country. If *she* had risked her life and nearly died of sun-stroke, instead of living in selfish comfort all her days, would David have wearied in taking care of her? she asked. Dr Fleming

thought it highly probable, but did not say so; like most men, he felt unequal to the light skirmishing an argument with women requires. He therefore dropped the subject, and contented himself by aiding her ministrations to the best of his ability.

No one, except herself, would have dreamt of describing Miss Dundas's life hitherto as one of selfish comfort. At the beck and call of any one among her large circle of friends who needed her, Cousin Susan's sweet face, angelic in its look of perfect self-forgetfulness and quick sympathy, brought sunshine in trouble, and comfort in sadness, wherever she went. So that now, indeed, when almost all her time was perforce occupied in attendance upon her invalid brother, those who had hitherto made large demands on her help and companionship grumbled loudly, and considered themselves ill-used. The children had all got through measles now, and ought to have a few weeks' change of air, if only Cousin Susan had been free to go with them! or the girls wanted to go to Edinburgh for a few weeks' gaiety—what a pity Cousin Susan couldn't come and look after their cross and gouty father to let them go!—and so on. But Susan, who would have sacrificed herself with delight, could not interfere with David's comfort, and was therefore not to be tempted by the undoubted attractions of these and similar invitations.

David was her only thought. When his often vague and wandering attention seemed engrossed by anything of public interest, she led the doctor or the minister (their only frequent visitors) to discuss it again and again. Or, as they sat alone she would draw him on to tell stories of his fighting days, listening with unfeigned pride to his modest narrative; and

as he warmed over these recollections, and his usually uncertain and slow speech regained something of its old clearness and force, she rejoiced and hoped, with the eagerness of love, that the cloud was at last to disperse that had so long obscured his mind. Too often her hopes were crushed by those painful signs of his malady, which had become so sadly familiar—the sudden pause in his voice, the few disconnected words that followed, as, pressing his hand to his head to recall the memory that had so treacherously failed him, he looked to his sister in a distressed appeal for help. With a tact as ready and delicate as if she were screening him from public humiliation, instead of from his own vague self-consciousness, she on these occasions would supply the missing thought or suggest some other topic, and use every endeavour to banish from his face the sadness apt to settle there.

Of late her brother's mental powers had appeared decidedly stronger, and Miss Susan's hopes of his recovery, so often disappointed, had again revived.

"It is such a fine evening," she remarked, as her little white-capped maid, having arranged the tea-table, left the room. "After tea, we might go out together. I am not such a walker as the minister; I believe, when you get quite strong, you will easily tire me out."

"It is too cold," he replied, watching her as she perched the kettle on the fire, which burned summer and winter alike for his benefit, and gave her an excuse for making his tea herself.

"Cold, David! I wonder at you old Indians," she rejoined, briskly. "I suppose you'll tell me next we have had no fine days this summer."

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"No warm ones," he said, smiling.

"Well, well," said Miss Susan, "you can't say they were not fine to look at. I am sure many a day, sitting here and looking out, I might have thought myself becalmed in the Indian Ocean." The figure was a just one, for from the drawing-room hearth, the outward view was of the sea and the sea alone. It was only when you stood in the window recesses that you perceived below you the little weather-beaten garden in which the Shore House stood, and the strong rampart of masonry that kept back the encroaching sea. "Not but that I can imagine myself in the Bay of Biscay sometimes," she added, smiling, as she placed her brother's teacup beside him, and supplied his wants. He accepted her ministrations silently as usual; and it was only when he lifted his cup once or twice, and replaced it absently without tasting its contents, that she guessed he was trying to collect his thoughts in reference to something he wished to say. She tried one or two leading questions on what she thought likely topics, but without success, and then waited in silence. At last the words came—

"Susan, don't you think it is time I was getting married?"

Never in her life had Susan Dundas been so thoroughly astonished.

"Are you thinking of it, David?" she said, after a perceptible pause.

Her surprise impressed him painfully.

"Why do you wonder?" he asked, in a hurt tone. "Do you mean, do you think, no one would care to have me?"

In her remorse for having wounded him, she hastened to banish such a painful idea. "How can you suppose that?" she cried;

"you know that any woman might well be proud if you asked her, a Dundas, and a brave sailor, and your own dear clever self, Davie."

But his misgivings were not at once allayed.

"The idea seemed strange to you," he repeated, in a somewhat injured tone.

"Only because it was so new," she rejoined, earnestly. "Why, I should expect you to be much more astonished, if I suddenly announced I was going to be married."

"Of course, because you are so much older than I am," he replied.

The seriousness of his tone struck her with increasing dismay. His ambition was natural, perhaps, but so out of the question. Poor David!

"Yes, indeed," she said, brightly; "I might be your mother, though I am always forgetting it. But you see I am a selfish old woman, Davie, and I want you always for myself."

"You could live with us," he pursued; steadily. "I am sure my wife would not object."

His sister's heart altogether misgave her. "That is looking a long way ahead," she answered, in a tremulous tone. "We shall have to find the wife first, and ask her—don't you think?"

"I have found her," he said, slowly, after a little pause. "My mind is quite made up."

Miss Susan's mystification was complete. In all these years since his return from India her brother had never, she knew, exchanged half-a-dozen words with any of the marriageable women of their large cousinhood and connection. Of whom, then, could he be thinking? For a moment it occurred to her that the whole idea might be some hallucination, proceeding from an affection of the brain, such as the doctors had warned her might supervene. But David was

looking at her with a clearer intelligence, a steadier purpose in his eyes, than she had seen there for long.

"She is very handsome," he said; "there is no one like her in the place."

"Do you mean," asked his sister, incredulously, "some one in Elie?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?" she inquired.

"It is Dan Silva, the coast-guard's daughter Jean."

"Have you asked *her* to marry you?" exclaimed his sister, scarcely believing her ears.

"No; not yet. I was thinking," he added, "it would be better if you spoke to them, Susan, and settled it."

"Me!" she cried, with a little gasp of dismay. "Well," she added, seeing the troubled look she dreaded on his face, "we can talk about it another time, Davie—can't we? Perhaps you may change your mind."

He contented himself with an emphatic negative; and just then, to his sister's relief, Dr Fleming came in. His visits were now more social than medical. When she had, in spite of his remonstrances, made a fresh cup of tea for him, and he was fairly launched in a story which seemed to interest her brother, Miss Susan said she must have a breath of fresh air before she went to bed, and left them.

The sun had set, the sea and sky were darkening, and a chill night-breeze blew in her face as, wrapped in a warm shawl, she paced round the little garden; and then leaning on the old sea-wall, watched with scarce-seeing eyes the far-distant recurring flashes of the light on Inchkeith, and pondered long and gravely over the possible results of the strange conversation just ended.

CHAPTER III.

"O wae on the siller, it is sae prevalling!
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!"

—BURNS.

That which had in August seemed wildly improbable, by October became an accepted certainty, so that her brother's visits to Dan Silva's house to prosecute his wooing were to Miss Susan a natural part of the day's routine.

Every objection she had raised to his project had been set aside. The disparity in their ages was by no means unparalleled. That this was a *mésalliance* for one of his name and standing, the Captain stoutly denied; and he quoted the common belief that Dan Silva was lineally descended from a Spanish Don Silva, whose ship—one of the far-scattered Armada—had been wrecked in the bay. No mere tradition, he maintained; for did not timbers taken from the wreck still roof the old schoolhouse in the Ferry?

What though the Don's descendants in the interval had become poor and lived obscurely? In Scotland poverty and gentle birth were not uncommonly found together. Miss Susan had always regarded the Armada story as a local tradition, more picturesque than true; but she had to admit that there was no proof against her brother's arguments. Mrs Silva, a smooth-spoken Englishwoman, whom Dan had married and brought home to his native place when he was pensioned off, was fully alive to her prospective advantages as "the Captain's" mother-in-law, and proved only too ready to further the match. Dan himself had at first shown what Miss Susan felt was a proper modesty in the matter. It appeared to his well-disciplined mind a breach of regula-

tions that a commander should marry the daughter of a petty officer. But his wife ruled him; and after the immediate surprise was over, he took the affair as a matter of course.

In Jean herself had been Miss Susan's strongest hope. Surely Jean would never agree, surely she would laugh at the Captain's proposals; and although she winced at the thought that her brother should expose himself to the scorn of a foolish young girl, the old lady shrewdly judged that in the circumstances nothing better could happen, as far as he was concerned. But Jean consented readily! and now there was no hope left. To her gentle suggestions that he should not take such a step without further consideration, and that, in the matter of age alone, Jean must prove an unsuitable wife for him, David turned a deaf ear, and showed a strange increasing conviction that all her objections rose from motives of personal jealousy. Generously eager to disabuse his mind of this idea, Miss Susan relinquished the useless task of fighting against fate, and set herself to make the best of things. Jean was her chief study at this crisis. It was not difficult for Miss Susan, whose charity was naturally of the kind that believes and hopes all things, to believe that a genuine affection had prompted her acceptance of the Captain. David was not an old man—only forty-five. The beauty of his youth neither the scar of his wound nor stress of weather had altogether effaced; and his air of good-breeding and courteous manners might well, his

sister thought, captivate one for whom they must have the added charm of novelty. But did Jean really comprehend the necessarily quiet life before her? the monotony, the strain of constantly acting as a companion to an invalid who could never be quite strong and active again—in mind at least? Miss Susan tried to realise all the trials of such a life for the young girl, as she had never thought of estimating them for herself, and came to the conclusion that Jean must be warned.

Warnings seemed quite unnecessary however. Yes; Jean understood the Captain could not stand worry or excitement: she would remember that. Did Miss Susan think she read well enough to read aloud to him sometimes? was there anything she could be learning to cook for him? She was accustomed to live quietly at home, she would have sewing and knitting to occupy her, and the house to keep in order. All this the anxious old lady had to admit to herself sounded very sedate and reasonable. Then her dress was neat and in good taste, her manners gentle, her speech—"clippit" English, as the neighbours scornfully called it—seldom lapsed into the common dialect, never when she was with the Captain or his sister. In short, there was little fault to find with the girl, who showed no overweening eagerness for the promotion before her, and yet seemed quite prepared to assume with ease, when the time came, the position of a lady.

As by degrees she took her more into confidence, and mentioned to her one item after another of household management that should be kept in view (for Miss Susan had made up her mind, for a time at least, to leave the Shore House after her brother's marriage), she wished she could feel more cordi-

ally towards the girl. Jean was too staid, too quiet. A little demonstration of eagerness, hesitation, affection, of anything, the elder woman felt, would be welcome; and yet, and yet, she said to herself, with a stifled sigh, the fault, if any, was really on the right side.

Public opinion was by no means so charitable as Miss Susan's—endless was the gossip and comment provoked by the news. Of course no one credited for a moment the simple truth, that the Captain himself had initiated the scheme. Mrs Silva came in for an unmerited amount of censure. "She was an upsetting body," old Katie Scott declared, "to fling the lass at the Captain's heid that gait." Some thought Jean would weary of her mercenary marriage, others thought the Captain would be the first to repent his choice, and all were unanimous in prophesying that of so unconventional a union no good could come.

Jean was not popular among her older neighbours—she was half English to begin with, and her beauty, though unquestionable, was of a foreign order, and therefore subject to criticism. "She's yin that wad sit in silks and satins frae morn till nicht, horn idle, if she had her way." "She'll sit glowrin' frae her wi' thae big een o' hers as lang as ye please." "It's easy seen whae does a' the wark o' *that* hoose," they would add, in grudging admission of Mrs Silva's activity; "but, pity me! she hasna bred the lassie to pit her hand to a thing. Weel, some folk are born to eat wi' siller spunes, say what ye like!"

"The lassie's clean eaten up wi' pride and vanity," was old Katie's severe judgment; "she's for the man that'll mak' a leddy o' her, an' gie her plenishin's an' pearlin's aneuch."

and this, harsh as it sounded, far nearer the truth than Susan's amiable ascription of her position to Jean. To be loved and pleasant; but to be comfortable and at ease, to wear beautiful dresses, and live in a nice house, to have no lack of money—these were more than pleasant only, she felt, indispensable to happiness. She would, of course, do her duty as the Captain's wife. She fully intended to be good and kind to him; and in this stage her thoughts would lead her to reflect on the mental pleasures of herself in the future, to be in that pretty drawing-room, beautifully dressed, and wearing rings and perhaps bracelets. And when she wanted anything, she would just touch the bell, as she had seen Miss Susan do her servant (how luxurious indeed!) would bring in coals, light the lamp, or whatever it was, and he would have no trouble at all. Sometimes, wonderfully so, she thought of Robin Soutar and his mind. He had gone to his situation in Perthshire at the end of the short holiday, and he had told her for his brother's sake, and Jean had not seen him since. He had not written to her, that being to him a very odd and unnatural means of communication; but he had told her

he would have probably a few days at home in November, when they would meet again. Once they were parted, Jean's love for him had cooled very quickly. If she recalled the night of the wedding-party, it was merely to reflect how very much finer her wedding would be, and what a much better house she would have than that little one-roomed cottage Aleck Soutar and his bride were so proud of. What an escape she had had! if she had married Robin she would have been poor and miserable all her days.

Sometimes, when she remembered the love in his eyes and voice, which had so thrilled her at the time, she had an uncomfortable misgiving that he would be very angry with her for giving him up. But then no one knew of her promise to him, so she had a right to change her mind—and he could easily find some one else.

Of such a love as kept Robin awake at night, thinking of her—as made him dreamy and absent-minded in his work, while he tried to picture her face, and to recall to himself the sound of her voice—which made a future to be shared with her so enchanting, so wonderful, so dear a prospect as it was to him,—of all this she was quite incapable.

CHAPTER IV.

“‘Was’ is not ‘is.’”—*As You Like It.*

One evening, shortly before the end of the month, Miss Susan gave, at her father's request, the nearest approach to a party that the Shore family had witnessed for years. The guests were few in number; Mr Fleming and the minister, the laird, with his sister, being invited to meet Jean and her

parents. Captain Dundas, who had been unusually well of late, talked in a lively fashion while tea was in progress; and when the company adjourned to the drawing-room, he opened the seldoms touched piano, and offered to sing if his sister would accompany him. Charmed to see him so bright and

happy, Miss Susan got out a pile of music, and as she searched for some of his old songs, reflected with satisfaction that she had done right in withdrawing her opposition to the engagement. It was delightful to see his happiness.

But as among the music they came upon one old song after another that recalled his youth, and the vanished home circle, "How different then and now!" she thought, as she glanced at the fireside round which the family used to gather long ago to listen to Davie's songs. Now, all the familiar faces were gone—only she and her brother left, and both so changed by time—and there, in her mother's chair, Mrs Silva was seated, an unfamiliar, smartly dressed, uneasy presence, exchanging occasional "company" speeches with the old doctor, who sat cudgelling his brains for something to say. On the other side of the fire, the minister's sister—a prim and elderly figure, in a well-worn black silk dress, adorned with scanty and presumably priceless scraps of old lace—sat eyeing Jean with a grim and critical air. The minister himself was unblushingly reading the last 'Times,' which he had no opportunity of seeing, except at the Shore House. Jean sat in a tall *prie-dieu* chair, her head resting, with the grace inseparable from all her attitudes, against its high back, covered with faded embroidery. Her face looked pale even in the flickering firelight, and her great dark eyes were fixed dreamily on the mirror above the fireplace, in which the group near the piano were reflected. As Miss Susan glanced from one to another, with a chilly sense of the inharmoniousness of the gathering, David selected his song, and she sat down to play. He sang it with all the mannerism of its period, and with fair success. "Bravo!"

cried the doctor, as he ended. "Now, sir, we can't let you off, we must have another. What shall it be, hey?"

"Here is one with a picture something like you, Jean," said the Captain, pleased with his achievement. "'Juanita,' I used to sing that once."

"It is something like Jean," remarked Miss Susan, as he handed her the song; "a regular Spanish *señorita*; fan, mantilla, and all the rest of it."

"I would like to see you in your national costume," said the Captain, gallantly, turning to Jean, as his sister played the preliminary bars of music. (The ancestral Don Silva was so real to him now, that in letters written to one or two naval friends, announcing his engagement, he had invariably described his bride as a young lady of Spanish origin.) Miss Blair overheard his little speech, and the corners of her mouth went down in a significantly scornful fashion. "Nita, Juanita," sang the lover, in his old-fashioned bravura style; "let me linger by thy side!" "The man's a fool," she thought to herself, with increasing scorn; and happening just then to meet the eyes of Dan Silva, who sat uncomfortably apart in one of the windows, she threw into her glance such a world of contempt for his insufferable pretensions to ancestry, that the poor man spent the remainder of the evening in vain conjectures as to what solecism he had committed. The song ended, David repeated his wish—

"I wish we could see our Spanish lady in costume. By the by, Susan, haven't you a box of old fancy dresses somewhere? Have 'em down, and see if you can't rig her out in character." His sister hesitated for a moment; but she was anxious to please him in every

way, and the request was a very harmless one.

"I think I have something that would do," she said, pleasantly. "We will have a little more music first, though. Miss Blair, won't you play something."

Miss Blair's specialty was Scotch music, and the sweet, if somewhat thin-toned, old piano was soon vibrating under her emphatic touch.

"Capital, capital!" cried the doctor, a genuine enthusiast, coming up and clapping his hands to mark the time. Thus encouraged, the musician's zeal redoubled.

"It is always a pleasure to play for you, doctor," she said, graciously; and one air followed another in unbroken succession, until David despaired of a pause, and urged his sister, in a low tone, to go and find the mantilla.

"I am not quite sure where it is."

"Could I help you to find it?" said Jean, suddenly, turning to them.

"She seems to fancy the idea," thought Miss Susan, noting her interested expression; "and no doubt it is rather a dull evening for her with no young folk to speak to." "Come and we'll have a search," she said, kindly; and under cover of "The Reel of Tulloch," they left the room together.

The Shore House was as inconveniently planned as most old houses for modern comfort; the drawing-room had no access but through the dining-room, and as they passed through the latter apartment, they found the servants busy laying the table for supper, shortly to be served.

"Is there a light up-stairs, Janet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bring me a hand-lamp, then. Or, stay, I will take this one: I shan't be more than a minute."

Jean followed her hostess up the

winding stone staircase, and along the tapestried passage, to a pleasant low-roofed bedroom, in which a bright fire was burning. "This is my room—nice and cosy, isn't it? but I have only come for my keys; the old dresses are up in the turret. It will be rather cold and gusty there to-night, I expect: however, I won't keep you long." But Jean was delighted to make further acquaintance with the house she looked forward to being mistress of, and accordingly Miss Dundas led the way, lamp in hand, up the steep and narrow stair to the turret-room, a tiny apartment, roofed and panelled with oak, like a ship's cabin. Here stood an ancient camphor-wood trunk, that looked as if it had journeyed by land and sea with more than one Dundas. Jean held the light, while Miss Susan found the key and opened the box. It was filled with a store of old-fashioned dresses, brocaded silks, embroidered satins and muslins, carved fans, richly coloured scarfs, quaint gauze caps, laces, and ribbons. Jean uttered an exclamation of wonder. "Oh, what beautiful things! are they all yours?"

"Oh no," said the old lady, smiling; "they are old family things—very old, some of them."

"Then," pursued Jean, hesitating yet eager, "will any of them be for me?"

"Why, what could you do with them?" rejoined Miss Susan, amused and surprised. "You couldn't wear them, you know."

She had been turning over the contents of the chest as she spoke, and now drew out the black mantilla of which she had been in search.

"If you were a Spanish *señorita*, Jean, this is what you would wear always."

"That!" murmured Jean, gr-

ly disappointed. She had hoped a rich crimson *crêpe*, or a white silk brocaded with roses, of which she had caught passing visions as Miss Susan turned them over, would prove to be the Spanish costume.

"And we must have a fan," continued Miss Susan. "There should be one with a bull-fight on it,—here it is. Now we shall see if David thinks you like the ladies of Lisbon. Come."

It was hard to have only a glimpse of all these beautiful things. Jean could not refrain from asking, as they carefully descended the ladder-like staircase, whether she might see them again.

"Of course," said the old lady, kindly. "I will leave the key with you, if you like: it might amuse you to look at them some day."

Jean, enchanted, began to express her thanks, when, as they reached the dining-room door, Janet met them.

"It's a man wanting to speak to you, mem, and to the——" *young lady* she would not say, so got out of the difficulty by a personal address to Jean—"and to you."

"What is his business?" asked Miss Susan, stopping short.

"He wouldn't say; but it was private and particular—an' he must see you. So I pit him in the dining-room or ye came down."

Miss Susan went into the room, followed by the wondering Jean. On the hearth awaiting them stood old Thomas Soutar, whom Miss Susan only knew by sight as a handloom-weaver in Earlsferry. She inquired his business; but before he spoke, Jean, white with sudden alarm, guessed that he came on his son's behalf. Anger with Robin for sending him, and overmastering fear that all the

pleasant future she had planned for herself was to be snatched away on the eve of realisation, filled her mind: she seemed to recognise as uttered already his words when he spoke.

"There is something here," he began, slowly, "that's needing to be cleared up." He proceeded to draw a letter from his pocket, and unfolded it as he spoke. "My son Aleck wrote to my other son Robin, that's away—it might be a week ago—an', telling his brother the news of the place, he mentioned that it was said the Captain was shortly to marry Jean Silva here."

Miss Susan looked at Jean, who did not dare to meet her glance, but stood motionless, listening with sickening apprehension for what would follow.

"And to-day we had a letter from Robin. This is what he says: 'I suppose your story about the Captain is a joke; Jean is promised to me.'"

"Jean!" cried Miss Susan, in dismay.

"You can see it for yourself," said the old man, handing her the letter, and pointing to the place with his big trembling finger. "I want to know the truth of it," he concluded, as Miss Susan glanced at the page and gave it back.

"Jean!" she repeated, in a tone of distress, "what does it mean?"

There was a pause, in which Jean desperately reviewed her position. In the next room Miss Blair was still playing one Scotch air after another. If Robin's father would only go before she ceased! and then the Captain need never know of his visit. Jean could beg Miss Susan not to tell any one; everything might still come right.

"Jean!" sounded Miss Susan's voice in her ears, "speak; what is the truth?"

There was no more time to parley, to plan. She dared not tell them, they would be so hard on her: she could not give up her happiness.

"It is not the truth," she said at last, looking the old man full in the face, her heart beating so hard she could hardly breathe. "Robin made a mistake."

He eyed her incredulously. The white dress she wore now was that she had worn at his elder son's wedding, and he remembered watching Robin's unmistakable devotion to her then, and the evident understanding between them.

Miss Susan stood looking from one to the other, and knew not what to think.

"Robin never tauld a lee yet," said his father, proudly.

"It is a mistake," repeated Jean. "Once he did ask me; but we changed our minds. You wouldn't have me marry him if I didn't love him?"

"He says, 'Jean is promised to me,'" repeated the old man, doggedly.

"But I am not! I am not!" cried Jean, resolved to free herself; "his saying it doesn't make it true, does it?" she appealed, turning to Miss Susan.

"No," she said, in a doubtful tone; "but if you have given him reason to think so, if he thought you loved him——"

"But I don't!" interrupted Jean, vehemently. "Won't you believe me?—there is nothing, nothing be-

tween us: you won't force me to marry him?"

"It's been a sad mistake for him," said the old man, and to her intense relief he turned to go. "I ask your pardon, ma'am, for coming; but I thought you would see justice done."

"I am very sorry," said Miss Susan, greatly perplexed.

"There's nothing mair to be said," he continued, going to the door, "an' I'll say nae mair. Good night, ma'am," and he left the room, taking no further notice of Jean.

She drew a long breath of relief; the worst danger was over.

Miss Susan looked at her with as searching a glance as her kind eyes were capable of. "This is very unfortunate," she said.

"Yes, I am so sorry; but you mustn't mind. You are not angry with me, are you?" and Jean looked deprecatingly at the old lady. "It wasn't my fault; I couldn't help his caring about me—I didn't want him to."

Just then came the final vibrating chords of the piano. Miss Blair's playing ceased amid a little chorus of applause.

"Come," said Miss Susan, "we must go in. It will be better not to say anything to David," and they re-entered the drawing-room together, Jean relieved beyond measure to find the storm-cloud which had so suddenly overcast her sky as rapidly dispelled, never, she trusted, to threaten her again.

CHAPTER V.

"If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown."

—BURNS.

The remaining days until the marriage was accomplished passed off without any special incident to

mark them; and although Miss Susan had been greatly disturbed in mind by the old weaver's visit,

on taking counsel with herself long and anxiously, as she lay awake that night, she concluded that the affair must have been unduly exaggerated by this unknown young man and his family. She had no reason to doubt Jean's word that she was free of blame in the matter, and she was not justified in troubling her brother, or in consulting any of her kinsfolk. A dread, with which all who dare to act independently become familiar, shaped itself in her mind. She could not call down upon herself the "I told you so's" of the various relatives who had expressed already their disapproval of David's unsuitable marriage. She, who had taken his part so devotedly, and shielded him from all the scathing comments and useless advice which the news of his engagement had evoked, had not courage to confide the doubts which arose now in her mind to any of these critics; and besides, it would be useless—David would only resent any interference. It was too late to resume the part of an objector now.

Her brother was in rather a dull and silent mood, an additional reason for not troubling him. When it became necessary to make arrangements for spending the honeymoon in Edinburgh, as had been planned, he hesitated, drew back, and finally declared it was impossible: he would be wretched away from home. Miss Susan went to consult Jean in this difficulty, and was touched by her readiness to fall in with the Captain's wishes, and defer the journey until later. She would be quite pleased to come home quietly to the Shore House after the ceremony, she said. In truth, the one fear that filled her mind was that anything should occur to postpone the wedding, and then Robin might come himself to

claim her, a far more difficult person to argue with than his old father. If she were safely married, then it would not matter; he might say what he liked.

Miss Susan, whose guileless mind saw nothing but unselfish affection in the young girl's ready consent to this alteration of their plans, kissed her gratefully, and went back to her brother with a sanguine confidence that what he must inevitably lose in her own familiar companionship would be fully compensated for in the docility and kindness of his young wife.

Captain Dundas, who had greatly enjoyed the novelty of his position as the accepted lover of a beautiful young girl, and who had at the same time never lacked the ready sympathy and forethought of the sister who had indeed been his guardian angel for the last five years, only now realised that he had practically made his choice between the two. When he met Susan's trunks being taken to her room to be packed, when the disappearance of her work-box and knitting-basket, her shabby serviceable writing-portfolio and its auxiliary leather case (full to bursting with correspondence such as an affectionate old lady usually carries on),—when the absence of these gave an inexplicably bare look to the cosy pleasant drawing-room, the Captain began to feel vaguely apprehensive. But when old Janet, who had thrown up her situation, by way of an emphatic though vain protest against his marriage, remorselessly insisted upon a thorough cleaning of the whole house before she left, then indeed he felt the skies were falling. There was no peace or quiet anywhere; and Susan, Susan who should have protected him and shielded him from this species of

wind, aided and abetted the triumphant Janet.

"I'm very sorry: it is so uncomfortable for you, dear, I know; but it really must be done. If you and Jean had been going away even for a week, it might have been managed then; but as it is, we must make the most of our time now." And discordant clatterings in the kitchen were not stopped as heretofore when he complained, but only accounted for. "Janet, poor body, says she is anxious to leave everything in good order for the bride." Although here, had he known it, Miss Susan was tempering the wind for her shorn lamb, for Janet's speech had really been too caustic for repetition.

At last the day came—a dark and gloomy morning in November. Miss Susan drove with her brother to the little English church at Pit-tenweem, in which the marriage was to take place; doing her best on the way to cheer his mind, always liable to be depressed and bewildered in unwonted circumstances. The more delightful and companionable she was, the more, however, did her brother realise how much he would lose when she forsook him; and it was not until they took their places in church, and he saw his bride, beautiful beyond all his anticipations in her bridal dress, that he took heart of grace. With immense relief Miss Susan saw the nervous agitation she had so dreaded subside. The ceremony was accomplished without a *contretemps* of any sort. There was no opportunity after it for more than the briefest leave-taking between the brother and sister, for she was claimed by some cousins who had agreed to be present on condition that she would make her first visit to them; now that she was again a free woman. The

Captain drove away with his bride, her parents and the few other invited guests followed, and the handful of onlookers dispersed themselves to gossip at leisure over the event of the day.

Mrs Silva had induced her husband to spend what seemed to him an unnecessarily large portion of his savings on Jean's wedding outfit.

"She will make it up to us, Dan; you may look to that," said the sagacious woman. "Mrs Captain Dundas will never see her parents want." And from her own experience as a lady's-maid, she had known very well all that Jean would require "to dress as a lady." If old Janet had been determined that the state of her pots and pans should do her credit in her successor's eyes, Mrs Silva was no less zealous to justify herself in the completeness of her daughter's wardrobe. Jean found herself the mistress of more luxurious appointments than she had ever thought of possessing; and Mrs Silva's fond and critical eyes saw with pride that her child looked "quite the lady" in her new array.

One evening, about a week after the marriage, Jean, absolutely at an end of all her resources in the way of occupation, sat by the fire opposite her husband, an unread book open on her knee. The Captain, who was essentially methodical, had endeavoured, as far as possible, to resume all the old habits so pleasantly familiar to him. It had been a custom with the brother and sister to occupy themselves in sociable silence during the long winter evenings, except when their chief cronies, the doctor or the minister, came in for a chat, or when Miss Susan beguiled him to play chess or backgammon. Jean was ignorant of both games; no caller had as yet ventured to intrude on the newly

married pair; and the silence, and, to Jean, increasing monotony of their evenings, remained unbroken. Her love of reading extended to nothing graver than the style of fiction current in weekly newspapers; and the novels David supplied her with from his well-filled bookcases were not what she called novels at all. 'Guy Mannering,' the last she had tried, lay unheeded on her lap, as she watched the fire, and tried to think of something to do. David looked happy and contented, she thought, glancing at him; he seemed to be reading again that political speech he had read partly to her in the morning. How surprised he had been to find how little she understood of the question dealt with—how surprised she was that any one could be really interested in such things. As she mused in a desultory fashion, the old clock in the next room, with much preliminary wheezing and whirring, struck slowly. Only eight o'clock! "David," she said, suddenly, "I think I will run across and see father for a little; he was out when I went over this morning."

Her husband looked up surprised. "To-night, my dear child! It is far too cold; and it is late: they won't expect you."

"Only eight o'clock," said Jean, lightly; "I'll not be cold. I'll wrap myself up in your cloak, and there's no one to see me;" and without waiting for further objections, she was gone.

In the little hall outside the dining-room door hung the Captain's thick Inverness cloak. Wrapping herself in it, and throwing a white scarf over her head, she ran down-stairs and out into the breezy starlight. A wind blew from the sea with the incoming tide. She could see the dim whiteness of the big waves as they raced shorewards. It was by no means cold

weather for November. The fresh darkness was pleasant and exhilarating: she was loath to leave it at once for the hot gas-light of her father's little house across the street. Gathering the cloak round her, she turned down the footpath towards the beach. She had almost reached the low gate in the sea-wall, from which a precipitous flight of steps led down to the rocks and tide-pools on the shore, when she was aware that a man stood on the other side of it, motionless, watching her. She stopped abruptly, and was turning away, when he called her, "Jean, come here!"

"Robin, is it you?" she faltered, drawing near with slow reluctant steps.

"Ay, it's me. I hae come to see ye—ye mind I said I wad be; or hae ye forgotten that as weel!" The bitterness of his tone struck terror into her. He was very angry; he would never forgive her. She stood silent and trembling.

"Weel," he continued; "are ye no' glad to see me?"

She dared not speak.

"The last time I saw ye," he said, hoarsely, "ye gied me a kiss: was that a lee? An' ye said ye lo'ed me: was that a lee? Speak, canna ye?"

Terrified by the strange roughness of his manner, she could scarcely answer. "O Robin! forgive me; I'm sorry!" she said at last.

"That's easy said," he replied; "but it's no sae easy done as ye think. Jean, when my faither wrote word that he had seen ye, and what ye had said,"—he drew a long breath and looked at her. "What garred ye?" he cried, brokenly. "O Jean! ye dinna care though ye break my heart!"

He leant across the gate. She could perceive, even in the dim light, the haggard look on his face.

and his voice sounded as though he were weeping; but the anger in it was gone.

Her courage came back a little. "I'm real sorry for ye, Robin; I am," she said, again. "You mustna mind ony mair," and she laid her hand on his arm.

"No' mind!" he exclaimed, fiercely, shaking off her touch; "is it a sma' maitter to pit awa' wi' a saft word? Tell me the truth, if ye can: What did ye promise when we cam' awa' frae the dance at Aleck's? were ye cheatin' me a' the time?"

"No," said Jean, trying to meet his gaze. "I meant it then; but it's so long ago."

"Long ago!" he repeated, with bitter emphasis; "ay, three months. And sae ye forgot what ye had said when my faither askit ye, an' there was naething atween us—naething, that ye could mind. An' ye smile as bonnie, an' gang on the same gait, nae doubt, with that puir doited fule o' a Captain. Na," he cried, with a swift change of mood from scorn to regret, "it's me that's the fule, for I canna haud mysel' from loving ye for a' ye hae said an' done!"

"Robin," she urged timidly, after a pause, "I ken it's a' my faut; but try to forget about me, won't ye, and gang hame."

The shallowness of her nature was clear to him in her penitence as in her fickle love. He perceived that his grief only wearied and frightened her; it did not touch her heart.

"Ye needna bide here," he said; "gang in, I'll stay by mysel'."

Jean looked surprised and alarmed.

"Ye needna fear," he added, with a contemptuous smile, as he guessed her thought. "I'll no' come to the hoose, nor trouble ye ony way: gang in."

She wished he would go, and let

her feel the thing was at an end; but she dared not remonstrate with him. She must give up her visit to her father's now, lest he should still be watching when she returned. "Good night, then," she said, slowly.

He made no answer.

"I wish ye would forgi'e me, Robin!" There was a mixture of petulance and entreaty in her tone, as she paused, looking back.

"Never in this world!" was all his answer; and afraid to rouse him further, she said no more. He watched her re-enter the house—the door closed behind her; she was gone. Only now, when the interview was over to which he had looked forward with a strange unexpressed hope that it would yield some relief, some escape from the misery her faithlessness had wrought, only now did he quite resign himself to despair. It would be easier to bear, he had thought, if she had been forced to give him up by her friends—if she regretted, even when it was too late, what she had done—but now he had seen her, had heard her speak, and he could no longer comfort himself with such illusions. He sat for an hour or two on the sea-wall watching the lights in the Shore House go out one by one, and thinking sad disconnected thoughts. Would it have been worse than this, as his father had suggested, if he had married her, and then found she had tired of him? He would have loved her so; surely, surely, that would never have happened. His head ached wearily, his thoughts grew more confused. Since receiving his father's letter he had scarcely slept or taken food; to see Jean had been his one fixed idea. As soon as he could get away he had come. Now the last glimmer of hope was quenched, nothing but dreary despair was before him.

CHAPTER VI.

"Choose Thou, before this spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

—R. L. STEVENSON.

A sharp rattle of hail on her window awoke Jean next morning. The wind roared in the wide chimney, whistled shrill through keyhole and crevice, and shook the very house in its furious strength.

As the day went on, the storm increased. "The sea will be tremendous at high tide," remarked Captain Dundas, as they stood together watching it from the dining-room windows. "A gale like this, with a spring-tide, is almost enough to drown us out."

"When will it be full?" asked Jean.

"In about an hour, but with a westerly gale the ebb hardly tells for some time. Look how the wind drives the waves up! They are washing up to the gate now. There!"

The tumbling heights and depths of grey sea-water already surged up to the wall of the garden, eager to find entrance; and as he spoke a cresting wave streamed underneath the gate. The next came still further, and the third, brimming up against it, poured over in a torrent of white water, spreading far across the gravel, and burying the border of withered sea-pinks in quivering foam. Jean shivered as she stood watching. The outlook was inexpressibly dreary. Sea and sky were blurred together in the driving rain, and, except the garden walls on either side, and the small strip of ground below the windows, she could see nothing but the heaving expanse of water, whose cold, wild waves seemed eager to engulf the house itself. She shuddered and turned away, for the

little garden in its desolation recalled her unexpected meeting with Robin last night by that very gate, and all the hard things he had said—unpleasant memories she wished to get rid of. She wondered what he was doing to-day, and hoped he would soon go away back to his work, that she might run no risk of meeting him again until he had got over his disappointment. Being summoned to an interview with the cook, she succeeded in dismissing him from her thoughts; for, searching in the key-basket for a particular key, she noticed one labelled "box of old dresses," and hailed with relief so engrossing an occupation for a wet day as the treasures she had seen in the turret would afford. Her housekeeping was quickly despatched. Her husband, busy answering a long letter received that morning from his sister, would not miss her; she was free to do as she pleased.

Kneeling on the floor, surrounded with all the gorgeous stuffs of which she had only had such a tantalising glimpse before, Jean was perfectly happy. A mirror, black and dim with age, was set in the panelling above the tiny fireplace. She amused herself before it, trying on the quaint head-dresses, and wrapping herself in bright-coloured *crêpes* and silks, admiring the magnificent appearance they gave her. Oh, if she could only have some of them to wear! how delightful it would be! To go about the house with a splendid train rustling behind her, and look like a queen! How David would admire

her — everybody would! Here were fans, fragile things of lace and ivory. She spread one, and looked archly over it at her reflection in the mirror; people must admire her very much, she was sure. Among the dresses was a white silk brocaded with roses in all colours. A piece of paper was carefully sewn on to it, marked "Jean Stewart's wedding-dress, 6th June 1783." Jean Stewart was, she remembered, the name of one of the portraits in the drawing-room,—a lady with black hair and eyes like her own. How grand she must have looked on her wedding-day! and Jean wistfully contemplated the many-tinted roses of the brocade, until the simplicity of her own plain white bridal-dress was humiliating to remember. She was so absorbed that she did not hear the door at the foot of the turret-stair open; indeed the noise of the wind helped to drown the sound of footsteps slowly ascending until the newcomer was almost upon her. "David?" was her first alarmed conjecture; he might be vexed with her for taking out all these things, and there was no time to hide them away. With flushed cheeks and startled eyes she sprang to her feet and went to the half-open door. Who was this old bent creature whose shawl and dress were soaked and dripping with rain, who stood looking at her with such stern unfamiliar eyes? How had she come here out of the storm? Her astonishment changed to irritation as she recognised old Katie Scott, the fish-wife.

"You're surely not round with fish to-day?" she said in her "English" tone, which would at another time have excited her visitor's scorn. "Lisbeth should have called me down. I don't think we need anything to-day."

"I ken the hoose better than Lisbeth," said Katie; "an' I cam' up mysel' to seek ye."

"What is it?—what do you want?" said Jean, impatiently.

"Lassie," was the old woman's solemn answer, "this is an awfu' day for you. God help ye!"

Jean gazed at her, speechless.

"I hae kent Robin Soutar weel sin' the day he was born," resumed Katie. "Never was a son mair gude and weel-doin'—the comfort o' his faither's heart, the pride o' his mither."

"What has happened?" cried the girl, terror-stricken. "Is he dead?"

"It's far waur than death," she answered; "that wad seem little. I left him lyin' murdered by his ain hand, the life ebbin' frae him, an' he neither able to say a prayer to God nor fareweel to his mither; an' it's *your* wark," she continued, with terrible emphasis—"thae auld folk bowed doon wi' shame and sorrow, that bonnie lad dee'in, an' a' for a pearlin' Jean like you!"

Jean stood looking, in wide-eyed scarce comprehending horror. For a moment there was no sound but the wild raging of the wind and sea without; then she drew a long shivering breath, put out her hands deprecatingly, and tried to speak, but her lips were too dry to frame a syllable. The old woman's stern face softened a little as she saw the effect of her news, but she expressed no pity.

"Dinna think o' yersel' noo," she said—"think o' them. I hae come for ye. They thoct the sight o' ye micht rouse him to speak, and ken his mither afore he dees. Come awa'."

Jean obeyed mechanically. At the foot of the turret-stair they were met by Lisbeth, who, in wondering silence, overawed by the old woman's solemn manner and her mistress's pale and horror-

stricken face, helped Jean to get ready, and watched them go, eager and yet not daring to ask their errand.

The tide was now full, and every wave surged over the sea-wall, and shattered itself in clouds of spray against the house. The whole garden was under water, and Jean was drenched from head to foot before they gained the street. The force of the wind was so great when they turned their faces against it, that, at every gust, they were obliged to stand clinging together, until, in the succeeding lull, they could go on. The way was long and weary in the teeth of the storm, and yet Jean would have gone on for ever, to escape what she knew awaited her. Neither of them spoke, and she supposed they were going to the old weaver's cottage, when Katie turned down a sandy cart-track towards the shore. "It was here," she explained briefly, seeing Jean pause, "he shot himself in Aleck's garden wi' his gun, an' they carried him in here."

Jean would have shrunk back from the keen edge of pain the old woman's words unconsciously had for her; but she knew she must go on, round the end of the cottage, into the little garden. She was thankful that the rain driving in her face blinded her to the wind-swept dreariness of the familiar place. Aleck's wife, the bride of that memorable day, met them at the door and held up a warning hand.

"Hoo is he noo?" whispered old Katie.

"He's gane," was the answer.

"Eh me!" she ejaculated; "an' did he ken ony o' ye afore he dee'd, Mary?"

Mary shook her head. Just then the inner door opened. Robin's old mother came out and

took Jean by the arm. "Come ben," she said, in a hard, tearless voice, "an' see what ye hae done;" and she drew the unresisting girl into the room.

Robin's father and brothers and one or two neighbours were there. His young sister knelt on the floor, her face hidden in the bed-clothes, sobbing in an agony of grief. On a table by the bed were some strips of linen torn up for bandages, and a cup which Jean, with that strange sub-consciousness keenest at a crisis, recognised as one of a set given by Robin to the bride, which had been used for the first time at the wedding-party.

"This is your wark," repeated the mother, as they stood by the bed.

"Whisht, woman!" said her husband; "it's no' for us to judge."

Aleck's wife, her old school-fellow, came and took her hand in silent pity; but Jean—whose white quivering features were changed almost beyond recognition by the working of her conscience, so tardily, so terribly awakened—paid no heed.

As she stood there, a desolation wild as that of the storm without swept through her soul. All that had ever given her pleasure, all her selfish aims, seemed to be so worthless and meaningless now. What would she not give to recall the past, which had brought upon her the horror of blood-guiltiness! As the slow, heart-wrung tears filled her eyes, she loathed herself increasingly—realising with the certainty of despair that her punishment was, and would be, not alone in what others might say or think, but in a self-condemnation as remorseful now as it was un-availing, and from which there was no escape.

J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

THE SCENE OF THE RIOTS IN CHINA :

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE YANGTZE-KIANG.

RISE in the eternal ice-fields of the Tibetan plateau, draining, but little lower in its course, a considerable portion of the Kuen-lun range of mountains,—for from these distant peaks the three rivers of Nameitu, Toktani, and Ketsi flow into the main stream, augmented by the many torrents and rivers of Se-chuen, and in its lower course the recipient of hundreds of tributaries, one of which alone, the Han river, though it mixes its waters with the Yangtze at a spot six hundred miles from the sea, is itself navigable in summer for six hundred miles,—the Yangtze-Kiang, or, as it is often called by the Chinese, the Ta-Kiang, or great river, holds a place second to none in the rivers of Asia. In length three other Asian rivers surpass it, the three so little known, the Yenesei, the Lena, and the Obi. Yet, in spite that it ranks only fourth of the rivers of its continent in size, the area drained by it is so large and of such vast population, while the traffic upon its waters, in a country where there are no railways, and where roads are but few, owing to the enormous number of canals and streams that have to be crossed, is so important, that it may be stated without exaggeration that regarding its utility to the natives of China, and the facility rendered by it to trade and travel, it can compare with any other river in the world.

The recent outbreak against Europeans has turned Western attention prominently towards the towns on the Yangtze; and very soon after the voyage up its course,

which I am now going to describe, several of the towns which I visited were invested with a painful interest through the ill-treatment inflicted upon European residents by the Chinese mobs; and among the victims of their atrocity were some who were my fellow-passengers on the cruise.

The clock in the great club at Shanghai told us it was time to embark; for although our steamer was not to leave the landing-stage on the *bund* before the early morning tide, yet we had made up our minds on the recommendation of friends to sleep on board, rather than have to leave our comfortable beds and embark at the unearthly hour of between two and three o'clock in the morning.

The club porter hailed two jinrikshas, for our luggage had been already sent on board. A dozen long and lanky bethailed Chinamen galloped up to the door, rattling their jinrikshas behind them. Longer and lankier than ever appeared the sober Celestial under the white glare of the electric light. The *bund* was deserted, except for the little group round the club door, and here and there a native policeman or a European hurrying home from a dinner at a smart walk, for the night was cold. A jinriksha rattles down the street, otherwise Shanghai has gone to bed and to sleep. We settle ourselves in our hand-carriages, the coolies raise the shafts, the porter tells them where to go to, and we are off, breaking the silence of the still autumn night with the rattle

of the wheels. What a scurry down the *bund*, with its merchants' palaces and banks on one side, and its wide walk, shaded by trees and the river, on the other, and with the electric light throwing its unnatural glare over all !

The jetty ! Our coolies stop with a jerk ; we alight. There is no difficulty to be experienced in finding our steamer. From the landing-stage we step straight on board. On the gangway we are met by a most respectable creature, a wizened Chinaman, who might, judging from his appearance, be any age from fifty to a hundred, with a small round black cap on his head, and tortoise-shell spectacles, large enough, one would suppose, to see all the world through, on his nose. On the crown of his black cap he wears a red button. He is therefore ennobled. My companion, A., with that delightful gift of casual indifference to everything which he possesses to perfection, not being read in the mysteries of the ratios of Chinese rank to coloured buttons, accosted this lofty Celestial with an insurpassable *sang froid*—

"Boy ! where are our cabins ?"

My one hope was that he did not understand English. He, the lofty mandarin, to be addressed as "boy." I trembled ! A.'s familiarity, not to say almost vulgar way of addressing the potentate, took my breath away. *He* had got us into the scrape, and no doubt it would fall to me to drag us both out again. Imagine my relief when I discovered that, probably following the old adage that the exception proves the rule, A. had made no mistake, and that this *was* the steward. His being ennobled was later explained to me. He had passed the lowest of the literary examinations, had been presented with the rank represented by a red button, and

made a contract with the steamship owner to run the catering department at so much per head for each passenger. Whether owing to his literary attainments, or to the fact that the stewards under him whom he had to provide by his contract were as near perfection as one could imagine servants to be, I know not ; but certain it is that a most excellent steward he was, and his whole department on board was managed with extraordinary success.

The Yangtze steamers leave nothing to be desired, unless it is longer passages in them. They steam fast, almost too fast ; the cabins are light and airy, and all on deck ; the food is of the very best, and above one's bunk are hung innumerable arms, rifles, cutlasses, &c., in case of an attack by pirates,—a precaution about as useful as the fastening of cork belts to the roof in the cabins of some of the large mail-steamers. These boats are for the most part three-deckers, and many are built with the old-fashioned beam-engine, which takes the form of a gigantic see-saw, protruding from the uppermost deck.

So quietly we left the jetty at Shanghai that neither A. nor myself woke, and when we rose the following morning the sun was shining brightly, and we had left the Hoang-pu river and the Woo-sung forts at its junction with the Yangtze far behind, and were steaming at the rate of some fourteen knots an hour, in spite of the strong tides and current, through the muddiest water I think it has ever been my lot in life to look upon. So thick did the concoction appear that it seemed almost a possibility to get out and walk on its surface. Before the days of my initiation into the regions of Chinese rivers I

had been wont to think the Thames dirty in London; but now I can lean over the bridges and almost imagine I can see the dead cats and empty tins at the bottom, in comparison to the Yangtze.

We were a hundred miles from the sea, and yet all the view to be obtained of the river-banks was a far-away bank of mud that had got too thick to run. But a change came during the morning, the banks began to close in as we proceeded on our way, but offered no attractive scene, consisting for the most part of dense reedy swamps, beyond which one could now and again with difficulty descry cultivated land and villages.

No places of importance were passed until the evening, although once or twice during the afternoon we stopped off some village to pick up a boat-load of passengers who had been waiting in mid-stream for the steamer's arrival. The reedy shore had given place now and again to steep mud-banks fringed with green grass, and it was generally opposite a collection of huts upon the summit of the stiff clay that these stray passengers were picked up.

Toward evening, however, we arrived at Chin-Kiang, the first of the larger towns, and although it was already sunset by the time we had made fast, A. and I were not to be deterred from going ashore, and under the guidance of her Britannic Majesty's consul we visited the British Consulate, which in 1888 was destroyed in the riots that took place in this town, when also the houses of the European missionaries were burned. The riots were said to have been occasioned by an Indian policeman in the service of the British Government having, in arresting a scoundrel, been obliged to use force, upon which the native population, as

ready as gunpowder to burst into flame, rose *en masse*. Fortunately no lives were lost, but the European residents had to fly by night from the town and seek a place of hiding and safety in the open country. But of Chin-Kiang there is a far more tragic story to be told. When in 1842, after the quelling of the Tai-ping rebellion, the allied troops retiring from Nanking entered Chin-Kiang, they discovered the place to be in very truth a city of the dead, for, rather than fall into the hands of the soldiers of the "foreign devils," the men of the city had murdered their wives and children and then committed suicide—a most unnecessary precaution, for no attack was intended upon their town. It was a pity they did not live long enough to regret their hastiness.

As at most of the Yangtze ports, the steamers at Chin-Kiang are moored alongside a hulk, floating a little way out in the river, and connected by the mainland with large gangways. The hulks answer their purpose exceedingly well; for not only do they render unnecessary any deepening of the river, but also in the case of riots, which are so common unfortunately all along the river's course, they afford a more secure retreat than many of the houses ashore, as by raising the gangways the hulks can be entirely cut off from any direct communication with the land; while, being very high out of the water, any successful attempt, skilful as are the Chinese in any work of the kind, to gain an entrance from the boats would be almost impracticable. It is almost sad to recognise in these old hulks the remains of the once famous clipper-ships, whose races to land the first cargoes of tea in England once caused so much ex-

citement. Even now with the steamers much competition still exists, and many means are resorted to by ships' captains and agents to make the voyages successful. The captain of one rather old and slow steamer, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea, and would have probably to return largely in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a racing passage. Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage home. In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely to his ship, arguing that, as the captain stood to lose £500, the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a certainty. Of course the steamer, whose greatest speed was eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost his £500; but instead of having to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior—a probable delay of weeks—he had cleared in a few days, after his bets became known to the public, with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who of course paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of pounds profit.

Chin-Kiang owes its importance more to the reason that it is the principal port of the province of Kiang-su than to any other fact, and the shipments of rice and tea made yearly are very considerable. The town much resembles any

other Chinese city, being full of gilt sign-boards, pigs, and dirt, with a prevalence of a variety of unpleasant smells in every street. The European quarter is, as is the case in almost all Chinese cities, separate from the native city, and is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, with a shady *bund* stretching its whole length, many of the houses possessing pretty gardens. Near Chin-Kiang is the one terminus of the Great Canal, by which the Yangtze is connected with the Ho-hang-ho, one terminus of the second largest river of China. During the night we passed Nanking, but on our way down a few weeks later were able to see a little more of this historical old city, in associations second to none in China. The town itself is situated a little way back from the river, but a port has grown up on the very banks of the Yangtze, enclosed itself within the long walls of the capital further inland.

For a long time Nanking was the largest city in the world, when the seat of the emperors of the Ming dynasty, the last before the accession of the present Manchu reigning house. At the fall of the Chinese emperors and the succession of the Tartar rule, Nanking lost much of its importance, though still a flourishing centre, until the leader of the Tai-ping rebellion, in the flush of success, made it his capital, with the intention of once more raising it to the position of the most important city in China. At his overthrow the city fell into the hands of the Government, and is now the residence of the Viceroy of Kiang-nan, and is celebrated chiefly for its manufacture of satins, which has taken the place to a large extent of its famous pottery-works, though the Yangtze can still boast of the largest pottery manufacturing cities of China.

liu-kiang, situated on the
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and King-ho-chew, lying
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npty channel. The super-
nhabitants, believing that
ad been given to the

waters, spent a fortune in flags
and crackers of propitiation, and
held a great festival to the honour
of all the local deities, but in vain,
for the Yangtze, having found a
shorter passage to the sea, utterly
refused to approach within four-
teen miles of the town in question.

The pleasure of travelling on the
great water-way of China does not
altogether centre in the towns on
its banks. The river teems with
life, both animal and celestial, the
former principally wild-fowl, the
latter of the human kind, though
in this case the term Celestial is
applied in its more generally under-
stood sense in regard to China than
with any attempt at using it liter-
ally. It is not, I believe, generally
known that the name Celestial is
not applied by the Chinese to
themselves.

Strange junks float down or
sail up the river, sometimes mere
planks nailed together in an un-
couth manner, sometimes built in
the regular river-junk fashion, and
well built too, of varnished wood,
with raised deck-houses high above
the stern, and sails of matting; and
not seldom some bepainted and be-
spangled mandarin boat is passed,
covered with gold dragons in con-
tortions, and resembling more the
advertisement van of some second-
rate circus than anything else. Yet
they are most picturesque: the
grotesque animals, whose protrud-
ing necks form the bow, and whose
open jaws are filled with scarlet
teeth, are a marvel; but they are
not alone in their glory, for the
whole ship is a mass of tangled
reptiles and beautiful but mythical
birds and beasts. The cabin, with
its gay awning and brilliantly
painted walls, stands on the deck
like a Paris *bonbonnière*, while from
above fly a multitude of flags, long
narrow pennants bearing the man-
darin owner's name and titles, flags

with curly dragons—flags, in fact, of every colour and every design. Every day we were passing these boats, and each was a picture. The decks from which the sailors row are very low to the water, and on one occasion the wash of our passing steamer caused such a strain upon the heavy oars that two of a crew were washed overboard. We saw them picked up again, and then proceeded on our way, the gaudy and infuriated mandarin cursing us volubly from the roof of his cabin. All Chinese boats have one delightful peculiarity in common—an eye painted on the bows; for, argues the simple-minded Celestial, “No got eye, no makee see; no makee see, no can go.” A treatise on ships by a Chinaman would be very good reading. I am told that they firmly believe that the size of a ship is in ratio to the number of her masts, and that the smallest of our three-masted gunboats is considered to be larger than our biggest one-masted ironclads. “Him very big ship,” says Ah Sin; “three piecee bamboo-stick have got.”

The villages passed offer but little variety or beauty. Usually they are composed of rude hovels of timber, plastered over with mud, and at the time of our visit were nearly all half flooded, owing to the summer rise in the river having been so extreme. Altogether a Chinese village on the plains of the lower Yangtze is about as melancholy a picture of desolation as one could imagine. Even the pigs look depressed. But happily now and again there is a change, and hills, in some cases high hills, run parallel with the river a few miles inland, or a pagoda rears its head, and breaks the monotony of the dull flats. The island of Pant-ski is a charming spot for instance,

with its curious “joss-houses” or temples, and its half-ruined pagoda. “Joss,” by the by, so far from being, as I amongst others always imagined, a Chinese word, is merely the mispronunciation of the Spanish *dios*, God. The discovery of this fell heavily upon me. It reduced my knowledge of Chinese from two words to one; but I have learned several since, but will not write them here, as I do not know what they mean. A. and the writer both started with the determination of studying Chinese, and the writer let A. buy a grammar; but on discovering that the single letter *i* had one hundred and forty-five ways of being pronounced, and that each pronunciation had an entirely different meaning, we said that there was no poetry about the Chinese language, that it was not worth learning, and A.’s grammar was secretly consigned to the river mud by being dropped overboard. Wu-hu is left behind, and once more the steamer is making her way upstream. The river has narrowed considerably, and at this part, to a great deal higher up, is about a mile in breadth, though by being often broken up into numerous channels and islands one cannot always realise the fact.

Very early in the morning following our departure from Wu-hu, we arrived at Ngan-king, and as the moon was very bright, one could see the place tolerably well, and it looked more picturesque under the refining influences of night than it would otherwise have done. This city is the capital of Ngan-hwei, and is situated on the north bank of the river. It stretches far along the water’s edge, and ends on the east with a fine pagoda. This reflected in the smooth surface of the river, lighted by a brilliant moon and a myriad

stars, formed a lovely picture. This, indeed, was China of one's childhood. It wanted but little imagination to believe that all was built of porcelain, like the palace of the Emperor in Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the "Nightingale and the Emperor of China." How calm and still everything was! Just as we saw the pagoda on the river-bank against the vault of heaven, so it was reflected on the water, till a boat passing by shattered its mirrored form into a hundred thousand fragments, as if it really had been porcelain. A gentle breeze blew from the shore, bearing us the homely odours of China, opium, man, and pig—especially pig. But in spite of the beauties of Ngan-king by night, it is specially and indelibly fixed in the writer's mind by the fact that the morning after he had become the proud and sole possessor of a cold, which he afterwards, in a fit of conscientious generosity, handed over to A. for a week or two.

Above Ngan-king is a charming spot, a solitary rock standing in the centre of the stream, and known by the poetic name of "The Little Orphan." The tiny island, a sugar-loaf in form, is crowned by a low pagoda, while clinging to its side is a Buddhist monastery, the whole forming a lovely picture. Thousands of birds build their nests every spring on its steep precipices, for the most part cormorants, which a violent shriek from our steam whistle sent flying in every direction. A little higher up on the south side is the entrance to the great Poyang lake, through which in the far away can be seen another solitary rock, larger than that already passed, and known as "The Great Orphan." On the east shore of the channel which connects the river and lake stands the large

and handsome monastery of Hukau, a group of picturesque buildings, of which it is difficult to gather any idea, except that they consist of a tangled mass of up-turned roofs covered with gorgeous tile-work, and long terraces. This great lake of Poyang is one of the centres of the porcelain manufacture of China, the city of Nam-chang, situated to the east of the lake, being especially famous.

Kiu-Kiang was the next place our steamer stopped at, and here we visited the native town, with its narrow streets, half blocked with long hanging sign-boards, and piles of refuse and dirt. Silver-work and pottery are the two artistic manufactures of Kiu-Kiang; and some of the china shops, containing the wares of their own town, as well as those of King-ho-chew and Nam-chang, are by no means to be despised, and for colouring and artistic design the modern artists are but little behind their predecessors, whose works are so much admired in England. Especially lovely are the small snuff-bottles, for some of which, even though modern, very large prices are asked; while for antique specimens the sums demanded and paid are astonishing. A small vase of red porcelain, known as *sang de bœuf*, sold in America for six thousand dollars a few years ago.

At any spot a Chinese crowd is interesting, and we sat for half an hour or so watching the people streaming past us through the narrow streets. There is, it is said, no nation in the world whose features give more appearance of composure and want of expression than the celestial Chinaman. To guess of what he may be thinking, or whether his thoughts are happy or otherwise, or even if he is thinking at all, I believe to be an

impossibility : he wears a mask as impenetrable as iron. The women are the same, except that they smile now and again, more, it seems, because they know it is becoming than from any motive. The female of the Yangtze is preferable to her sisters of the coast, for as a rule she does not, except in the cases of the wives of wealthy men, follow the fashions sufficiently conscientiously to deform her feet, though the large-footed lady as she approaches those of the "lily feet" may overhear such remarks—and nastiness is apparently common all over the world—as these : "Look at those two big boats coming alone ;" or, "Here come two old ducks,"—the boats and ducks referring to the lady in question's natural-sized feet. The subject is a nasty one, and so covered, as a rule, are their cramped ankles with sores, that the removal of the bandages with which the contraction is maintained is a most unpleasant process. The difficulty and discomfort of the victim in getting about, and the hideous waddling gait small feet necessitate, ought, one would think, from common-sense to abolish the custom ; but the Chinaman wishes to abolish nothing except the European and European influence, and this he finds difficult.

About ten the following morning, nearly three days and a half after leaving Shanghai, we arrived in Hankow, and made fast to one of the many hulks that line the shore along the most respectable portion of the Chinese city.

The most important town on the Yangtze-Kiang, the capital of the province of Hu-peh, the largest centre of the tea-trade in the world, Hankow is too well known to need much description. Suffice it to say it is a town of great size,

consisting of two distinct portions, the native city and the European concession, which together with the city of Woo-chang on the opposite shore of the Yangtze and the town of Han-yang on the east bank of the Han river, which at this spot joins the main stream, form a group of townships more or less united, and only separated from one another by the two rivers, scarcely to be equalled in Europe. The European concession is the finest, with the exception of Shanghai, in this portion of China. The mansions—no other word fully describes them—of the merchants are magnificent, and nearly all situated looking over the wide *bund*, the river-side walk of which is built on the summit of a strong stone embankment, and shaded by umbrageous trees. Here the European babies and their Chinese nurses "most do congregate," and a funny picture they make, not decreased in grotesqueness by the native policemen who perambulate the *bund* with light elastic tread, stopping now and again to hold a little conversation, perhaps a little flirtation, with the Chinese nursery-maids.

Hankow boasts several large tea-factories, of which the speciality is the preparing of "brick" or consolidated tea for the Central Asian overland route into Russia.

At Hankow ends the lower Yangtze, which portion of the river may thus be described as the lowest six hundred and fifty miles. For this distance it is seldom under a mile in breadth, and generally considerably more, and its width is maintained to a great extent yet further up. The principal exports of this portion of the river are tea, silk, rice, hemp, sugar, tobacco, cotton, and many kinds of cereals, all of which testify not only to the in-

y of the native, but also to
ertility or suitability of the
nd its products.

e native city of Hankow is
worth a visit. It is large,
smelly, and interesting.

of the shops, notably those
rich are sold silks and furs,
ery well worth seeing. The
people are polite, which is
than one can say for the
al crowd, and do not seem
re whether one buys anything

st. Perhaps indifferent is a
expressive term for their
anour than polite. Two

r striking buildings are to
en in this part of the city,
wo large tea-guilds in which

native merchants collect to
usiness. Both are modern
ings, rich in stone and wood

ng, with roofs of gorgeous
v tiles pointing their twisted
rs up to the sky, and gaudy
coloured pictures and shrines.

of the work is really good,
ne or two of the *kakemonos*
borrow a Japanese term—or

aintings, are by no means to
spised as works of art. At
nd of the long hall presides

rllet-and-gold deity of huge
rtions, who appears to be
g from a lady's hanging

obe, while on a table in
are bronze incense-jars and
ents. At the further end

e same half-open court is a
where the drama is per-
d upon certain days.

y one who is going to China
to go to see a Chinese play,
whole one of course, for that

occupy many years of his
as they are apt to be long.
is said, though I will not

for the fact, to be one
se play going on that has
n a state of performance for

forget how many centuries.
actor goes through a scene or

two, his natural lifetime probably,
and the play will be over—I forget
when. The second representation

will then commence, and it is said
that by order of the Government
it will not be allowed to last over

five hundred years. Why the
play takes so long is because it is
historical, and the various lives of

the many emperors are represented,
and each life has to be acted in
the same length of time as that

emperor lived or reigned. We
may be very thankful such a
thing does not exist in England:

imagine a Passion-play in which
Methuselah's life had to be repre-
sented—and so little incident in

it that we know of. But a
Chinese theatre is well worth
seeing for once as a curiosity.

The scenery, the dresses, and the
acting explain nothing; while, to
add to the confusion, the constant

beating of gongs and letting off of
crackers is taking place.

Outside the European concession
of Hankow is the race-course, no
doubt an excellent one, though

unfortunately we did not see it to
advantage, as nearly two feet of
water over its whole surface gave

it an appearance of being more
suitable for a regatta than for
horse-racing. However, the Euro-

peans get up a wild excitement for
their meetings, which, as a rule,
are very well managed and most

successful.

Across the Han river, which
flows into the Yangtze at Hankow
from the north, is situated Han-

yang, forming one of the three
cities of this group. The place
is large, but noticeable only as

possessing two fine joss-houses or
temples, one ancient and one
modern, of which the outline is

the best part,—a remark that may
refer to a great many of the
Chinese temples.

The Han river is itself of no

mean size, as will be shown by the fact that it is navigable in summer for no less than six hundred miles. Not far up is situated the great lake of Tung-ting, over two thousand square miles in extent. This lake acts as an overflow for the Han floods, and thus saves an immense tract of country from deluge each year, which would otherwise be the case. It is situated in the province of Hunan, to the natives of which, especially the soldiers, the Chinese and European officials put down most of the late rioting, though no doubt secret societies are also much implicated. So many accounts have recently appeared of these Chinese secret societies that the barest mention of them here will suffice. Their strength consists in secrecy and oaths, and their weakness in want of co-operation and amalgamation. To Chinese as well as to European interests they are most dangerous, although, judging from the titles they rejoice in, one would expect them to be as mild as a village reading-society. What sounds more pure and innocent than the name "The White Lily Society" or "The Society for Gazing on the Moon"! by which it must be by no means taken for granted that they are lunatics. Far from it: these secret societies are the cause of the greatest concern to all lovers of order and peace, both Chinese and Europeans.

Opposite Hankow is the city of Woo-chang, in which, with the exception of a few missionaries, no Europeans reside. We spent a day in visiting this curious city, under the auspices of an excellent guide whom the consul at Hankow procured for us. Although six hundred miles of river lie between Hankow and the sea, the river is over a mile in breadth at this part. We crossed over in a sail-

ing-boat, dodging amongst the craft that almost cover the river at this part, so many are there. At a rough landing-stage we stepped ashore, and proceeding at first by a squalid quarter of the city, and then by streets in better repair, found ourselves amongst a collection of temples known as the "Hoang-ho-loo," or the "Yellow Crane" temples. They are a very dirty and much-out-of-repair collection of buildings, boasting little of any beauty, except for the handsome stone steps and several fine terraces, from which one obtains a panorama of the river and the cities of Hankow and Han-yang on the opposite side; while at one's feet—for Hoang-ho-loo is on the side of a steep hill—lies the great town of Woo-chang. Looking down upon a Chinese city one can gain but little idea of anything except its size: the narrow streets are rendered all the narrower, if not completely invisible, by the overhanging roofs, which entirely obstruct any view of the houses themselves. But in this case the river, dotted with its many boats, and all the hum and stir of river-life, added a charm to what otherwise would have been a none too striking picture. The parting junks, gay with flags and wreathed in the smoke of the god-propitiating crackers, the beating of gongs and drums, and the cries of the natives themselves from boat to boat, filled the air with a strange medley of sound.

The fat little gods, who sit complacently in their dirty shrines, and smile or frown, as the case may be, from the grimy depths of the temples, seem to have been almost deserted by worshippers, although in one or two cases a devotee had brought a long scented taper, which still glowed before the altar, filling the temple with heavy smoke.

One image represents a worthy Chinaman dead or in bed, it is difficult to say which. The face is cleverly wrought in wax, and the figure is richly dressed, and lying out full length under a glass case. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Hoang-ho-loo is a stone dagoba of very Burmese design, bearing upon its bas-relief sculptures of elephants, and thus, except for some of the Ming tombs at Nanking, unique upon the Yangtze river. No doubt the artist had studied in Burmah, and wandering through the province of Yunnan found an opportunity upon his arrival at this spot of exhibiting his artistic skill. Near this dagoba formerly stood a handsome pagoda, built of wood, and standing upon a stone pedestal; but the wooden structure was destroyed by fire some few years ago.

Although the inhabitants of Woo-chang have not a reputation as being lovers of peace and order, we passed through their city without molestation, the lively abuse which was hurled at us not in the least disturbing our peace of mind, and the vehemence with which the incomprehensible curses were showered did little but amuse.

During our stay at Hankow we visited a duck-farm. The process of keeping the ducks is very simple. A large wooden shed stands near the edge of the river, where the owner of the farm or an employee spends the night with his feathered friends. There must have been several thousands of ducks in the farm we visited. Before sunrise the door of the shed is opened, and out run the ducks, scrambling one over the other into the river, where they spend the day feeding. As soon as sunset approaches, from all parts of the river they come, for they wander far amongst the rushes and

islands during the day, and there is still more hurry and scurry to get into the shed than there was to get out at dawn. The reason is simple. Immovable by the door sits the Chinaman, a long cane in his hand, and woe betide the last duck to enter, for down on its back comes the long bamboo with a pain-inflicting thud. In this way punctuality is ensured amongst the ducks. We once passed a whole farm on the move. The owner was seated in a small boat, and his ducks swam on ahead. The Celestial spent his time between paddling his boat down-stream and then letting it glide on, while he with his cane punished the laggards, and so kept up the pace in a marvellous way. Pork and duck seem to be the staple food of the Chinaman, varied now and again by fish, frogs, and locusts. Puppy-dog and birds'-nest soup are also partaken of, but rather as luxuries than as the common articles of food.

The breeding of ducks is practised to an enormous extent on the Yangtze, and this, together with fishing, constitutes one of the principal occupations of the river-villager; for on the low land, so liable to floods, but little grows, while on these very inundations, so ruinous to all other labour, the fisherman and the duck-farmer thrive. The commonest means of taking fish is by a circular net hanging on the end of a long pole, acting on the same principle as the water-raising *shadouf* of the Nile—that is to say, the pole can be raised or lowered by a single man, the whole working on a lever. A considerable number of fish are thus easily secured; and wherever the bank of the river is suitable, they are to be found, scarcely a hundred yards apart, and often much nearer.

After a few days' stay in Hankow, where we were most kindly entertained by Mr Lay, chief commissioner of Chinese customs, we again embarked, this time on a much smaller steamer, to pursue our way farther into Central China. Amongst the passengers on this our new boat were the French sisters, whose cruel treatment by the natives at I-chang a few months ago caused such a feeling of indignation throughout Europe. Six girls, who had just come from their convent, to whom everything was a novelty and a pleasure, whose knowledge of the world was *nil*, and who looked forward to the hard work before them with the zeal that only religion can give,—it was indeed sad to read how, injured, they had fled for their lives to a Chinese temple, and there received protection. The Mother Superior, who was escorting these novices as far as I-chang, there to be put under the charge of a Catholic missionary bishop, returned after her work was accomplished to Ceylon, and thus escaped the persecution.¹

Between Hankow and I-chang, a distance of between three and four hundred miles, a few considerable towns are passed. The first of these is Se-too, where there was some excitement on the occasion of our stopping there, caused in picking up a worthy mandarin, who was brought alongside in a gilded gunboat, to the music of drums and trumpets and the loud explosions of crackers. The craft in which the noble was travelling was of a peculiar kind of the usual circus type, only over the gilded dragon, from whose mouth red-painted flames were issuing, and which formed the bow of the boat, issued an antiquated bronze can-

non. There were the usual number of flags and decorations. The crew, however, were very smart—a well-drilled neatly dressed body of men—accounted for by the fact that our new passenger was a "lord high admiral," or something of the sort.

At places the deep channel ran so closely under the mud-banks as to allow the villagers to pelt us with stones and mud, screaming at us the while; but the stones did no damage, and the mud fell harmlessly into the river, and as to their screaming, it amused us. There are comparatively few steamers on this part of the river, as only two small boats are employed in the navigation from Hankow to I-chang, so that one passes perhaps on an average of once a-week. In these upper reaches of the river these steamers do not proceed by night, but anchor at sunset. So irregular is the river in its ways, that often where in the course of the last journey there may have been eight or ten fathoms of water, there would be found a week later only a very few feet, insufficient to allow the steamer to pass over, and necessitating the discovery of some new and deeper channel.

The next town passed was a long straggling place, by name Ho-hin, of no importance or beauty. Close above this town we anchored for the night, and the following morning spent two or three hours off Sha-sze, a city of some importance, as being the outlet for the trade of Kinchow-fu, situated a few miles inland. Sha-sze, as seen from the river in a shower of rain, is about as depressing a looking place as one can well imagine. The houses are built in no regular streets, but

¹ Since writing the above I read in Lord Connemara's letter to Sir ——— that this Mother Superior was at I-chang during the riots.

stand scattered in disorder on the steep muddy banks, a few brick buildings of the native merchants but adding to the appearance of decay of the wooden houses. Yet, judging from the enormous number of junks lying along the river's edge, and at anchor in the stream, the trade must be very considerable indeed. There is but one redeeming feature to the town as seen from the river, for we did not land, and that is a rather superior seven-storeyed pagoda, which stands at its eastern end. Painted white, and with little alcoves containing statues, it looks in better condition than many of the pagodas of China.

One of the most interesting features of this part of the Yangtze is the great embankment which protects the country on the north side of the river from inundation. It is a great work of earth and stone, showing no little skill and an enormous amount of labour in its construction. On its summit runs the highroad from Hankow, or rather Han-yang, the suburb across the Han river, to I-chang, *viâ* Sha-sze. The road and embankment does not altogether follow the course of the river, but is carried as nearly as possible in a straight line. The system with which some Chinese State works are carried out is well exemplified in this case, for every hundred yards or so along the road stands a stone bearing a number or mark, so that should any portion become damaged by flood or otherwise, the authorities in whose department it lies to repair know the exact spot to which workmen must be despatched.

One of the sights to be seen upon the Yangtze steamers is the "China saloon," formed by the lowest of the tier of decks, and closed in by high bulwarks—the tier above forming its roof; so

that, with the exception of the engine-room, the "China saloon" occupies the whole size of the steamer. Round the bulkheads and along the centre are arranged berths one above the other; but bedding and all such things are brought by the native passengers, who, being great travellers, and in spite of their hatred of the foreigners, do not disdain his steamboats, and crowd in great numbers on to these ships. Sometimes many hundreds are on board at one time. The sickly smell of opium which pervades these saloons is most unpleasant, to which the savour of John Chinaman himself adds a piquancy not altogether to be appreciated. Yet in spite of this it is well worth while to visit one of these places, and see the Celestial *en voyage*. A thousand queer things we saw in our voyages on the Yangtze in the way of human beings and their belongings. A great number travel with birds, to which the natives are most devoted. The cages are built of cane, and are in many cases marvels of art and workmanship. The favourite bird is the Chinese or Tientsin nightingale, whose notes, partly natural and partly owing to training, are almost the most exquisite, if not the most, of all singing birds. Early in the morning before dawn, a native pilot whose cabin was near mine could be heard whistling to his nightingale, the bird repeating after him. It had already learnt the song-notes of two different birds. The facility with which they pick up and remember not only the notes of other birds, but even tunes whistled to them by man, or else the perseverance of those who teach them, I know not which, is marvellous. Needless to say, they fetch a very high price—the Chinese themselves outbidding the Euro-

peans in their offers for a good specimen.

A few hours before reaching I-chang, one sees the last of the plains and their dreariness; and from this point almost to the Yangtze's source, its course is through wild mountainous country. The banks become hilly, and it is as if Nature, in making up for the poorness of her handiwork below, has embellished this portion of the river with more than its due share of picturesqueness. The river narrows, and the hills on either side take peculiar conical forms as one passes through the "Tiger's Teeth Gorge." Here and there some strange freak of Nature is displayed. In one place it is a fine archway of natural rock, through which one can catch a glimpse of scenery beyond. How delightful is the change, one can imagine. No longer the mud-banks and the tall rushes; now rocks are to be seen, and mountains and cliffs. As one proceeds, the mountains take a pyramidal form—some being so symmetrical that, were it not for their great size, one would believe the hand of man had helped to shape them. On the summit of one, over two thousand feet above the river's surface, can be seen a Buddhist monastery.

Turning a slight bend in the river, I-chang comes into sight, and with it more clay-banks—for it is on the summit of a wall of stiff mud that the town is situated. The place is prettier to look at than most of the native towns, on account of the many fantastic temples to be seen; but here there is no European quarter, and accordingly no trees. The Christian residents of I-chang can be almost counted on one's fingers. We have a consul, who is there at times. There are two or three Europeans in the customs service of the

Chinese Emperor, and a handful of missionaries, and possibly one or two others.

At present I-chang is the terminus of steamboat traffic; for although by treaty rights European-owned steamers may proceed as far as Chung-king, some hundreds of miles further up, yet to the present time the Government has successfully prevented this being carried out, and the matter has never been much pushed, as the navigation of the rapids in any but the flood season would be extremely difficult and dangerous. One or two steamers were built for the purpose of navigating the river between I-chang and Chung-king; but rather than permit their being made use of, they were purchased by the native Government. So up to the present day all navigation above I-chang—that is to say, above a spot about eleven hundred miles up the river—has to be carried on by native sailing craft.

Our arrival at the town was rendered most entertaining by the disembarking of our "high admiral" passenger, whose dull blue clothes were now exchanged for the robes of office; while on his black hat he wore a white cut crystal button and a long peacock-feather, which, together with the embroidered square on the breast of his robe, betokened his very exalted rank. In fact, he was a gaudy old butterfly altogether.

There was a great reception awaiting him: a gunboat, as gorgeous as that which had brought him off at Se-too, and several other painted and beflagged vessels, laden with petty mandarins and reception committees, came alongside, and our deck was covered with the hurrying natives; while numbers of soldiers, more for the sake of curiosity than anything else, crowded on

board, taking advantage of the opportunity to inspect the steamer. On the shore troops were drawn up, and more gaudy officials could be seen galloping here, there, and everywhere on fat Tartar ponies. At the landing a scarlet tent was arranged, and here a great deal of bowing went on, until after half an hour or so a procession was formed, and the Celestial admiral, amidst the banging of fireworks, under a huge scarlet umbrella, proceeded on his way, accompanied by a crowd of officials, soldiers, and civilians. Before many hours had been spent at I-chang, through the kindness of Captain Jankowsky and the agency of our interpreter and native servants, a boat was engaged, bedding and provisions put on board, and a start made.

Our new craft was a strange one—a river-junk of the usual type, with a small cabin over the stern and a larger one amidships, half sunk below the level of the deck and half raised above it, with roofing composed of close matting thickly covered with tar on the outside, and so rendered rain and cold proof. Within there was plenty of room to spread our mattresses; and a hatchway, raised above the level of the cabin floor, served as a table. In the small cabin our interpreter and servants took up their abode, and it also served as a kitchen.

As soon as everything was arranged—and a very few hours sufficed—a start was made.

Our companions consisted of "the captain," a Se-chuen sailor, put in charge by the boat's owner, our interpreter and two servants, and a crew of ten or eleven men. The junk appeared too small to accommodate such a number; but of a night the crew would creep down through a hatchway into a dark hold, so low that any posi-

tion except a recumbent one was impossible in it, and from which, through the deck, would issue the fumes of opium and bad cabbage.

An easterly wind favoured us, and our sail was hauled up. What a sail! It consisted principally of holes, joined together here and there by rags. It had been furled when the boat was engaged, and in the hurry had not been examined. Now, however, it was looked through and through. A. was satisfied with it. He said it did not obstruct the view. That was true; but it scarcely obstructed the wind either. In a dim past it had been square, and, like all Chinese sails, what remained of it was held together by cross pieces of bamboo-cane about six inches apart, any number of which can be fastened together, and thus the sail reefed. As progress seemed slow, "the captain" was told to let down another of these reefs. He did so. The result was, two bamboos held together by an enormous hole. Sarcastically I asked for another reef. "The captain" gazed at the river and the sky, and evidently thinking the mast could not carry it, shook his head.

The I-chang reach is about six miles in length and very wide, the shores being again low, while straight ahead a large range of mountains appears to block the way. So much does the river widen between these mountains and the "Tiger's Teeth Gorge" below I-Chang, that it has the appearance of a large lake, no possible outlet or inlet for its waters being visible.

Close up to the foot of the mountain-range we sailed, and even here there seemed to be no passage for our further progress, until suddenly there burst into view the lower end of the I-chang gorge.

The afternoon was well on, and heavy grey clouds hung gloomily over the mountain-tops, forming a roof high above the river, and the narrow entrance to the gorge seemed as though it might lead to the nether regions. As we sailed on, the stillness became almost overpowering; for the wind freshening through the narrow gorge was sufficient to render our speed considerable, in spite of the rapidity of the current. Every hundred yards we proceeded, the walls of rock on either hand increased in height, the heavy mass of cloud above hiding their tops in impenetrable gloom. Steeper and steeper grew the precipices, and darker and darker grew the evening. A few heavy drops of rain fell. Soon nothing could be seen but the grey river, the grey rocks, and the grey clouds above. One could scarcely perceive where river or rock or cloud began or ended.

Far away could be heard boatmen, floating down-stream on great dismasted junks, singing monotonous songs that a thousand echoes rendered still more monotonous and unearthly. The oppression was almost painful. The wind fell, and our boatmen took to their oars, issuing strange cries at each stroke—cries that the rocks echoed and re-echoed again and again. I fired my gun, and the sound died away like peals of distant thunder.

"Dinner leddy," cried our servant, to whom, as to all Chinamen, the letter *r* is unpronounceable, and A. and I scrambled off the roof of the cabin to answer his call. How cheery and bright the little cabin looked, with its candles and dinner laid on a clean white cloth! What a change from the dull gloom without!

A few minutes later our captain tied up for the night, making fast our junk at a spot where a

ledge of rock had allowed the building of a few huts for a *Li-kin* or customs station, and where a few enterprising natives, owing to this spot being made a halting-place for nearly all the river traffic, had instituted a few tea-shops. The whole village does not probably number more than a dozen huts, if as many, and is known as Pin-san-pa. Here already were moored a very considerable number of boats, the lights and movement on board of which added to a fantastic scene, and helped, in no little way, to dispel the memory of the previous gloom. Every now and then, however, we would be reminded of the narrow gorge and the high precipices by the echo of the voices of the coolies.

A little later we retired to rest; but the fumes of opium and rotten cabbage crept up through the cracks in the deck, and were anything but pleasant, though, perhaps, the former, by its soporific effect, helped us to become oblivious to the displeasing odour of the latter more quickly than we might otherwise have done.

Before daylight our men were astir, and by sunrise we were well on our way through the I-chang gorge, a fair wind favouring us, while the men worked at the oars with commendable vigour. The clear sky overhead was cheering, and the gloom of the yesternight was once for all dispelled. Sitting on the roof of our cabin, we urged our boatmen on to work, now and again joining in the strange shouts and songs. A merry crew they were, always singing and laughing and smoking opium.

The back currents and eddies, often almost as strong as the fast-flowing stream itself, helped our upward progress wonderfully, and by keeping close under the steep cliffs the full advantage of them was obtained; and not infrequent-

ly we were carried in our upward course at no slight speed, when only a yard or two away the main stream was hurrying in its downward course. During one of these spells of back current, there was suddenly a bump that almost dislodged us from our elevated seat on the cabin-roof. A minute later we discovered that water was pouring in through a hole in the bows, occasioned by our having come in collision with an invisible rock. Luckily we found a small sheltered cove, and ran the boat in, raising its bows out of the water by all congregating on the stern, by which means the hole was elevated sufficiently above the surface to allow our old captain, in a novel but by no means inefficacious manner, to stop the leak, which he accomplished by tearing the wool padding out of his quilted coat and stuffing it into the opening.

At very few places do the cliffs allow of landing; but now and again, where huge boulders have collected at the water's edge, dislodged and fallen from the precipices above, the coolies could step ashore and tow the boat with a long line made fast to the mast.

Some of the larger junks sailing up-stream would discharge a crew of a hundred men or more, and it was an amusing sight to see them scrambling over the boulders and rocks in long single file. So rough were the rocks at the places in which it was possible to go ashore at all, that sometimes some of the trackers would be fifty or a hundred feet above the level of the river, while others were on the level of the river's edge. However, but comparatively few large junks make the upward ascent—comparatively few, that is to say, to those that come down. For at Chung-king and Quei-chow and the cities above wood is cheap, and it is

found better to let the roughly-put-together junks float down and be broken up and sold for old timber at their destination.

The I-chang gorge is by no means straight in its course. The great river in forcing its way through the range of mountains has chosen a curiously serpentine route, and so sudden are some of the turns that at times one appears to be landlocked, until on reaching a corner a new stretch of river opens out to view. It is after rounding one of the most angular of these points that the "Needle of Heaven" comes into view, a solitary rock eighteen hundred feet in height, a very pillar, perpendicular on all sides, the breadth at the base being maintained with but very slight diminution to its summit, at which inaccessible spot is a cluster of pine-trees. This rock, with its great altitude, and rising from the water's edge, is the finest of the many fine sights in the I-chang gorge. Near by on the side of a precipice a landslip has formed sufficient level space to allow the building of a small village, by name Nan-to, merely a collection of some fifty houses. Although this spot is so near to I-chang, for the gorge in all is of no very great length, one finds here a totally different and very superior style of building. Possibly the Chinaman of the plains, accustomed year by year to see his domicile washed away, has become disheartened, and argues that as his home will probably only last until the next spring freshets, it is useless to expend much time or trouble upon it. He labours at a disadvantage too, want of stone and proper building material. Here, as soon as one has left I-chang behind, quite another style is in practice. An everlasting supply of stone has put greater facility

in the way of the Chinese to construct durable dwellings ; while the natural instincts of these upper river people are totally at variance with the dwellers of the plains, being much more cleanly and more pleasant in their ways and habits. A great number come from the province of Se-chuen, the borders of which this portion of the Yangtze skirts ; and the Se-chuenese are said by authorities to be the most enlightened of the country population of China, and the most pleasant in every way. Emerging from the gorge a little way above the "Needle of Heaven" and Nan-to, the scenery opens out, and the mountains on either side take a direction more at right angles to the river. On the southern side the range breaks up into jagged peaks, below which runs an extraordinary cliff of white rock. The peaks at this spot are several thousand feet above the level of the river.

Below the gorges the river scenes had been for the most part depressing, but here everything tended to elate. One might have been in another world, and it was difficult to realise that so near on the same river were the great mud-flats. But at this part a very different view met the eye. Nothing could be prettier than the boulder-strewn river, its undulating banks dotted with villages half hidden in groves of rich green bamboos, every hamlet possessing its temple of gorgeous tilework and fantastic roofing ; while the long masts decked in flags, which stand beside the joss-house entrances, add to the gay colouring. Cultivated fields, built in terraces, showed that the science of agriculture was by no means neglected in this valley of the upper Yangtze. A background of sober pine-clad mountains and torn peaks added a charm to a scene as fascinating as one could picture.

From Shanghai to I-chang we had scarcely seen a tree, except in the European concessions of the towns ; but here were woods and forests, groves of bamboos and fruit-gardens. Higher up the mountains took a conical form, allowing tiny streams and even rivers to dash down between them, to mix their waters in the river. At this spot has to be ascended the first of a series of rapids, the whole extending, between I-chang and Queichow, for a distance of a hundred and fourteen miles. The lowest of the rapids is not of such swiftness or so dangerous as those above, yet it often forms a serious obstacle to traffic. A number of men live by the banks of the river near the rapids, and gain a scanty livelihood by towing the boats up. How great a volume of water passes over these rapids, and how considerably the volume varies, can be imagined by the fact that there is a difference of between sixty and seventy feet in the height of the river in summer and in winter, the summer being the greater, owing to the melting snows which are continually pouring their torrent into the Yangtze.

Along the shore stand rows of huts, erected for the accommodation of the "trackers" ; while some few are tea-houses, to entice the traveller to leave his boat for a while and sip tea from the little blue cups in the midst of this charming scene.

To the nervous the scene presented by the rapids is by no means a reassuring one. The shores are strewn with wreckage, the mementoes of unsuccessful passages, while here and there a salvaged cargo awaits some other boat to take it on to its destination. The principal danger in the passage is owing to the great numbers of rocks with which the river-bed is strewn, some rising above

the surface of the water, and still more invisible. The eddies here are stronger than ever, and often the back current was bearing us fast up-stream, when, only a few feet away, the water was surging and foaming in the other direction.

We landed while our boats were in tow, taking our more valuable property, such as guns, &c., with a precaution against shipwreck, and sat ourselves down upon a high boulder, watching the many craft shooting down upon the stream. One raft, a mere collection of timber, will never fade from my memory. A solitary old Chinaman steered it, and for cargo it supported a few household goods, a mangy dog, and a large coffin. The practice of, on changing one's abode, removing one's ancestors also, is much in vogue in China, and no doubt this elderly Celestial was traveller with his father or grandfather. What an illustration it formed for the lines—

"Crossed . . . the melancholy
flood
With that grim ferryman that poets
speak of,
Into the region of perpetual night."

And the mouth of the gorge below looked the entrance to a "region of perpetual night."

Our men, with some assistance from the trackers on shore, soon pulled our boat over this first rapid, and we quickly found ourselves aboard again and proceeding on our way.

The grandeur had departed from the scenery to some extent, but had been exchanged for a scarcely less lovely and certainly more cheering view. In the gardens oranges and pomelos were ripening on the trees, bananas waved their great green leaves to and fro, several varieties of little palms peeped from the verdure, and, in spite of its being

November, young peas were coming up in the terraced fields, while here and there the gay temples and flourishing villages added life to the scene.

The next group of rapids to be ascended are known as the Ta-tung, a much more serious obstacle than those below, and we were obliged to lighten our boat of all our goods, so as to give as little work as possible to the "trackers," of whom, for some ridiculously small sum, we hired about a hundred. Our boat, being light and small, was passed up without any serious difficulty; but this was not the case with several large junks making the passage at the same time as we were. In one case a junk had reached the upper end of the rapid when the rope broke. A hundred or so men were thrown on their faces on the sand by the relaxation of the "taut" rope, while the junk itself gaily sailed down again, at the imminent risk of being dashed to pieces on one or other of the many rocks. Luckily it escaped, and by a considerable amount of skill was brought into a protected cove by the crew on board, and, as we left, was once more starting up the rapid; but half a day's work was lost.

To watch the "trackers" is a great amusement. At any time a hundred or two men pulling at a long rope, with but the bad foothold of a boulder-strewn beach, is a sight worth seeing; but to add to the fun, each band is accompanied by a professional jester, who urges his men on to work by cracking jokes, and beating his companions with painless rods of split bamboos. The noise each blow makes as it falls upon the individual's back was, I suppose, the reason for a missionary I afterwards met speaking of the cruelty of Chinese slavery as exemplified by the

"task-masters" of the rapids of the upper Yangtze !

Temples become commoner and more frequent as one proceeds, and at one or two spots the hill-sides are almost lined with them, often their long poles a mass of coloured flags. A high peak in the far distance bears on its pointed summit a monastery.

Again a range of mountains appeared to block our way, and again we found before us the entrance to another gorge ; but as evening was approaching, we did not proceed any further, but made fast our junk, about an hour before sunset, at the village of Hu-ai-tsze, at the entrance of the Lu-kan gorge. Here we landed and scrambled up a steep path to the little village, which is situated overlooking both the river and the entrance to the gorge and a small gully, through which flows a stream of clear mountain water. The houses are solidly built, and the natives, whom we found exceedingly pleasant, seemed well to do. A crowd of laughing men, women, and children, and dogs thronged around us ; but, except that they were very inquisitive, they were perfectly inoffensive.

We climbed still higher up the hill to a little joss-house, a poor little temple certainly, with its tarnished carvings and placid image of Buddha. Some little Indian figures of brass stood on the altar. I asked whence they came, and an old priest told my servant from far away up the river. Doubtless they had been carried from India *via* Tibet, and presented to this wayside shrine by some weary pilgrim.

Early morning found clouds hanging over the peaks of the Lu-kan gorge ; but as the sun rose they dispersed, exposing to view a scene of perfect loveliness—a chain of great mountains capped

with the virgin snows of autumn, which glittered and shone in the bright sunshine all pink and gold against a pale-blue sky.

No words of mine can describe the Lu-kan gorge. The immense height of the precipices that rise on each side of the here narrow river cannot be realised. It is only when one has some great junk with its hundreds of crew and passengers to compare the walls of rock with, that one can gain any idea of the immensity of the scene ; and junks of this kind look like toy boats as they float along at the foot of the cliffs. Here and there, where some ledge has formed, the natives have erected little temples, almost overhanging the river below. How they can ascend to them and descend again I know not. Perhaps they never do.

A little way along the gorge on the south side, a narrow gully, as if sawn in the rock, opens out, and through this mere strip of an opening one can catch a glimpse of still higher snow-peaks beyond, torn into fantastic shapes by the hand of time.

A fair wind kept our boat moving, a mere speck in the enormous scene that surrounded us. There may be cañons in America as fine as these Yangtze gorges, but the feeling of romance is not the same. They lack, too, the fantastic temples of China, and the curious junks that one is for ever passing. Here one is nearly twelve hundred miles from the sea, on a river whose banks are a succession of histories, in a country that boasts the oldest civilisation in the world ; yet how few are the travellers who turn aside from the more general routes to gaze upon some of the most wonderful scenery in the world !

At the upper end of the Lu-kan gorge, with its precipices thousands

of feet in height, and its eternal gloom, we turned back. With what reluctance we watched our boat's head once more pointing down-stream! for away still further up lies a land of unexplored wonders,—the highlands of Se-chuen and the great O mountain; the wild Lolo and Mantze tribes, unconquered in their fastnesses; and still further away, Batang, the city of Lamas, and the huge mountains of Tibet.

The stream carried us quickly down. The coolies laid aside their oars and lolled about smoking their opium. As we proceeded, the pace of the boat increased, and we approached the rapids. The very danger added to the enjoyment as we were whirled down amongst the rocks. The water, tossed into eddies and whirlpools, foamed around us. Some we kept clear of, others we passed through, experiencing a pleasant dancing sensation. Our voices were almost drowned at times by the sound of the boiling and hissing water. Once a rock rising from mid-stream seemed to threaten us. Our Celestial "captain" was at the helm. He steered straight for it. A smash seemed inevitable; but so fast ran the current that its very force swung the bow out when only a few feet away, and sent us faster than ever flying down the river.

At Hong-ming-me-au, a village with about twice as many houses as there are syllables in its name, we went ashore, only to beat a retreat under a cloud of stones and mud with which the inhabitants welcomed us; very different behaviour from that we experienced in most of the places we had landed at. We found that by beating a hasty retreat we but increased the number of missiles, while any attempt to face the foe, armed though we were, would

have led to serious results; so we adopted the only other plan, and sauntered back, smiling and taking no notice, as though we really rather enjoyed it. Back through the grand I-chang gorge we floated, until once more we found ourselves opposite the town which gives to it its name. Here we embarked on the steamer which had carried us from Hankow, and next morning were under steam again. Our journey from I-chang to Hankow was uneventful, except that, the river having fallen very considerably since our ascent, we spent a number of hours on a mud-bank in mid-stream, a predicament which might have been of more serious inconvenience had not our captain been a most skilful and careful navigator. At Hankow we were as hospitably treated as we had been before, and after two days' stay there proceeded to Shanghai.

Off Woo-sung the Chinese fleet was lying. Besides the several ironclads brought from England, there were many of the old war-junks, rich in scarlet and gold dragons and gaudy flags, which, in contrast to the dull grey men-of-war, looked doubly antiquated. A few hours later we landed on the *bund* at Shanghai.

Pleasantest amongst the many pleasant recollections of a tour in the far East is this voyage up the Yangtze-Kiang to me. Yet the events of this summer and autumn have cast a gloom over the river. Riots have broken out, lives have been lost, property destroyed, and a crisis brought about in China. Some of those who were most kind to us have been cruelly treated; saddest of all, perhaps, the attack on the French Catholic sisters at I-chang, who had been our fellow-companions on the first part of our voyage so few months before.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

CHRONICLES OF WESTERLY: A PROVINCIAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HARD HIT.

"Sadness and griefe
 Bring no reliefe.
 Bid them adiew."

—*Bacchus' Bountie*, 1593.

"Being called on the other day, by one in love, I gave my advice—that you are not to choose your physician for his knowledge in your distemper, but for having it himself."—*Tatler*.

"What is it to be wise?"

'Tis but to know how little can be known."

—POPE.

IN a day or two Bateman was quite at home at the rectory, and he felt that he might venture to fulfil his mission to Kate. Nothing could be kinder or more sympathetic than the way in which our lieutenant talked to her about the great loss she had sustained. You would not have expected to find so much tact and good feeling, knowing him only superficially and in his gayest moods; nor would you have credited him with the tenderness of a child. But, if you think about it, you will find that, among your own acquaintances, there is almost invariably this quality underlying the light-hearted nature. The more sun the greater shadow; and but for light we should have no shade. It is only your equable man—your confoundedly "well-balanced" character—who is cold; and the nature of Fitz was Irish—neither equable nor chilly, but warm.

He told Kate of how bravely her husband had lost his life in generously and nobly endeavouring to save the major; how his prowess was the talk and admiration of the regiment; and how the last sacred promise made to the dying man was to befriend the girl he left behind him—the wife and mother.

"I swore it," said Fitz; "and if I could die for you or him, and if I could benefit the living by it,

I would gladly; but—there would be no use in that."

Neither would there. Day after day, while he lingered at the hospitable rectory, there was something new to tell her, while she listened with rapt attention, and wept healing and most soothing tears: there is a luxury in grief, as we all know.

Hugh ought to have had the Victoria Cross, and would have had it, if he had lived. Ah! the pity of it all! He did not tell her—the modest fellow—how he had been sounded about that decoration for himself by the colonel; how he had distinctly told old Blister that nothing on earth would induce him to accept such an invidious distinction; and how he would be ashamed to wear it among his brother officers—looking upon it as a most unwise decoration, and one that should never be conferred on or worn by any thorough soldier who loved his gallant comrades and the service. But this was a fact. He had very strong feelings about the royal gift "for valour" where all were equally brave, but not equally fortunate, or equally pushing. These sentiments, to my mind, did him infinite credit, and I am sure he was right; but—which did him additional honour—he dwelt untiringly upon Hugh's right to the Cross, all the same.

knowing that to Kate too much could not be said about the soldier who was past all honour, save posthumous and genuine tributes to bravery from a man as brave as he.

The natural consequence followed all this sort of thing. It could not go on without the usual result. Eros is never cruel. If he wounds, give him but fair chances and he cures as certainly, with the aid of time and opportunity.

Fitz should have been at home in the wilds of Kerry, "picking up," on his sick leave; but he elected to remain at Scottowe Rectory—being made so cordially welcome by Tinkler and Georgie. It was his fate.

He grew passionately, madly in love with Kate. He could not help it. The idea of protection first insinuated itself, and gradually developed into a sacred sense of duty, when he found how unprotected she was—that is, he deluded himself, as lovers will, into the belief that she was unprotected; though there was not any doubt but that her brother and Georgie would be glad to have her always. By easy but rapid stages the unselfish element was overmastered by the personal. The question was, How could he best serve her? Clearly by possession—there was no other satisfactory solution of the complex problem. He did not argue it all out with himself, but we may legitimately do so for him.

Kate's tenderness and weakness touched him, as these qualities always touch a strong man. Her beauty was bewitching; and we know what havoc this works in the world around us every day, whether the male be weak or strong. How could he escape, even if he tried to?—which, as we see, he didn't.

I think that Georgie guessed something, and helped him on. I always, as you know, liked Georgie, in spite of her defects; and, I confess, I don't like her the less on this account. I am sure, too, that Bridget, the little Irish nurse who looked after baby, was a powerful ally—though unattached; for she never lost an opportunity of praising the lieutenant, with ready wit and native tact—sparingly at first, and then more unreservedly, as she saw that circumstances warranted the venture, and that developments were dimly visible. When, one day, he actually took Hugh in his arms, "for all the world," she said, "as if he was his own flesh and blood," she felt that there was no need for further reserve, but went in for unstinted and unmeasured admiration forthwith.

"And Master Hugh cried so, ma'am, when I took him back, that it quite went to my heart," said Bridget, "and made me jealous—so it did."

Whereat Kate kissed him for his father—and the tears came into her eyes again.

There could be, I repeat, but one result. Fitz fell over head and ears in love. He had now to win the prize, but everything was in his favour. She had come to feel a sympathetic companionship in his presence. Her sense of loneliness vanished in his company, and a full sense of protection seemed to envelop her when he was nigh. She began to look wistfully for him every morning, and missed him when the day was done. Telling him of her early love soon came to be quite natural and relieving to her—he was so altogether patient and nice.

Now, nice is notoriously the only adjective of the feminine gender: it is a woman's word; and when she applies it to a man, that man

—if he only gets to know it—may hope against the longest odds. No handicapping can affect him ; whatever is “on the cards,” he wins. But Fitz did not know as soon as he might. He was hopefully uncertain, but determined. Without her he felt that he must be—as we all are sure to be under similar circumstances—for ever miserable. As a matter of fact he was “smitten” on the first day ; now he was so hard hit that there was no cure but one.

The favourable moment came at last, and he seized upon it with an ardour which is the heritage and birthright of all love-making sons of the Emerald Isle. I am, in all truth, bound to acknowledge that he did not say anything striking or original at this momentous crisis, or which has not been said many times before, and will be repeated for many times to come ; but he said it in a way peculiar to himself, and which had the desired effect. There was no resisting, though the effort was tried in a self-make-believe way by Kate ; but the plain English of it was that she, too, loved before she was really aware of it. She called the feeling by various self-deceptive names which led up to gratitude, and culminated in affection ; and when the chord was struck, the response was plain : the heart could not be deceived or trifled with ; and so it fell out that Fitz came to have her in his arms one day, with her head resting on his breast.

To him she was worth her weight in gold ; and she was the happy possessor of all his true manly devotion and regard.

The baby in his crib saw it all, and began to resent the unusual inattention to himself ; so he had to be taken up and talked to. There never was a better baby, I

will say that. He might have opposed and frustrated the whole business by inopportune captiousness ; and it is greatly to his credit that he didn't. He was content now to sit upon his mother's lap, and enter into the spirit of the scene, while she and Fitz talked happily together.

We need only report portions of the conversation. She developed a playful self-depreciation which was natural and charming, and which he had to combat for a while ; but it was tentative rather than strong.

“I am so stupid,” she said, apologetically, “and—and—you are so clever.”

“Ah,” he replied, “clever ! That is the very first time I have been paid such a compliment. My best friends heretofore have never suspected me of cleverness.”

“Well, at all events, I am so very ignorant.”

“You are quite learned enough for me ; I hate learned women,” he said honestly, but with dubious compliment.

With captivating simplicity she declared that she didn't “really mind being ignorant—one bit.” What did it matter after all, “so long as I can get information when I want it ?”

He laughed at the quaintness of the speech, which undoubtedly had a great deal of common-sense in it. If we can get to know what we want to know, where is the practical need for anything beyond. Knowledge is power—you say ; but then there are numberless good souls who thrive and are happy without power—loving and tender souls, to whom the man of their choice is the embodiment of it. This big lieutenant, with the Irish heart, was just the man in such a vicarious manner to play a winning game

brave, earnest, and good; he was not to be gainsaid whether she was learned or not.

Now this question of ignorance is a difficult one, and at best only one of degree, and purely relative. Thomas, in his 'Life of Descartes,' says that it is "a topic of no consideration." There is an education for the herd of mankind, but "the man of genius admits that only which he gives to himself: it consists almost always in destroying the first." From this we may reasonably infer that even a great philosopher—leaving Kate out of the question altogether—will voluntarily reduce himself to an intellectually negative condition, on a par with an ignoramus of the ordinary everyday sort, in order to rise ultimately to a pinnacle of fame. There is therefore hope for Kate, which is further strengthened by the dictum of Lavater that a person capable of listening is on the road to wisdom. Fitz found her, in this respect, most satisfactory.

I think myself that both wisdom and education can be always dispensed with by a clever naturalness on the part of a woman, who refrains from discussing what she does not understand, and merely says, "I differ from you."

You need not dread the highwayman when you have nothing in your pockets but your hands. So, when you are unencumbered with any intellectual pretensions, you can confound the most learned of professors by boldly disagreeing with him and—stopping there. This quality, or capability, I take to be what Swift means by the "discretion of dulness," and which very likely he occasionally found too much for him.

But there is yet another aspect of the case. Huxley, for instance, would—for Kate's edification—

describe a primrose as a dicotyledonous exogen with a monopetalous corolla and central placentation. Now, imagine that! Probably she, in common with, I hope, most of my lady readers, would be quite content not to know the names of flowers at all, provided that she could only grow them, pluck them, possess them, smell them, and otherwise enjoy them at her own sweet will. Life is short; these names are long and terribly difficult to remember and to spell; and the flowers fade while we stop to classify and arrange.

Fitz was fully equal to gathering them for her, taking off the thorns and all the rest of it—which was what she needed to make her happy. As for a blue-stocking—he hated women of that class as much as I do.

All this simply means, when boiled down: appeal to the eye rather than to the mind if you want satisfactory and speedy results: most people can see, but few are clever—which is a great comfort to the majority. But a man of talent is no taller than you or I, my good sir, except in his own estimation. Knowledge, it is true, even without talent, places you on stilts, and gives you glimpses through the windows of the clever people who live higher up. But, if you are not ambitious, Kate's views will be found to suit your case admirably, and to wear well—no matter to which sex you may belong. "In any event," says Pliny to his wife's aunt, "love is the best of instructors;" and it is only necessary that men should endeavour to be what women, during the early stages of this educational process, fancy they are—perfection.

Fitz now disclaimed any pretensions whatever to erudition: he would have none of it. "Don't

make any mistake," he said to Kate; "I mustn't sail under false colours, because I'm not a walking cyclopædia, and there are a great many things that might stump me at an exam. But my love for you is genuine—that's all I care about—deep down—ever so deep. It has entered into my very being. I could not root it out if I were to try—ever so hard. But, my darling, do you know that you haven't really said 'Yes'? I know it is all right, of course; but I want to hear you say it. If you were to throw me over," he continued, with the usual prolixity of a young man in his mentally and morally enfeebled condition, "I should not care what happened; I'd exchange and go abroad and eat my heart out—that's all." A mode of appeasing the voracity of despair which does not appear to be as uncommon in theory as in reality.

Here an eloquent silence supervened.

He drew closer to her and put his arm round her where she sat. The baby somehow managed to get hold of his first finger and tightened his little fist upon it: the situation, therefore, was comic as well as pathetic.

"Look!" he said, "by Jove! the chap won't let me go. It is well that you haven't the heart to send me away, and he didn't hear you distinctly say that 'Yes.'"

Her head drooped. Was it to look at Hugh? She smoothed back the floss upon his forehead without speaking. Fitz tried, with the other hand under her softly rounded chin, whether she would yield to the sideway pressure. She did, and looked into his face with swimming eyes. He pressed his lips to hers—their first kiss; and the words "my sweet" were plainly audible. For

some moments he remained in happy unconsciousness of the fact that baby had transferred the captive finger to his innocent gums, and was having a high old time of it on his own account. What mattered it? Hugh might have devoured the finger altogether for all the owner felt or cared.

"Remember, Kate, I am to be Fitz now, and not Mr Bateman any more."

Here Hugh, having discarded the finger, began to kick and crow in happy ecstasy, and divided the attention of the mother.

"Put the little chap," he pleaded, "into his cradle. I think he wants to go to sleep."

She knew he didn't, but nevertheless she obeyed. The object of their mutual solicitude good-naturedly determined to enter fully into the spirit of the scene, and crowed again more vigorously than before, as he lay on his back and saw his mother crushed once more into the warm embrace of the stalwart soldier. He was clearly quite contented with his future father-in-law, as evinced by sundry signs—such as turning up his two big toes and turning down all his lesser ones at one and the same time—which I take to be as significant of content as the motion of a cat's paws when he lies prone and purring on the hearth.

"Fitz—dear Fitz," said Kate, plaintively, "do you know that I have nothing—absolutely nothing—in the wide, wide world but—him?"

Now, if she appraised the baby, Fitz felt that he had a right to be included in the stocktaking.

"You have me," he said, circling her small head with his two hands and kissing her again. "I am somebody—or something."

"You are—all—everything." (This was inconsistent with the

previous statement, but what did that matter? Neither noticed it.) "And I trust you and believe in you, now and for ever."

"You may," responded Fitz; "there never was a true man if I am not. People talk a lot of nonsense about love at first sight, and the impossibility of it. I didn't believe in it myself at one time, and I didn't think it was really that in my own case; but it was: I know now. By Jove! how everything is changed! I don't mind telling you" (he spoke with bated breath for fear of being overheard and misjudged by the third party in the cradle) "that I used positively to detest babies; but now I shouldn't mind in the least stopping all day to—rock the cradle: that is, if you were here too, because of course, if he began to cry, I shouldn't know how to manage. I'm as fond of the little chap," he said, as he followed her over to Hugh, "as if he was my own."

This fitted in with the statements of Bridget. "Ah!" said Kate with playful jealousy, "perhaps, after all, it's him and not me."

"No, it isn't—it's you,—at least—well—it's both of you. You must not be suspicious."

"Well, I won't! I'll try and not be."

Then he fell into a momentary sort of brown study contemplating his possible happiness as he looked into her captivating face, till she rallied him with an offer of a penny for his thoughts.

"They were selfish," he replied.

"Well?"

"I was just thinking how nice it is to have a baby ready, because I often used to fancy how horrid it must be when people go on their wedding-trip, to be stared at and talked about and watched by everybody."

"But he won't prevent that."

"Yes, he will. Because we'll take him with us, don't you know, and—they'll think we have been married for ever so long!"

Kate laughed a real good healthy laugh—the first for a long time—at the funny idea, and at the bashfulness which entertained the idea, and found comfort in it; but saw difficulties which didn't occur to him.

"You silly old man! The nurse would be sure to tell, and then——"

"Bridget! no, she won't, because we'll get another one, and we won't let her into the secret." And he looked quite serious, and quite pleased at the thought of his deeply laid scheme for defeating the legitimate curiosity of the public.

"Oh, but I never could part with Bridget!" pleaded Kate; "she is so fond of baby and of me."

"We could take her back again, you know," explained the wily soldier.

"But then I might like the new maid, and find it hard to send her away when the time came."

He was ready for even this emergency. "We could keep her on as a parlour-maid—if it came to that."

"Yes—we might," assented Kate.

Then he broached the subject of when the event was to be. This was now the main point to be settled, and he pressed her very hard.

"Oh, not for ever, ever so long! You'll wait, won't you, for my sake, a little? I couldn't—we must wait. Poor Hugh!" She put both hands suddenly to her face, and then the tears came again, forcing their way between the delicate fingers.

"Yes, yes, of course — sweet. I won't urge any more. I'll wait. The brave fellow loved you, as I know, dearly and devotedly, but not more truly than I. The best tribute I can pay to his worth and to his appreciation of you is to love you and the boy — and to wait for his sake."

For his sake! This is the way men talk, you see, my dear madam, when they become infatuated. But we must not be too hard. It is enough for us to know that the living lover was a sound and true man; and that, even if he did talk nonsense under embarrassing circumstances, he worshipped the ground Kate stood on; and if needs were, would die for her at a moment's notice. When he got her round again, he repeated the assurance that he would wait.

"You are right, when I come to think of it. It would look bad to be too precipitate: we'll postpone it, my darling, long enough—just long enough to satisfy Mrs Grundy."

"Who is Mrs Grundy?" asked the innocent Kate, looking up inquiringly.

"Oh! don't you know? Really! Well, she is only an imaginary personage, I'm glad to say, who represents all the proprieties."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You see now how ignorant I am. I told you I was; but you never supposed that you would so soon have proof of it. Did you?"

He answered her in a way which seemed conclusive and satisfactory to both—by a kiss; and then went on to explain that though Mrs Grundy was an ideal female, she had representatives in the flesh at most places; and that, as far as his judgment went, Mrs Fungus occupied the proud position in Westerly.

They sat and chatted till the first gong sounded for dinner, and

how the time flew, to be sure! Poor Kate! charming Kate! I am glad that things have turned out so well for her. You think, my dear madam, that she is fickle, and does not deserve it all. Too easily won, and that! You feel that you would not have yielded so soon. But you should make allowances for very exceptional circumstances. Have you ever, may I ask, been laid siege to by an open-hearted and a tender-hearted, eloquent, handsome, and gallant Munster man? Pronounce the last adjective with the accent on either syllable—for either pronunciation will apply in this instance. Not fervent love alone did he bring to bear, but that which is akin to it—love's poor relation, pity; and when you meet, under these circumstances, a man who won't take "No" for an answer, you may be sure that he will upset some of your conclusions. A personal opportunity of testing this assertion is, madam, all the harm I wish you.

Bateman's stay at the rectory was to have been for a few days only—he was in such a hurry home. The time ran into over three weeks before he had settled the momentous matters of which we have just been giving particulars. At last he made up his mind that the best way to face and get over the months which must intervene between the present time and the absolute and undisputed proprietorship of Kate would be to do his duty—run over to Ireland and "make a clean breast of it."

We will not follow him; but we may, however, convey the assurance that Kate will be warmly welcomed when she crosses the Channel as Mrs Bateman.

Now, if any one had told the lieutenant, twelve months ago, that sane and rational beings existed

who wrote every day to one another for an uncertain period, he would have hesitated to believe it. Nay, more, he would have ruthlessly laughed at any fellow in his regiment who pleaded guilty to the charge. What mighty changes does not love produce! No more even-tempered man could be found than our lieutenant. Yet, to have chaffed him now about all this sentimental business, would have been to court on the part of the chaffer extremely unpleasant relations with the chaffee.

If you are a hard-headed, matter-of-fact person, without either sentiment or romance, you will set him down as a goose. What matters it? Kate's opinion now is the one he values; and to her *fit nova Cygnus avis*—Cycnus is quite another and a finer bird. For myself, I can only say that all my geese are swans, and always have been, as long as I can remember. I side with Kate, in this particular instance, without a moment's hesitation.

"All this love-making is very superficial," says the egregious sage; and "we judge too much by

appearances." What else have nine out of ten of us to judge the tenth by? We can't be content without judging, and, if we waited for esoteric light, we might never get it. On the whole, the superficial does us very well all round, and we are content that the majority should judge ourselves by the same standard. A superficial verdict on its units is all that a busy and over-rapid community has time enough to indulge in; and it is just as well that the fact is so. Don't let us be too searching and scrutinous. There are wheels within wheels; and though some of the smaller cogs be broken, what matter while the social machine works smoothly? We can't all be engineers; but when there is a break-down, the social expert is never far to seek, nor his condemnation long withheld, as some of us know to our cost. You doubt the soundness of this reasoning. Well, let us always strive to give each other the benefit of a doubt, and think well of people when we can: it is the cheapest form of philanthropy with which I am acquainted.

CHAPTER XXXII. — ON THE ROAD AND OFF.

"No hap so hard but may in fine amend."—SOUTHWELL.

Winter had come unusually early and suddenly on this particular year. There was a heavy fall of snow in November.

Mr Pipperly did not like travelling about in it, but it could not be avoided: he had to close this business of the purchase for Lavinia, or to expect no peace. Thank goodness, this was likely to be his final trip. Everything was settled, to all intents and purposes, at last; and he was now on his way to Scottowe to announce

to Mrs West, the lady in charge, that the place had changed hands, and that it was Miss Harman's strongly expressed wish that she should remain there just as long as it suited her own convenience to stay, and on the same terms.

It is curious how one feels the cold in a first-class compartment of a railway-carriage, shut up with several other passengers, with foot-warmers, and any amount of wraps; but, as we all know, one does, in spite of every precaution. It puts

one out of humour, and rapidly develops the national tendency to moroseness and unamiable isolation. Under the unfavourable circumstances we look upon a funny man, or a cheery and talkative one, as an unconscionable nuisance. Even the good-natured man who offers his newspapers and periodicals all round, does not meet with spontaneous gratitude ; and the thanks which he receives are grudgingly given, and in a tone which seems to imply that you would rather not have had to accept his overtures, and only open the papers because you don't wish to be thought devoid of good-breeding. You return everything speedily, and do so with an air which indicates that familiar intercourse is thenceforward at an end. You rearrange your rugs—which his officious civility has obliged you to loosen—and a moody silence follows.

If the journey is uneventful, you complete it without adding to your circle of acquaintance or enlarging your experience of humanity. It requires an unusual amount of jolting and bumping from imperfectly screwed-up couplings, a slow rate of speed, an irregularity in time-keeping, a break-down, a blow-up, a collision, a run off the rails—something to create a grievance, in order to get over the Britisher's reserve, and awaken conversational sociability. The traveller only thaws to grumble ; and when he finds that his companions can also grumble, a bond of sympathetic union is at once established, on a firm basis.

Silence reigned supreme in the particular compartment with which we are interested, for such a lengthened period, that the journey seemed likely to terminate as it began, when suddenly there occurred a series of thumpings and

jumpings of a most startling and physically disturbing character, and ending in the stoppage of the train.

Everybody was flustered, perturbed, or frightened, with the single exception of a gentleman sitting in the corner opposite Mr Pipperly—a man who had neither read nor slept since the start ; and who now sat calm and undisturbed while those around him were in a state of commotion and nervousness. He was a handsome man, fresh-coloured and healthy-looking, with hair of iron-grey, a large beard, and a neatly trimmed moustache which did not hide a resolute mouth. He seemed to be mentally amused, and to be taking enjoyment out of others' discomfiture. It seemed to Pipperly something strange and uncanny ; but there was no time just then for much speculation. A fussy old gentleman made a rush for the window, and in doing so trod on the mysterious man's toes. He begged pardon, as a matter of course. "Don't mention it, sir," was the response ; "I should have had the sense to keep my feet out of the way."

Mr Pipperly could see that he winced, all the same. The other window was down now ; people had found their tongues and voices, and the engine blowing off steam added to the din. The scene was soon an animated one. Night was setting in. The ground was covered with snow. There was a keen frost. The train had gone off the rails—fortunately without causing injury to life or limb ; and the line was blocked, and the engine disabled by the bursting of a pipe. A pale crescent moon looked calmly down on the confusion ; and the myriad stars sparkled brightly in the blue-green overhead, which gradually softened

into a pale-lemon tint near the horizon—on the line of which, in the middle distance, a row of gaunt sentinel firs stood out in black relief.

The public road at the spot where the accident occurred skirted and ran parallel to the railway, separated from it only by a hedge; till—about a quarter of a mile distant—it took a sharp turn up a steep incline, where the railway cutting was crossed by a stone bridge, which was still clearly outlined and defined in the waning light.

Everybody, save the mysterious stranger, jumped out, to find themselves more than ankle-deep in the snow. Knots of fussy, gabbling, female passengers stood about the carriages; equally gabbling and fussy men ran to and fro, collecting into groups, colliding with each other, and then dispersing again, only to poke their noses and heads into places where they were not wanted—obstructing guard, engine-driver, and stoker in their efforts to get at the extent of damage to the machinery. Not a few old men stood patiently in one place, instead of gadding about, looking hopeless, but equally in the way; stamping their feet or clapping their hands to keep up circulation. It was a "mixed train"—so, therefore, was the crowd—high and low, rich and poor, old and young. There was the highly nervous gentleman discharging a volley of questions at everybody within earshot; and there was—as a set-off—the irascible old gent. vowing vengeance against the railway company, and threatening any number of actions at law. The inevitable demon boy was there too—present in every gathering, like the stray dog at a review—running headlong into mischief and danger, and seemingly deter-

mined to end by going straight into the fire-box, to the inexpressible grief of his bewildered mother, whom he dodged—with the inherent ingenuity of youth—in and out, among the wheels, and through the open doors. Eventually he was captured and delivered over by the stoker with an admonitory slap behind from the fire-shovel, the mark of which took some time and patience to obliterate. "'Arry" was present also. What crowd is perfect without him! In fact there were two—rival but friendly ones—who seemed to be the only persons who had good spirits enough left to look upon the situation as comic. They "chaffed" the engine-driver to their hearts' content, and were hugely tickled when he looked stolid, and didn't seem to see the point. They soon found out, by his accent, that he was an Irishman, and then they called him "Pat," asked him if he kept whisky as well as water on board; whether the engine was "screwed,"—and so on. He was too busy to heed them for a time, till—going to the front to get at some part of the machinery—one 'Arry suggested to the other that "'e was a-goin' to sit on her 'ed, and the ladies had better take care she don't kick."

This tickled the Irishman, who saw the glimmer of joke in it, and enjoyed it. Both the cads hailed the sign of friendliness, and presumed upon it to get at the cause of the accident—being devoured by curiosity.

"Do I know? Why, of course I do," explained the engine-driver in a confidential tone. "She shied. You don't believe it! There was a waggon and six horses going over the bridge when we were running under it; and when she saw it she threw up her heels and—

bolted. Now you know all about it, and mind you don't split."

While this sort of thing went on, the guard was on his way to Bexley Junction, three miles distant, from which it was expected that in about two hours relief would come; so there was nothing for it but to wait patiently till the time was up.

Chill soon got the better of Mr Pippetly, and he returned to the comparative comfort and warmth of the carriage. He found his fellow-traveller seated in the same corner, quietly indulging in a cigar.

"You don't object to this, I hope," he said.

"Oh dear, no—not at all," said Mr Pippetly, cheerily. "I like it, I assure you."

"Perhaps you smoke, then? May I offer you a cigar?"

"Well, I do—just a little. But thanks—no! I am a very moderate smoker indeed."

"On such an exceptional occasion as this, sir, even a slight excess might be permitted."

"No; not at my time of life. I have passed the period when any excess, however slight, is safe."

"You will excuse me," said the stranger. "I am no hand at compliments; but, judging by appearances, I should dispute the premises—which imply age."

Mr Pippetly was pleased in spite of himself. "Well, at all events," he responded, "you have paid one, and such a flattering one, that I am disposed to give way, if you will allow me to retract my refusal."

He accepted the proffered gift, lighting it from the glowing end of his companion's "weed"—a genuine misnomer, by the by, in the present instance, for the tobacco was of the finest brand. "This business is extremely annoying, sir," he went on, when he had got his cigar well under way—"extremely

annoying. A cheerful prospect for the next two or three hours—isn't it?"

"Well, if not exactly cheerful, still the situation has its compensations. For instance, it is picturesque: there is some satisfaction to be got out of that. It is a new experience—there is an air of uncertainty as to its cause—an air of mystery as to its results—and so on." He laughed, a genial laugh, which showed that his cynicism did not go much deeper than the surface. "You'd probably prefer, sir, being at home, sitting comfortably in an easy-chair by your drawing-room fire."

Mr Pippetly moved his head in a way which was both a nod and a shake, and was easily interpreted to mean "Decidedly."

"Yet a reflective mind—as I hope yours is—should find some satisfaction in dwelling on this theory of compensation, and drawing conclusions from it."

"You'll excuse me," said Mr Pippetly, having an idea that his companion was going in for chaff, and wishing to give the conversation a turn in an opposite direction; "but if I had been asked to pick out the one person among the crowd of fellow-passengers likely to draw philosophical consolation from the unpromising circumstances around us, I should have at once singled you out."

The listener laughed again his pleasant laugh. "And curiously enough," he retorted, "if I had been asked who among the crowd was least likely to form a groundless conclusion, I should unhesitatingly have pointed to you—with equal promptness and greater accuracy."

"You are more than a match for me at compliments, I admit," replied Mr Pippetly; "but I based my estimate on the extraordinary

coolness which you have displayed under what ordinary or average mortals would consider most exciting circumstances."

"Hardly a sufficient basis on which to found the reputation of a philosopher. I represent rather a phase of mental indolence, I should imagine, and nothing more. I did not see the necessity for adding to the fuss, and I did not add to it. The supply of nervousness exceeded the demand. I did not ask any questions, because others asked more than I saw any need for. I felt, moreover, that if any valuable information was obtained I should hear it; and I knew that if it was necessary to get out, we should be ordered out. I have enjoyed my cigar, and my feet are dry."

"Allow me to remark," broke in Mr Pippetly, taking the cigar out of his mouth and putting on a look of concentration to add force to his words, "that all this appears like anything but mental indolence. It is, if you will permit me, mental shrewdness of—of—of the most pronounced type." Here he resumed his cigar. "Al-
lied perhaps it may be to physical indolence."

"But, you see, that theory won't fit; because I have been all my life, and am still, a most active worker and labourer. I have never spared myself any bodily exertion as a means to an end; and by it I lived and have succeeded."

"Be that as it may," said Pippetly again, in his excitement removing his cigar and dropping the ashes and some of the sparks on his trousers. The stranger pointed with his index-finger, and the sentence was broken for the moment by the exigencies of the situation, as the speaker had to get up and shake himself to prevent unpleasant consequences. "Excuse," he

said, resuming, "my venturing to say so; but I speak sincerely. You are, at all events, a remarkable man—a very remarkable man."

"Modesty suggests that I should contradict you," was the retort; "because I have never done anything more remarkable than making a tolerable fortune."

"It requires brains to make one."

"Granted; but not always one's own. However, it is some little satisfaction to me to feel that, what I have I fairly earned."

Mr Pippetly, with the instinct of a gentleman, changed the subject. He did not wish to pry into the stranger's private affairs, or to seem to be inquisitive on such personal matters.

"You have travelled?" he inquired, tentatively.

"Well, no. Not in the usually accepted sense of having visited many countries; but in the literal sense of covering distance, and totting up mere miles, I have travelled."

The discovery, not yet made by Mr Pippetly, has probably been made before now by the reader—the identity of Adrian.

"I have crossed the ocean to and from the antipodes; and now I am endeavouring to make my way to a place of which perhaps you may know something—Scot-towe."

"That's most extraordinary! I am going there."

"How very fortunate!"

"Can it be possible that you are—Mr Adrian Verney?"

"I am the man known as Verney for years past; but I am, in reality, the son of General Byng-Hudson."

"You astonish me still more! I did not know he had a son."

Here Adrian related, in a gen-
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eral way, some facts new to Mr Pippetly, not sparing himself in giving his own history; and finally telling how, through a lifetime, he had believed his father dead; and how quite recently he had found him alive, and had been reconciled.

"I went to Westerly on other business; and there, by the merest chance, I saw his name in a local paper, in connection with some religious meeting. I found I had been deceived as to his death, by a distant relative for his own ends; but the deceiver is dead himself, and all is well that ends well."

Mr Pippetly knew all about Adrian's business to Westerly; so he made a plunge at business forthwith. Here was the very man he wanted, who was to relieve him of the purchase which he had made against his will and judgment. "I have just become the owner, in trust, for a friend of mine, of the fine old mansion and adjoining estate of Scottowe," he said, not wishing to depreciate his wares, which he hoped to sell again.

"Then my mission has been frustrated, I fear. I was bent on the same business. It was the one thing on which I had set my heart. I had a special object in it."

"My dear sir," put in Mr Pippetly, soothingly, stroking his companion's knee, "I know all about it, from beginning to end, both from your *protégée* and from Miss Harman, my friend and client, whose object and yours, let me tell you, are identical. She bought as a mere matter of sentiment—a mistaken sense of duty—a fancied obligation which had no solid foundation either in reason or in fact: to be candid with you, a mere heart-freak. The gentleman

to whom she is engaged, an officer on active foreign service, left her the temporary guardianship of the young wife of a soldier friend. She is now a widow, with an infant son. The boy is the last of his name, and the boy's father had a romantic feeling about the 'cradle of his race.' If I don't mistake, his young widow—this Mrs Scottowe—is the same in whom you are interested."

"Yes; I went to Westerly expressly to find her. I did not know her husband was dead. Poor thing! I am indeed deeply interested in her—more so now than ever. I knew her as a child. Her mother was very dear to me. I am a well-to-do man with no family ties; and, coming back to end my days here, I looked forward to the gratification of doing for Kate what now can't be done, since the place has been purchased. There are many reasons why I regret that you have forestalled me. Have you absolutely completed the purchase?"

"Yes," said Mr Pippetly, delighted to see so much anxiety on the part of Adrian; "our offer has been finally accepted by the Courts. But I may tell you that Miss Harman will probably be willing to resell her interest to you—in fact she has said so to myself, and it was only on this condition that I consented to act in the matter."

This was a flim-flam to a certain extent, as we know; but there was enough truth in it to be satisfactory to Adrian.

"With a fair advance, which I can recommend from a purely business point of view—your objects being, as I said, the same—there will be no difficulty. But business is business, as you understand. And I, as Miss Harman's guardian and trustee——"

"Oh! of course — of course," said Adrian.

"From a business point of view, then, I think I may safely promise that your wishes will be realised. When you have seen the place communicate with me." Here he gave Adrian a card on which he had written his address. "Probably an advance of, say, five per cent on the transaction would meet the case."

"May I take it as settled?" asked Adrian.

"Well, really, I can't answer just yet positively; but I think I should say so," Mr Pippetly replied, cautiously, and withal just dubiously enough not to appear overjoyed; but secretly highly pleased. "I shall be there all to-morrow—that is, presuming we only get within reasonable reach to-night. Perhaps you may be able to run over. You will stop at the rectory, which is not far off."

"If not to-morrow, then the next day."

"Very well. There is a lady in charge of the house, and she will show you over the place. I put up myself at Fawley, where there is a comfortable inn, six miles from Scottowe, with good post-horses."

"I will stay there with you to-night, if you don't object, and go on to-morrow to the rectory."

"I'll be only too delighted. They expect you?"

"Yes; but they do not know the day. Being a stranger, I was not able to be precise, not knowing distances. I am very glad indeed to have met you. You remember the old saying, 'The world is very small'?"

"All things come to those who wait" is another old saying," responded Pippetly; "here is the relief train."

After considerable bustle and

excitement, caused by change of luggage and reseating of passengers, a fresh start was made at last, and Bexley Junction was reached some hours after time without accident to life or limb.

A weary drive of another hour or so brought our two travellers to the end of their day's journey, and landed them at Fawley Inn. Mr Pippetly was known and duly welcomed. A good fire and a comfortable repast soon reconciled both to the situation. Things might have been much worse.

As they were going up to bed, it occurred to Mr Pippetly that he had omitted one piece of important news. "You were talking about the 'theory of compensation' to-day, sir. I forgot to call your attention to an illustration of it which may have special interest to you. I believe that the young widow in whom you are so much interested is engaged, or about to be engaged, to another soldier—a good match in every way, and a fine fellow, a great favourite with us all when his regiment was quartered in Westerly—Lieutenant Bateman."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Adrian; "and it is just as well that you have told me. Good night."

Next morning they started in the same trap for Scottowe. Mr Pippetly got out and walked (having no luggage) by a short cut to the manor-house, while Adrian drove on to the rectory. It was arranged that the trap was to call on the return journey to pick up Mr Pippetly.

Adrian was at heart a man of "Sabine gravity," but the loquacity of the driver did not allow of much mental repose; and the circumstances of the case were, it must be admitted, calculated to disturb the most equable and

self-restrained nature. He could not keep down a queer sensation as he approached the rectory; and his hand shook as he held the reins while the driver got down to open the avenue gate.

It was hardly to be wondered at. He had come back to England with the heart of a philanthropist, and the affectionate nature of a boy; and he was about to renew personal acquaintance with two persons whom he had befriended, and rescued from the fate of outcasts years ago. He had left England, an outcast himself, and a pauper: he was now a wealthy man.

"*Misera est magni custodia censûs,*"

says the satirist—How great care belongs to the possession of riches! and when those riches are accumulated by the degradation of our fellow-men, how awful the responsibility! This responsibility cannot be shirked or evaded, my good sir, nor condoned by great gifts, which win for the donor, at no sacrifice of personal comfort—no curtailment of luxury—the name of a public benefactor. Worldly titles and much human exaltation may follow; but when the final balancing of accounts takes place, of what avail are such gifts from the overflowing exchequer of the millionaire, who may be at heart—and relatively to many a person who gives nothing—a miser? On the other hand, is it true, as has been asserted, that laudations of poverty come invariably from those who have never felt the pinch of want? Manifestly, an experience of both phases is needed before a correct estimate can be formed; and I am not in a position to be impartial.

You turn on me, and say it is all very well to moralise. Very likely I am not a whit better than you are, or than anybody

else is; but, all the same, my facts remain facts, and there are poor men richer than the millionaire. In the words of another pagan, it is great riches to subsist on little with content, for "*est umquam penuria parvi*"—of a little there is always plenty. I don't object to people being rich; personally I should rather like to be wealthy: I only protest against riches being called virtue and being treated accordingly. Church and State may applaud and pet you for the act of giving; but if you don't pinch or inconvenience yourself in any way whatever, you may pose as a philanthropist, but your donative investments, be they ever so large, won't "pay" in the Great Beyond. God is not mocked, I say—subject, of course, to the saving clause which modern thought demands—namely, that there be a God and a Great Beyond.

This is all suggested by what was passing through the mind of Adrian. As a moral tonic, a sort of penitential "pick-me-up" retrospect is good. He was a rich man, but his money had all been made by flocks and herds, and by honest hard work; and he had come home to make good use of it.

He was sure of a warm welcome at the rectory, and he got it. Such a commotion as there was when he arrived! The whole household had been on the tiptoe of expectation, and on the watch for several days. Georgie was the first to hear the sound of the approaching vehicle; and he was surrounded before he well knew where he was. Servants, dogs, Georgie's tom-cat, all joined in the general jubilation; and, in less time than it took to write, he ceased to be a stranger, or even a guest, and became "one of the family."

NEW ENGLAND PURITANS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers who landed in Plymouth Bay had fled from persecution, prerogative, and hereditary privilege. For a full generation the troubles in England left them a free hand. They could arrange a constitution for themselves and decide on their own forms of self-government. There was a reaction against all that savoured of feudal institutions, and the tyrannical influences of a high clerical caste in intimate relations with arbitrary monarchy. There was to be no aristocracy in State or Church. The men who made the voyage in the *Mayflower* were to establish the municipal institutions of a middle-class democracy which had emancipated itself from social superiorities, and was profoundly imbued with religious convictions. But though there were to be no social superiorities, the doctrine of universal equality was tempered by the personal interests of the primitive legislators and by shrewd common-sense. All men are equal, no doubt, was virtually the answer of one of them to an obnoxious socialist of the troublesome type, who would have pushed equality to its logical consequences. One man is undoubtedly as good as another, said this legislator, but one is good for one thing and another for another. Your work is in the forest or the field, mine is in the pulpit or the council-room. In fact, the bulk of the emigrating democracy found that they had only changed their masters. The ruling oligarchy stood no nonsense: they made stringent laws, and were determined that the laws should be

obeyed. In secular matters, and in a less degree in religion, that autocratic enforcing their authority was a question of self-preservation. Unity was essential, and dissensions would have been fatal. What was really a forlorn and indifferently equipped little band had attempted a doubtful or desperate venture. They were literally between the devil and the deep sea: for on the one side the woods and the swamps were swarming with warlike savages who were believed to be the *protégés* and instruments of Satan; on the other hand was the ocean which separated them from civilisation, and which might wreck the ships that were freighted with friends or stores. At first it was even a question whether the country could feed the settlers. They had landed in the depth of a severe winter—in the middle of December; they were appalled by the rigour of the climate; and, as we showed in a former article,¹ it was a joyful discovery when they found that the Indians could successfully go in for spade-farming on a small scale, and had stored good wholesome grain they had grown in a forest-clearing.

The founders of what was really a little republic, although nominally a Crown colony, were men of resolution and men of iron. If somewhat hard upon others, they seldom spared themselves. They shirked neither danger nor responsibility. Through the first and second generations they were always to the front in explorations, beset with unknown perils, in fights, and in skirmishing expe-

¹ "Early Settlers in English America," *Maga*, September 1891.

ditions against the Indian braves. They had exiled themselves for the sake of civil liberty, and still more for the sake of emancipation from galling ecclesiastical trammels. The lay chiefs, the ministers, and the rank and file, were alike profoundly religious. Fanatics or enthusiasts the more thoughtful and better educated may have been. Nor was it any wonder. They had learned to value the Faith and the Gospel pure and undefiled, for which they had suffered in England and sacrificed so much. In that new country, and amidst these savage surroundings, superstition soon obtained a stronger hold on a religion which had always been emotional and somewhat sentimental. In clinging fogs and under weeping skies, between the gloomy woodlands and the melancholy sea, they saw strange visions and dreamed wild dreams. Some of the most practical of them, unless they were shameless liars, which we do not for a moment believe, seem to have been doubtful, like the apostle of the Gentiles, whether, when in their trances, they were in the body or the spirit. We may presume that the nerves of not a few of the strongest were touched, and that they were affected by insidious forms of hysteria. Though it is very evident that—as was the case with more than one of Cromwell's most formidable lieutenants; we might even say with the great Protector himself—their delusions affected neither their sanity nor their common-sense, nor made them deviate by a single hair-breadth from the direction of their far-sighted polity. Puritans as they were, they were likewise pantheists. They believed before all things in a personal Satan, and they peopled the wilds and wastes with malevolent familiars. The Satyr

of the Greek mythology had turned to the orthodox New England Satan with the hoofs and horns, and hairy extremities which popular folk-lore had latterly attributed to him. But Satan, as he was not omnipotent, and might be combated successfully, could not be omnipresent. He had organised what we may call an infernal skeleton army to fight his battles with the elect in the Massachusetts spiritual militia. As we have said, he commissioned subordinate fiends on his staff to inspire the malignant counsels of the savages. He sent minor devils to take possession of 'professing Christians, who had either strayed far from the path of grace, or who had been predestined from all eternity to demoniacal possession; and he had his flying light cavalry in the decrepit old witches, who, in defiance of dress and decorum, bestriding their broomsticks, winged their dusky flight through storm or moonshine, playing the mischief with the flocks and the hopes of the dairy-maids.

These men were credulously superstitious, and so their sons continued to be down to at least the second quarter of the eighteenth century. But after all, and although circumstances had given their religion a more sinister cast, they were little behind their most enlightened contemporaries in Europe in the reign of the Scottish Solomon and his son the Royal Martyr. Witch-finding was recognised as an honourable profession, demanding genius or inspiration rather than simple talent. And as lately as the year 1677, five unfortunates charged with witchcraft were sent to the stake at Paisley, on the uncorroborated evidence of a girl of weak intellect, both deaf and dumb.

We may say, indeed, that the honest and grave Pilgrim Fathers had put back the spiritual clock for a few thousand years. They totally ignored the New Testament and its teachings, and went back for their guidance to the Mosaic dispensation. Analogies in all respects were very close between the self-banished Puritans and the Hebrews of the Exodus. One and the other were a chosen people; one and the other were called out into the wilderness, and so forth. But the one and the other had their special mission, and, above all, both had their special covenant. Their mission, after nourishing themselves, their wives, and their little ones, was to exterminate, to subjugate, or to christianise the heathen aborigines. According to the covenant, the Lord of hosts would be on their side so long as they obeyed His commandments and observed the prescribed ritual. Keeping the covenant involved strict conformity to the law as promulgated and interpreted by its orthodox ministers; hence the ruthless persecution of the Quakers and other pestilent sectarians. As for the Mosaic ritual, that was simplified; but the burden of the attendance on the rites and the ceremonies and the interminable diets of public worship was made almost intolerable. The preacher in the pulpit had it all his own way, like the proverbial bull in the china shop; as Boswell said of one of Johnson's vigorous outbreaks, there was fine sport in the way of tossing and goring, although it became monotonous hour after hour and Sabbath after Sabbath. The heathenish Sunday was proscribed, but the day of the Christian resurrection was observed almost as rigidly as the Jewish Sabbath.

In fact, the preachers and the

grave and potent seniors, if they did not exactly compound for sins to which they had a mind, were unsparing in their condemnation of the temptations they had lived down, or the vices to which they had slight inclination. Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' illustrates how little toleration they had for those amiable indiscretions which might sometimes be extenuated if not altogether excused. They dealt with the immorality which had been the scandal of their persecutors, the Cavaliers, with the zeal of Phinehas, who executed summary justice in face of the congregation on the fair Midianite and her high-born paramour. They held cards and dice in natural detestation, though in a community that was short of cash and leisure there were few inducements to gamble. Setting their faces against immorality in every shape was very well, but unfortunately they confounded innocent amusements with dissipation. Their young folks, although born and bred to the manner, must have had a melancholy time of it. They were driven to preaching and praying, like the oxen who were goaded along the holding furrows, and what should have been the day of recreative rest was made the most repulsive of all the seven. As on the Jewish Sabbath, the preparations began the day before, and when any hour of the Sabbath was without its stated duties, the intervals were to be devoted to yawning and doing nothing indefatigably. The bald and bare meeting-houses, run up in haste from ready materials, were the symbols of the chilling Transatlantic religion. The Fathers had left the stately cathedrals, the grand old abbeys, the humble village churches, hundreds of leagues behind, as stoles and

surplices had been replaced by the black and scanty gown of Geneva. Yet intensely Mosaic and prosaic as they were, their advanced ideas, anticipating our latest legislation, must be remembered to their credit. Beside the meeting-house, and even in scattered and remote hamlets where no tabernacle had been raised, there stood the school-house. Frugal in their financing, for the best of reasons, they extended the advantages of elementary education to all, for they had come to the conclusion that the progress of the colony depended on the development of its intelligence. They were inconsistent, too, in another and less creditable respect. They denounced old English merry-making as a snare of the devil, and actually committed themselves to one civil war, that they might lay the axe to the root of an obnoxious May-pole. But they encouraged camp meetings like their descendants; they permitted "quilting frolics," and tolerated nocturnal courting. So that really, in common justice, the ministers and ruling elders should have seated themselves on the stools of repentance, side by side with the backsliding Lotharios and the frail Marguerites who provoked the terrors of ecclesiastical thunders, and were pilloried to ignominy like Hester Prynne.

It is difficult to discuss that Puritanism of theirs altogether seriously. In their excessive precision and minute observances there is so much that passes the borders of the ridiculous; and though priding themselves with very good reason on founding a free republic upon an enduring base, there is no denying their narrow-mindedness, their superstition, and their intolerance. But when all is said, we can only acknowledge that they accom-

plished with very inadequate means one of the grandest works in the history of the world. We are bound to remember, when writing of their beginnings, that that was the day of small things, and to recall their circumstances, and how much they quickly achieved in the face of discouragements and the most formidable difficulties. They preached brotherly unity, and they practised it. The strong were always at the service of the weak; the richer were sharing their goods with the poor; and all classes were willing to participate in the sacrifices when it was a question of repelling the savages or promoting in any way the public weal. So in any article touching on the subject there must be a strange intermingling of the ludicrous and the terrible; of the grotesque, the grim, and the heroic.

There is the worthy Captain Roger Clapp, for example, who was born in Devon in 1609, and died in Boston after nearly seeing out the century. Giving the old country his recollections as an elderly man, he tells fondly how these Puritans had suffered and loved one another. He was not one of the first settlers; when he emigrated there were already some scattered townships. Even then he reports Massachusetts "a vacant wilderness in respect of English." He landed in a season of destitution, when provisions were hardly to be had for money. Trying as were the privations, he gratefully acknowledges the mercy of God in making them no worse.

"Many a time if I could have filled my belly, though with mean victuals, it would have been sweet to me. Fish was a good help unto me and others. Bread was so very scarce that sometimes I thought the very crusts of my father's table would have been

very sweet unto me. And when I could have meal and water and salt boiled together, it was so good, who could wish better?

"Oh the hunger that many suffered, and saw no hope in an eye of reason to be supplied, only by clams and mussels and fish! But bread was with many a very scarce thing, and flesh of all kinds as scarce. And in those days, in our straits, though I cannot say that God sent a raven to feed us as He did the prophet Elijah, yet this I can say to the praise of God's glory, that He"—by various dispensations more or less miraculous—"did supply the wants of His dear servants in their wilderness, both for food and raiment.

"In those days God did cause His people to trust in Him, and to be contented with mean things. It was not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water, and to eat samp or hominy without butter or milk. Indeed it would have been thought a strange thing to see a piece of roast beef, mutton, or veal. Fish, mussels, and clams were a relief to many. . . . And when people's wants were great—not only in one town, but in divers towns—such was the godly wisdom, care, and prudence (not selfishness, but self-denial) of our Governor Winthrop and his assistants, that when a ship came laden with provision, they did order that the whole cargo should be bought for a general stock; and so accordingly it was, and distribution was made to every person in each town as every man had need. Thus God was pleased to care for His people in times of straits, and to fill His servants with food and gladness. Thus did all the servants of God bless His holy name, and love one another with a pure heart fervently."

Captain Clapp's reminiscences are of a decidedly gloomy cast, and he was unfortunate in his early experiences of the settlement. Mr Morrell, who must have been a Plymouth merchant, may have done a good stroke of business in salt cod and other notions. At all events, he sees things so entirely in rose-colour, and is so satisfied

with the rich fulness of that land of promise, that, like Silas Wegg, he drops into rhyme. Keen wild-fowl shooters like Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey would, at all events, have found it a paradise.

"The fowls that in those bays and harbours feede,
Though in their seasons they doe elsewhere breede,
Are swans and geese, herne, pheasant,
duck and crane,
Culvers and divers all along the maine:
The turtle, eagle, partridge and the quaille,
Knot, plover, pigeons which doe never faile,
Till summer's heate commands them to retire,
And winter's cold begets their old desire.
With these sweet dainties man is sweetly fed,
With these rich feathers ladies plume their head.

The costly codd doth march with his rich traine,
With which the sea-man fraughts his merry ship:
With which the merchant doth much riches get:
With which plantations richly may subsist,
And pay their merchant's debt and interest."

Mr Higginson, who was a farmer and ran a plantation successfully, in an agricultural report which he brought out as a pamphlet, is at least as enthusiastic as Mr Morell. Steady labour, he says, was indispensable, but it was richly repaid by the returns.

"The abundant increase of corn proves this country to be a wonderment. Yes, I reply, increase in Egypt is outstripped here with us. Our planters hope to have more than a hundred-fold this year (1630). And all this while I am within compass: what will you say of two-hundred fold and upwards? . . . So of thirteen gallons of corn which was worth six shillings and eightpence, he made

about £327 of it the year following, as by reckoning will appear."

Then Mr Higginson goes on to praise the productions of garden and orchard in the glowing language of a George Robins; and as for the climate, it was more unfailingly and more universally beneficial to all ailments than the most widely advertised of modern quack medicines. So that, collating his with more matter-of-fact reports, we cannot help suspecting that Mr Higginson had an interest in disposing of land lots in his favoured districts. If half he says of the fatness of the fat years be true, such famines as Captain Clapp bewailed would have been wellnigh impossible in that provident society. But forethought was certainly not a virtue of the Indians, according to Mr Wood, whose quaint discourse on aboriginal cookery is almost contemporaneous with Higginson's eloquent land-prospectus.

"They be right infidels, neither caring for the morrow nor providing for their own families; but as all are fellows at football, so they all meet friends at the kettle, saving their wives that dance a spaniel-like attendance at their backs for their bony fragments. If their imperious occasions cause them to travel, the best of the victuals for their journey is nothing but Indian corn parched in the hot ashes. If it be in winter and snow be on the ground, they can eat when they please, sipping snow after their dusty victuals, which otherwise would feed them little better than a Tyburn halter. They keep no set meals; their store being spent, they champ on the bit till they meet with fresh supplies, either from their own endeavours or their wives' industry."

Yet although Wood sneers at the savages, he pays a reluctant tribute to their generous hospitality; for "though they be sometimes

scanted, they are as free as emperors, both to their countrymen and the English."

We made allusion to the memorable war of the May-pole. In his 'New Canaan,' Mr Thomas Morton tells how the revels at Merry Mount—a chance corruption for the Indian "Ma-re" Mount—became a sore scandal and a stone of stumbling to the godly. The inhabitants had resolved to celebrate the rechristening of the settlement in old English fashion. On the festival day of Philip and Jacob they set up their pole; they broached some barrels of excellent ale, and they even provided cases of strong waters. They danced round the pole, and sang jovial songs in chorus. If that sort of thing was to be permitted, there was no saying where it might stop. A sympathiser with those men of Belial writes: "The setting up of this Maypole was a lamentable scandal to the precise separatists that lived at New Plymouth. They named it an idol; yea, they called it the calf of Horeb; and stood at defiance with the place, naming it Mount Dagon; thinking to make it a woful mount and not a merry mount." Mr Morton more than hints that the austere Puritans were jealous of the lucrative business that these revellers had been doing in beaver-skins. Be that as it may, an expedition was organised, and Captain Miles Standish was in command. Standish, whom Morton satirises as "Captain Shrimp," made a forced march to surprise the outlying plantation of "mine host," who was specially obnoxious as being known for a Churchman. Mine host managed to give his enemies the slip, when "Captain Shrimp" rent his very garments for grief and anger, while "the rest were eager to have torn their hair from

their head, but it was so short that it would give them no hold." Ultimately mine host was caught, or rather, he was persuaded to surrender upon terms; "and so eagerly was every man bent against him (not regarding any agreement made with such a carnal man), that they fell upon him as if they would have eaten him." The order of the revelling was reversed by this military occupation, for "his worthies made themselves by their outrageous riot masters of mine host of Ma-re Mount, and disposed of what he had at his plantation."

The burlesqued campaign of the Merry Mount, though insignificant in itself, is significant of the austere Mosaic dispensation and the severe rule of the clergy. Good men and sincere we are persuaded they were for the most part, but they had no indulgence for the frailties of human nature, and, like the clerical hero of one of Burns's poems, it was their pleasure to preach a "gospel of damnation." They would seem to have positively revelled in painting appalling pictures of the unspeakable torments that awaited the lost. In that respect the grand poet of the Inferno, and Orcagna who decorated the Campo Santo at Pisa with his spirited but most revolting frescoes, were nowhere compared with them. From their point of view, they were messengers of wrath by virtue of their ordination vows. When impenitent or careless sinners were to be scared to salvation, it was only merciful to frighten them effectually. But these Calvinists carried to horrible extremes their doctrines of predestination and reprobation. The elect were safe—because, we presume, it was a part of their preordained privileges to be guarded against temptations to which they might succumb. The devil might roar, but he was as

the lions in the 'Pilgrim's Progress'; if they went forward in faith, they found that he was chained. Beyond the little circle of the elect and privileged was a living hell of foredoomed horrors and despair. To a full half of each congregation the voice of the preacher must have been supposed to be as that of one crying in the wilderness: his most soul-stirring appeals were directed in vain to the hardened hearts and seared consciences of the reprobates. The most just living of the heathen who walked straight according to their lights had nothing, of course, to hope for beyond some tempering of the penal fires; and even the innocent children who died in infancy paid the heavy penalty of their fathers' sins. Although their immediate progenitors had been among the redeemed, they might still be held answerable for the sin of Adam, and be the victims of the seductive sophistries of the wily serpent. No one used stronger language than the excellent Jonathan Edwards. Mr Thomas Hooker's sermons are really extremely powerful; and, borrowing the imagery of the parables and the awful Apocalypse, he draws most dramatic pictures of the future of the impenitent beyond the veil, and of the sinner shrinking at the judgment-bar of the great and terrible King. His language, though impassioned, is comparatively mild, or at least it is always serious and solemn. Thus in his discourse on "Groundless hopes of Heaven," he meets possible pleas for mercy as a Calvinistic dialectician.

"The ignorant poor silly man, he pleadeth he cannot think it, he cannot conceive it, that God hath created any man for to damn him; sure the Lord is more merciful than to," &c. . . . "I answer, therefore, it is true indeed

that God did never preserve men for this same end that He might damn them; though it is as true, He that made men, He will damn most of men in hell for their sins committed against Him."

Nor is it any use thinking that having had many troubles in this life implies that the penalty for sin has been paid. "All these grievances, trouble, sorrow, sickness, are harbingers of those everlasting torments you shall endure in hell. Sodom and Gomorrah, they burned in brimstone, and they shall burn in hell." Hooker's language is relatively guarded and moderate. Thomas Shephard, who succeeded Hooker in the pastorate of Cambridge, and who was one of the founders and a liberal benefactor of Harvard College, puts his cases more pointedly. Like Michael Angelo, he wings his audacious flight into the unknown, and deals in confident detail with the terrors of the Last Judgment.

"I will show you briefly the manner and nature of it in these particulars:—

"Thy soul shall be dragged out of thy body as out of a stinking prison by the Devil, the Jaylor, into some place within the bowels of the third Heavens. . . . Every sin then, with all the circumstances of it, shall be set in order, armed with God's wrath round about thee. As letters writ with the juice of oranges cannot be read until it be brought unto the fire; so thou canst not read that bloody bill of indictment thy conscience hath against thee now; but when thou shalt stand near unto God a consuming fire, then what a heavy reckoning will appear. . . .

"Then shall God surrender up thy forsaken soul into the hands of Devils, who, being thy Jaylor, must keep thee until the great day of account; so that as thy friends are scrambling for thy goods, and worms for thy body, so Devils shall scramble for thy soul. . . .

"When thus the Judge and Jus-

tices are upon their bench at Christ's right hand, then shall the guilty prisoners be brought forth, and come out of their graves like filthy toads against this terrible storm."

There is very much more of the same kind; but we have quoted enough to give a fair idea of the earnest preacher's fiery eloquence. The Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, a distinguished graduate and tutor of Harvard, who seems to have been the unofficial laureate of the next generation, sets the same awful subject to doleful verse. Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" makes one smile, although we shudder when we remember that it embodied the creed and fervent convictions of his Puritan contemporaries of the straiter sect. The prologue is the sounding of the last trump, summoning all and sundry to answer for their deeds, and to bring forward rebutting evidence against the universal presumption of "guilty." Only too many so-called Christians and fair-seeming professors feel from the first that they have not a leg to stand upon. Nor is there any intercessor to whom they may turn. There are others who make a sophistical fight, although their courage commends itself to us more than their logic. But it is the answers to his pleas of the heathen and the children which are most noteworthy, and, as we should say, most ludicrous, were it not that the subject forbids jesting. The heathen, who must have been suddenly and miraculously enlightened, urge the want of a written word and their total ignorance of revelation. The plea does not avail for a moment.

"How came your mind to be so blind?
I once for knowledge gave
Clearness of sight and judgment right;
Who did the same deprave?"

Which means, we presume, that

sons of Noah had the com-
 advantage of a religious up-
 ing; that they had a solemn
 ing when they escaped the
 ; and that if they or their
 rity failed to transmit the
 their descendants to the last
 ation must be damned for the
 ct of their fathers. How that
 be we do not pretend to say,
 ve know that even more emi-
 divines incline to the views
 Mr Wigglesworth, although
 state their case less crudely
 upport it with sounder argu-
 . But the rejection of the
 ren's plea is simply shocking
 repugnant to the most ele-
 ary Christian charity. We
 asily imagine what the babes
 to say for themselves, though
 might have found an abler
 ate than the poet. They
 n infancy, yet they were pre-
 l to be thoroughly well read
 : first chapter of Genesis, and
 ve the story of the temptation
 all at their finger-ends. If
 had never tasted the for-
 n fruit, they would have
 d the benefit of his self-re-
 t; so it is but fair that they
 d suffer with him, for his self-
 gence and disobedience. Mr
 lesworth ignores the fact
 he guilty Adam had another
 e, by which, through grace,
 s permitted to benefit, which
 unfortunate and innocent
 : never had. They are con-
 d without appeal, but the
 ice is softened by extenuating
 nstances.

u sinners are : and such a share
 s sinners may expect,
 i you shall have ; for I do save
 one but mine own elect.

to compare your sin with theirs,
 'ho lived a longer time,
 confess yours is much less,
 ough every sin's a crime.

A crime it is, therefore in bliss
 You may not hope to dwell ;
 But unto you I shall allow
 The easiest room in hell.'

The glorious King thus answering,
 They cease and plead no longer :
 Their consciences must needs confess
 His reasons are the stronger." (! ! !)

These advanced Calvinists seem
 to have agreed with the cynical
 Rochefoucault in thinking that
 seeing the pain of our friends
 gives piquancy to our own pleas-
 ures. The poet indulges himself
 with a foretaste of the joys of the
 saved, representing them as almost
 gloating over the agonies of the
 lost. A single stanza in that vein
 will suffice :—

"The pious father had now much
 rather
 His graceless son should ly
 In Hell with Devils, for all his evils,
 Burning eternally."

The Calvinists believed in special
 judgments, in which the Indians,
 the sworn servants of Satan, were
 often made the ministers of an
 offended God. The Rev. Mr
 Welde relates how a certain heret-
 ical Mrs Hutchinson had made
 orthodox New England too hot
 for her. She flitted with her
 family to settle at the appropri-
 ately named Hell Gate, celebrated
 by Diedrich Knickerbocker in his
 'History of New York.' The In-
 dians set upon her and smote her
 with her household. It was ru-
 moured that they had burned the
 unfortunate woman ; and Mr
 Welde remarks, "Therefore God's
 hand is more apparently seen
 therein, to make her and those
 belonging to her an unheard-of
 example of their cruelty." Fre-
 quently the elements responded to
 blasphemous appeals with sudden
 death or shocking mutilation.
 Profane swearers dropped in fits

of apoplexy or paralysis, which may be partly accounted for by a determination of blood to the head, and the effects of unbridled passion. But the Rev. Increase Mather, second of the famous dynasty of divines, and grandfather of the more notorious Mr Cotton, confesses the difficulty of enforcing precepts by these remarkable judgments. It is a delicate matter to give names, as "that cannot but be gravaminous to surviving relations." Moreover, the very Papists have the audacity to quote special judgments in support of their own damnable doctrines. Nor is it to be denied—and that is something of a staggerer to him—that the Lord's faithful servants have been the subjects of very dismal dispensations. However, he concludes that "a judgment may be so circumstanced that the displeasure of heaven is plainly written upon it in legible characters;" and he appears to claim for the clergy the gift of infallible discrimination. They saw signs and portents in the heavens which indicated the course of events, and even the turn of the markets. All depended on the faculty of interpretation, for "sometimes," says Mather—not always—"they pre-sage miserable deaths and scarcity." Pestilences, in especial, are frequently thus foretold, when the Almighty hath bent His bow and made ready His arrows; and he refers to a blazing star which had appeared sixteen years before. In that case, however, there was some consolation in the calamity, for the plague swept away the Indians in such numbers that the living were unable to bury the dead. "So the Lord cast out the heathen before this His people, that the way might be prepared to our more peaceable settlement."

The devil, as we have said, was very much on the rampage. As one of the divines observed, if his chain had not been slipped, it was so lengthened as to make him intolerably dangerous. Individual possession was as common as in Palestine in the days of the Galilean ministry and the miracle among the Gadarenes. Satan had his troops of irregular familiars, and although their morals may have left much to desire, they seem to have often been rather frolicsome than malignant. Like Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow or Milton's lubber fiend, they were up to all manner of games, and interested themselves in the most trivial domestic drudgery. Thus Mr Mather gives a slight biographical sketch of "the Dæmon at William Morse his house." The Dæmon banged doors and shied bricks, and even went the length of appropriating a pair of William's leather breeches; he barked like a dog and he clucked like a hen, till Morse was driven to give his landlord warning. With the exception, perhaps, of his grandson Cotton, the learned Increase knew more of the invisible world than anybody: nor did his Christianity ever fail to respond to the appeals to checkmate the insidious devices of the evil one. He discusses infernal strategy with the science and *aplomb* of Jomini or Hamley. "How often," he exclaims, "has Satan shown himself in the semblance of some holy man!" Once, for example, he went masquerading as good Mr Liddel, and another time as worthy Mr Drury. "How often has he pretended to be the Apostle Paul or Peter, or some other celebrated saint!" Though we are puzzled to know how the fiend was identified in those cases, nor does Increase condescend to explain. In fact, such transforma-

were so common, that one of the best trials of the saints was knowledge that the devil, sed in their personalities, be literally playing the devil their reputations. So a h parson was sadly troubled. ost wicked person in St Ives knife, and went with it to a er's house, designing to stab out was disappointed: after-conscience being awakened, vil appears to this person in ape of that minister, with a n his hand, exhorting to self-r." "Was not this a punish-suitable to the sin?" The

may have been suffering well-earned *delirium tremens*, carrying out the judgment, it was hard on the minisng charged with inciting to r. But in that and many nstances, those special judg-seem to have been two-edged, sparing the righteous as as the wicked.

Cotton Mather had made raft his special study, and cognised as a leading author-the jurisprudence of the ques-He was one of the synod lve clergymen who insisted se Salem trials which sent victims to the gibbet. Un-tely it was only subsequently e that he became persuaded unreliability of "spectre-ze," when he published his e on 'Cases of Conscience ing Evil Spirits personat-en,' in which he deprecated ions on that evidence alone. it he lays down sounder or the detection of witch-and advances propositions rustworthy testimony. He with much subtlety against t by water, when the witch's and toes being tied to she was pitched into a ond to sink or swim. He

propounds this dilemma: If the guilty float, either it is the devil that causes them to do so ("as no doubt it is"), and the magistracy has no business to invoke the aid of the devil; or else it is a divine miracle, like Peter walking on the waves, or Elisha retrieving the axe-head—"And shall men try whether God will work a miracle to make a discovery?" Some folks allege that the devil sucks them, thus making them so light that they will not sink. "Well, but," argues Mr Mather very pertinently, "then they are possessed with the devil. Suppose so. Is the devil afraid if they should sink that he shall be drowned with them? But why then were the Gadaren's hogs drowned when the devil was in them?"

Cotton Mather caps his grandfather's extravagances, and goes considerably beyond him in cruel though honest credulity. Yet he was a man of great erudition, and of marvellously wide and varied reading, as he was one of the most voluminous of writers. Moreover, he did good service to the State, and was far before his age as a practical philanthropist. It was in 1693 that the gifted seer took upon him to disclose "The Wonders of the Invisible World." True religion had been flourishing in New England, so that Satan was moved to extraordinary activity. Salem, the city of righteousness, was to be the scene of his infernal operations, and Cotton comments upon "Beelzebub his plot." It indicates, by the way, the lavishness of invective with which he assails the enemy of the human race, that he gives him the name of the Sidonian god—the Lord of Flies. Though, indeed, there is a certain appropriateness in the title, as Satan in Salem employed the most contemptible

instruments, who indulged in the most childish and fantastic tricks.

"An army of devils is horribly broken in upon the place, which is the centre, and, after a sort, the first-born of our English settlements; and the homes of the good people there are filled with the doleful shrieks of their children and servants, tormented by invisible hands with tortures altogether preternatural."

Then comes the gist of what proved to be a deadly legal indictment:—

"Then poor afflicted neighbours, quickly after they become infested with these dæmons, arrive to a capacity of discerning those which they conceived to be the shapes of their troublers; and *notwithstanding the great and just suspicion that the dæmons might impose the shapes of innocent persons in their spectral exhibitions upon the sufferers* (which may, perhaps, prove no small part of the witch plot in the issue), yet many of the persons thus represented being examined, several of them have been convicted of a very damnable witchcraft."

The italics are ours. No weight was given to that obvious suspicion, in the universal epidemic of panic-stricken credulity, and the accused who had been "examined" by mental and bodily torture, almost without an exception retracted their confessions. Here, for example, is a specimen of the evidence, accepted by grave magistrates and eminent divines. Goodwife Clory was charged with afflicting certain children. She denied it. Whereupon she was asked, "Who did?" Very sensibly she answered, "How should I know?" "She said they were poor distracted creatures, and no heed to be given to what they said." The magistrates replied that it was the judgment of all present that they were bewitched,

and only she (the accused) said they were distracted. "She was accused by them that the black man whispered in her ear now" (while she was upon examination), "and that she had a yellow bird which did use to suck between her fingers, and that the said bird did suck now in the assembly." It was clearly impossible to rebut such evidence when the Bench assumed the credibility of the accusing children. Mather, in unravelling Beelzebub's plot, goes on to disclose the organisation of his forces, and the qualifications of his agents told off for special service. "'Tis to be supposed that some devils are more peculiarly commissioned, and perhaps qualify'd for some countries, while others are for others." Nor were all devils or devilets Mezzofantis. "It is not likely that every devil does know every language or can do every mischief." From which we gather that in his opinion there must have been an infernal staff college, with professors of all the languages of professing Christians. As for the heathen, according to Mather's charitable creed, they might be safely left to the doctrines of reprobation and uncovenanted perdition.

But when we turn to his report of the trial of George Burroughs, we are more inclined to execrate Cotton than to laugh at him. Burroughs was a clergyman like himself, and a man of unblemished character. For some reason he was accused by many of the bewitched. He was said to have figured conspicuously at their "hellish rendezvous," and to have been promised a throne in Satan's kingdom. One of the bewitched said that a little black-haired man who tormented her declared he was Mr Burroughs. Others could show bites on their persons corre-

ling exactly to Mr Burroughs' teeth. One of them falling a trance, and falling likewise language familiar in the gospel said that Mr Burroughs had led her up to an exceeding mountain, and offered her all kingdoms of the world if she would only give him her autonomy. Why Satan should have been so high in that case is uncertain, seeing that witches generally sold their souls for such beguiling comforts as are coveted by sinners; but it was on such evidence that Burroughs was convicted. The trial had proceeded; for, as Mather remarks, it cost the Court much trouble to contradict the testimony of the sufferers who were continually falling into fits. What seems to have been a hasty word of the prisoner, probably wrung from overstrung nerves by natural impatience, was seriously against him. The judge had asked him, as one ought to know, what hindered the witnesses from giving their evidence. He answered, "he supposed it was the devil." That admirable person replied, "How could the devil be so loath to contradict any testimony borne against him?" "Which cast him into very confusion."

poor Mr Burroughs had had bad luck to have been born a century of hundred years later, he might have made his fortune as a great man at the Aquarium. He was convicted of being able to thrust his fingers into a gun-barrel and hold out a heavy gun at arm's length. It was quite impossible to have such a concurrence of evidence. The case was clear, and the culprit was condemned and executed. But, as Mather concludes, when he came to die, he utterly contradicted the facts whereof he had just been convicted." Mather

does not add, what we learn from less interested authorities, that Burroughs spoke so well and prayed so fervently on the scaffold that he drew tears from very many of the spectators, and it seemed not unlikely that the execution might be stopped. Nor does he mention that Burroughs' eloquence and edifying end might possibly have saved his fellow-victims. "But Mr Cotton Mather being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people, partly to declare that Burroughs was no ordained minister, and partly to possess the people of his guilt, saying that the devil had often been transformed into an angel of light." We have quoted the case of Burroughs as being typical of all the rest. Nineteen persons had been hanged, one pressed to death, eight more lay under sentence of death, and two or three hundred were in prison or accused who got off comparatively cheaply. The baleful practice of witchcraft had been effectually stamped out, for after these examples no one could believe that Satan had the power or will to protect his votaries. We cannot doubt that Cotton congratulated himself with an honest conscience on the triumph to which he had so largely contributed; though if he had not had more of the spirit of St Dominic than of St Paul he could never have done the Lord's work so zealously. But the crowning touch is given to these horrors by the formal confession by a dozen of the jurors that they feared they had convicted on false evidence, and brought upon themselves and their people the guilt of innocent blood. Considering that they could make no reparation to the unfortunates they had helped to murder, the last sentence of the paper sounds almost ludicrous:

"We do heartily ask forgiveness of you all whom we have justly offended; and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again on such grounds for the whole world." Still more terribly significant is the solemn avowal of Sewell, the chief judge, who seems to have been only brought to a saner way of thinking by a course of severe troubles.

"Samuel Sewell, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family, and being sensible that as to his guilt contracted upon the opening of the late Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem he is upon many accounts more concerned than any he knows of, desires to take the blame and shame of it, asking pardon of man, and especially desiring prayer that God, who has an unlimited authority, would pardon that sin, and all other his sins, personal and relative; and, according to His infinite benignity and sovereignty, will not visit the sin of him, or of any

other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon his land."

By way of comment on that belated deed of fruitless atonement, we may quote the unctuous epitaph on the poor tortured and murdered wretches spoken by one of Judge Sewell's valued colleagues. "After execution, Mr Noyes, turning him to the bodies, said, 'What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!'" Yet we should remember that in the blinded eyes and distempered brains of those honest New England fanatics witchcraft was the deadliest of deadly sins, being due to the immediate interposition of the great enemy of mankind. Considering that murder and adultery, blasphemy and witchcraft, were alike punishable by death, it must be admitted that they tempered judgment with clemency, and that the executive was more merciful than the draconic legislature.

LORD LYNEDOCH :

A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

"That daring old man."—NAPOLEON.

OF all the British names that the drama of the great French revolutionary war brought into European prominence, after Wellington, few occupy a more proud position than Lord Lynedoch. Descended from the family of the Grahams, who from a very early period had played an important part in Scottish history, born in 1748, Thomas Graham spent his early years in his paternal home of Balgowan, about nine miles east of Crieff, and having at the age of twenty-six united himself in marriage to Mary, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Baron Cathcart, intended to have spent his life as a lord of the soil in the husbandry of his ancestral acres in Strathearn. But the sad death of his lady, after a happy union of fourteen years, led to a sudden change of purpose. He determined to remove himself from the scene of his domestic sorrow, and seek, like Agricola, as Tacitus has it, a remedy in public occupation for personal sorrow. At forty years of age he became a soldier, and distinguished himself with Moore and Wellington in various fields of the Peninsular war; returned home after the peace, crowned with honours, and was raised into the peerage with the title of Baron Lynedoch—so called from the lovely property, where he latterly lived, on the banks of the Almond water, a few miles north-west from Perth. Here he spent his latter days in the exercise of those important duties and humanities which belong to a high-souled country gentleman, preserving to the last a freshness and a vigour, and an interest in life, the admiration of all who knew him. He died in the year 1843, at the advanced age of ninety-five—a dozen years beyond the span of his great contemporary Goethe, who was born in 1749, and died in 1832. His remains were deposited alongside of his beloved Mary in the parish churchyard of Methven, to which parish Lynedoch belongs.

The materials for this ballad used by the writer, besides personal inspection and local knowledge, were (1) 'Life of Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch,' by Alex. M. Delavoye—London, 1880; (2) 'Perthshire in Bygone Days,' by P. R. Drummond—London, 1879; (3) 'Historic Scenes in Perthshire,' by Dr W. Marshall—Edinburgh, 1881.

PRAISE me no poets, dreamers, dangles,
Flighty, fancy-fevered crew—
I will sing a man, a soldier
Strong to dare and deft to do.

Grahams were ever men high-mettled,
Royal blood was in their veins;
Wallace knew, and Bruce, their temper,
Mightful arms, and thoughtful brains.

By the Earn's clear winding waters,
In the land of branchy trees,
On the slope that fronts the sunshine
In the freshness of the breeze,

In Balgowan's leafy sweetness,
Fruitful fields and flowery meads,
There was bred my boy, my hero,
Full of dreams that grew to deeds.

Full of ramble, full of venture;
Where a line might be to cast,
Where was scent of fox or badger,
Thomas never was the last.

Books he knew, as schoolboys know them,
Scraps of Greek and Latin lore;
But old Ossian's hero-story
Touched his Celtic heart-strings more.

French and German he could handle,
As a swordsman wields his sword,
But his pride was on the saddle,
When the strong horse knew his lord.

Wind nor weather might not balk him,
Mounted light on snorting steed,
O'er brown moor and sounding causeway,
When he flew with breezy speed

Like a warrior. But no war-trump
Yet might blare sharp call for him,
Born to farm ancestral acres
By the river's peaceful brim,

Not alone: but with him Mary,
Lovely Cathcart, bright-souled dame,
In the grace of household duties
Fitly paired with gracious Graham.

At the banquet, in the larder,
In the church, and at the ball,
In the stable, in the garden
Training creepers on the wall,

Shaping, sorting, and arranging,
She was ever at his side;
But a deathful worm was gnawing
At her beauty, and she died.

There no longer might he tarry
Where each turning stirred a tear—
He would feed on riskful chances,
In a soldier's hot career.

France was quick with wild upheaval:
Of all stable things that be
From old bonds of gilded serfage
She would shake the people free.

For such grace of fair redemption
All should thank free-thoughted France—
To her hymn of liberation,
As she piped it, all must dance.

But no lordship dressed in Freedom's
Robes the gallant Graham might own;
Off he sailed with British sailors
To Gibraltar, to Toulon.

Thence to Mantua, where the Austrian
Never weary, ever slow,
Backward reeled from where Napoleon
Flashed his lightning on the foe.

Then to Malta, where around him,
In the battle and the breeze,
Nelson's name and Abercromby's
Sounded proudly o'er the seas.

At Corunna, where stout valour
Veiled retreat in robes of glory,
There he stood in faithful tendance,
Praised with Moore in deathless story.

At Barossa, at Barossa,
Sweeping like a thunderstorm,
From the heights he drave the Frenchmen,
While apart, with palsied arm,

· Stood the Spaniard. From Vittoria's
Field of triumph, on and on,
One in heart and one in doing,
Brothered with great Wellington,

Marched the Graham. At Bidassoa
Faith its full fruition found,
And he stood with England's Arthur
Victor upon Gallic ground.

And the swelling tide of triumph
Stronger still and stronger grew,
Till who strove to scale high heaven,
Kissed the clay at Waterloo.

Lynedoch now might nurse sweet leisure;
But for us the task remained
Him to crown with deathless laurels
In the fiery combat gained;

Him to stamp with titled honour,
That might go from sire to son,
Fraught with fair and fruitful memory
Of the brave deeds he had done.

Where he came loud cheers came with him,—
Lynedoch sounded through the land;
Greeting came from peers and princes,
Kings were proud to shake his hand.

And at Perth they placed him proudly
Pictured in the public hall,
There to stand a type of manhood
In the gaze of great and small.

Wars were ended, breath of praises
Peaceful breezes round him blew;
What remained now for the soldier
With no soldier's work to do?

But the Graham was more than soldier;
O'er red fields of needful slaughter
Calmly smiling, hoe and harrow
Pleased him more by Almond water.

Where he dwelt all things were speaking
Of the landlord's fostering care ;
Fruitful fields and flowering meadows,
Leafy verdure rich and rare.

And the old man in a hundred
Battles, blanched and hoary-haired,
Scoured the moors and tracked the forest
With the lightest youth that dared.

And he gathered round his homestead
Friends of old times, leal and dear,
Who rejoiced as in the sunshine
When they knew his kindly cheer ;—

When he flung his grand life's story
With light hand in pictured page,
Mingling wise the sport of boyhood
With the sober grace of age.

And they said when they beheld him,
Tall, with stout unbending frame—
Surely, surely age is lovely
When it houses with the Graham !

But the sun must set. For fourscore
Valiant years and more than ten,
Who had served the time so bravely,
He must die like meaner men.

And he died ; and good men laid him
As himself had marked the bed,
In the grassy cirque where Methven
Keeps the record of her dead.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

AMONG COTTAGE PEOPLE.

A RURAL RETROSPECT.

IN our large towns, life moves with such rushing rapidity, and one phase of thoughts and ideas so quickly gives place to another, that it is not easy to realise the complete revolution that has passed over society during the last half-century. In the country it is very different. Life passes comparatively so uneventfully, that the changes which excite little notice in the towns more powerfully affect our rural population, who are content to move more slowly, and to take things as they are, so long as their habits of life receive no rude shock from any influences outside their own limited area. In a fifty years' retrospect of country life, one cannot fail to be struck with the startling contrast between the state of education fifty years ago and that which exists in the present day in our rural districts. "Eddication is the root of all evil," an old farmer's widow used to remark; and would add with unction, "Thank God, I worn't never eddicated." And probably from her point of view she was not far from the truth. Before men began to taste the (then to them) forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, it is possible that her poultry-yard was better tended, and her farm more thoroughly worked. The serving maids and men had nothing to distract them from the feeding and dressing of the fowls, the preparing of the butter and cheese for market, and the cropping of the ground. Prices were high, and the hard work of the farmer's widow secured her a comfortable living without further anxiety

than the fluctuations of the market, the contingencies of the weather, or possible accidents to her stock might occasion. Now the times are changed, markets are low, wages are higher; it is more difficult to obtain the sort of labour to which she has been accustomed; and, to add insult to injury, the parish officer comes round to collect the school rate. Surely these things are hard to be borne; and can one be astonished that, never having been "eddicated" herself, she should ascribe her woes to the general spread of "larning and eddication"?

Certainly the schools of our forefathers were of a very meagre order compared with the "elementary schools" under Government inspection of our own day. My mother used to tell of a small infant school, held in a cottage, the owner of which was bedridden, and eked out her little earnings by keeping a small shop. Bacon, tallow-dips, sugar, lard, butter, and the like commodities either hung over her bed or were placed on a shelf within the poor woman's reach. The same shelf was also loaded with the several dinners of some twenty or more children, consisting either of bread and treacle in calico bags, or basins of sop left by the mothers when they deposited their little ones in the morning on the way to their field-work. A child of ten or eleven was kept as assistant, to watch that the infants did not get into the fire, and to see to the general work of the house; and, with the aid of a long hooked stick, the poor bedridden woman

hook in her stray lambs, ing them to her side, either their "spells," and to re- air "humes and texes," or, case of the babies, to have mid-day nap on her bed. week the vicar's good wife little meeting in the cot- or reading and instruction neighbours; and by means long stick and some pepper- brought by the kindly lady, the ones were always kept at order.

memory goes back about five years, to a visit in a house of a village in the of England, unique even in its quaintness and old- ways. There might be seen a dunce-cap, as drawn in old-fashioned woodcuts of a rimmer's date. The village was a room in the rectory yard, exactly opposite the bedroom window; and it was the amusement of the guests to sit in the rectory to watch the form of the open school-door, in which the little miscreants would stand—the conical buck- up set on their heads, with words in large letters, "Dunce child." As each little crim- succeeded its predecessor on the form, the master pointed to the window, hoping that the sight of the stranger at the rectory would increase the shame of the un- culprit. The master himself would be forgotten, with his bony limbs, and grey bristly hair, a very Dominie Sampson. He looked as if he might have been the terror of several gener-

When the rectory visi- ent to see the school—a student always expected of him would say, "Would yer hear the children 'zam- and, without waiting for answer, would invariably be-

gin, "Who was Moases?" this question being followed by, "Who was Captain Cook?" and succeeded by a third, "Who was the Cheenies?" (Chinese).

In many parishes the Sunday-schools, taught principally by the vicar and his family, were the only means of instruction available for the young people; but there would sometimes be a small dame-school in a cottage kept by some worthy spinster, where, if the teaching given were not of a very advanced order, it would at all events be thorough and useful. As the subjects attempted were few—reading, writing, needlework, knitting, and a very little arithmetic comprising the whole curriculum—so they were often very well taught. The reading in these little dame-schools would often compare favourably with that of the children in our national schools. The needlework was often exquisite. The children were taught the art of setting patches correctly, and of darning damask in the original pattern—an art quite unknown in our days. The ladies from the rectory or hall would often visit and teach in these cottage schools; and, indeed, they were in some places considered as a sort of appendage to the hall, the mistress being paid a modest salary by the squire's wife. A large proportion of the house linen would be made and repaired at the school, and the gentlemen's stockings knitted; so that, all things considered, it was not an expensive charity to the squire, and one is reminded of Tate and Brady's version of Psalm cx.—

"And what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs."

The interest in the children often extended to their bodily health, and the ladies might frequently be seen

with jugs of cough mixture and other wholesome condiments, which they administered to the little ones. On one occasion, indeed, the maternal instinct of the clergyman's wife was shown in providing basins of water-gruel for a school-feast, in lieu of what she considered unwholesome plum-cake.

There is no doubt that, so far as the humanising and civilising influence was concerned, there was far more of it in those days than at present exists in the machine drill of our elementary schools, where the regularity and progress of the children are considered too much in the light of £, s. d., and where any outside teaching that did not exactly fit in with the prescribed routine would be felt as a hindrance rather than as a help, and would be discouraged by the teacher, who works with the dominant idea of a Government grant, and is able to calculate with great nicety the exact amount of cram that pays. It is a demoralising principle to put before the parents that it is to their advantage to send their child regularly to school; not from any good, moral or mental, that he may obtain, but that he may the sooner pass the prescribed standard, which will free him to be a bread-winner. The consequence is, that in many cases, two or three years after a boy has left school, the greater part of what he learnt there has vanished from his mind: he often almost loses the power of reading; and if he goes out into the world, his letters home would never betoken that he had had any school education at all. No blame can be rightly attached to the masters and mistresses, who are so hardly pressed to teach against time that they never have a moment to refresh their own minds. What wonder,

therefore, that their teaching should lack that intelligence so essential to make instruction lasting or profitable to their pupils! It seems an absurd parody on common-sense to see "the little cottage girl" of Wordsworth's song, sitting at her school-desk ransacking her brains to "supply suitable co-ordinate sentences, and say whether they are copulative, adversative, alternative, or illative." What possible idea can be conveyed to her mind by the lists of Saxon, Latin, and Greek prefixes which she has to commit to memory, when the influence of Greeks, Romans, or Saxons is perfectly unknown to her, and when the history of language, with its multiform interest, never finds a place in the school time-table! The story of the old dame, who, being asked by a newly organised school committee whether she taught grammar, and who replied with righteous indignation, "Gentlemen, I've a-hunted all through them Blesseds in the fifth chapter of St Matthew's Gospel, and I can't find nowhere where it say, 'Blessed is thick man what a-larnt much grammar,'" recurs to one's mind; and though the old lady's views are quite out of date in the present day, yet one cannot but feel jealous that where time is so limited so much should be spent on profitless cram, stagnating alike to the mind of the teacher and the taught.

And is it not ill-timed to scorn the unfitness of the agricultural labourer for exercising the power of the franchise on the score of his want of education, when the precious years of his boyhood are consumed in filling his mind with this unintelligible pedantry, instead of teaching him, by the history of the brave and good, his own duties and responsibilities

as an English citizen, and trying so to form his mind and character that when his time shall come he may take an intelligent interest in his country and fellow-countrymen? How, for example, can he take any part in public measures of a sanitary character, when he has never been taught the most elementary laws of health, the importance of pure water, good ventilation, effective drainage, and something of the nature of infectious diseases? How can he form any judgment on many of the vital questions of the day—the labour question, the land agitation, the Irish difficulties, disestablishment of the Church, and others—if knowledge of general history and home policy is a dead blank in his education? Is it not of infinitely greater importance that sound and simple instruction should be given on such matters as these, rather than the miserable pedantic teaching which at present qualifies for the grant? It is a strange peculiarity of the Government system that it recognises no variety of taste or circumstances in the children's lives. Town and country have the same examination to pass, consequently are subjected to the same unalterable drill. Surely the country child might have its intelligence cultivated and its interests engaged by teaching more adapted to its surroundings. Natural history and botany might be introduced into the school routine, if only it were followed up by encouraging the children to watch the habits of the birds and animals of their fields and woods, and to interest themselves with the structure and growth of the plants and flowers with which they are so familiar. That this could be done successfully was illustrated by the late Professor Henslow, in the re-

tired Suffolk village of which he was rector. He gave regular botanical lessons in the village school, and the children under his guidance collected and classified the flowers and plants of the district, which collection may be seen in the Educational Department of the South Kensington Museum. But a more genuine testimony to the usefulness of his work is to be found in the fact that for many years after his time, the Hitcham girls were known and valued in the neighbourhood as useful nursery-maids; it being found that their own minds had been so well cultivated, and their powers of observation so drawn out, that they were intelligent and useful companions to their little charges, and were capable of relieving the monotony of the daily walk by interesting the children in the flowers they gathered, or the habits of the insects and birds they met with. Of course, the present race of teachers would be incapable of giving such instruction, as the hard-and-fast line they have been compelled to pursue in their own studies has effectually debarred them from taking up other subjects; but if room could be found for it in the school time-table, there might be in many villages some lady or gentleman competent and willing to supplement the deficiency by voluntary teaching.

To return to our retrospect of the last half-century. What a curious change has come over our rural districts in the matter of dress! and certainly, viewed from the point of the picturesque, the change is not for the better. The scarlet duffle cloaks of the old women have entirely disappeared; and the drab or white smock-frocks of the old men—perfect works of art in the elaborate embroidery of the front and back

yokes—are nowhere to be found. The gay striped sleeve-waistcoats, which used to be the ambition of the young men for their Sunday garb, have given place to the conventional broadcloth. The good old-fashioned pattens, which used to make our grandmothers gloriously independent of muddy roads, and preserved the younger people from damp feet, with their attendant consequences, are not known in our day; and if they were, would be only scorned. Bonnets, which in their old-fashioned shape were a great protection to the ears and throat, have in their turn yielded to the draughty hat or flimsy arrangement of ribbon and lace, useless as far as warmth is concerned. The railway trains, telegraph wires, and parcels post of our day have effectually extinguished the rural simplicity of which the poets sing. The great goddess, Fashion, has penetrated into our villages, and is as sedulously worshipped in our churches as in the West End of London. The whole spirit of the age has changed. The craving for progress which, long smouldering, started into a more active existence at the end of the last century; the restless discontent which permeates all classes—"Who will show us any good?"—find their way, last of all perhaps, into our rural districts, but though late in coming are not the less real. The same old farmer's widow who railed at "eddication," and who loved to deplore what she thought the degeneracy of the times, said on one occasion, "Why, look at this 'ere dress I've got on. Now, if you'll believe me, I've had it this forty year; and I'll warrant there isn't a girl nowadays who'd put it on—they're ruined now. What with their

shinnons [chignons] and their fur-belowes, they can't do a day's work." It was not difficult to believe in the antiquity of the garment, which was nothing but a mass of ingenious patches, some of which might have seen forty years' service; and it is quite certain that no girl of the present generation would have worn it. Equally true is it that, for some reason or other, no girl would be found in the present day willing to do (if, indeed, she were capable) what this energetic old lady, speaking from her forty years' experience, would have called a day's work.

In cottage accommodation the last fifty years has seen a great change for the better. Many of the larger landowners, actuated not only by a spirit of philanthropy, but by a feeling of right and justice towards their tenantry, have adorned their estates with pretty, and in many cases commodious, cottages; while others have been influenced by the voice of public opinion to build decent tenements; and though in many parts of the country much is yet left to be desired, yet those of us who recollect the miserable hovels which were the homes of many of our rural poor half a century ago, cannot fail to recognise the marked progress.

The labour question, too, has been in a measure revolutionised. But little remains of that feudal feeling which formerly connected the owner with the tiller of the soil. The Agricultural Union and similar influences have put employer and employed on a fairer footing as regards marketable labour. It may be granted that the spirit is less pleasant, but it is more healthy. The bargain can be struck on more equal terms.

The master has a right to the service for which he pays, but can claim nothing further; and on his side the labourer has no right to defraud his master of his due, by giving him less than the best of his time and work. He can no longer complain with justice that he is ground down, as in former years; for even though, in this present time of agricultural depression, his actual receipts may be low, his position is very different from what it was twenty years ago, and there is no doubt that he has been proportionately less a sufferer from the bad times than the farmers have been.

These changes have not been effected without a good deal of bitter feeling and heart-burning on both sides. The subject of the insufficient pay of the agricultural labourer was brought to the front about thirty years ago by the vigorous letters to the 'Times' of "S. G. O.," who, as a resident in Dorsetshire, made the labourers of that county the type of the ill-used agricultural workman. In 1866, the story of the committal of a man named John Cross to Dorchester Jail for a month on the paltry charge of taking a piece of broken hurdle from a hedge, created a wild sensation in many parts of the country. Subscription-boxes were to be seen on all the stations of the South-Western line. Meetings of sympathy were even held, and collections made, in Manchester, and the subject was actually caricatured in one of the Crystal Palace pantomimes. A sum of nearly a hundred pounds was raised, to the bewildering astonishment of the poor man, whose ideas had never soared beyond his weekly wages of eight or nine shillings, and who could never

"understand why the gentlefolks should trouble themselves about he." Plenty of angry feeling naturally ensued between farmers and workpeople, and a bitter newspaper warfare was waged. One well-known nobleman wrote letters to the 'Times' describing the state of Dorsetshire to be a sort of bucolic Utopia. He stated facts and figures—on very insufficient data—which were proved to be incorrect by some of the labourers on his estate; one or two of whom accurately detailed their actual earnings and hours of labour in some very intelligently written letters to the 'Spectator,' proving that their standing wages were nine shillings per week, or, taking harvest earnings into consideration, an average of nine shillings and ninepence, in lieu of the fourteen shillings and sixpence with which their landlord credited them. At that time the wages were always paid monthly, and often in kind instead of in coin; so that on some farms men seldom handled money at all, but took home their bacon, cheese, or flour, as the case might be, the consequence being that the labouring men were always immersed in hopeless debt to the small shopkeepers, who in their turn, being unable to pay ready money for their goods, were only supplied with inferior articles at exorbitant prices. One of the results of the "John Cross agitation" in Dorsetshire was the substitution of weekly for monthly payments—a distinct gain to the labourer, though it was some time before he was fully alive to the advantages of the change, and he would indulge in an occasional grumble that "he never saw a piece of gold now." In some parts of the country the farmer would hire the

man by the size of his family, and would pay him accordingly. Advertisements were not uncommon in the local papers: "Wanted, a carter, with two or three working boys;" or, "A shepherd wanted, with a working family." Should the boys, thinking to better themselves, obtain work elsewhere, the father would stand a chance of losing his place, and being turned out of his home.

The enclosing of the commons, wherever it could be done, by the lord of the manor, was a great and just grievance to the poor man. Whatever may have been the worth of his legal rights to them, the prescriptive usage of being able to graze his cow or his geese was a great help to his meagre wages; and the Dorset poet, Barnes, in some of his vigorous lines, tells us how keenly the loss of a bit of common was felt, and how little the grant of allotments, in lieu of what the labourer had looked on as his own, was regarded as any adequate compensation:—

"*Thomas*. I be very sorry
To hear what they be gwain about.
But yet I s'pose there'll be a 'lloiment
vor ye
When they do come to mark it out.

John. No; not vor me, I fear. An'
if there should,
Why, 'twouldn't be so handy as 'tis
now;
Vor 'tis the common that do do me
good,
The run vor my vew geese or vor my
cow."

Another grievance to the agricultural labourer in those days was the merging of the small holdings into the large farms of 1000 and 1200 acres, and the same poet describes their feelings on this subject:—

"*Robert*. But hang it! now the farms
be all so big,
An' bits of groun' so skeäce, woone got
no scope;
If woone could seäve a poun, woone
couldden hope
To keep no live stock but a little pig.

Thomas. Why, here wer' vourteen
men zome years ago
A' kept a drashen half the winter
drough;
An' now woone's drashels bean't a bit
o' good—
They got machines to drashy wi',
plague teäke 'em!
An' he that vust vound out the way to
meäke 'em!
I'd drash his busy zides vor'n if I
could.
Avore they took away our work they
ought
To meäke us up the bread our leabour
bought."

The last half-century has certainly extinguished the poetical side of the agricultural labourer. The children of the next generation will not be able to find any meaning in the poet Cowper's lines:—

"We may discern the thrasher at his
task;
Thump after thump resounds the con-
stant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet
falls
Full on the destined ear. Wide falls
the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent
mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday
beam."

Any one who has been all his life accustomed to the cheery sound of the flail will not find equal music in the whistle and buzz of the steam-thrasher; and though of course the farmer is bound to avail himself of the new lights of science in all steam implements which may save labour and time, yet the superiority of the flail-thrashed

corn is still acknowledged in the market, besides the advantage of securing better straw for thatching purposes. And who that from his childhood has looked forward to the delights of the hay-field, the early morning sound of the mowers whetting their scythes, and swishing through the long grass in perfect time with each other, can feel otherwise than regretful, to use the mildest term, at the substitution of the mowing-machine. The harvest-field, too, is shorn of its picturesque charms. The men with their sickles, and the women and children binding the sheaves, certainly make a more cheerful scene in the landscape than can ever be offered by the ugly reaper with its ungainly arms.

It is happily not given to us to peer into the history of the next fifty years. Judging by the rapid rate at which life is now being

lived, there will be more startling changes to record at the end of that period than the last half-century has shown. The simplicity and quaintness of rural life will be a thing of the past; reverence for old institutions is fast departing, and will soon be regarded as out of date, and not in keeping with the spirit of the age. The old faith that sustained our forefathers in many a weary fight, rugged and crude as it often was, has been shaken to its foundations by the spirit of insubordination and the craving for excitement which prevail in our own day. But all that was pure and noble in it is immortal, and must survive the storms that appear now to be crushing it; and we may believe that it will be as powerful and true a support to our posterity to the end of time as it has been to others in past ages.

PROTECTING COLOUR IN ANIMALS.

In the central hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a remarkable group of animals, which strike the eye on account of their uniform sandy coloration: these animals comprise representatives of many of the principal groups; there are birds, reptiles, and mammalia, all tinted of the same isabelline hue. A reference to the label upon the case will show that without exception they are inhabitants of the sandy desert regions of the world; and the wonderful similarity in colour which the animals bear to the locality in which they are found is well illustrated. This is not a unique example of a general correspondence in coloration between animals and their usual environment: close to the glass case containing the desert animals is another, which exhibits a series of arctic animals. It is a familiar fact to most people, that the majority of the few terrestrial animals which live in the polar regions are either white during the whole year or become white in the winter. The polar bear is always white; the arctic fox changes its colour at the approach of winter. There are a number of these foxes at the Zoological Gardens at present; and it is a very interesting fact that only one of them assumed the winter dress, though the bluish-brown fur of the rest is slightly grizzled. The winter of 1890-91, though severe enough for most of us, does not appear to have nearly reached that ideal of a winter which is entertained by the "blue foxes."

Another strongly marked instance of "adaptation to environment" might be suitably illus-

trated by models at the Natural History Museum: it is furnished by the inhabitants of the surface-waters of the ocean, which constitute what is known as the "pelagic fauna."

To any person, whether from choice or of necessity, inspecting the surface of the sea from the side of a boat, the water will appear not only clear and transparent but barren of life. Beyond an occasional jelly-fish, hardly anything of an animal nature will be seen; and yet the same tract of ocean will appear on favourable evenings to be lighted up by innumerable sparks of phosphorescent light. A quantity of the water strained through a muslin sieve will leave behind a gelatinous residue; this is composed of the bodies of countless organisms, which are invisible when freely floating in the water on account of their almost perfect transparency, and which give rise to the phenomena of phosphorescence. So abundant are these pelagic animals, that a square mile of water contains, it has been calculated, 800 tons of them. The inhabitants of forests often show a green coloration which is in harmony with their surroundings. Among the evergreen forests of the tropical regions "we find," says Mr Wallace, "whole groups of birds whose ground-colour is green. Parrots are very generally green, and in the East we have an extensive group of green fruit-eating pigeons; while the barbets, bee-eaters, turacos, leaf-thrushes (*Phyllornis*), white eyes (*Zosterops*), and many other groups, have so much green in their plumage as to tend greatly to their concealment among the dense foliage." It is not only

birds which thus resemble in colour their surroundings: there are green tree-frogs, green tree-snakes, the iguanas, and a host of insects belonging to nearly every order into which that group is divided.

Where lichen-covered tree-stems are common, we find lichen-coloured caterpillars, moths, and other insects. A pretty moth (*Cleora glabraria*), not uncommon in the New Forest, is white, dusted with black, and its larva, which feeds upon lichens, is of the same colour. Some years ago, while collecting insects in that locality, I found in the same tufts of lichen a small black-and-white spider just as closely resembling the lichens.

It is supposed that these various colour resemblances have been brought about by the need for concealment. A caterpillar frequenting lichens, or a bird living among leaves, would be greatly advantaged by a colour resemblance to their several surroundings; hence variations in the required direction have escaped destruction, and there has been through long ages a gradual perfecting of the resemblances. This is the most generally received explanation: it accounts also for the coloration of animals like the spider, to which I have referred, which do not so much need protection from their enemies as a disguise, with the help of which they can steal upon their prey.

We must, however, guard against taking generalities for granted without a careful examination of the several cases. Many years ago Messrs Kirby and Spence called attention to the resemblance between lichen-feeding insects and their food: "Many of the mottled moths, which take their station of diurnal repose on the north side of the trunks of trees, are with difficulty distinguished from the

grey and green lichens that cover them. Of this kind are *Miselia aprilina* and *Acronycta psi*. The caterpillar of *Bryophila algæ*, when it feeds on the yellow *Lichen juniperinus*, is always yellow; but when upon the grey *Lichen saxatilis* its hue becomes grey. This change is probably produced by the colour of its food." The last sentence contains a most noteworthy suggestion, which may help us in explaining many similar cases of coloration in a much simpler way than by natural selection or natural elimination. It is well known that the pigments, which are often the cause of the colours in animals, and always, except in the case of white, of plants, are extremely resistant to chemical action. Some of these pigments will pass unscathed through the strongest acids and the most powerful alkalis. It is quite conceivable, then, that they will be equally unaffected by the chemical action of an animal's digestive juices. There is, however, no need at all for theory upon this point; it has been shown to be the case in several instances. Dr Eisig found in the Mediterranean a species of worm living in the interior of a sponge. The sponge was a brilliant yellow, the colour being due to particles of a peculiar pigment deposited in its tissues. The worm was also yellow, and it might be supposed that this harmony had been brought about by the necessity for concealment. An inquisitive fish poking its nose into the interior of the sponge, in search of the various small creatures which constantly take up their lodgings in such a spot, would pass over the "protectively coloured" worm, and select one that was obvious on account of its different colours. It was found, however, that the colour

of the worm was merely due to particles of the colouring substance of the host, which had passed out of the intestine of the worm into its skin.

We have thus a clue to a very simple theory of protective coloration, which may, at least, apply to lichen-like insects and to some leaf-feeders.

In any case, a necessary preliminary to all speculations about the meaning of colours is an investigation of the colours themselves. This seems to be a truism of so obvious a character as to be hardly worth mentioning; nevertheless one of the most neglected branches of zoology at present is the chemistry, and the laws which govern the distribution, of pigments. The theories of animal coloration have outstripped the fundamental facts by an enormous distance; indeed, it is almost forgotten that there are any such facts.

With regard to the special resemblance which is seen between tree-haunting animals and their surroundings, it is surprising to find how few instances there really are. This assertion may appear to be rather bold; but if we consider, firstly, the great prevalence of sandy-coloured animals in arid and sandy localities, and, secondly, the almost universal transparency of pelagic animals, the absence of a correspondingly large number of green animals among trees is not a little striking. In our own country there are but few green birds. Indeed there is not a single bright and uniformly green bird; but we cannot perhaps fairly make use of this instance, for Mr Wallace has pointed out that the deciduous foliage would expose green birds in the winter, and particularly in the early spring, when they are nesting and most need protection. But insects which only survive for a summer may be

reasonably taken as a crucial test. There is only one tree-frequenting butterfly which is green—viz., the Green Hair Streak—and there the green colour is confined to the under surface of the wings; but this insect, like other butterflies when at rest, folds the wings together so as to expose only the lower surface: hence the protection is just as strong as if the entire insect were green. Among moths there is not, proportionately, a much greater number of green-coloured species. There are eight species of emerald moths, which are of a nearly uniform green colour, four or five *Tortrices*, with green upper wings (in a position of rest, the upper wings cover the lower), the two "Foresters," and a few *Noctuæ*, in which green forms a large component part of the coloration, in the upper wings at least. Green *Lepidoptera* do not appear to be relatively more abundant in tropical countries than they are with us. There are, no doubt, plenty of green beetles in all countries; but on turning over the plates which illustrate Mr Martin Jacoby's series of memoirs upon the phytophagous *Coleoptera* in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society,' one cannot help being struck by the marked absence of green among the members of this group. Mr Wallace quotes Dr Günther to the effect that tree-snakes, with the exception of the genus *Dipsas*, are entirely or largely green; but the tree-frogs comprise a large number of forms that are most conspicuous; and even among those that are green, striking marks of another colour must largely do away with the protective value of the green colour. There is, at the time of writing, a large Australian tree-frog in the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens, in which the utility of the green colour must be

largely interfered with by a series of white marks and patches along the side. These marks might suggest a fungus growing upon a green leaf to an enemy of a turn of mind too inquiring for the safety of the frog; but perhaps the enemy would be aware that it was somewhat unusual to find mildew upon a green leaf. As to birds, it is quite true that there are green arboreal species in tropical countries; but the most that can be said about the matter is, that there are a good many birds so coloured. Arrived at this point, the reader will probably assume that these few facts have been brought together for the purpose of trying to throw discredit upon the theory that a green coloration has been gradually acquired for protective purposes. An advocate of this theory will at once triumphantly point out a large number of omissions from the above very scanty list. It seems to me, however, that a *prevalence* of green among arboreal animals cannot be proved; and thus there might appear to be a certain weakness in the theory of protective coloration as applied to these instances. Paradoxical though it may sound, I am of opinion that the *apparent* weakness of the arguments constitute the real strength of the theory. It is precisely because the isabelline colour of desert animals and the transparency of pelagic organisms is so universal that some general environmental cause appears to be necessary for the explanation of the facts. On the other hand, the picking and choosing among arboreal animals is distinctly suggestive of natural selection. There are quite enough instances of a green colour among tree-living creatures to call for some theory to explain the facts, but there are not too many to render selection improbable.

There are, however, two important questions that must be answered before we can fairly put down to the action of natural selection the occasional green colour of tree animals.

Firstly, Are there any grounds for referring the coloration to the direct effects of food, or to any other similar cause which might equally affect all the inhabitants of trees? As explained already, our knowledge of the pigments of animals does not at present allow of a definite answer to this question. This much, however, is certain: that the green colour of the iguana and of several other forms is *not* the same substance as the "chlorophyll" of leaves. Indeed, the pigment in the skin of the iguana is really yellow, or at least some of the pigment is; so the green effect is produced by a combination of colours.

The second question is really of equal importance: Is the green colour useful? If it be proved to be superfluous, there is obviously an end of all theories based upon utility. Natural selection could not be accused of forming and perpetuating a plan of coloration that was useless to its possessor.

There is a decided tendency to assume that, if a colour resemblance exist, it must be useful. A contributor to 'Nature' pointed out some years since a singular resemblance between a particular caterpillar found in India and a shrew. The assumption was that the caterpillar was protected from these very animals by its likeness to them. The protection would have to be proved first. But in the meantime, shrews have a keen smell, as far as we can judge by the structure of their brain, and by the fact that they are highly odorous; and even if they were taken in by the appearance of the

caterpillar, it would not score much in the long-run, for shrews are a pugnacious race.

We must therefore inquire into each case separately, and not hastily assume a law of general application. The green of the tree-frogs may be useful for both aggressive and protective purposes. Mr Poulton, in his very interesting work upon the colours of animals, suggests that "the green tree-frog is probably aided in capturing the insects on which it feeds because of its close resemblance to the leaves around it; but it is also protected in the same manner from the animals which prey upon it. Thus Mr E. A. Minchin tells me, from his experience in India, that tree-frogs are sought for with especial eagerness by snakes, which greatly prefer them to others."

It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to decide upon the nature of the vision of insects. This is indeed another branch of zoology which ought to be followed out before any theories, which are based upon what is entirely an anthropomorphic conception of insect vision, are even thought of, much less preached as gospel. Common experience is that insects will buzz round the most dangerous enemy of their race so long as he remains quiet. A slight movement will drive them away helter-skelter. Here common observation accords with the detailed investigations of M. Plateau, who will hardly allow even the highest of insects more than a general notion of light and shadows, and a perception of the direction of movement of bodies. Besides, it has been lately stated in 'Nature' that tree-frogs show an especial greediness for wasps, with which they will gorge themselves to repletion. Wasps are "warn-

ingly" coloured, and need not and do not show any particular wariness; and in most parts of the world tree-frogs could get on very comfortably if they were limited to a diet of wasp. As to the protection from snakes, it is not stated in the above-quoted passage, nor in the context, how far the snakes in question will take their prey when at rest. Snakes generally make their fatal spring upon a moving animal only. In this case, no amount of protective colour would be of the very least use.

On *a priori* grounds the protective advantage of a green colour to the iguana would seem to be obvious. Resting as it does habitually in a motionless attitude upon the branch of a tree, the colour would render it invisible. In the island of St Lucia, in the West Indies, there is a species of iguana which is highly prized as an article of food; the white flesh of this reptile has been compared for delicacy of flavour with that of a young chicken. The lizard is hunted by means of dogs which are quite unable to see their prey: they detect its whereabouts, however, by the sense of smell; and, indeed, many reptiles have a strong odour. Now in South America there are also green and brown iguanas: a brown colour is quite as advantageous for protective purposes as a green colour in this case, perhaps even more so. They are probably sought after by jaguars and other arboreal cats. The cat tribe, it is true, do not hunt so entirely by scent as dogs do; but the structure of their brain shows an almost equally well-developed condition of that part of the brain which is concerned with the sense of smell. In fact, all these mammals have been distinguished as "osmatic"

from such creatures as ourselves and the monkeys, in which the "rhinencephalon" is small. It seems, therefore, probable that here too the protective coloration is not so useful as it might at first appear to be.

At any rate, the utility of each instance has to be clearly proved; though, as already suggested, there are considerable probabilities in favour of the action of natural selection in causing, or at least in intensifying, such protective resemblances as are shown by many green arboreal animals.

But does the theory hold good in the case of pelagic organisms? Here we have an apparent adaptation to circumstances that is much more widely spread—indeed, nearly universal. This very fact is against the interpretation that has been advanced by Mr Wallace and others. We should naturally expect to find here as elsewhere various means of defence. The struggle for existence is just as relentless on the smooth surface-waters of mid-ocean as in the heart of a tropical forest: competition there is just as keen. And yet, with a singular unanimity nearly all the surface organisms have, so to speak, selected one means of protection—and one only. Tried by the test of utility, there would seem to be no special advantage in transparency to the pelagic creatures. Their enemies are principally themselves; they prey upon one another, and the survivors are apt to be engulfed wholesale by a whale, or porpoise, or by a school of mackerel or herring. Now, a whale does not stop to consider what it shall take and what it shall leave; it simply opens its mouth as it rushes through the water, and takes what it can get, which is plenty. Neither do the herrings or mackerel; their stomachs

contain an abundance of the minute organisms of the sea, which they swallow without regard to species or genera, and without regard to comparative invisibility or visibility. An absolutely perfect transparency would not avail the pelagic organism against a shoal of predaceous fish. As to their internecine combats, we must always bear in mind relativity of size. To us the surface-waters appear on a casual inspection to be devoid of life; but a minute shrimp would be able to see through a transparent pelagic worm in more senses than one. Besides, if transparency were so advantageous in the surface-waters, it would be at least as advantageous at the bottom; and yet we do not find a marked prevalence of transparent animals adherent to or crawling over the rocks and sand which form the bed of the ocean.

We must therefore, for the present, exclude the transparency of pelagic animals from those effects which may be provisionally put down to natural selection.

And I am disposed to think that the sandy hue of desert animals must go the same way.

There are some facts which tend to prove that a damp atmosphere darkens colour, and that a dry atmosphere bleaches it. Melanic varieties, as they are termed, often occur on islands and other situations where the climate is moist as well as warm. There is an excellent instance of this in the Zoological Gardens at present: it is a lizard from one of the islands of the Canary group, which is closely allied to the eyed lizard of Southern Europe. The black coloration of Simony's lizard is paralleled in the case of some varieties which are found in the islands of the Mediterranean.

FRANK E. BEDDARD.

PORTUGUESE REPUBLICANISM AND THE MILITARY REVOLT.

I.

UNTIL a couple of years ago a Republic in Portugal was a possibility which amongst the general public was rarely even mentioned; and if now and then such a thing became the subject of conversation, it appeared to have but little interest even for those theoretically inclined to that form of government. Under this calm exterior there were doubtless many men planning and working for ends which had apparently little prospect of realisation; but the masses were too ignorant and backward to take fire at the idea, and seemed content to go on for an indefinite future as they had done in the past, distrusting and abusing with the utmost impartiality whichever party happened to be in power. It was only when their endurance was more than usually tried by some new tax or the neglect of some absolutely necessary public work, that they sighed for the Utopia which, according to their confused ideas, a republic would at once create. "What is a republic?" a workman was overheard to ask a comrade. "A republic," was the reply, "is where each one does as he likes and no one pays taxes." This may be taken as a fairly accurate definition of the opinions held by the lower classes on the subject. They of course knew absolutely nothing of history or political economy, and would have been incapable of understanding the most simple explanations of these subjects; thus a republic appeared to them as a far-off Paradise, but a Paradise which they had to people and furnish according to their own

ideas of what constitutes happiness. A step higher came the reading and writing class, the small shopkeepers and their assistants: these were largely in favour of a change, as were also the artisans and factory-hands; but the time had not yet arrived for them to publicly express their opinions, and little was heard of them. Affairs might have continued in this state for a long time, but for unexpected events which swept the land like a moral hurricane, and made their effects felt in every grade of society.

The first of these was the proclamation of the Brazilian Republic. The mutterings of the coming storm had been but indistinctly heard and attracted little attention, so that the sudden announcement of the revolution and its perfect success produced far more sensation than if it had been generally expected. Brazil and Portugal are so closely connected that the influence of this sudden change, though not showing on the surface, must on no account be underrated. It was of course a great encouragement to the Portuguese republicans; and more important still, it showed the nation that a complete change of government might be effected almost without bloodshed, and with comparatively little danger or interruption to trade. Many persons who would put up with what they consider the continued failure of monarchical government rather than risk the terrible calamity of a civil war, would have no scruples in helping to overturn a tottering throne if convinced that it could

be done by a sudden overwhelming movement, which would make resistance impossible.

The second event was the unfortunate African question, which offered precisely the opening which the agitators desired. For a month or more after the presentation of the British Ultimatum, scientific societies, commercial associations, and municipal councils vied with each other in the bragging, loud-voiced patriotism of the resolutions they passed; and the republican papers did their best to keep the popular feeling at a white heat. It was at this juncture that the extraordinary student movement began, and in two or three weeks reached a point which would scarcely be credited by those who did not follow the daily course of events. The students were the first to initiate the national subscription, and in the beginning were most active in rousing and keeping alive the general agitation. They posed as the representatives of the future regenerated Portugal—a nation which should be well governed at home and respected abroad, and of a people who would yet show themselves worthy descendants of the heroes who served under Prince Henry the Navigator or Vasco da Gama. Studies were almost abandoned, and they scoured the country in search of subscriptions for the national defence. This continued for a short time; but the Academic League was then absorbed by a far greater one—the “*Liga Patriótica do Norte*.” This association started under conditions most favourable for its success, and was at once joined by persons in the highest ecclesiastical, military, and civil positions, without distinction of politics. Some of the most important resolutions passed at the preliminary

meetings will show the comprehensive nature of the work undertaken by the League.

“*Article 3.*—1. To join the movement already started for raising a national (defence) subscription, and to assist as far as possible in collecting funds and directing their application to that special purpose.

“2. To co-operate in effecting reforms in the internal administration and finances; to endeavour to increase and improve manufactures and agriculture, and revive the national industries of shipbuilding and mining.

“3. To study the most rational system for increasing the value of the resources of the colonies, and also the civilising action of Portugal therein; having especially in view the establishment in suitable localities of settlements for Portuguese emigrants.

“4. To assist in the attempt to raise the intellectual level of the country, particularly by the reform and diffusion of elementary and technical instruction, so as to render it accessible to all classes.

“5. To dedicate itself to rousing and strengthening patriotism in its most elevated form, and to seek to establish in the minds of all Portuguese the hope of a powerful renaissance. The League considers the supreme object of all efforts to raise the economic, intellectual, and moral status of the nation to be the emancipation of the internal and external policy of Portugal from all and every foreign influence—especially that of England.”

To carry out these resolutions, the following committees were elected: (1) For raising Funds; (2) Instruction; (3) Propaganda; (4) Military Defence; (5) Colonies.

The importance of the “*Liga Patriótica do Norte*” consisted not only in the social and official position of its members, but in the surprising rapidity with which branches were established all over the northern half of the country. It was of course warmly supported by the public bodies which had so

loudly expressed their indignation at the "Ultimatum," and public opinion became so strong that most persons of position felt obliged to become members and subscribe to the fund. Some persons, chiefly Brazilians, saved their purses by the clever expedient of promising a monthly subscription "during the war with England."

In a few cases where a distant town council dared to assert its independence by not voting the usual patriotic adherence to the movement, it was comical to observe how suddenly some unseen power whipped it into obedience, and how it sought to atone for past sins by passing an ultra-patriotic resolution and promising material support to the cause. The students were received with open arms; and when the university and schools were closed for the Easter vacation, the members were instructed that the new crusade was to be preached by them individually and collectively wherever they went. It will be seen that the League had thus the means of making its influence felt to the most remote parts of the district over which it exercised authority, and it used this influence to the utmost.

While this was going on in the north, a southern "Liga Patriótica" had been established in Lisbon, but never attained to anything like the importance of its vigorous elder brother. All went well for a time; subscriptions poured in, copies of resolutions expressed in terms of frenzied patriotism, and violent denunciations of England, the "faithful ally" (!), were daily received, and the League ruled. Two or three months, however, sufficed to wear the patriotic garment threadbare, and the cloven foot of republicanism became more and more apparent.

Persons in responsible positions began to withdraw, and in a short time this association, which proposed to do so much, and might really have done something for the regeneration of Portugal, utterly collapsed and was dissolved.

It is scarcely probable that the republicans, who constituted the really working members and the backbone of the League, allowed this event to cause any interruption to the carrying out of their designs. Having been able to work together for so considerable a time, and under circumstances so exceptionally favourable for the development of their plans, they were no doubt prepared; but as far as the general public was concerned the "Liga Patriótica" was dead and soon forgotten. The republican papers about this time became slightly less virulent in their denunciations of the existing state of things. A stringent press law had been passed, and though speedily allowed to become almost a dead letter, it served for a time to moderate the hitherto unrestrained exhortations to the people to join heart and hand in favour of the one form of government which could save the country. The publication of the Treaty of the 20th August gave a fresh impulse to the movement, and the patriots of the early part of the year were again enabled to rouse the country to the state of excitement and agitation which exactly suited their purposes. This second expression of popular feeling, though violent, was short-lived, and calmed down directly the obnoxious treaty was withdrawn.

It will be desirable at this point to consider the working of the present electoral system in Portugal, for though theoretically similar to that of Great Britain,

it differs somewhat in practice. There are three distinct qualifications, any one of which entitles to a vote: these are—(1) a rateable income of £22; (2) being the head of a family; (3) being able to read and write. The minimum limit of age is twenty-five for bachelors and twenty-one for married men, so that it almost amounts to manhood suffrage. The average voter, however, has not yet reached the moral and intellectual standard which would enable him to form and follow his own opinion as to the disposal of his vote, and other circumstances which will presently be mentioned add still more to his difficulty. The result is that members are really chosen by the upper and middle classes, who forward the interests of their candidate not by commending his politics or personal character, but by their own direct and indirect influence in the neighbourhood. The former is exercised over those on whom they have more or less hold, and these of course vote as they are ordered; but the most important work is to secure those men who from their position in local affairs are looked upon as safe political guides, and can each count with certainty on his lead being followed by a number of his neighbours. Besides those who can be driven and those who can be led there is still a third class, consisting of men who acknowledge no chief and must be individually sought if the contest is likely to be a close one, a condition which increases the market value of a vote, and obliges considerable outlay before the desired promise can be obtained, for the secrecy of the ballot is merely a legal fiction. In the case of a general election, the party in power employs on a wholesale scale the tactics already mentioned.

To obtain success, however, en-

tails the use of means which are as demoralising as they are costly to the country. Promises made to secure supporters have to be kept, and as the principle of a permanent staff is adopted in the civil service, and every place has been filled up on previous occasions, new and unnecessary departments have to be created, and the horde of public employees goes on increasing. This has now reached such a point that thorough reform is allowed by all to be one of the first steps necessary towards improving the financial condition of the country; but reform in this direction is precisely what no Government dare attempt. It is not alone in the higher departments that employment has to be found for the supporters of a party. The Government agents must see that the single vote of the workman is secured beforehand and well paid, but short-lived public works afford a ready means of obtaining this end. The Government has thus immense power, both from the funds at its disposal and the pressure it can bring to bear on every class, so that it generally obtains a majority which renders its position perfectly secure, however tottering it may have been previous to the appeal to the nation. It is impossible to overrate the influence which politics exercise in Portugal: they are regarded as the natural lever for obtaining any desired end, and must be taken into consideration in almost every transaction. The Portuguese statute-book attests the fact that the Cortes, in an extra moral or facetious mood, passed a bill prohibiting bribery and corruption at elections; but the assent of the nation to the theory having been duly placed on record, the practice was wisely ignored, as glass houses are too

large and numerous for any one to dare to throw stones.

It has been mentioned that the interests of a candidate are looked after by the local supporters of his party, and it is not usual for him to give his personal assistance in any way. He neither offers himself as the future mouthpiece of the voters, nor to any extent as holding independent opinions on public questions, but merely as a unit of the party to which he belongs. Having become a member, he never thinks of consulting his constituents as to his vote on any important question, probably for the simple reason that few of them are capable of forming an opinion on the subject, and in any case are far more interested in the local improvements he may obtain for them than in the national welfare. It follows that the masses are practically without a voice in the affairs of the nation, and that the absurdity occurs of a member voting against the wishes of the majority of those he represents. The people know how incapable they are of influencing legislation in which their interests are concerned, or of obliging the Government to attend to their requirements; but they do not grasp the fact that it is to their own want of intelligence and desire for the loaves and fishes which are to be picked up at election times, that the present state of things is largely due. The near future, however, will probably see a change in this respect: the working man's candidate, though utterly defeated in his first attempt, will no doubt be more strongly supported each time, as trades-unions become larger and better organised, and gradually acquire the power now divided

amongst a limited number of individuals.

The present constitution gives the voter every facility he can possibly require for directing the legislation of the country, but is rendered inoperative in this respect by two causes. The first, which regards the people, has been stated above; and the second is that honest upright men, who would endeavour to do their best for the nation rather than fill their own pockets whilst they can, are universally considered so rare, that the voter who is really anxious to make the best use of his power does not know whom to trust, and, giving up the attempt as hopeless, is easily persuaded that existing conditions are incapable of amelioration, and that a republic is the only way out of the difficulty. One would think that the fallacy of this argument might be easily seen, for a change in the form of government will not necessarily be followed by one in the national character. The voter will still look no further than the advantages to be obtained at the moment; and the member who takes up a political career as a profession, valuable chiefly from the indirect and illegal profits which it renders possible, will still seek to make the most of the opportunities that may offer, disregarding the welfare of his country in general and the claims of his constituents in particular. Men will remain the same; and if this trite remark required confirmation it would be found in the fact, that the names of well-known politicians, who have filled the highest positions, are already mentioned as leaders should a new form of government be established.

II.

The expression of popular aversion to the Treaty of the 20th August having been successful, some months passed, and all seemed quiet; neither the language of the press nor the untraceable rumours which so often precede an event of the kind, gave any warning of the attempt which was about to be made to fire the mine. The military revolt of the 31st January was the work of a small number of republicans, who took the affair into their own hands, and were hurried along by circumstances which got beyond their control. For two or three months before the above date there existed a schism in the party; the more enthusiastic and reckless spirits in the north desiring prompt and violent measures without delay, while the cool-headed leaders in Lisbon saw that the time had not yet come for such a step, and counselled prudence and patience. The civilian element, albeit containing many republican theorists, could furnish very few who were ready to run any risk for the sake of their opinions; but amongst the military there was more fruitful soil to work upon. The non-commissioned officers of several regiments were thoroughly dissatisfied with the existing regulations as to pay and promotion: this led to various meetings, which were organised by the local republicans, Alves da Veiga and Santos Cardoso, to discuss the best means of obtaining redress; and from the consideration of their private grievances they were gradually led to see the necessity of taking a much more important step for the good of their country.

The Government was warned that some mischief was brewing,

and, as a precautionary measure, ordered the transference of several sergeants to other corps, and of a regiment to a different station. This brought matters to a crisis so suddenly, that up to the last moment only a few of the military and scarcely any civilians had definite information of the proposed revolt. On the night of the 30th January, rumours of a movement amongst the troops began to spread at the theatres, but the presence of several officers appeared to show that they were groundless. Later on the report continued to circulate at the *cafés*, but in the same undefined way, and well-known republicans treated it as unworthy of attention; while even the authorities, though aware that a rising was imminent, seem to have been quite uncertain of the exact form it would take, or of how far it might prove successful. Soon after 2 A.M. the following morning, the 10th Regiment of the line and the 9th Rifles paraded under the command of their sergeants, and met in a square close by the barracks in which the 18th Regiment was quartered, the command being taken by a Captain Leitão, who was the officer of highest rank amongst the three who took part in the revolt. A number of civilians—some sympathisers, but the greater part merely spectators—had speedily collected, and joined in cheers for the republic, while a party rang the alarm-bell of a neighbouring church, with the idea of rousing the city and reinforcing the movement. Detachments of the Municipal Guard were posted at the openings of various streets leading from the square, and the commander, accompanied by a staff

officer, tried to persuade the soldiers to return to barracks; but was answered by one of the officers that they had gone too far to draw back, and must carry on the affair to the end. The arrival from various *octroi* stations of 150 additional men now raised the number of the revolted troops to upwards of 500, and the Municipals were withdrawn to hold the approaches to the central telegraph station and the headquarters of the civil and military administration, which, it was reported, would presently be attacked. The absence of the 18th Regiment caused much surprise, and the suggestion that they were confined to barracks led at once to an attempt to liberate them. The necessary implements for breaking down the gate were not at hand; but a comic actor named Verdial, who took a prominent part in the proceedings, suggested that they should be sought at a neighbouring fire-brigade station, and the professional instinct being evidently strong within him, he turned to a woman who was standing near, and said, "Here, woman, hold my umbrella; I am the actor Verdial; presently I shall be famous, and you will be proud of having done me a service." Alas for fame!—mention in the papers and three years' transportation! The gates did not long resist, and a mixed crowd poured into the barracks and fraternised with the soldiers. In the square great enthusiasm prevailed, and Santos Cardoso rushed about in the crowd crying out, "Embrace the author of all this."

As the grey dawn began to break, a move was made to a square in front of the Town Hall, which building was at once occupied, and a red flag supplied by a democratic association was hoisted on a staff

above the roof. Alves da Veiga then appeared on the balcony, and addressed the crowd on the rights of man, and the usual subjects which constitute the stock-in-trade of the democratic orator. He continued so long that his colleagues lost patience, and asked one another, "Will the man never leave off?" Owing to his exertions and the dense fog which prevailed, he happily lost his voice, and was obliged to ask the actor Verdial to read out the names of the proposed members of the local provisional government. It was nearly 8 A.M. when some one suggested that it was time to seize the central telegraph station and other headquarter departments in the same locality. The troops advanced up the Rua de Santo Antonio in close column of fours, and this formation was afterwards referred to by Captain Leitão as proving that he neither expected resistance nor was prepared to attack. At the top of the street there is a small open space, surrounded by a low wall and iron railings, and partly occupied by a flight of steps leading to the front door of a church. This position, which commanded the whole length of the street up which the troops were approaching, was held by a strong force of the Municipal Guard; they were perfectly secure from a charge, but much exposed should the soldiers open fire. The military and civilians advanced gaily up the street, the band played a republican air, and opposition was the last thing thought of. In vain the Municipal bugler sounded the halt: it was heard by few and quite disregarded; but for some reason, probably mere bravado, two or three shots were fired from the crowd, and the reply was a volley from the defenders on the church steps. The aim was inter-

tionally high, but a few bullets took effect, and the result was the wildest confusion. The mob turned and fled, breaking the ranks, and knocking over many of the soldiers in their headlong rush down the hill. Some escaped by lanes, and many took refuge in shops and houses which had not closed their doors. The soldiers generally behaved in the same way, but some lined the sides of the street, or sheltered in the doorways and returned the fire with considerable effect: but after a time they either got into the houses, or retired to the Town Hall, where the remains of the insurgent force had collected. The approaches to the square were promptly occupied by the Municipals, who opened fire from the corners, from behind the trees, and from any position which afforded cover, the besieged replying from the windows of the house they occupied. This amusement continued for a couple of hours without much harm being done to either side; but then two mountain howitzers arrived on the scene, and at first used only blank cartridges, but quickly proceeded to business with round-shot and grenades. Captain Leitão, in giving his evidence, said, "I could not believe that the artillery had sided against us; so to decide the question, I said to a soldier standing near, 'Fire a shot': he fired and hit an artilleryman;" the pieces were then loaded with ball, and the first shot struck the door with startling effect. This quite demoralised the defenders, who, in spite of the efforts of their leaders, began to retire to the back of the house, and thence into neighbouring yards and gardens. The howitzers were loaded in the shelter of the corner houses, then run forward and sighted, the aim was corrected by a non-

commissioned officer covered by the fire of two files, and the piece recoiled about five yards, which placed it again in a safe position for reloading. A small crowd of idlers and street-boys had gathered as near as the police would allow, and looked on at the performance with the placid amusement that might have been excited by a dancing-bear or a Punch and Judy show. Throughout the day shops were open, trams ran as far as permitted, and work went on in offices as usual. The custom-house and all banks were closed by order; but away from the actual scene of conflict, there was really nothing to show that an unusual event had occurred. Utter indifference was the rule, and the general opinion seemed to be, "things cannot be worse; let the republic come." The bombardment of the Town Hall was kept up for about three hours, and as by that time all reply had long since ceased, preparations were made for the assault. Two companies of the Municipal Guard approached from opposite sides, while a third charged across the square. The cannon-battered door was quickly forced open, and with fixed bayonets the men dashed in and passed from room to room, but no enemy could be found. In the back garden many of the rebels had piled arms as a signal of surrender, and were found in out-houses, in gardens, in any place that promised concealment. The red flag was hauled down, and the familiar blue and white, with the crown still over the national arms, hoisted in its place. The revolt was crushed.

The occurrences of the 31st January present a most curious mixture of tragedy and comedy. A daily paper estimated the casualties at fifty killed and two hundred

wounded; but taking even half these numbers as more probably correct, the result is still sufficient to show the tragic nature of the events which took place, and it is scarcely possible to realise the terrible consequences which might have followed, had the attempt been even partially successful. In all the principal towns of the northern half of the kingdom the republicans were ready to rise; but the suppression of telegrams completely frustrated combined action, so that the first positive information received of the attempt was accompanied by the news of its failure. The comic incidents of the day at once suggest the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," reproduced in republican colours. "Where is our general?" asked Verdial of Santos Cardoso after the republic had been proclaimed. "The general cannot come because he has no uniform." "You are clever people to have chosen a general without a uniform!" was the indignant rejoinder. When we picture the actor's anxiety about his fame and his umbrella; the young rebel officer starting to the wars on his colonel's horse, and being promptly thrown; the commander of the Municipal Guard giving the order to fire, and then retiring to one side and lighting a cigarette; the toy cannon pounding away at the Town Hall long after it had been evacuated, and the gallant bayonet-charge into the empty house,—we are inclined to pause and wonder whether we are dealing with a serious attempt to overthrow the Government of a European country, or merely listening to an absurd little farce. The courts-martial were in character with the rest of the proceedings. Civilians were tried by military officers on board ship; and the harbour being open to the south,

the effects of a gale from that quarter were as unpleasant as might have been expected. An unfortunate reporter makes the following remarks in parenthesis: "It is one o'clock. The south wind comes in tremendous gusts, and whistles through the rigging. The awnings flap with loud noise. Enormous waves are breaking all along the mole. There are persons sea-sick on board." In another number of the same paper it is mentioned that the steamers rolled so violently that the trials had to be adjourned until the members of the court recovered sufficiently to continue their work. Captain Leitão was sentenced to six years' solitary confinement, to be followed by ten years' transportation, or the alternative (at the option of the Government) of twenty years' transportation. The civilian leader, Dr Alves da Veiga, escaped into Spain; but his lieutenant, Santos Cardoso, was arrested and condemned to one year's solitary confinement and eight years' transportation, or fifteen years' of the latter. Most of the non-commissioned officers got three years' transportation, with the addition, in some cases, of a short term of solitary confinement. The 'Seculo' sent a special reporter to inspect the Lisbon Penitentiary, where it was expected that the prisoners would be confined; and his account resembled an account of the Bastille. Each prisoner wears a holland mask, which is only removed during his daily walk of forty minutes up and down a walled-in alley, eight yards long. Only absolutely necessary communications are allowed to be addressed to the officials, and none at all are permitted between the prisoners. It is probable that these rules are not strictly enforced; but the 'Seculo', being

the organ of the republican party, would of course make the worst of the case, and the reporter would be told the theory rather than the practice of the establishment.

It was difficult at first to account for the utter want of organisation, the waste of time, and the absence of the most ordinary precautions on the part of the insurgents; the evidence given at the courts-martial showed, however, that it was due to a perfect confidence that no opposition need be expected. It had been promised that a retired general would be ready to take the command, and the adherence of the Municipal Guard was considered certain; but the volley at the top of the Rua de Santo Antonio rudely dispelled the latter illusion, and the moral effect was so great that the movement collapsed from that moment.

Had the central telegraph office, the railway stations, and the custom-house been seized in the early morning and bravely defended—a programme which the insurgent forces, if properly led, should have been quite capable of carrying out—their position would have been a very strong one. The republicans in the provinces, kept advised of the progress of events by their friends in Porto, would, as they have since declared, have risen in various places, thus creating fresh difficulties for the authorities. The Government, however, by retaining the telegraph and railway systems in its hands, was able to completely isolate the rebellion and concentrate forces to stamp it out.

The rapidity with which troops were mobilised was surprising, if the way things are usually done in Portugal be taken into account. By noon on the day of the revolt reinforcements from nearly every garrison in the north

had either started or were held in readiness; and before evening fifteen hundred men had been collected at Penafiel, within little more than an hour's rail of Porto. Whether, in case of an action, they would all have supported the monarchy, is open to doubt. The fact that the train alone was fired and the mine remained untouched must not be taken as a proof that the revolt was a total failure. Before it took place the republic was a theory, desirable or dangerous, according to different views, but still a theory: all this is changed. The short struggle showed that there were men willing to run serious risks for the sake of their opinions, and that the sudden collapse of even this premature attempt was chiefly owing to the most culpable bad management.

It has proved a terribly expensive but most valuable advertisement of the progress of republicanism, and this occupies all minds and is everywhere discussed. The question now is not, "Will there be a republic?" but, "When will it be?" and the change marks an immense advance; for the opposition of a nation, like that of an individual, is almost overcome when, from familiarity with an idea, it is induced to acknowledge the possibility of its accomplishment. The general belief is that there will be a republic; discontent with existing conditions is widespread, and a feeling of uneasiness and expectation pervades the whole country. Many regiments are notorious for their republican tendencies, and it is probable that very few would take the field against their comrades. The people in general stand aloof from the struggle, and would give their moral support to whichever side appeared likely to win, prefer-

ring, for the sake of a change, that the republicans should do so; indeed, putting aside the possible intervention of foreign Powers, it is difficult to see what forces the monarchy could rely upon for its defence. It is obvious that no definite answer can be given to the second question, but the orders of the republican directorate at Lisbon have always been: "Do not sacrifice the country by precipitate action; be patriots first and then republicans. Wait until the finance question and the quarrel with England, the two great difficulties of the moment, are settled, and then will come the time for decisive measures." Many persons are of opinion that, as long as Spain remains a monarchy, there will be no change here; the Portuguese republicans seem, however, rather inclined to lead the way, trusting that their friends across the border will follow. The "Iberian Union" is a recognised party cry, but is little more, as it would endanger Portuguese independence, which is the last thing to which the little nation would submit.

The diplomatic question with Great Britain has now been settled, but the financial embarrass-

ments seem rather to increase; and it is to be hoped that this may cause further action on the part of the republicans to be indefinitely postponed. Any fresh attempt would aggravate the difficulties with which the country is struggling; and even in the improbable case of the movement being so unanimously supported as to render resistance impossible, the results, though satisfactory to reckless or unscrupulous politicians, would bitterly disappoint the few who, from conscientious motives, had helped to bring them to pass. The special evils which they fondly believed the revolution would utterly destroy, would in a short time again appear in an aggravated form. The "powerful renaissance" which the "Liga Patriótica" desired to bring about, must be begun by raising the moral standard of the individual; and this can neither be helped nor hindered by a mere form of government. It will then be found that the present constitution affords ample scope for the political regeneration which a misguided patriotism considers is only to be achieved under a republic.

W. VIVIAN.

PORTO, October 1891.

AN ITALIAN ON GEORGE ELIOT.

BEFORE I understood the Latin character as well as I do now from having lived among a Latin people, it had often seemed strange to me that George Eliot, the writer whom we English regard as one of the greatest novelists our country has produced, should be so little known, and even when known should be so little appreciated, in France and Italy, and especially in the latter country. But on considering the matter more profoundly, I came to the conclusion that it is George Eliot's distinctly and radically English character that has made her thus unpalatable to Latin minds. Freethinker, Mazzinian, positive idealist though she was, according to all the successive phases of her development, George Eliot nevertheless remained all her life true to her race, her hereditary bias, and was *au fond* a Puritan of Puritan England; an earnest, uncompromising adherent to the views that have moulded the English character and have made it what it is in its strength and in its weakness. She is too desperately, too uniformly serious to attract instinctively the lighter souls of the glad and sunny south. She is the product of a country of grey skies and heavy atmospheres, and even her humour, so constant and abundant, is sad in its origin, and often nearer to tears than to laughter. To read her novels is not to find in them the recreation in search of which readers usually turn to works of fiction. It is therefore a surprise as well as a pleasure to come across a book about George Eliot written by

an Italian, and written, moreover, in a spirit of most devout admiration tempered by a cultivated critical faculty. The author is Signor Gaetano Negri, at one time Syndic of Milan. He is not entirely new to literature, having published some clever thoughtful essays and a very able study on Prince Bismarck.

Signor Negri begins his book by "putting his hands in front of him," to use an Italian expression—that is to say, by anticipating the objections which he knows his countrymen will make. He says he is aware that this author is not popular outside of England, and is almost unknown in his native land; and this

"Although modern thought has never had a more complete or more worthy representative. In her vast and lucid intellect, German criticism, French positivism, and English rationalism, in which she was successively trained, were dominated and directed by an active spirit of tolerance, of love, and of compassion, and the outcome is an individuality profoundly original. Her art, like her reason, perfectly balanced, trained to the purest realism, is as far removed from the crudeness now too bitter and again too fine-spun of the French, as it is from the formless nebulosity of the Russian writers. She also looks at life with a microscope to discover the fibres of which it is composed; but she does not use clouded glasses, and therefore she sees and reproduces perfect images. Science and poetry unite in her to teach us a moral based upon love and tolerance, a moral which, instead of repudiating modern thought, is deduced from it as a logical consequence. This is the reason of the originality of this powerful writer, the reason of

her charm and her glory, and the reason also of this book, in which I have tried to trace the salient lines of this noble figure."

After a brief but able Preface, from which the above is an extract, there follows a sketch of the life of George Eliot, drawn chiefly from Mr Cross's *Life* and her own letters, which are copiously quoted. Signor Negri is an excellent translator, and has admirably caught the very spirit of the originals. Like all students of George Eliot, he is struck by the apparent contradictions that exist in her life and character. The hard-working farmer's daughter, who is at the same time a learned and philosophical thinker; the woman trained in the straitest surroundings of English Dissent, who deliberately becomes the life-companion of the husband of another; the former editor of a London magazine, who suddenly springs to the very front ranks of living writers of fiction,—is an endless subject of wonder as well as interest; and the Italian critic is right when he insists that, after all is said, George Eliot remains the most interesting figure of all her novels. He sees in her devotion to George Lewes a form of that self-abnegation which lay at the root of her morality. The man was left with three boys, who needed a mother; he had a brilliant and receptive genius, which seemed to require the companionship of another and a different class of mind; his health was not strong, and he needed care. On all these grounds, and others besides, Signor Negri, in an eloquent paragraph, indites a defence of the breach of what he terms "the letter of the social law," committed by Miss Evans, saying that we must affirm "that in her transgression of apparent morality she

remained a fervent observer of true morality." There was no question here of interfering with the rights of another, for that other had irrevocably fallen. No marriage was ever more perfect than that union, which lasted twenty-five years, and was broken only by death. "She obtained through the literary relations of her companion in her new existence that profound knowledge of the world and of life indispensable to a genius so purely analytical." Still her Italian critic, like many of her English critics, does not consider that the influence of Lewes was wholly beneficial to her as a writer of fiction: "With the versatility of his mind he encouraged his companion in the search after new fields of observation, new spheres of imagination, where she succeeded by force of sheer labour, but lost in consequence almost always the safe and generous spontaneity of her earlier productions." Referring to her second marriage—that second marriage which has been a problem to all admirers of this great woman—Signor Negri says that, sovereign as she was in intelligence, it was manifest she could not endure the solitude of the heart; and he adds, with perfect truth, that she was, despite the virile quality of her genius, feminine above all things. Of her mind and that of Lewes, he points out how they pursued two tracks entirely the reverse of each other—the man having begun with art and ended with science; the woman having begun with science and ended with art. Hence arose a certain loneliness of mind which may be sometimes divined in her writings.

"Her life," the critic says, "is full of teaching. She has shown us by her example how to live, when it is."

turbed, can discover the portion of truth which lies beneath the very opinions and illusions which it dissolves—how it is, therefore, supremely tolerant and respectful, and how it can succeed in replacing upon a secure basis duty and virtue." Signor Negri's chapter on the "Art of George Eliot" is important, new, and suggestive in many points; and where it is not absolutely new in idea it is new in the mode of presentation, from the fact that these opinions are put forward in another language, which means through the medium of another mode of regarding and judging—for diversity of language implies more than mere difference of speech: it involves a different method of viewing life. Every language that we learn opens out and adds a new world to our comprehension. The key-note of George Eliot's art Signor Negri qualifies as essentially realistic, or, as he puts it, veristic—a word which it would be well if we could introduce into the English language, the term realistic having, as our critic says, been of late so terribly abused:—

"The realism of George Eliot is perfect and sincere: it is the realism of an observer who approaches life, proposing to reproduce it without foregone conclusions and without preconceptions, without any intention to force in any sense the bearing and significance of facts; of an observer who is inspired by a profound and disinterested sympathy with the truth. It is an artistic realism which leans upon a scientific conception of life and of the world, which takes for its point of departure the conviction that all things here below are composed of the most slender elements, of which the sum and the action produce the greatest results; that nothing therefore is unworthy of study; that, on the contrary, criticism and analysis which enter into intimate companionship with things and reveal *their minutest parts*, are of far greater

value than sublime generalisation, only too often inflated with wind. . . . Her art is in the highest degree positive; because as science admits no conception *a priori* which cannot be proved by conclusions, so this art admits no ideality based upon air, no reception of phantoms of the brain, and places its creative faculty in the discovery and reproduction of the relations which exist between things. The deeper, the more essential, the more intimate the relations which the poet discovers in realities and reproduces by the power of his art, the more is he worthy of that name, and the finer and the more efficacious will be his work."

After quoting George Eliot's profession of artistic faith, if so we may call it, placed in the opening chapters of 'Adam Bede,' Signor Negri goes on to say:—

"This is the first profession of realism in art which was ever made, and it remains the most just and the most persuasive. Realism during the last thirty years has strangely deviated from its fundamental principles: it has become rhetorical; it has become idealism upside down—the idealism of ugliness, vice, and crime. The world having been accustomed to find the ideal in the beautiful and the good—finding itself confronted by a representation entirely antithetic to both one and the other—falls into the delusion that this is the reality, and takes for the expression of it that which is nothing but the effect of distorted vision. This illusion is aided by the minute care taken by modern narrators to describe the surroundings, the places, and the objects in which their fantastic personages live and move. . . . The descriptions in modern romances are masses which take away the breath of the most devout and patient reader; they seem at times like the catalogues of upholsterers and appraisers. With this photographic reproduction of the environment, the writer makes his readers believe that the drama which he places among them, the persons and the sentiments, are also real; but they are often nothing of the kind, not being based on psychological analysis

of the human mind, which is objective and therefore scientific. Their personages are artificial, fabricated with extreme instincts and passions—they are, in short, symbols destined to represent the preconceptions and prejudices of the writers—now they roll in the mire, now they are volatilised into an acrid and artificial perfume; but for the truly human nature, the nature which answers to the voice of our own consciousness, we look in vain. George Eliot has been wonderfully faithful to the programme she set herself: she has really represented the world and mankind as they are, in all their reality, without making them either more attractive or more repulsive than the truth. Even when her personages are essentially mediocre, they interest us profoundly, because it is always an interesting spectacle to see a man, however mean in soul and intellect, struggling with the thousand obstacles and difficulties of life.

"This supremely impersonal and objective art, which never detaches itself from the truth, but clings to it and probes it with all its strength, is accompanied in George Eliot by a philosophy of life and the world which is in truth its primal origin. We have seen in her life how our writer passed from asceticism to criticism, and thence to positivism; and she remained during the rest of her intellectual career an immovable positivist. From the moment that the reality of human cognition revealed itself to her, that conception never left her. No one ever felt more strongly than she how man is held by insuperable barriers within the bounds of the world of phenomena. The reason which believes that it can pass beyond them is the victim of an illusion: one may take the leap, but one falls back to the place from whence one sprang. Man cannot pass outside the cycle of second causes: it is an inexorable law of his intelligence. This philosophy produced upon George Eliot the effect that it must always produce when we do not mix with it our own passions and interests—that is to say, that of rendering us supremely intelligent and tolerant of the beliefs and opinions professed by others.

For her these were phenomena worthy of deep and respectful study, like all other real things. She was only impatient of hypocrisy which is conscious falsehood. For polemic she substituted the observation of a naturalist. It was thus that the romances of the translator of Strauss are the most moving and eloquent demonstrations of the greatness and the efficacy of the religious sentiment. It is not only the right but the duty of every man to say that what he believes is the truth; but intolerance is the proof of complete blindness to the nature of the philosophical and religious problem. Nor is this all. All philosophies and all religions must, in spite of their diversity of form, have a common basis, and this is the feeling of the dependence in which the individual, and the world as it reveals itself to us, are found in relation to the superior order of things, which, however it may assume diverse names—God, humanity, future life, progress—is always at the same time real and inscrutable, and always exacts the co-ordination of the will of the individual with the development of social life; its subordination, therefore, to a complex group of obligations, of duties and of responsibilities. All George Eliot's thought, thought in its essence profoundly religious, is inspired by this intuitive perception of a necessary subordination, and it is upon this intuitive perception that she has regulated her life and built her philosophy, her science, her art. In George Eliot's earlier romances, 'Adam Bede' and 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' the religious question is directly treated as it were; but in the later novels there is no personage who offers, like Dinah Morris or Mr Tryon, the spectacle of the religious sentiment reduced to its purest essence and purified from all dogmatism. Even Rufus Lyon in 'Felix Holt' is drawn with a touch of irony, and goes to prove how doctrinary tendencies trouble even the purest inspirations and diminish the efficacy of example. For this is really George Eliot's fundamental creed, — the complete separation of science and religion, and the reduction of the latter to the intuitive perception of the depen-

dence of the individual upon the whole, to a sense of reverence towards an unknown Absolute, to which is necessarily subordinated every manifestation of daily life, a dependence and reverence which become the strongest corrective to individual egotism. . . . For George Eliot, therefore, the essence of morality is the struggle against egotism. . . . The necessity of things is for her the strongest of moral forces, because the egotist, the man of hard and narrow soul, who gives to his own individuality a value absolutely dominant and incompatible with the truth of things, finishes by rushing to ruin, and by producing disaster to those very selfish interests which he has so much at heart. The egotist lives in a false world, seeing it in a glass which distorts every object, is the victim of illusion, and can never attain happiness, because he seeks it where it is not to be found. This is the supreme teaching of George Eliot's writings. They are, therefore, a real code of positive morality, because in them is demonstrated how morality has in the world the unfailing sanction of necessity. And as this teaching is given to us with insuperable evidence and corroborated by observation and analysis, the books of this distinguished woman furnish perhaps the most wholesome and interesting reading in contemporary literature."

From this extract, which has unavoidably become rather long, it is plain that the Italian critic contemplates the author under his consideration rather from a moral than from an artistic point of view,—a standpoint all the more extraordinary from an Italian, as Italians are apt to regard art first, and morality as very much of a secondary consideration. According to Signor Negri, George Eliot did not desire art for art's sake, nor apparently does he, for he declares that he finds the art of "*Madame Bovary*" wearisome, because he learns nothing from it. This is strange; for we have the *testimony of Flaubert's own words*

that he desired in this novel to show the evils of the very same form of wrong-thinking combated by George Eliot—the cultivation, namely, of ideas and desires incompatible with the surroundings in which we find ourselves. True, Maggie Tulliver's ambition is noble while Emma Bovary's is base; still they both failed because they struggled against the environments in which they found themselves, and therefore they are both in a sense mentally allied. Consequently, Flaubert's work should set us thinking quite as much and as deeply as George Eliot's, for in truth egotism is the theme of both.

The infinite variety of George Eliot's works strikes her Italian critic, as it must strike all students of her writings; still, even in the variety there is a certain sameness. Signor Negri goes to the length of drawing from George Eliot's works the conclusion that she would perhaps, if she could have lived her life over again, have remained like Mary Garth within the narrow circle of her early surroundings. In that case, however, he himself admits, "The world would have lost George Eliot—one of the purest, the most original, and the most eloquent of novelists." The conservative tendency that pervades the novelist's work is strongly felt by her Italian critic, and a little astonishes him. He points out how obviously she prefers Adam Bede to Felix Holt. She had no faith, it would appear, in parliamentary or legislative reform; her faith was all placed in the work and in the progress of individual man. Signor Negri considers that she never speaks of the past save with respect. The English student of this great writer may be permitted to doubt whether she considers the condi-

tions of English middle-class life, which she describes so well, as entirely worthy of preservation. Signor Negri attributes George Eliot's want of popularity outside of England to the very perfection of her realism; and he compares her work in this respect with that of the Milanese poet Carlo Porta, whose work is only truly appreciated and can only be understood in his own city. He says with truth that much of the life and vigour of her dialogue depends upon the dialect in which it is spoken. "Her phrases never appear studied, but are brought before us as in real life, with all their imperfections of dialect, and they reach their mark straight as an arrow. A great part, perhaps the finest part, of George Eliot's romances could only be translated into a dialect." In conjunction with this remark the critic describes how Manzoni assumed for the dialogue of his famous romance "*I Promessi Sposi*" the language of Tuscany, the very spoken speech of Florence, regarded as the birthplace of colloquial Italian.

"It was in this wise," he says, "that the Italian language became adapted to the exigencies of modern life and thought; but if we regard this theory in its direct application to art and to dialogue, it appears impossible to deny that it is a new convention, which certainly destroyed an academic jargon, substituting for it a spoken tongue, but a tongue which is nevertheless diverse from that spoken by the personages reproduced, unless they should happen to be Tuscans, and the clear and profound impression of reality is in part lost. When I hear Adam Bede's mother speak her Staffordshire dialect, so rough, so full of Saxon archaisms, I feel myself face to face with truth. But Agnes and Perpetua are not clear and distinct figures by reason of their language, but in spite of

it. We are too timid, and our dialects are perhaps too diverse for us to undertake what George Eliot has done, and make our popular personages speak frankly the language they really use; and this is one of the reasons which induces me to make known the complex work of George Eliot, an analytical study of which may be of more use than a translation, which must necessarily be imperfect."

After this thoughtful chapter, called "The Art of George Eliot," Signor Negri proceeds to analyse in chronological order each of George Eliot's works of fiction, beginning, of course, with the '*Scenes of Clerical Life*.' Of these, he prefers the "*Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*," which contains, he says, the germ of all those complex gifts and tendencies which form her artistic individuality. As one admires a familiar object when placed in a new setting, so one is struck afresh by the perfection of this wonderful tale, on reading the terse abstract written by the Italian critic. Nothing more true and touching can be read than this concentrated narrative. "*Mr Gilfil's Love-Story*" is too romantic to please our Italian—for Italians are not sentimental, if English people would but believe it. The English, as a rule, are far more romantic and sentimental. The Italian of English fiction does not exist in fact. Signor Negri holds that in this story the writer abandoned the realistic theory: neither the treatment nor the improbability of the theme is to his taste. "*Janet's Repentance*" he considers heavy, though he does justice to its truth; but he objects that the vicious habit into which Janet falls is not a direct and necessary consequence of her character, and might be relinquished just as indifferently

as it was taken up. 'Adam Bede,' however, meets with his unqualified and unstinted admiration. He considers that only 'I Promessi Sposi' among modern romances has the faintest analogy with it in the matter of art, method, and style. Manzoni was also a realist, and his realism had the same origin and the same principles as the realism of the English romance-writer. For an Italian there is no higher eulogy than to compare a book with their one great romance.

"We have in 'Adam Bede,'" says the critic, "a proof that reality is the source of all poetry: we see real men, real peasants, nothing laboured, nothing transformed, nothing fictitious, and yet this romance may be defined as a terrible tragedy which is evolved in the midst of an enchanting eclogue." He points out how at the spring of George Eliot's inspiration we find two principles, one religious, the other moral:—

"The religious principle, which afterwards becomes essentially a moral one, has its origin, as we saw when discussing the fundamental elements of her form of thought, in the intimate perception of the superior order of things to which all human passions are subordinated, and to which they are subjected, losing thereby their tendency to egotistic impulse. But this, which is a theoretical and philosophical religion, becomes in Christianity, which brings it back to first principles, a practical religion, intelligible to all. From Christianity, which is an entirely pessimistic religion, before which, therefore, nothing mundane has any intrinsic value; a religion in which the Creator Himself gives the first and greatest example of sacrifice and of self-abnegation; a religion in which the humble and the unhappy are exalted above the fortunate and powerful,—there arises an incomparable moralising force.

"George Eliot, who had personally experienced the sentiment of Chris-

tianity in its purest and most intimate form, has created to prove its efficacy the sweet and admirable figure of Dinah Morris. This young and beautiful woman, borne up by religious enthusiasm, devotes her whole life, her ardent soul, her persuasive tongue, her courageous labours, to the ideal of charity taught her by the Gospel. She is above all rigidity of form, above all prejudice. A powerful movement bears her on: she overflows with love and compassion, and in the intensity of her feelings this weak girl finds a supreme force."

Of Dinah's famous sermon, of which Signor Negri reproduces a large portion, he says that we cannot fail to be astonished that such words should have been written by a woman who had entirely abandoned the traditions of Christianity, a woman who had translated Strauss and Feuerbach, and who professed positive philosophy with all its consequences. "What a luminous lesson for those narrow and short-sighted minds, which, lifted up by the conceit of a smattering of sciences, despise the manifestations of the human soul when they are clothed in a form in which they no longer believe, not seeing that at bottom, before the ultimate mystery of things, the science of one is worth just as much as the ignorance of the other, namely, nothing!"

Signor Negri draws a comparison much to Dinah's advantage between her and the Cardinal Federigo Borromeo in the 'Promessi Sposi.' The weakness of Manzoni's creation comes, he says, from his belonging to a constituted hierarchy, of which the forms are necessarily mundane and conventional:—

"The evangelical conception is supremely democratic, abhorrent towards all sacerdotal and official forms, and hence it still possesses great efficacy, being drawn from the pure and

genuine conviction of human misery. The having erected upon this basis an ecclesiastical institution with all its complicated mundane attributes, powerful through its hierarchy and its external organisation, is surely the most marvellous proof which we possess of the power of self-deception inherent in human nature. Manzoni's Catholicism injured his Christianity. Cardinal Federigo is a Christian at second-hand. The humble young girl is, if I may be permitted the expression, descended directly from the sublime Teacher of Galilee; while the descent of the prelate is troubled by elements introduced into it by an institution which is in its essence the negation of the principles of its reputed founder."

Signor Negri attributes all Adam Bede's misfortunes to the strength of his passion for Hetty, which clouds his vision of the truth of things. He closes a penetrating analysis of Adam's character with these pithy words: "Alas! the story of Adam is a very old story, and the unhappiness of man is but too often a consequence of his own blinded will; and so it is that the tragedy of human life will continue for a long period, in spite of those philosophers who are ready with their recipes for the avoidance of errors of this nature."

The critic apprehends with perfect truth that the two prominent characters of Lisbeth Bede and of Mrs Poyser must ever render the adequate translation of this great romance an entire impossibility. His own words which close the notice of the book are exceedingly beautiful, and also elude translation by reason of their smoothness and melody. They describe the influence of natural scenery upon the human mind, as conveyed in the great work which he has just been studying; here, too, he finds a further analogy with the art of Manzoni.

The composition of the plot of

the 'Mill on the Floss' is adjudged as inferior to that of 'Adam Bede.' It is, according to Signor Negri, too highly developed in some parts, too brief in others; but he esteems it as even superior in the strength of the types displayed. Maggie Tulliver he calls the "most adorable of girls." True to his fundamental theory regarding the origin of George Eliot's conceptions, he finds the source of Maggie's unhappiness in her failure to submit her own individuality to the general tendency of things; she could sacrifice, but could not humble herself. He prefers Tom, a preference in which few will agree with him, because he considers that Tom is exclusively guided by duty. His remarks about the Dodsons are both original and amusing: "The respect for form, for appearance, and for family name which are the principal elements of the Dodsons' type are those on which are founded an aristocratic *régime*, yet here we find them transported into a medium essentially middle-class. Grafted on this tree, they produce every virtue proper to such trees—industry, economy, order, and a species of exaltation which creates tenacity, intolerance, presumption, and finishes by furnishing an infinitely comic whole." To outsiders it would appear that the middle-class Italians possess many if not all these qualities which Signor Negri so sharply criticises in the Dodsons; and this class, it must never be forgotten, Philistine though it be, always forms the best and most solid foundation of a nation.

"'Silas Marner,'" says Signor Negri, "is based, slight though the tale be, upon a granite foundation of thought. It is a lovely flower blowing on the top of a powerful tree, which sends its roots deep

into the soil, and draws thence a perennial flow of nourishing sap." The beautiful faith of Dolly Winthrop is insisted on as another instance of George Eliot's perfect comprehension and appreciation of Christianity. 'Silas Marner' may be called the best, the most living, and the most spontaneous of George Eliot's works.

Herewith closes, according to Signor Negri, the first period of George Eliot's writing. The second period is less spontaneous, less fresh, more laboured, more overlaid with erudition and scientific formula. The new departure in her literary career begins with 'Romola.' Notwithstanding the fact that probably no English person visits Florence without a copy of 'Romola' in his trunk, those who have lived long in Italy cannot fail to agree with Signor Negri that the book is a mistake,—a judgment, it appears, pronounced on it also by no less a person than Mazzini himself. *Romola*, as Signor Negri points out, is nothing but a beautiful statue, and the Savonarola of George Eliot never lived except in her imagination. He criticises the book as a "hot-house flower reared with difficulty." The studied archæology, the painfully acquired learning, are too manifest; they oppress the reader, and hamper the spontaneity and truthful presentation. It is a book to be admired at a distance, or by those who have never penetrated below the surface of Italian life; whosoever knows this a little more profoundly, recognises that at no time and in no period of their history would Italians have talked and acted thus. With the exception of Tito, certainly one of her finest psychological studies, these Florentines of the fifteenth century are English men and women, masquerading in a lucco,

aping the speech and mode of thought of another people, but aping it with effort and with their newly acquired erudition too plainly revealed. Miss Blind, in her clever 'Memoir of George Eliot,' says: "Before writing 'Romola' George Eliot had spent six weeks in Florence, in order to familiarise herself with the manners and conversation of the inhabitants, and yet she hardly caught the trick of Italian speech." (The italics are ours.) As if the trick of a speech so idiomatic, so rich, so intricate and difficult as Italian, could be acquired by a foreigner—and that foreigner living as a tourist, excluded from Italian society—in the short space of six weeks, when a lifetime spent in the land barely suffices to most people for the acquisition of the Italian tongue, too different in character and tendency for a foreigner ever really to make it his own. This is daily seen in the peninsula. Even children of English parents born and bred there retain something of an English accent, and yet more of an English mode of expressing their thoughts. Signor Negri is undoubtedly right when he holds that the Florentines of 1494 never talked in the way that George Eliot makes them do; and many of the things they are made to say would not have been said by them because they are too obvious, and others would only have been said under certain special circumstances. He considers that if Lewes or George Eliot had been acquainted with Manzoni's dissertation on historical romance, great advantage would have accrued to poetry and art. He gives an extract from this dissertation, which closes thus:—

"Let us concede that the author shall have succeeded in creating a tale which would have seemed probable

to the people living at the time it was written. Such an effect would have arisen from the spontaneous and immediate comparison of the general view given by the author and the reality which they knew by experience, while it produced the same effect upon men of another time. The author is reduced to seek to supply the place of experience by information, and to give, as it were, in the same composition the original and the portrait."

Certainly nothing could have been better said, and it is this mixture of art and science that causes the tale to lag, and detracts from its verisimilitude. The figure of Romola herself is dismissed by Signor Negri in three words, showing that he feels what all must feel who know Italian women—namely, that Romola is not an Italian woman at all, could not have been an Italian woman, even allowing for the time and the circumstances under which she lived. She is too intellectual and too introspective. Miss Blind holds that her character is not without hints and suggestions of Vittoria Colonna; but the parallel does not hold. Vittoria Colonna was a much more human person than Romola, and acted in a way that Romola would uncompromisingly have condemned. Pescara was as vicious, as cruel, as false as Tito; but nevertheless Vittoria never abandoned him, and although she was amply informed concerning his misdemeanours, persisted in believing in him and in adoring him until his death, and even after, as her poems testify. Of the inimitable Tito Melema, Signor Negri says that it is he who gives vitality to the whole book, and saves it from utter failure.

In 'Felix Holt' he considers that the author has not succeeded with the perfect facility of a Trollope or a Collins in managing a

plot more intricate than any she had yet undertaken. With the 'Spanish Gypsy' he has no manner of patience; he holds that it was an entire mistake on the part of George Eliot to try her hand on a long poem, and a poem of this character. What gave her her strength—her reasoning faculties and the solidity of her philosophical views—have, and could have, no efficacy in poetical composition. The very fact that Signor Negri points out the faults of this poem with such unsparing severity, proves how faithful and impartial he is as a critic. To 'Middlemarch,' however, which he considers one of the greatest works of pure realism ever written in any language, he goes back with all his old enthusiasm.

"Here," he says, "is the image of life. On the surface, small events keep regularly within a narrow social circle; but in the souls of the men who are the actors in these events, a whole drama of complicated and profound passions, as complicated and profound as the human conscience. How often, finding in this book an ever-increasing interest, have I wondered how events so common could produce such effects! We have said more than once that George Eliot was a psychological romance writer *par excellence*. Here her analysis dissolves her characters, as it were, into minute threads: their interweaving she follows with unerring dexterity. This is one of the secrets of her success, the other is her style. The style of 'Middlemarch' is so full of science, of culture, of observation, of experience, that to follow it in its development, to see how it arises from the very heart of things, to gather its meaning in the original and incisive phrases in which it is clothed, is an intense intellectual enjoyment."

The conversations Signor Negri judges as nearly perfect, and he sums up the book as "a moral treatise put into action." The

misfortunes which pursue the characters arise from a full perception of the limits of things. The book, he considers, divides itself into two parts. In the first, the figure of Dorothea predominates; in the second, that of Bulstrode, whose character conduces to Lydgate's great misfortune. Signor Negri cannot reconcile himself to the fact that Dorothea does not marry Sir James Chettam, as a well-educated Italian young lady would undoubtedly have done. His analysis of the numerous characters of this long novel is very able, and especially good is the study of the repulsive figure of Bulstrode, to whom he devotes an entire essay. With great perspicacity he compares the Featherstones with the Dodsons, he classes Mr Brooke with Mrs Poyser, Mrs Glegg, Dolly Winthrop, and Rufus Lyon. Still, when he has exhausted all his praise, he is bound to admit that as a work of art 'Middlemarch' is wanting in unity: there are too many protagonists. Nevertheless, as a whole, it must be regarded as a precious document in contemporary history, and a most interesting attempt to rear a code of morals upon the basis of the necessitarian philosophy.

'Daniel Deronda,' he considers, falls sharply into two parts, one of which is magnificent and the other less successful. In the first section he classes the story of Gwendolen and Grandcourt, in the second that of Daniel Deronda and Mirah; and in thus judging, Signor Negri once more evinces his fine and just critical faculty. 'Daniel Deronda' certainly falls below George Eliot's higher level: there is more real Jewish character in the briefest poem by

Heine, in Amy Levy's short tale of 'Reuben Sachs,' than in all the long-winded and tedious discourses of Mordecai, that species of Jewish Mazzini. It may be objected to this criticism that Hebrew writers, on the publication of 'Daniel Deronda,' praised the work: this was but natural. The book is a panegyric of their race, and no Jew could remain impervious to such flattery. Nor is there any lack of accuracy. George Eliot was too conscientious an artist ever to be inaccurate; but her Jews are as little Jews as her Florentines are Italians. They are elaborately formulated puppets, clothed in a dress and language not their own.

In an eloquent concluding chapter, Signor Negri sums up his ideas on the moral code of George Eliot, and holds that it forms a subject for hope and confidence in the future. His reasoning is so close that it is impossible to make extracts from it without breaking its continuity. He refers to the idea of Schopenhauer that the true foundation of morals is compassion. He finds this idea alive and effective at the present day, and draws from it a joyful significance. He makes special reference to the superior truth shown by the great writer under his consideration as compared with the sterile realism of the latest French school, and finds herein a proof of the truth of the fundamental morality to be found in the positive philosophy. To translate Signor Negri's work into English would be carrying coals to Newcastle; but all the critical portions of this book certainly merit the attention of English admirers of that greatest novelist of our century, George Eliot.

THE RIGHTS OF CAPITAL AND OF LABOUR.

IN order that the real merits of the conflict between labour and capital, which looms every year more largely in the mists of the political future, may be easily understood, it is desirable that they should be set forth in their true relation to the economic laws which govern the supply and the value of commercial productions. Men who have to live by the investment of their money do not always see as clearly as they might how and why they may lose their fortunes if these laws are recklessly violated. At the same time those whose means of living become greater or less, as the capital fund from which their wages are drawn is wisely employed or foolishly dissipated, are equally with investors interested in ascertaining the actual conditions which govern the profitable application of capital to industrial purposes. It unfortunately happens that both classes of men into which producers may be roughly divided, the capitalist and the working man, are precluded—the one by want of leisure, the other by want of opportunity—from obtaining more than a superficial acquaintance with the leading facts that lie on the surface of the subject. An accurate perception of the conditions which surround, restrain, and influence the labours of innumerable groups of men engaged in the pursuit of wealth, and of the processes by which it is created, maintained, appropriated, and distributed, is least common where it is most wanted. The exaggerated importance which the labouring classes attach to labour as the basis of all industry, and their inability to comprehend its inseparable connection with capital, arise in their partial and deficient acquisition of economic knowledge. They would not describe the exchange of wages for work, or the money given for the product of labour, as robbery on the part of society, on the ground that the workers by their toil produce everything necessary for the support of existence, if they knew how indispensable to the support of their own existence is the accumulation of capital, that is to say, the storage of a portion of the returns to their labour for the purposes of their own maintenance from month to month. If knowledge of this kind were more thorough and more general than it is, masters and men would alike understand that in the nature of things there is no antagonism between their respective interests, and that a system for the distribution of the profits of capital and labour more artificial than it need be or should be is to a great extent answerable for the acrimony of feeling and the lawless violence which so unhappily disturb the peace of industry. Both parties are actuated, each in its own way, by similar motives. With both security against the distresses of poverty, and the procuring daily comfort and ultimate opulence, are in different degrees the objects of their lives' work. But as a consequence of the very distorted views which working men generally take of their claims on capital, as well as from an imperfect appreciation of the position which they hold relatively to other orders of society, and of the actual state of dependence in which each class stands towards the society in general.

the mistake of trying to improve their position by means which, if successful, would be absolutely destructive of the very foundations upon which their welfare stands.

The antecedents no less than the training which the capitalist ordinarily either inherits or acquires, tends to habituate him to the exercise of those qualities which secure his ascendancy over less educated men, and invest him with the function of rule and direction in the organisation of labour. But it is not rash to assert that the self-restraint which postpones present enjoyment in order to make provision for the future, the mastery of detail which ensures economy in expenditure, or greater efficiency where it is enlarged, the foresight which anticipates remote results, the enterprise which goes in search of new markets, or the boldness and skill which create them,—would all just as surely be found among the men as they are among the masters, were the arrangements under which they take their share of industrial production calculated to act on their moral and intellectual capacities, instead of sterilising that side of their nature by withholding from it the possibility of any cultivation. And if more enlightened principles governed the relations between the two classes, the employer would recognise his own advantage in doing something to mitigate the hard-and-fast severity of pure competition, and at the same time much of the misery which the working man, from mere ignorance of the conditions under which alone remunerative labour is possible, brings upon himself, would be averted, and the hands being

result in making it worse, would be directed into courses calculated to put prosperity within his reach, with more certainty than by means of labour strikes, abstention from work, and resort to violence and crime.

Among the delusions which mislead working men into wrong methods for adjusting the relations of labour to capital in their own favour, are the beliefs that wages ought to be equalised by a uniform brevity being enforced in the hours of labour for any particular trade; and that the scale of wages can be kept up by a limitation on the number of men employed, as well as by a decrease in the amount of work turned out; and that under these circumstances the prices of the products of labour can be made to yield the same profit as before, on the capital which sets it in motion. It is obvious that in this case the output must correspond with the shortened hours of work; and unless the smaller product were to sell for more than the larger quantity sold before, the gross returns would be less, and less would be paid in wages. In the case of most trades and occupations this is what would occur: the receipts from the sales of the out-turn would be reduced in correspondence with its quantity, and the whole sum available for wages in the next operation would be less also. The men, as a body, in expecting to get undiminished wages from a diminishing wages-fund would be disappointed. It might, however, be possible, by reducing the numbers of those supported by the smaller sum of money expended in wages, to maintain the original rate for those obtaining employment; but this would result in a considerable number of hands being excluded
all.

Furthermore, as the product of labour would be less, it would sell for less, and there would be less money in circulation in the district, and the receipts of every retail shop which the workmen's wages had before supported would be cut down; and therefore, as an expedient for increasing wages, a limitation on the number of men employed would cause a greater loss under this head and in other kinds of earnings in the one direction, than it would secure gain in the other. In fact, those workmen who might succeed in capturing the wages-fund would half ruin a considerable number of their fellows, and another large class of industrious people besides. Thirdly, Would the price of the produce of labour under these circumstances cover its cost, and yield as large a profit as before on the capital employed in the business? Clearly not. The deficiency in the supply would be made good by importation from other quarters, and its price would therefore be reduced to a figure which would diminish the employer's profits and prevent him paying his men the expected rate of wages. Furthermore, the money spent on purchases of the imported article, which, but for the short-sighted proceedings of the wages-earners, would have been paid in support of native workmen, must go into the pockets of foreigners, and assist in maintaining foreign competition in the home market.

It is not, of course, assumed that all workmen will, as a consequence of uniform hours of work, get the same wages; there will necessarily continue to be different classes of workmen and different grades of pay. But, say that eight hours is fixed as the labour day; unless the highest wages hitherto paid for longer hours are given to all

for the shorter hours, the limitation would fail in securing its object. Workmen who clamour for an eight hours day do not intend to lose by its concession; all will demand the wages hitherto paid to them for the longer hours, and the employer, therefore, will be compelled to give as much money for a smaller product as he did before for a larger. His returns will necessarily be less, and his first step towards covering his loss will be to reduce the wages of the better class of workmen, the inferior men having already secured a minimum wages. Uniform hours of work will in this way induce an equalisation of wages. Of this the result will be that the better class of workman will lose an incentive to do his best: he will get no more for his skill than an inferior man for his clumsiness; the worst kind of work will therefore prescribe the standard for the quality of the product, which will necessarily deteriorate at the same time that its quantity decreases. If the out-turn is partly good and partly inferior, as it may be, instead of being uniformly bad, the return in money to the manufacturer will be less than it otherwise would have been by the difference in value between the two; but as the highest wages which the market allows would have been paid for both kinds of work, it follows that part or all of the wages paid for the inferior work would not be recovered by the employer, and his losses would before long, directly or indirectly, affect the industry concerned in a contraction of the general wages-fund. If, however, the profit made on the better work were sufficient to cover the loss on the worse, then the better workman would in that case provide the money for the wages paid to the less skilful.

not worth his pay, would have been working at the expense of his fellow-man. Where wages is paid not by time but by skill, the inferior workman gets less, the superior more—each man gathers the fruit of his own toil; instead of which, in the case thus stated, the value of the worse workman's labour is artificially augmented by the value of the better man's work.

All socialistic methods for arranging artificially the terms on which things, labour and wages among others, shall exchange, fail to eliminate those real and actual differences of value which natural conditions enforce: they only succeed in throwing the cost of meeting them on the wrong party, the employer of labour. If he succeeds in passing this cost on to the consumer, then it is evident that he is not paying his men more than their work is worth; if he cannot do this, and continues to use his capital in paying wages, he will very soon find it ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of labour combinations and trade competition. Such theories if applied in practice inevitably end in the depletion of the capital fund of the country, which is the life-blood of industry.

Another specimen of the quackery of Socialism which ignores this certain result is, the doctrine that more and more money may be divided week by week out of a stationary wages-fund, without the source of the supply drying up. The argument is, that the difference in the workman's receipts will be made good out of the master's profits; that as the consumer who pays the price from which wages are paid, and the

fore, be an undiminished supply of money from exactly the same source as before, out of which the increased wages will continue to be paid; that the masters will alone be affected, and only to the extent to which they share the profit fund with their workmen in a proportion more favourable to the latter than before.

But the working man's view of the matter thus stated does not cover the whole ground. It takes no notice of the replacement of capital, of the quantity of the product, or the ratio which its value bears to that of the labourer's wages. If business could be conducted on such easy terms that a fair margin of receipts over expenditure could always be calculated upon with certainty; if the gross out-turn of the men's work was increased in bulk in correspondence with their higher wages; if the more highly paid labour would result for certain in a return proportionately increased in value,—then there would be an economic instead of a physical basis for the action of the trade-unions, in endeavouring to pitch the price of labour at the highest figure which the exigencies of the masters may compel them to concede. It is not the case, as the men so mistakenly assume, that their employers can afford to give in wages just as much as they are strong enough to extort. There underlie the apparent issues of these disputes conditions more delicate and more complicated than the men can well conceive. They have no knowledge of a variety of causes, many of them operating in remote parts of the earth, to affect the value of their product when its product is brought to market. The employer

influences from which he cannot even for a long time together hope to escape. This margin the operative puts down as "capitalist's profit," whereas it really constitutes a guarantee fund for the payment of his own wages in the future. The intensity of competition which capital seeking investment has set up, makes capitalists content with a very low return, when that return is certain, but not when it is precarious. In those investments where there is no question of "replacement of capital," such as the National Debt, there is no uncertainty (or very little) in the amount of the return; in the case, on the other hand, of investments in productive industry, the risk that the capital will be consumed without being replaced, and the great uncertainty of the return, are conditions which afford no economic basis for comparing one kind with the other. Because a man will be content with less than three per cent from Consols or the Indian gold debt, an artisan would be very foolish to infer from this that the same man ought to be satisfied with less than three times as much from most of our manufactures.

In enterprises in which the wages-bill is liable to sudden and serious enhancement, while the intensity of competition is at the same time undiminished, this kind of risk — of loss of capital — immediately arises. If other factors in the cost of production cannot be reduced proportionately to the increased expenditure under this head, that part of the capital which is sunk in wages is gone, is irrecoverably lost. Not only are there no profits (a serious impediment in itself to the prosecution of industrial enterprise), but the wages-fund of the trade

ceases to be maintained at the proper point of vitality, at the figure at which it must stand in order to supply that aliment to trade without which trade must starve and die out. Obviously a business carried on with capital continually dwindling must end in atrophy. The history of trade is not wanting in instances of manufacturing enterprises which have declined from prosperity to stagnation, and from stagnation to decay, in consequence of the capital upon which they depended being consumed faster than it was reproduced. Labour in order to be remunerative must be reproductive and a little more: it must have the effect of setting in motion more labour than itself, by providing some capital in addition to that spent upon it for the employment of additional gangs of workmen. When this result is not attained, and only the capital employed is replaced, production becomes stationary; if less than that employed is replaced, then production falls off, because a shrinkage of the capital fund has begun.

Capital is but the surplus labour of some previous period stored up and held in reserve for future use. If a million sterling suffices to pay the wages of ten thousand workmen for a year, owners of that sum of money have at their disposal that number of men, and if they use it in paying wages, they (speaking in general terms) make an effective addition of so many labourers to the wage-earning class; if the loss on this expenditure of a million amounts to twenty per cent, then on the next application of their capital to production, the capitalists can put into motion less labour by the sum of two thousand men than they could on the first occasion. In cases, therefore, where the

employers' capital is not recovered, a destruction of capital takes place, which, when frequently repeated on a large scale, impoverishes the nation in more than one way. Workmen out of employment and their families, while they are maintained in idleness, consume the earnings of their own or of other men's toil, which is the most unprofitable use to which industrial returns can be applied; at the same time the activities of trade are weakened, and less and less is produced. Inasmuch as the wealth of a country depends upon its powers of production, upon its capacity for continually creating new things for exchange (to the profit of the producers) with one another, it follows that with every decline in the production of commodities the country must necessarily grow poorer, as in the contrary event it grows richer. When we read in the bankruptcy returns that the difference between the assets and the liabilities of the insolvents is ten millions, we know that the country is the poorer by ten millions and more also. The potential producing energy of the whole community is diminished by an amount of labour force capable of creating commodities to the same value as that of the money lost. In addition to this, there is a further quantity of goods lost to the community which, if this money had not been dissipated, but had been in part reserved as profit, would have come into existence through the application of that profit, as capital, to production. It is nothing to the purpose to say that the country has just as much money as before, that so much as the insolvents and their creditors have lost some other classes of men have gained, that ten millions of money has

only gone out of one set of pockets into another set of pockets. This is not so. The country is not as rich as it was before, because although, on the whole, the stock of money it holds may be no less, it has irrecoverably lost the fruit of so many millions' worth of labour, which has not come to maturity and been gathered for future use. The capital fund of the country has not in consequence been replenished as it would have been if the employment of this money had produced fresh commodities to an equal or larger value than its own. The effect of bankruptcy, or of the destruction of capital in any other form, is of much the same character as that of drought on agriculture. A man may sow his land with corn, intending to reserve the harvest as seed-corn for sowing twenty times the acreage in the following year; but if not a blade comes up, not only is the money spent on the tillage lost to him, but the community loses the food-supply which twenty times the area of land sown would have produced in the following year. As when trade is buoyant prosperity advances in leaps and bounds, so its decline is hardly less rapid when capital, the nutriment of commerce, is under process of wastage.

When wages are being paid out of capital which is not recovered from labour, the fountain runs dry at its source, and the supply ceases—in other words, the business is wound up, and so much of the capital as can be extricated from it is applied to some other industry, where it is not exposed to similar risks; and the unemployed workman remains in evidence that of all the injuries which he can inflict upon himself, the destruction of his employer's capital is the most serious. This,

unfortunately, is a contingency which the working man has seldom the necessary knowledge of the subject to foresee. His leaders may congratulate him on having raised the wages of his trade ten or twenty per cent by a series of strikes; but they omit to point out to him that these often cause more harm to the general body of labourers than they do good to the particular groups of workmen who immediately profit by them: they give him no account of the reduction of the capital fund throughout the whole country which these disputes involve, and its consequent inadequacy to keep continually employed continually increasing numbers of his own order.

Whether commercial capital is destroyed by bankruptcy, by the action of trades-unions, by the tariffs of foreign nations directed to prevent the profitable export of our manufactures abroad, or in two or three other equally effective ways, the abounding confidence we have in ourselves makes the general public indifferent to the permanent effects of losses of this kind. The recuperative energy of British industry is relied upon to set all this right within a few months after each disaster; but the steps taken by the capitalist class to repair damages and prevent their recurrence are unnoticed by those who only look a week ahead, but at the same time are most affected by them. They soon, however, have cause to inquire the reason why they are standing idle in the streets, and why the markets are at the same time full of goods imported from abroad which were formerly produced at home. They overlook the circumstance that in an empire which is said to comprise more than one-third of the human race, the advantage of numerous cus-

tomers involves a correspondingly wide field for the profitable use of British capital in our dependencies and colonies, especially in those where labour is plentiful and cheap, and the inhabitants are by nature or hereditary acquirement adepts in the mechanical arts. Long before British capital is seriously reduced by waste, it will be much more seriously reduced by transfer to foreign countries where fiscal legislation induces high prices, or to those parts of the dominions of the Crown where cheapness of labour and the requirements of vast populations secure larger profits than can be made in this country. In such an eventuality, if less and less money were, in consequence, spent in England in the purchase of labour year by year, the productive power of the people would diminish, and at the same time the competition in our own markets of foreign-made goods would become more severe than ever. Taking into consideration the progress of the rate of increase for the working population of our towns and cities, it is obvious that if any considerable part of the national capital is thus driven away from our own to foreign shores, and used not in support of, but in competition with, our own industries, the effect on the welfare of those of our people who depend for their livelihood on its expenditure at home, would be disastrous in the highest degree. The way to prevent this is the adoption of such a labour system as shall unite both classes of producers—capitalists and wage-earners—alike in making the employment of capital in domestic industry as lucrative to both as possible.

It may be inferred from the preceding arguments that combinations among our workmen, and

competition among themselves or that of foreigners as against them, are equally adverse, though in different ways, to an improvement in their condition; but this is not altogether the case. Combination and competition have their uses; and that the men should believe that our industrial system leaves them without remedy, and with no prospect but that of decreasing wages and increasing misery, proves how much they have to learn about the ascertained results of economic inquiry. They must, however, make up their minds that schemes for fixing by arbitrary regulations the money equivalent of their labour are certain to be more injurious to them than any other method for fixing the exchange of work for wages; and that in a search after the means for raising their position they must keep in view the interests of the whole community, in securing which they, along with all other classes, will be best served. Apart from the money side of these questions, we may well believe that a growing feeling of self-independence, the desire to exercise a greater influence over their own future, and to emancipate themselves from labour regulations and methods which imply that they are appliances of production to be worked for the benefit of others more fortunate than themselves, rather than rational beings capable of self-government and self-improvement, to a great extent accounts for their dissatisfaction with their present position. The tutelage in which employers of labour have for generations held the working classes is giving place to a new order, and some perceive with surprise and apprehension that the revolt against dependence is conducted with the acrimony and *want of reason* which such strug-

gles generally display. Justice and fair dealing are in many cases greatly ignored by both sides. On the one there is an absence of honest pride in giving good work for good wages, and a rapacity in grasping as much as it can get, and giving nothing it can withhold. And on the other, the necessity which the employer feels of securing himself against the vicissitudes of trade by accumulating reserves of capital, is not recognised as an incident of his business which concerns his men as much as himself. It is held as quite proper that no higher wages than the lowest which the competitions of the market prescribe should be given, and which, therefore, admit of little or no saving; and it is no part of the capitalist's scheme to secure to the labourers or to allow them to secure for themselves a provision for their support in unprosperous times. Employers and employed immediately, and society in the next degree, are all alike interested in substituting for the present system of hostility and collision between masters and men another, in which the association of self-interest shall provide for each in his degree the same kind of advantages, and in which the principle of remuneration shall be such that those who work for wages shall feel the same interest in the success of their enterprise as those who work for profit.

The study of the true basis upon which men can exchange among themselves the products of nature which they appropriate, or the commodities which they create by their own skill, discloses at the outset a principle of great ethical importance—viz., that labour is the right no less than the duty of man. "Replenish the earth and subdue it;" "In the sweat of thy face

shalt thou eat bread," are postulates of human existence: they underlie the whole field of economics, and provide an equitable rule for the division of God's gifts among men. The right to labour involves the ownership of its acquisitions, while the duty of labour is enforced by the alternative of misery and want as a consequence of disregarding these fundamental conditions of social usefulness. The principle that the fruits of one man's labour can only be properly exchanged for those of his neighbour's toil, not only supplies an elementary standard for measuring the values of things in exchange, but also involves the condemnation both of the appropriation by a privileged order of the services of a servile class, which was the great moral and economical blemish of society in ancient times; as well as of those demands made by the unthrifty, the turbulent, and the idle, to share, without having earned a share, in the proceeds of industry, which characterise the socialism of our own day.

As the object of economic research is to discover and explain the rules which govern the interchange of commodities, it necessarily takes into account differences in value between different kinds of labour, mental or manual. It recognises varieties in the capacity of men to produce objects of desire, which from the first involve variations in the returns to labour, and therefore in the power to accumulate property; and it accordingly accepts as inevitable those divisions of material wealth by which men are classified in orders and ranks of society. All who are concerned in industrial pursuits being on an equality as regards the use they may make of their own capacities and opportu-

nities in the getting of wealth, the economic system of this age claims for every man the right to follow up his own interests as he best understands them, and to exchange his labour or its proceeds with those who will give him the best terms. Thus, as the interests of the whole producing class is the sum of the interests of its individual members, a most efficient barrier, so long as freedom of interchange is secured, is raised against the efforts of a faction in any society of workers to oppose their own, to the general advantage of the whole body.

When the commercial relations of men are placed upon the basis of reciprocal advantage, the lessons are learned of interdependence, of the necessity that one man should relinquish some part of his personal aims in order to procure the co-operation of his fellow-men, with a resulting increase of power and a concentration of force, without which the working classes would be unable to control circumstances and make them subserve the attainment of a common object. If those who are pursuing it ignore these considerations and separate themselves into two parties, each seeking to get from the other more than it can afford to give, effective action is paralysed, and when success depends upon the undivided efforts of both, difficulties which are inherent in every kind of business, and which but for this might easily be overcome, prove to be insurmountable. Loss, disaster, and ruin follow, and the embarrassed capitalist, borne down on the one hand by the cupidity of the working man, and on the other by the competition of his rivals, finds his fortune dissipated; or if he is driven from the field before this happens, carries away with him the resources of

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something from his share of the
profits or of the wages, as the
case may be. This way of ascer-
taining what either side can fairly
give and take, is certainly rough,
costly, and inequitable, and much
less satisfactory than the method
of adjustment under which wages
and profits automatically rise and
fall together; but it probably
affords a better security for a
workable arrangement than the
benevolent interference of specta-
tors from the outside can provide.
Competition is the only check
which is available in practice on
bad work or short work; and work-
ing men as a class, not being
exempt from the infirmities of
human nature, if relieved of its
pressure, are certain to adapt the
amount and quality of their work
to their inclination rather than to
their capacity. It is also unlikely
that arbitrators who have only a
sentimental interest in the justice
of the cases they deal with, will
have the knowledge necessary for
following variations in the prices
of commodities under production,
or the complex divisions or the in-
tricate details of the organisation
of labour—that is to say, the actual
conditions under which work is
being carried on—so exactly as to
assess from month to month the
ratio which the value of the work-
men's labour bears to that of the
whole out-turn of the business;
without this knowledge they will
be unable to gauge the value of
the work which they may ordain
to be the equivalent of a certain
rate of pay; and it is also certain
that they can do nothing to secure
in the masters' favour a rigid cor-
respondence between the character
and amount of the work and the
wages they may fix for its pay-
ment. The masters and men can

them to settle in concert—not in conflict—the proportion in which the returns to their capital and to their labour can respectively be divided.

There are two ways in which the State can and ought to interfere; that is to say, in completely preventing any resort to violence or intimidation as a means of settling trade disputes, and in giving such assistance as the law can properly afford to the principles of “profit-sharing” and “co-operative production.” At present wages cannot be said to be fixed, but rather to vary, at one time with the pressure of competition amongst the men as against one another for the work offered them, at another time with the strength of combinations among themselves to hold out for higher pay. If some scheme could be devised under which workmen would be entitled by law to substitute for this system another by which they would secure a fixed minimum wages, supplemented by a share of the profits alternating with the value of their work at the market, every description of labour, manual or mental, to which it might be applied, would be remunerated on a sound economic principle, and the deplorable sacrifice of capital, of mechanical power, and of national wealth, which is now almost daily going on, would cease.

It is too common a practice for the public to regard the working class and the employers as exclusively concerned in these questions. But the efficiency of production, the quality and price of our manufactures, the maintenance of the commercial capital of the country, no less than the interests of public order and the security of property, are matters which, while they are of vital importance to the whole

community, are continually put in peril by trade disputes. How far these should be left for adjustment to the reasonableness of the disputants and to the power of public opinion, and how far, and in what manner, the law can be invoked in aid of these forces, it would be premature to discuss here; but some considerations may, nevertheless, be usefully stated, which show that profit-sharing and co-operative production would exercise a beneficial influence on the prosperity of the working classes, and would remove the causes of these quarrels, or at least greatly mitigate their bitterness.

“Profits” differ from wages in that they are the share of the produce appropriated by those who provide the means of utilising labour and making it a source of profit to the labourer, and who undertake the risk of losing their capital in doing so; whereas “wages” is the certain remuneration accorded to both manual and mental labour, irrespective of the loss or gain which may result from its employment. The former refers principally to the nature of the responsibilities undertaken, the latter to the nature of the services rendered. The objection made to the workman receiving a share of profits is that he incurs no responsibility or risks anything which he has to lose. But this is not altogether the case; the workman's capital consists in his physical powers, and in respect of some undertakings in his mental capacities: both of these wear out with use, and although the wastage cannot be replaced in kind, he is just as much entitled to an equivalent for their deterioration as the capitalist is to the return of all the money and a little more which he may have spent on the same production.

This can only be obtained by both alike in one way, that is to say, by each getting a share of the profits out of which capital is accumulated. The employer may appear to surrender something which he would otherwise have gained, in sharing profits with his men ; but as the motive of self-interest in the one case is assumed to guide his business capacity to its most efficient application, so in the other it may be relied upon to act beneficially on the quality as well as on the quantity of the work which the men turn out. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," is a maxim which is true of commercial enterprise in more ways than one ; and if the employer "withhold more than is meet it tendeth to" his "poverty," just as much as the perfunctory labour of his dissatisfied workmen tends to theirs. In this way an augmentation of the capital fund will be secured, which may be greater, and certainly will not be less, than that which would accrue to it if the workmen were to receive no part of the profits at all ; and the capacity of the community to create wealth and advance its own material prosperity would be unimpaired.

As the rate of wages depends upon the proportion existing between the capital fund available for the purchase of labour and the numbers of men applying for work, the trades-unions endeavour to keep wages up by keeping the numbers of men in employment down ; thus many are prevented earning a livelihood at all in the only trade they can work at, and the productive capacity of the country is correspondingly diminished. The object of the trades-unions would, under the co-operative system, be gained without labour becoming their exclusive

possession, and without any injury being done to the whole country (as under the present system) by a restriction on industrial production ; since on the assumption that an extended use of the system will result in a continually increasing capital fund, the numbers of workmen maintained by it must necessarily increase also. If under these circumstances the general prosperity of the producing classes becomes more assured, the masters' profits and the men's earnings will alike increase, while the working population in greater numbers than ever will obtain more continuous and certain employment, and the matter for contention in trade disputes and the losses occasioned by them will disappear together. Competition between different manufacturers may keep down prices ; but as low prices induce large sales and quick returns, the more frequent re-employment of the same capital within a given time will secure larger aggregate profits than if business were to move more slowly. The men will have a share of this advantage, from which they are now excluded ; and if in consequence of low prices their fixed wages are lower, the fluctuating additions made to them every time that profits are realised will increase their total earnings, and maintain them at a higher level than can be reached in any other way.

As co-operators in production with their employers, the men would obtain a practical insight into the conditions upon which depends the success of, and which set a limit to the profits of, their business ; and the employers at the same time, entering into closer business relations with their men, would understand better than they do now how to utilise the aptitude of individuals to the common

advantage. They would draw out the men's business capacities, and put within reach of the best among them those advantages which are necessarily the possession of the few—that is to say, opportunities for organisation, for inventing improvements, and originating fresh lines of business, from which fresh demands for commodities arise, and the field for the employment of labour is from time to time extended. As each class becomes better able to measure with accuracy the relative value of its own and the other's efforts, either would be reconciled with parting with what he now regards as a portion of his share of the profits in favour of the other. This is scarcely possible under a system of pure competition, as the term is now understood. Both parties at present try to ascertain the point at which their self-interest meets, and at which, by united action, they might work together to their greatest common benefit, by a struggle in which the exhaustion of the weaker of the two becomes the arbitrament of the dispute. With an improved knowledge of the true economical principles upon which the justice of their respective claims rests, the competition of mutual wrong, the effort of each to prevent the other getting too much, the selfishness of employer and employed organised for conflict, would be succeeded by the co-operation of organised self-interest—neither would regard the increasing value of the contribution of the other to the product, as a deduction from that of his own: the skill of hand and the intelligence of the workman would be found engaged in friendly rivalry with the wealth, knowledge, and enterprise of the employer to increase the profits of both by the gains of each. If to this argument

the objection is made that, as the employer's profits, out of which his capital is accumulated, would not in such a case be increased, and that therefore, with a decreasing wages-fund, the rate of wages would decline, the fact (apart from other considerations which completely meet it) must not be overlooked that the men's savings are just as much capital available for the purchase of labour as the masters' profits; and there is little doubt but that in each particular trade these would be largely reinvested in the business that the men might be employed in, and capital would continue to be concentrated on industrial projects when owned by many, to as great or a greater extent than when owned by the few. The men's earnings would be also affected for the better by the automatic action of the system, which cannot be capriciously disturbed or interrupted, and this circumstance would operate both to give greater steadiness to the rate of wages and greater constancy to prices. Its general tendency must be to eliminate uncertainties in the returns to labour, whereby the habit of prevision, of postponing the enjoyment of the present in order to provide for the necessities of the future, will be encouraged, and by these steps man makes his first advances towards material improvement. The practice of thrift—upon which, indeed, more than upon anything else, depends the prosperity of the working man—would, instead of being the exception, become the rule; for if the sum of the wages paid annually is correctly estimated at £400,000,000 sterling, it is evident that a shilling in every pound saved would supply an annual and progressively increasing increment to the whole wages-fund of the country.

mous amount, and a means of raising the rate of wages far exceeding anything which the agitator in his wildest exaggerations promises to get for the working man by labour strikes and rioting.

The working classes, on their part, must not forget, when the counsels of Socialism are urged upon their acceptance, that schemes, which are so much talked about nowadays, for a State organisation of industry, for the nationalising of land and capital, and so forth, have met with less resistance from the moneyed classes than might have been expected, because such ideas have really made very little way in public opinion. There is no probability of any attempt to enforce them in the immediate future, or of its success if it were made. If employers were aroused by a sense of danger, they would prove themselves quite able to deal with the emergency; for they possess in the system of "limited liability," which so largely pervades all descriptions of industry, the groundwork of a coalition far more effective to coerce the men than that of the trades-unions to put pressure on capitalists. The latter have on the whole enormous funds at their disposal, and in mere passive resistance could hold out ten times longer than the workmen, who, on an extended strike, must succumb in a month. The means of producing some, and of procuring other, of the necessities of life, would be held by the moneyed classes; and as they would have in their control the organised force of the country, they could maintain order, quell resistance to the law, and protect non-strikers in pursuing their business, until the men on strike came to a better mind. The working classes very much deceive themselves about their ability to put

a continuous pressure on their employers, or to compel them to accept any destruction of their capital that they choose to demand: for if any important class of business, especially one upon which many other kinds depend for their proper prosecution, were assailed, a combination, extending through the whole of the rest of the nation, would be speedily arranged, and deal in a very trenchant, final, and decisive manner with those who, in trying to throw the industries of the country into confusion in order to gain their own ends, declare themselves a public enemy. If, therefore, the capitalist class hold out to working men the olive-leaf of co-operation, they would be inconceivably stupid to refuse such an overture on the ground that the system is either worked at the expense of wages or at the expense of unionism. We have shown that profit-sharing tends to increase the worker's earnings; and the dismay of the professional agitator at the prospect of labour being organised on this system bears witness to its efficiency as a means of removing the causes of strife between masters and men. These men know that their interests and the workmen's interests are in opposition. They thrive upon labour quarrels, and live by the waste of the men's earnings, which prolonged agitation involves. They therefore insist as strongly as upon any other point that the men shall refuse to coalesce with their employers in the manner and to the extent that successful profit-sharing implies. The reason for this is, that their doing so would knock the bottom out of trades-unionism. This system, says the agitator, will interfere with the men's right to strike. It would do so only because no reason for

striking would remain ; but it would do something more effectual even than that. It would teach the working man to set his face like a flint against the cajolery of the impostor, who pretends to be his friend in urging him to his own ruin as a means of bettering himself. A very short experience of co-operative production would suffice to prove to the men that all that they can get by strikes they can get in that way, not only without trouble and loss of money, but with great and absolute gain to themselves.

These considerations lead to the conclusion that as the principle of co-operative production extends over most or even over many descriptions of business, it cannot but have a most beneficial effect on the conduct and condition of the working classes. The stress of competition tends to concentrate all the interests of each class upon itself, and to impel each competing group to direct all its energies to exclusive acquisition and possession ; but when all are working together in freedom and independence, controlled only by a common object, the association, instead of the isolation of interests, takes the place of these less virtuous aims. As in the human body an innate sense of its requirements and of what is necessary to supply them induces an unconscious acknowledgment on the part of each member of its true relation to the movements or the quiescence of the rest, so in the mechanism of industry we require a motive power which will, with a certainty analogous to the influence of the will over the nervous system, keep in their proper places the different classes of men which form its component parts. This principle should regulate their action in co-operation with one another with

a similar harmony, and with results approximately as effective in its own sphere, as that of the brain when it dispenses the aid which the organs of the body give to one another in sustaining the fabric of the human frame. Each member fulfils the particular function assigned to it in nourishing the whole body, and in doing so maintains its own vitality and provides the aliment of its own energies. The qualities which we may expect to be developed in the school of co-operative production,—such as reciprocity of consideration and forbearance, mutual support and individual self-restraint, an emulation in each man to play his part honestly and efficiently in forwarding the common success of the society he is working in,—are excellences which constitute the desired elevation of character and sentiment, and are calculated to supply that central motive power and mainspring to industry, for want of which the whole machine is from time to time thrown out of gear, with results which we unhappily have so much reason to deplore. As the quality of work depends on the character of the workman, and as there is a real connection of cause and effect between mental acquirement and superiority of product, so the influences which act on the *morale* of the men will indirectly determine the value of the work which they turn out. The better it may be, the greater will be its utility ; and as utility is the basis of value in exchange, its market value will be correspondingly enhanced. Improved value and improved prices go together, and it is therefore likely enough that prices may, under the co-operative system, go to a permanently higher level. As this condition of things will arise neither from a limitation in the

supply of commodities, nor from an absence of competition among producers, but in consequence of an access of value in the products of industry and a general increase in the wealth of the whole community, no class will be worse off for the prosperity of the working population.

But, at the same time, the working man's friends must not forget that the co-operative method of production discriminates with more impartiality than the wages-system between the capacities of individual workmen, and draws the line between the bad and the good, the skilled and the unskilled, more rigidly than is now the case. As opportunities extend for workmen to become masters or partners in business firms, and of raising themselves from mere hirelings into the position of employers of labour, they will show themselves to be extremely jealous of any encroach-

ment on their advantages by any of their fellow-workmen who may not be as industrious, or as skilful, or as fortunate as they have been themselves. Associations of labourers with capitalists, or of working men among themselves, will certainly exclude all those whose low moral qualifications unfit them for any position but one of dependence. A residuum of the most helpless of the working class will therefore always exist in our midst. Such men will be proper objects for the solicitude of the benevolent, not as victims of misapplied economical principles, but as those to whose lot misfortune and poverty have fallen as their inheritance in life. It is in dealing with the unfortunate, not with the capable but wilfully idle, that the philanthropist will find a field where he can put in practice, with the best results, the virtues of sympathy, compassion, and charity.

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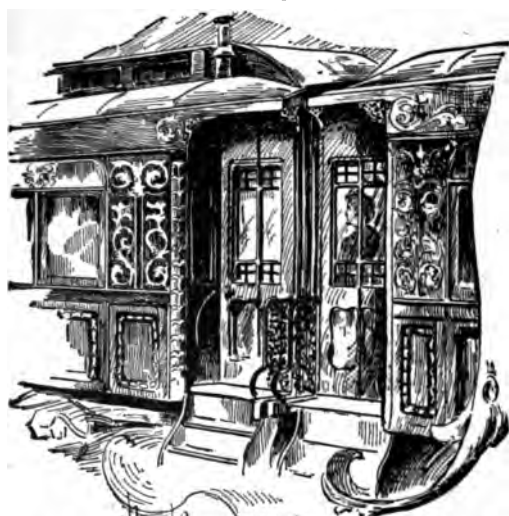
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PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS,

PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING CARS,

HANDSOME DAY COACHES

ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

The New Line passes through LEADVILLE, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, ASPEN, GRAND JUNCTION, SALT LAKE CITY and OGDEN.

This change of line does not lessen our claim to the title of the

"SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD."

The New Line is replete with Scenic attractions not equalled by any line across the continent.

J. JEFFERY,

President and
Gen'l Mgr'r.

A. S. HUGHES,

Traffic Manager,
Denver, Col.

S. K. HOOVER,

BAD TASTE.

If cod-liver oil were as pleasant as cream it couldn't be codfish enough in the sea.

And there wouldn't be any diseases of thinness. What are diseases of thinness?

Consumption is the worst of them, and the sample of them. They are the diseases in which we say, not to, but of, our friend: "He is not doing well; he is thin." We feel the importance of the loss of fat, though we do not get the full significance of it.

The time to treat thinness is when it is not yet at thinness. If cod-liver oil were in everyone's use as a common food, this thinness might get neglected without a thought. But cod-liver oil, though really is a food, is medicine too; and this makes its use even if it were as sweet as cream.

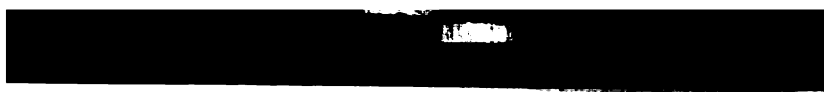
We cannot take out the taste; we cover it. We shake the oil with glycerine till it is broken into drops as fine as water-drops in fog. Glycerine wraps itself around these tiny drops, keeps them apart; it also keeps the oil from touching the tongue. This is how the taste gets lost, and this is Scott's Emulsion.

The lost taste is more than comfort gained. A weak stomach cannot digest what it loathes.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE FISH LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES. PREPARED BY SCOTT'S BOTTLED BY SCOTT'S. LONDON, 10, SOUTH BURLINGTON, LONDON, E.C. 4.







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